

Inglis. 91. (1-26)

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July for

AIRS, DUETS,

AND

CHORUSSES;

IN A NEW

BALLET PANTOMIME,

CALLED

The ROUND TOWER,

OR

Chieftains of Ireland.

As performed at the THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

The MUSIC by Mr. REEVE.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. WOODFALL, NO. 104, DRURY-LANE; FOR T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER-ROW,

> 1797. (Price 6d.)

TITLE TO THE 308 / L L TOTAL Alexander to a signature (" Se 192)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Cobthatch - Mr. Bologna, Sen.

Maon - - Mr. Follet. Kildare - Mr. Simpson.

Sitric - Mr. Bologna, Jun.

Connor - Miss Sims.

Fishermen Mesfrs. Townsend, & Linton.

Moriat - Mrs. Parker.

Child - Master Blackmore.

Saba - Mrs. Clendining.

Druids, Peafants, Huntsmen, &c.

SKETCH

OF THE

BALLET.

Founded on the following Historical Fact :--- Cobthach, Usurper of the Throne of Munster, and Murderer of his Sovereign and Brother Laughaira, learns the exilence of his Brother's Son Maon, and Moriat, his Wife, (who, separated for some time under the idea of each other's decease, become, the former, the wild resident of a gloomy cavern; the latter a wandering fugitive) and employs Sitric, a Danish Chief adopted as his heir, to defroy them. Moriat, on confulting a Druid, likewise learns her husband's fate, and dispatches Kildare, a faithful follower, in pursuit of him. Sitric by accident, meets Moriat, is struck with her beauty and relinquishes his design of murder, with the idea of gratifying his passion. She repulses him, and he is foiled by the sudden appearance of Cobthach. She and her infant imprisoned in an ancient ROUND TOWER, from which, endeavouring to accelerate her escape, she is detected and abandoned by Cobthach. In the interim, Kildare finds out Maon, who quits his lurking place, and journeying in pursuit of his wife, discovers the

place of her confinement, to which Sitric proffers to lead him by a fecret pass, determining to dispatch him on the road: They enter the Cemetary appertaining to the Round Tower, when he attempts several times to murder him, but is prevented by the appearance is of Laughaire's apparition; at length they reach the dungeon, time enough to save Moriat; and Sitric, urged by love and revenge, stabs Cobthach; but recollecting he destroys one rival, only to render another happy, accuses Maon of the murder, and dooms him to death, which is timely prevented by the intervention of the Faithful Kildare, and the Irish Peasantry. Sitric falls by the hands of Maon, who with Moriat, are restored to kappiness and dominion.

SONGS, &c.

IN

The ROUND TOWER,

OR,

Chieftains of Ireland.

ACTI.

CHORUS,

OW the wintry moons appear, Chilly storms deform the year; Mighty Bell, to thee we bow, Kindly genial heat bestow; (A glowing heat, no hostile brand!) To purify and bless the land. GLEE-CONNOR SABA, &c.

HUSH—Hush! let silence reign,
Sleep now lulls her tortur'd brain,
Slumbers calm her breast;
View the heiress of a throne,
See her pillow, the cold stone,
Nor dare disturb her rest.

And hark! heigho! the passing sigh,
Alack and well-a-day!
Tells how fleet will honours sly,
And greatness pass away.

RECITATIVE-DRUID.

HID from the fun, and cooling breeze,
In a cavern's difmal gloom,
Mourning child and confort loft,
Frantic Maon courts his tomb.
Speed to his aid, much injur'd fair,
And fnatch the Monarch from despair.

DUET-FISHERMEN.

NOW the finny brood united
O'er the buoyant liquid fweep,
Or, lost in wanton sport, delighted,
Plunge adown the azure steep,
Yielding to the wily plan
Of the jolly fisherman.

II.

Softly sweet the breeze is blowing,
Wand'ring streamlets swell the flood,
While with health and pleasure glowing,
Jocund pastime yields us food;
Crowning gay the wily plan
Of the jolly sisherman.

RECITATIVE-CONNOR.

ADIEU! for a wrong'd Prince my fword I wield,

Honor my guide, fidelity my shield. Soon shall our peasants emulate their fires, Freedom's no more. if loyalty expires.

AIR-SABA,

MY Connor, his lips are as ruddy as morning

The fairest of pearls do but mimic his teeth,

And in ringlets fo playful his mild brow adorning

His hair Cupid's bow-strings, and roses his breath.

Smiling, beguiling, chearing, endearing,

Together we oft o'er the heather have ftray'd

Fondly united, and gladly delighted. I list'ned all day to my dear Irish lad.

No roebuck moor fleeter can skim o'er the mountain,

No veteran bolder meet danger or scar,

He is fprightly and fightly, and bright as the fountain,

His eyes twinkle love, though he's gone to the war.

Smiling, beguiling, &c.

AIR—MORIAT. From the ROUND TOWER.

SHOULD some pitying stranger near, Moriat's mournful story hear, To her lov'd lord this token bear.

AIR-MORIAT.

From her Dungeon in the ROUND TOWER, Sweetest babe, a parent's figh Now must be thy lullaby.

AIR-MORIAT.

From her Dungeon.

MOURN, MAON! thy bride who for thee must expire,

The victim of him, who has murder'd thy fire.

GLEE-HUNTSMEN.

HARK! the sprightly bugle horn,
Laughs each milder note to scorn;
Sun-beams spangle bright the spear,
Fill the prowling wolf with fear,
While Echo counts in tales of mirth,
The crimson streams that dye the earth.

DUET-CONNER and SABA.

. CONNER.

STILL must droop MAON? Still weep his fair one,

Still their fweet babe join their fond parent's figh;

Her hair it is a filk-light, her skin it is milk white,

And dark is the blue of her bright rolling eye.

SABA.

Fate has divided, tyrants derided.

Meagre despair commands the deep sigh; But fate now relenting—to justice affenting, The big hour of veng'ance proclaims to be nigh.

CONNOR.

Sweet thought alluring, bright hope infuring,

Bids joy with rapture then beam in each eye;

SABA.

The theme of fame's story, companions in glory,

For virtue now arm'd, in her cause dare to die.

CHORUS.

Yes, the theme of fame's story, companions in glory,

For virtue now arm'd, dare to conquer or die.

FINALE.

Sound voice cheerfully,
Dangers fearfully
No longer mar endeavour;
Long may virtue reign,
Love bless the plain,
Huzza! our King for ever!

THE END.

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ABROAD AND AT HOME.

Λ

COMIC OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS.

NOW PERFORMING AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN:

By J. G. HOLMAN,



LONDON:

GEORGE CAWTHORN, BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND.

1796.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

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Dramatis Personac.

COVENT-GARDEN.

						IVIEN.
SIR SIMON FLOURIS	ЭН,	-	-		-	Mr. Quick.
Young Flourish,	-	-	-	-	_	Mr. Fawcett.
OLD TESTY,		-	-		-	Mr. Munden.
Young Testy, -	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Knight.
CAPTAIN O'NEIL,	-	-	_	-	-	Mr. Johnstone.
HARCOURT,	_	-	-	-		Mr. Incledon.
SNARE,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Waddy.
BLUFF,	_	-	-	-		Mr. Bowden.
KEEPER,		-	-	_	-	Mr. Thomson.
DICKY,	<u>. </u>	_	_	′ 🕳	-	Mr. Simmonds.
Follower,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Blurton.
SIR SIMON'S SERVA	ΝT.		-	-	-	Mr. Curtis.
BAILIFFS,	-	-	M	r. (Grey	and Mr. Street.
						Women.
LADY FLOURISH,				_	_	Mrs. Knight.
KITTY,	-	_	-	-	_	Mrs. Martyr.
Miss Hartley, -						



ABROAD AND AT HOME.

A COMIC OPERA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in Sir Simon Flourish's House. Enter SIR SIMON and OLD TESTY.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

But, my good friend Testy, do lower the pitch of your voice a little; for to speak so very loud is really not well-bred.

OLD TESTY.

I'll speak as loud as I like, and say what I like. Damn your fine breeding!---an ounce of honesty is worth an hundred weight of it.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

There now---ounce and hundred weight! Can't you contrive to think, and talk a little like a Man of Fashion? When you quitted business, you shou'd have dispos'd of your vulgarity with your stock in trade. Copy me. Do you find any thing vulgar about me?

OLD TESTY.

Psha! you and I liv'd too long together to think of cajoling each other: you are as vulgar as I am—I wish you were half as honest.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

My good friend, if we are not to attempt cajoling each other, the less you say about your honesty the better.

OLD TESTY.

Why, what have you to say against my honesty?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Nothing, I am too well bred: beside, I was your partner in trade for twenty-five years.--- I reap'd half the profits of your ingenuity, and had you been honester, I might be poorer. But, my dear friend, let us settle our business a little quietly, if you will be so kind. Your son, you say, is come to town:---good. You insist he may be introduc'd to our ward, Miss Hartley:---he shall.

OLD TESTY.

That's fair.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

I thought you'd say so; because 'tis very unfair to my own son, who being absent from England, ought not to have a rival introduc'd to the Lady I wish to be his wife. But remember, as she cannot marry without our joint consent, we must agree, that which ever she prefers shall have our mutual approbation.

OLD TESTY.

Why, yes.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Ah! mine is the boy that will win her! Educated with every advantage; now receiving the last polish, the finishing stroke to his accomplishments, in a Tour through Europe!---Oh! he is a——

OLD TESTY.

Yes, he is a pretty boy. That youth will put foreign ingenuity to the test. If they can send him away more dissipated than they find him, I will give them credit for one miracle.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Leave your growling, good Mr. Bear, and look after your own unlick'd cub. His country breeding will render him vastly pleasing to a young lady!

OLD TESTY.

He is a model of perfection. Innocent himself, he will never suspect that evil exists, that may make him liable to imposition: but I have adopted a remedy in my choice of a profession for him.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

As how, pray?

OLD TESTY.

To render him in some degree a match for the roguery of the world, I shall make him a Lawyer.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

And I dare say, his Yorkshire simplicity will qualify him admirably for the profession!

OLD TESTY.

Well, Flourish, the only thing we were ever in one mind about, was parting, and I conclude you have no objection to it now.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

None in the least.

OLD TESTY.

I shall send my son, and mind, fair play's the word.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Certainly (Testy going). Let me see you out.

OLD TESTY.

Oh! damn your civility! Stay where you are, [Exit Old Testy.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

(Alone.) Oh! you pretty behaved, accomplished creature! Is it not strange, that in so many years acquaintance, the polish of my manners shold not have induced him to rub off his vulgar rust!

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Captain O'Neill, Sir.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Shew the Captain in. [Exit Servant, Enter Captain O'NIELL.

I rejoice to see you, Captain O'Niell. You are welcome to town.

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

Sir Simon Flourish, your most obedient,——Permit me to enquire after her Ladyship, and your lovely ward, Miss Hartley.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Both in fine health and spirits; and they will very much regret not being at home to receive you.

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

Proud as I am always to pay them my profound respects, at this moment my business lies entirely with you, Sir Simon.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Oh Lord! I hope he don't want to borrow money of me (Aside). Your commands, if you please, Captain.

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

An affair of honour compels me to be troublesome to you.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

An affair of honour compels him to be troublesome to me! Oh, that is worse than borrowing money. (Aside.)

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

My wounded reputation must be heal'd.
SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Oh Lord! Oh Lord! How have I offended him? (Aside.)

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

Slander can only be washed out with blood. SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Oh! my precious blood! Oh dear! Oh dear! I suppose I have said some ill-natur'd thing of him behind his back, for I am sure I never durst affront him to his face. (Aside.)

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

A little after my leaving Bath! (repeats falteringly.) Oh yes, some damn'd good-natur'd friend blabb'd when my back was turned (aside). Why really, Captain, I don't recollect what can have given you offence at Bath.

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

That I readily believe; for it would be hard to expect you to recollect what you never heard.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Eh!

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

I say, Sir Simon, you cannot be expected to know the insult offer'd me, by a man who did not arrive till you were gone.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Oh, the man that insulted you did not arrive till I was gone! Lord, what a load is off my

mind! (Aside.) And so Captain, a villain had the audacity to insult you.

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

I was insulted, Sir Simon.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

You'll not let him live. You'll tear him to atoms---I know you will---Blood and thunder! if it were my case——

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

Be cool, Sir Simon---you are too desperate.
SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

I am---I know it is my fault; but fire and fury!---Can I assist you in this business?

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

That is the very cause of my visit to you----Will you honour me so far as to deliver a bit of a message for me?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

What, carry a challenge for you? (eagerly.)
CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

Exactly.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

What, and be your Second?

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

If I may take the liberty to ask such a favour?
SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

My dear Captain, give me your hand. I am the happiest man alive to serve a friend. I'll see you through this affair; I'll take care of you. Where am I to go? What am I to do first?

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

Why, first of all, there is a little preparatory business. Before I can receive satisfaction for the injury done me, I must put it in the power of my adversary to give it me.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

As how, pray?

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

You must know, the young man is unluckily in prison for debt: and as he has friends who are able to release him, I thought it wou'd be taking a liberty to rob them of a pleasure they have the best right to;—but they scorn to be outdone in politeness, and, I believe, wou'd let him remain till doomsday, before they would dispute the point with me.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

And so you mean to pay his debts on purpose to fight him?

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

I do, and I wish I had a better motive; for though injur'd honour demands atonement, I wou'd rather do one little bit of a kindness than revenge a thousand injuries.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Will it cost you much?

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

More than is quite convenient, and therefore I must trespass on your goodness in a second instance.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Eh! what, how?

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

I shall be under the necessity of troubling you for three hundred pounds.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Lord! it is a vast deal of money: I think you had better not fight him till there is an Act of Insolvency. Or, could'nt you get a snug little room in the Prison, and fight him at his own home; that would be more genteel and accommodating. No, no—plague take it, that won't do; for if you kill him, they will keep

us there. I should like to see you fight amazingly; but then to pay three hundred pounds for it, it is very dear: I only paid a guinea to see Johnson and Big Ben, and their way of fighting is quite as fashionable now-a-days!

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

Understand me, Sir Simon. I don't intend to be under an obligation to you or any man. I have brought my Commission as security for the sum.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Security! my dear friend, do you think I want security? That is like a Trader; there is no security with People of Fashion. Yet I may as well take it by way of memorandum. (Takes the Commission.) Well, tell me who he is, and where he is to be found. I'll carry him the money and the challenge.

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

Oh! by no means. He must not know the money comes from me. He may feel it unpleasant to be under an obligation to a man he has wrong'd; and to know that I had injur'd his feelings, would not be the way to satisfy mine.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

You are a very strange man! There is the money, manage it your own way.

Gives bim Notes.

CAPTAIN O'NIELL.

I thank you, and as soon as he has got the miseries of a prison a little out of his mind, you shall wait on him.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

As soon as you please. The sooner the better.

CAPTAIN O'NEILL.

You are too impetuous, you fiery little fellow! We must not be in a hurry, for misfortune is apt to lower a man's spirit, and I scorn to meet a foe in a state of degradation.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Well, you must act as you chuse, only fight soon, for I shall think of nothing else. I know I am a desperate dog. When I was at school, they us'd to call me the little Game-Cock. You are to do as you like, but were it my own affair, I should stand close, muzzle to muzzle, toe to toe.—Damme, I'd fight him in a saw-pit. I wonder I have not fought yet. I never was even ask'd to be a Second till now; but, I believe, I know pretty well from the newspapers what a Second has to do: -- To load the pistols, measure the ground, take care they stand near enough, and let them fire as long as they like. I believe that is all. Oh no! If the parties are wounded, he is to leave them on the ground, to the mercy of chance, and take care of himself.

CAPTAIN O'NEILL.

I am not to dictate your conduct, Sir Simon; only it might be well if every Second would consider that his office is that of a Friend to adjust an affair of Honour, not of a Sheriff to witness an execution. Good morning, Sir Simon.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

(Alone.) What a lucky dog I am! To be concerned in a Duel was the only thing wanting to compleat me as a Man of Fashion. I shall state the case next day in the newspapers, with my name at full length. Then a glorious confusion always takes place! People just remember the names, but forget whether they were

Principals or Seconds! Oh! my character will be up! I shall be a Man of Fashion indeed!

Enter Lady Flourish and Miss Hartley.

LADY FLOURISH.

My dear, Sir Simon! how glad I am you're at home! If I am ever so little a while away from you, my darling, it appears a long, tedious age. How does my lovy do? Do look tender! 'tis so becoming to you; and beside, if you don't, you know you break my heart.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Now really, Lady Flourish, you are too fond before company, indeed you are. 'Tis your only fault, my dear. But you ought to consider, that to be fond of a husband at all, is very unfashionable; and therefore, when a wife feels that amiable weakness, she ought never to expose it before people.

LADY FLOURISH.

But I can't help exposing it. Miss Hartly knows I have been talking of nothing else but my dearest the whole time I have been out: all the while I was buying my china, and my gold muslins, and my lace, I was longing to be at home with my darling.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Lord, my dear: I wish you had indulg'd your longing, and then you wou'd n't have laid out so much money. And how is my dear Miss Hartley? You don't seem in spirits.

MISS HARTLEY.

Indeed I am not: but the cause of my want of spirits must remain a secret to you. (Aside). They, sir, who, like me, never knew misfortune, are apt to trifle with their felicity.

SONG.

MISS HARTLEY.

THE heart that has ne'er tasted sorrow, E'en happiness often will clay; And we ever from misery borrow Our knowledge of exquisite joy.

To those who all anguish wou'd smother, The best use of life is unknown; To feel for the woes of another, Or value the bliss that's their own.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Old Testy's stupid bumpkin of a son is to be introduced to you this morning: but there is no fear of his rivalling my boy Jack. How I long to see the rogue again! Where is he now, I wonder? May be, eating macaroni with the Grand Duke, or having the honour of kissing the toe of his Holinesss the Pope. Oh! what high fellows my son is living with!

LADY FLOURISH.

Where ever he is, my dearest, he can meet nobody so fine a gentleman as his papa.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Oh! you are too partial, Lady Flourish....a great deal, a great deal too partial. I have news for you—Captain O'Neill has been here.

LADY FLOURISH.

Captain O'Neill in town? (Earnestly.)

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

I shou'd like to tell them of his engaging me to be his Second. (Aside). You know the Captain is a man of great bravery, and knowing me to be of the same turn—hum! hum we have

had a good deal of conversation on the subject of Duelling.

LADY FLOURISH.

I hope the Captain is not going to fight a Duel? (Greatly alarm'd).

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Oh dear, no.

LADY FLOURISH.

I am glad to hear you say so. I was quite agitated at the thought of any friend of your's being engag'd in so horrid a business.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

I must not blab, I find. She'd lay an information, and destroy my renown. Were I a Principal instead of a Second, I shou'd be vastly oblig'd to her. (Aside.) I wonder how many Duels Jack has fought abroad—that is, fought, or been Second in: 'Tis just the same thing. The credit is the same, and so is the danger pretty nearly; for the Principals are often so cursedly frighten'd, that it is an even chance whether they hit their antagonist, or their own Second.

MISS HARTLEY.

Though I abhor the practice, yet when men deem such trials necessary, I hope they conduct themselves with proper courage.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

That is mighty well of you. You don't know what it is to receive a man's fire, or you wou'd not talk so lightly about it.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Young Mr. Testy, Sir.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Very well.

Come, my dear, rest yourself a little before you encounter the fatigue of this Bumpkin's conversation.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Ay, do; I'll talk to him first. [Exeunt Lady Flourish and Miss Hartley.

Enter Young Testy.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Well, Tom, I'm glad to see you: you are welcome to London. Oh! what a Quiz it is!

Aside.

YOUNG TESTY.

Thank you, thank you, Sir Simon. Lord! Lord! why you be quite another guise kind of a man than what you us'd to be! I remember, as thof it was but yesterday, when father and you us'd to weigh I and Jack Flourish in the great warehouse scales, and I always were heaviest.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Yes, and you'll continue heaviest as long as you live. But, Tom, don't talk about weights and scales, 'tis so vulgar. Damn Trade, and all that belongs to it. I am a Gentleman and a Knight now.

YOUNG TESTY.

Yes, Sir Simon, so they tell me; but for all that, don't damn Trade; for I don't think as how you'd a' been a Gentleman and a Knight, if the money you got by the warehouse had not given you a bit of a lift.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Oh the vulgar young dog!

T Aside.

YOUNG TESTY.

Well, Sir Simon, father sent me a courting, and so, you see, I am come; so no more words, let's set about it.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Oh yes, with all my heart. I'll see if Miss Hartley is ready to receive you. What a young Savage! I dare say they wou'd buy him at Exeter 'Change.

YOUNG TESTY.

Well, faint heart never won fair lady. Dang it, I'll shew her a Yorkshire boy is not afraid of a pretty girl.

SONG.

YOUNG TESTY.

I NE'ER by a lass yet was scouted,
I know the right method to get her,
No cringing for me,
I'll soon let her see
That I'm bold, and she'll like me the better.

I'm a boy that's not easily flouted,

If she give herself airs, why e'en let her,

When to kiss her I try,

"You're rude," Sir, she'll cry,

Why I am, and you like me the better.

When she finds that I'm not to be routed,
And at morn, noon, and night I beset her,
She'll alter her tone,
And readily own

Tho' I'm rude, that she likes me the better.

SCENE II.

Another Room in Sir Simon's House. Enter Sir Simon Flourish and Kitty.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

And now give me a kiss, you little rogue you. [Kisses ber.

KITTY.

Lord! Sir Simon, how can you be so rude! SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Now, Kitty, mind you say all the ill-natur'd things you can to your young Mistress of this Country Blockhead. Always praise my son Jack to her, and he'll bring you over trinkets enough for you to set up a raffle-shop at Margate. Here the Booby comes. Now you may go and fetch Miss Hartley.

Enter Young Testy.

There, Mr. Testy, good bye: I leave you to your love-making. What a Lout it is!

[Aside to Kitty and exit.

YOUNG TESTY.

So this be young Madam that father wants me to marry. Egad she is a tight lass enow!—Well, Miss, and so father says as how he wishes I'd marry you; and so, d'ye see, if you've no mighty objection, we may even be ax'd in church together.

KITTY.

What does the Booby mean! Lord, he takes me for my Mistress! Not such a Booby as I thought him.'

[Aside.

YOUNG TESTY.

Why, you don't answer, Miss. Speak out—don't be shame fac'd. So, as I was saying, I have no disliking to you, nor liking for any body else, and if you have no particular disliking to me more than to other people, I dare say we shall be as happy a couple as goes.

KITTY.

Gemini, what a flutter I am in! If I can but make him believe I am my Mistress, my fortune is made. I must try to behave like a Lady; but if I am modest, like my Mistress, I shall never pass upon him. No, no, I must be free and dashing, as fine Ladies are in general. (Aside.) Why, young man, I have been considering what you have been saying; and, as I don't think you quite so great a brute as I expected you to be, I don't much care if I take you upon trial.

YOUNG TESTY.

Take me upon trial!---What, does she make a horse of me? But dang it, free and easy---I like her the better. But mayhap, Miss, if I am not so great a brute now, I may be a greater when I am married. Ah! what do you say to that, my tight Filly?

KITTY.

I'll do all I can to make you fashionable.
YOUNG TESTY.

Thank you, thank you. I'll do as much for you. Dang it, I didn't think I should have been so much at home with a fine Lady.

KITTY.

What is your name, young man? YOUNG TESTY.

Tom Testy.

KITTY:

Well, Tom.

YOUNG TESTY.

Tom! How familiar and kind!

KITTY.

I'll have you Tom. 'Tis a bargain. Young Testy.

Is it? There's my hand, and my lips too, I like you. How little we know in Yorkshire about London folk. They told me, you fine Ladies were squeamish and shy, and all that nonsense.

KITTY.

No, Tom. That is quite gone by in high life. YOUNG TESTY.

So much the better. Well, but Miss, and when shall we be married? Hey! let it be soon.

KITTY.

When you like, 'tis all one to me. Only, Tom, don't mention it, let us be snug. We'll steal a march; marry first, and tell the old ones after.

YOUNG TESTY.

So we will: that will be good fun.

KITTY.

Now mind, when you go home to your father, you don't tell him what we have settled.

YOUNG TESTY.

No, not I; but I don't live at father's; I've got a place of my own, do as I like, live in the Temple. I am to be a Counsellor, father says, and a plaguy good one I shall make; for it is all done by eating, and I have a fine appetite, if the London air don't spoil it. Lord, what a happy life we shall lead!

DUET.

KITTY AND YOUNG TESTY.

KITTY.

WHEN I'm married, I'll be gay,
Still flaunting as shall please me;
Careless what I do or say,
No power on earth shall teaze me.
If you e'er, in jealous spite,
Should hint at horns ideal,
Then my way to set you right
Will be—to make them real.

YOUNG TESTY.

Husbands, now, for horns who care,
Must be less wise than nice, Ma'am,
While, at market, horns will bear
So very high a price, Ma'am:
And for Lawyers too, like me,
No trouble it at all is,
Since horn-fair remov'd we see
To Westminster old Hall is.

BOTH.

Then since we agree so easy to be, Let's marry as soon as we can; For, not to demur, whate'er may occur, Is surely the very best plan.

SCENE III.

The King's Bench. HARCOURT solus.

HARCOURT.

Was ever man more miserably circumstanced? Bred up as heir to a splendid fortune, and all my hopes destroy'd, by the caprice of a splenetic old uncle. Shut up here, in the King's Bench, for debt; 'and, not only depriv'd of the happiness of beholding the woman I adore, but asham'd to acquaint her with the wretchedness of my situation.

AIR.

HARCOURT.

ONCE, all that cou'd enchant the sight,
Enraptur'd fancy drew,
And deck'd each prospect of delight
With tints of brightest hue.
In fairy loveliness array'd,
The beauteous objects shone,
While charm'd I gaz'd, Hope sweetly said,
"These prospects are thine own."

But fancy, now, from forms of joy,
Averts her sick'ning sight;
Her pencil horrors wild employ,
And scenes of blackest night;
The dismal pictures rise to view
Where direst ills combine,
Despair exclaims, "bid Hope adieu,
These prospects now are thine."

Enter a Servant belonging to the Prison.

SERVANT.

Mr. Flourish, Sir, has sent you the book of travels he borrow'd; and says he will call on you presently.

HARCOURT.

That good humour'd, whimsical fellow, Flourish, is always welcome to me.

SERVANT.

It is queer enough that his father, Sir Simon

Flourish, should be humm'd so as to think he is going the Tour of Europe, when, all the while, he never got a step farther than St. George's Fields.

[Exit.]

Here he comes.

[Young Flourish singing without. Over the Hills, &c.

Enter in a shabby light-colour'd Coat, with black Breeches and Boots.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

-Ah! my boy, Harcourt, how are you?

HARCOURT.

Why Jack, what makes you booted? Young flourish.

A man ought to be booted, when he's on a journey. An't I going the Tour of Europe?

HARCOURT.

Oh! I beg your pardon. I had forgot; but you don't seem furnish'd with a very elegant riding-dress---boots and black are not very correct---hey!

YOUNG FLOURISH.

The customs of countries differ; but to tell you the truth, so much travelling has made vast havock among my leather, and as for my black small clothes, I wear them as mourning for the demise of my last colour'd pair.

HARCOURT.

But my dear Jack, what can be the joke of your staying in this sad place?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

All the joke was in getting here. Staying is not quite so comical.

HARCOURT.

But, Jack, I must know what brought you here?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Poll.

HARCOURT.

Poll !--- What Poll?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Not know Poll?---Where the devil have you liv'd?---Not know Poll?---Why Poll is the rage ---In Hyde Park every morning---rides the best horse---drives the best curricle---gives the best dinners --damme, the first Dutchess in the land envies Poll!

HARCOURT.

I beg Poll's pardon for not knowing her. YOUNG FLOURISH.

So you ought, for Poll's familiar and kind, she'd have no objection to knowing you. But the thing is, father said I shou'd be a Man of Fashion, and so I am, an't I?---Damme, you still look at my legs---well, black-legs don't make me a bit less a Man of Fashion.

HARCOURT.

Oh! by no means.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Well.--But about Poll---As I was to be a Man of Fashion, who so proper to make me one as Poll? Poll has made and unmade half the fine men of the day. I kept Poll when I was at school; Poll stuck to me at college; and when father fix'd I should travel, and see the world, who so fit to shew it me as Poll?

HARCOURT.

Well, why did n't Poll shew it you? Young Flourish.

She did, she shew'd me here.

HARCOURT.

But why not take her abroad with you?
YOUNG FLOURISH.

She wou'd not go. Poll said she wou'd do any thing but cross the water with me. And I could not find in my heart to go abroad without her. So I touch'd father's cash, and resolv'd to finish my education in my own country.

HARCOUR Γ.

Very patriotic, truly!

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Well, father went to Bath—I staid in town--the money flew --Poll knew how to dash it. When all was gone, it was natural enough to come here, you know.

HARCOURT.

But how were you able to leave Poll?

She did not trouble me to think about that: when the money was gone, Poll left me.

HARCOURT.

So Poll wound not follow your fortunes to the King's Bench!—How unkind!

YOUNG FLOURISH.

So I told her—" Ah, Poll!" said I, "'tis damn'd ill-natur'd to leave me."

HARCOURT.

And what did she say?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

She only laugh'd and said,--- "She told me at first, she'd do any thing but cross the water with me."

HARCOURT.

You must throw yourself on your father's mercy at last, and the sooner you do it the better.

Servant brings in a Letter.
YOUNG FLOURISH.

For me?

SERVANT.

No, Sir,---for Mr. Harcourt.
YOUNG FLOURISH.

Ah! nobody writes to me.

HARCOURT.

(Reads.) "I am led to believe the enclos'd notes will liberate you. They are sent for that purpose."—Astonishing!—No name.—Does any body wait?

SERVANT.

No, Sir.

Exit.

This must be from my dear girl.
YOUNG FLOURISH.

Ah! you are a happy fellow! Your dear girl writes to you. Though Poll would not cross the water, she might send me a letter now and then. It is damn'd unkind.—But no, no, poor girl, I shou'dn't scold her for what she can't help. I ought to remember, Poll can't write.

HARCOURT.

This must be my Harriot's generosity, Charming girl! How could she discover my situation?---But what will not Love discover?---

YOUNG FLOURISH.

So, you're going to leave me. 'Tis devilish hard to be cut by every body.

HARCOURT.

Depend on it, my dear fellow, I will be with you soon.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Ah! do come and see me. Don't be like Poll, afraid of crossing the water.

HARCOURT.

No, Jack---depend upon it. Adieu!---Now to my charming girl.—— [Exit.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Ah! your's is a charming girl, indeed, to send you money.--If Poll had a million, I dare say she wou'dn't think of sending me a shilling, and yet she us'd to say she lov'd me vastly.

SONG.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

WHEN to my pretty Poll I went, And I to travel sought her,

"Ah, stay at home, dear Jack," says she,
"I cannot cross the water."

What could I do? Away I flew,

A curricle I bought her;

Six smoaking bays, all Hyde Park's gaze, From Tattersall's I brought her.

"Dear Jack," says she, "how kind you be! (She'd coax like Eve's own daughter,)

" With you will I both live and die, "Do all but cross the water."

Then, splashing, dashing through the town, She drove, the stare of all,

The echo of her rattling wheels

Was, "There goes pretty Poll!"

"Oh, pretty, pretty Poll!"
From ev'ry tongue the echo rung

" See, there goes pretty Poll!"

What a lad then was I! All to dress at me try,

And my praise to withhold none so currish, With a girl so divine, Such dinners! such wine!

What a damn'd clever dog was Jack Flourish! But an end to my cash,

And my fame goes to smash,

No friends my good qualities nourish; For they, once so kind, Now agree in one mind,

What a damn'd stupid flat is Jack Flourish!

Thus, cut by my friends, by bailiffs seiz'd,
And this vile limbo near,
Yet with one hope I still was pleas'd,
That Poll my cage wou'd cheer.
To Poll I told where I must go,
And not to leave me sought her;

She, laughing, cried, "Dear Jack, you know "I cannot cross the water."

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Garden belonging to Sir Simon's House. HAR-RIOT discovered (alone).

How distressing is my Harcourt's absence and the mysterious concealment of his residence encreases my anxiety! Can he think so meanly of me, as to suppose his loss of fortune will lesson my affection?

ÁTR.

MISS HARTLEY.

NOT mine the narrow soul, assur'd, In riches joy to find; Not mine by title's glare allur'd, To genuine merit blind.

In wealth and rank who seek for bliss, Contempt or pity move, They never chuse so much amiss, Whose hearts were form'd for love.

Enter HARCOURT.

My life!

HARRIOT.

Oh Charles!

HARCOURT.

My angel, what a tedious absence!

If my Charles thought it so, why not sooner fly to his adoring Harriot?

HARCOURT.

I follow'd you to Bath, but, unluckily you had left it the day before I arriv'd; and what then happen'd I could not prevail on myself to disclose to you: I was resolv'd to bear my misfortunes alone; but your kindness has dispell'd them, and now I fly with gratitude to thank my deliverer.

HARRIOT.

Your deliverer!

HARCOURT.

Yes, my Harriot! attempt not to conceal your generous conduct. But for you, a prison wou'd have been my habitation for life.

HARRIOT.

A prison, Charles! Has such been your distress, and yet conceal it from me?

HARCOURT.

Can it be possible that I am not indebted to you for my deliverance?

HARRIOT.

By concealing from me your situation, you prevented me from being your deliverer. Oh, Charles! that was a false pride, which avoided the assistance of her who loves you. True affection shou'd seek occasions for receiving kindness, conscious it bestows most delight when it affords the power of obliging.

HARCOURT.

Pardon me, Harriot. Poverty will be proud. But what am I to think? See here, my love, this cover enclosed notes sufficient to discharge my debts.

HARRIOT.

Whoever has had the pleasure of releasing you, claims my gratitude, yet excites my envy.

HARCOURT.

Generous girl! To avoid suspicion, I had better leave you now, my Harriot.

DUET.

HARCOURT and MISS HARTLEY.

MISS HARTLEY.

AH, must you away while nature's so gay,
And all things to happiness move!

Hark! the feather'd warbler's throat
Pours of joy the swelling note,
"Tis inspir'd by the spirit of love."

HARCOURT.

Ah! wert thou away, 'twould cease to be gay,
No longer to happiness move,
'Tis thou art the soul
Gives life to the whole,
And infuses the spirit of love.

MISS HARTLEY.

Hark! the tuneful current near Sweetly steals upon mine ear; And its gentle murmurs prove 'Tis inspir'd by the spirit of love.

HARCOURT.

Ah, dear girl, wert thou not here, No more these sounds wou'd sweet appear, The murm'ring stream wou'd cease to prove 'Tis inspir'd by the spirit of love.

BOTH.

Ah, dear youth, wert thou away,
Ah, dear girl, wert thou away,
No more wou'd nature's face be gay,
No more each sound wou'd sweetly prove
'Tis inspir'd by the spirit of love!

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Sir Simon's House. Enter Lady Flourish and KITTY.

LADY FLOURISH.

Kitty, did you see Old Testy's Yorkshire prodigy when he was here?

KITTY.

Yes, my Lady.

LADY FLOURISH.

I conclude he is a shocking Saracen.

KITTY.

Yes, my Lady.

LADY FLOURISH.

I suppose Miss Hartley votes him a sad bore.
KITTY.

Lord, your Ladyship! I could not think of Miss Hartley being troubled with such a brute of a fellow, especially, my Lady, as his Honour Sir Simon designs Miss for his own son; so, an't please you, my Lady, I sent him away with a flea in his ear.

Enter Captain O'NEIL.

LADY FLOURISH.

Captain O'Niel, I am prodigiously happy to see you. Kitty, you need not wait.

Exit Kitty.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

I protest and vow, that meeting your Lady-ship gives me the most superlative pleasure.

Why then, I protest and vow the pleasure is mutual.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Your Ladyship does me a great deal of honour. I will beg of her Ladyship to say a kind word for me to Miss Hartley, for I want very much to be thought well of by that lovely girl. [Aside] I am glad to find your Ladyship alone.

LADY FLOURISH.

Glad to find me alone, Captain? CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Prodigiously so, my Lady. I have a favour to beg of your Ladyship.

LADY FLOURISH.

A favour of me! I hope, Captain, you are not going to ask any thing improper?

I hope your Ladyship will not think it so. LADY FLOURISH.

Indeed but I shall, if I ought to think it so; for tho' you are a very pretty man, and very much of a gentleman, and dance delightfully, and have a profusion of elegant accomplishments,—and——

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Oh! Madam, Madam, you confuse me. LADY FLOURISH.

Do I?---Well, I protest 'tis very becoming to you. Confusion seems quite natural to you; but I will have compassion on your modesty.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

It is very generous in your Ladyship to compassionate a national infirmity. Bashfulness and the brogue always go together. But let me intreat you to take an interest in my happiness.

I take an interest in your happiness! You'll absolutely make me faint.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

What shou'd your Ladyship faint about? Why, my Lady, I but desire—

LADY FLOURISH.

Oh! you shou'd conquer your desires!

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

But I only wish-

LADY FLOURISH.

Fie, fie! I must not gratify your wishes.——Don't press me any further; for tho' I have a great deal of resolution, you have an infinity of insinuation.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

I wish you would let me insinuate my meaning---

LADY FLOURISH.

Don't shock me. I know what you want to insinuate.---Think what a dreadful thing it is to seduce the wife of your friend.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

My Lady----

LADY FLOURISH.

Oh, Captain O'Neil! how can you go to persuade me to be unfaithful to poor, dear, little Sir Simon?

Enter SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Can I believe my ears? Why fire and fury, Captain O'Neil! how durst you think of such a thing!

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Here's a blessed piece of a blunder.

Sir Simon, I'm quite shock'd at your intrusion. How can you be so ill-bred? I beg you'll not interfere with my concerns. "I am myself the guardian of my honour, and will not brook so insolent a monitor."

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Oh you Violator of Friendship! Oh you Seducer! Why, Tarquin was a Joseph to you!

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Sir Simon, upon my honour, I meant not the least harm.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Why, did I not hear her say, you wanted her to be unfaithful to poor, dear, little Sir Simon.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Will you hear me, Sir Simon?
SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

No, you monster of iniquity! you wanted to separate a pair of fine turtle-doves.—You deluder of innocence, you destroyer of the peace of families!

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Very well, Sir Simon, I plainly see what you mean. You are too fond of fighting to listen to reason; and since nothing but spilling my innocent blood will appease you, I must submit. There, Sir Simon, (Pulling out pistols.) I little thought to cock either of these against you.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Cock them against me!

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

(Pointing to Sir Simon.) Take your choice, Sir.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Take my choice! No, I shan't take my choice. [Terrified.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Oh, you may trust to them—they have done execution in their time. But may be, you don't think one a piece enough? Well, then, fetch a pair of your own. I'll measure out a few paces while you are gone.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

[With borror.] A few paces! CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Oh! I beg your pardon: I had forgot---you like to fight muzzle to muzzle.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Muzzle to muzzle! Oh Lord! Oh Lord!--CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Well, I must assent to your savage propensities. I must fight you how you like.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

But damme, if I'll fight you at all. CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Not fight me! Oh! the patience of St. Patrick cou'd not brook such contemptuous treatment! You won't even fight me?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

I won't, upon my soul.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

You positively refuse to treat me like a gentleman! O what extremities you drive me to t (Strikes bim with bis cane.) How can you distress me so!

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

How the devil can you distress me so? CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Not fight me? Oh 'tis cruel treatment! (Striking bim again.)

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

It is, upon my soul.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Now, will you fight me?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

You are taking the worst way in the world to persuade me.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

I'll try it a little more, however. (Holding up his cane.)

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Hold, for mercy! I'll ask your pardon---any-thing---What will satisfy you?

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Nothing that a poltroon can offer. I am sorry I have degraded myself by striking a coward.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

So am I---very.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Oh, you are a desperate dog! You wou'd stand close, toe to toe---muzzle to muzzle---Damme, you'd fight in a saw-pit. Oh, you are a pretty fellow for a Second!

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Very well for a Second, but not quite so well for a Principal. But, Captain, I hope you'll be kind enough not to mention this trifling affair; for 'tis a pity, the reputation a man has been collecting his whole life, should be whisk'd away in a moment.---What a vapour Honour is, that it will fly away in the dusting a coat! Do be tender, Captain---Pray don't mention this!

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

In my opinion, you are too contemptible to be mentioned at all.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Your opinion I shall always have the highest respect for.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Good bye, my little game-cock. I shall remember you always stand muzzle to muzzle...-Oh, you are a desperate dog indeed! [Exit. SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

(Alone.) I have been very unlucky. I am afraid I have not acted quite like a Man of Fashion. In the first place, to interrupt a Gentleman's making love to my wife, was not at all like a Man of Fashion---no---that was very low breeding indeed. As to getting a beating---that will happen to Men of Fashion, now and then. But one part of my behaviour, I hope, sets all to rights---I behav'd very ill, and I ask'd pardon. If that is not like a Man of Fashion, the devil's in't.

SCENE III.

Inside of the King's Bench, with a View of the High Wall. Enter Young FLOURISH.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

I have been puzzling over maps, these two hours, to find out where I have been, or rather where I ought to have been; and it a greatdeal more troublesome to travel in imagination than in reality: for I must keep my eyes open, while I am tracing my journey on paper; but if I had gone it in earnest, I might have slept comfortably from post to post, as most Travellers do!

Enter HARCOURT and Captain O'NEIL.

Ah! Charles, my boy, coming to see me so soon is kind indeed!

HARCOURT.

And I have brought a friend to see you.

CAPT. O'NEIL.

What a mighty queer world we live in! This is a gentleman I am proud to hear call me friend-- and yet half an hour ago I was ready to cut his throat!

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Cut your friend's throat?

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Why, it happens every day --don't it? Your making a wonder of that proves you live out of the world.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

By your account, to live out of the world seems the only chance one has to live at all.

CAPT. O'NEIL.

You are pretty right there; for between those who, having too little courage, want to be thought to have enough, and those who have so much, 'tis always boiling over---a quiet man's life is in a constant state of requisition.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

But, how came you two to quarrel?

CAPT. O NEIL.

The only way that two honest men can quarrel---by mistake.---However, before we troubled our pistols to speak for us, we thought it no dishonour to speak a little for ourselves; by which means we found out, that though we met to settle a dispute, devil a dispute we had to settle.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

How was that?

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Why, it appears that this same good looking

countenance of mine is unlucky enough to resemble the phiz of a Gentleman Blacklegs, who by a little trick or two in the way of his trade, disburthen'd our friend of his cash. He thought, when he met me in the Rooms at Bath, (and the place, to be sure, was not much in my favour) that he had nick'd his man and accosted me accordingly. We lost one another in the croud, and he departed in his error. I learnt his name, and follow'd him to London; where, if I hadn't had wisdom enough to ask an explanation, I might have been sent out of the world for the misfortune of resembling a scoundrel.

HARCOUR'T.

How much I must ever feel bound to you!
CAPT. O'NEIL.

Ah! Harcourt, appearances are very deceitful, and he who forms his opinions from them will blunder on in the dark, let the sun shine ever so bright.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

And that is blundering indeed.
HARCOURT.

Captain O'Neil --my friend, Jack Flourish, is a very whimsical fellow.---If he had been out of Limbo, you wou'd have seen him earlier; for I shou'd have brought him for my Second.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

No, you would not; for to be Second in a Duel is, in my mind, an employment pretty nearly as honourable as to be Jack Ketch's Deputy.

CAPT, O'NEIL.

All the Flourishes are not of that opinion. I presume you are no relation to that little gamecock, Sir Simon?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

My father a little game-cock?

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Sir Simon your father! Why, Sir Simon's son is on his travels.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Yes, Sir Simon's son travels like a mill-horse, a great deal in a small space. But here he is, here's Jack Flourish, and if he had not had the wisdom to stay at home, he wou'd have lost the good fortune of becoming acquainted with you. He is a fool who quits Old England-for damme, if he'll find such fellows any where as he leaves behind him.

CAPT. O'NEIL.

I should be jealous of your praise, if Old England and Old Ireland were not exactly the same spot of ground. So you are, really and truly, the fine travell'd young Gentleman, Mr. Flourish? Oh, you are a hopeful boy! I assure you, your father believes you have been seen and admir'd in every Court in Europe.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

So I ought to have been seen and admir'd in every Court in Europe, but I was unluckily introduc'd at the Court of King's Bench, and am not likely to visit any other Court in a hurry.

HARCOURT.

You must contrive to be on terms with your father, to assist me in obtaining his sanction to my passion for his Ward, Miss Hartley.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

What! you have a passion for Miss Hartley? So have I too—That is unlucky.

HARCOURT.

A passion for Miss Hartley?

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Yes: but I am by no means sure she has a passion for me: so, if you can prove she has for you, there are two to one against me.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

I'll lay the odds.

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Is it so? Enough said, then. He that can't make sport, never let him spoil it. 'Tis true, I had a liking for the young Lady, but the first principle of my liking was-to makeher happy; and as long as that is brought about, whether by you or me, is the same thing among friends. Ha! ha! ha! my young Traveller, I can't help laughing to think that this very morning I was dusting the coat of a relation of your's.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

That was very kind of you; and while your hand is in, I'll thank you to dust mine—for I'm sure it wants it.

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Farewel, my young Traveller---every assistance I can give, you may depend on---Well, Charles, you are a lucky dog to get such a sweet girl as Miss Hartley. Oh, the dear creatures, how I love them!

. song.

CAPT. O'NEIL.

IN the smiles of the fair
Is the best cure for care,
If ruffled our bosom, they charm it to ease;
Or with eye sweetly glancing,
Our hearts they set dancing,
They calm us and rouse us e'en just as they please.

The wise prop of a state, Or the warrior so great,

Oft bows down to kiss Beauty's rod on his knees;

'Tis the province of Beauty To teach men their duty,

For women can do with us just what they please.

E'en the miser quits gold, Their bright charms to behold,

And gives them his soul, for he yields them his keys;

The dear rogues are so clever, Oh! bless 'em for ever,

And may they rule over us just as they please.

HARCOURT.

Jack, I've been thinking how you are to get at liberty.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Have you? Well, how?

HARCOURT.

Acquaint your father that you are return'd from abroad, then get a Rule for the day, and see him: his joy at the sight of you may soften his heart, and pave the way for your forgiveness.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Well said. I'll do it. I'll have a rule --I'll hire a horse, as we call it.

HARCOURT.

Well, my boy, success attend you. All the assistance I can give you depend on. Farewel, my young Traveller! *Exit* Harcourt.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Damme, 'tis a lucky thought.---Aye, but they won't trust me out alone. I must take one of their watch dogs along with me. How shall I

manage that? I have it.--Yonder goes little Dicky. That's lucky! He's the man for my purpose. I must go to Monmouth-street myself, to brush up appearances, and so I'll take little Dicky with me, dress him smartly, and introduce him to my father as a Foreign Nobleman who came over with me.--Well said.--Huzza! Dicky! Dicky! I am so happy that I shall see the outside of that damn'd wall once more!

Enter DICKY.

DICKY.

Do you vant me, Master Flourish?
YOUNG FLOURISH.

Dicky, my boy, you are a clever little fellow; you are the only man that can serve me.

Vy, then, make it worth my vhile, and nobody readier.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

I am going to have a Rule, hire a horse, as we call it, and you shall get up behind. There is nobody else in your way fit for a Gentleman's companion:---You are the only genteel article.

DICKY.

To be sure, they are damn'd wulgar.
YOUNG FLOURISH.

I am going to take you to my father's, and you must pass for a Man of Fashion.

DICKY.

Well, my Master, I'll try. I shall look it very well.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

No, no: I must put you on a lac'd coat.

DUET.

Young FLOURISH and DICKY.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

DICKY, I shall smartly dress you,

DICKY.

Vy, I'm smart enough, Lord bless you.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

No, no!

DICKY.

Vy so?

Vat am I to pass for, pray?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

For a man of rank, I say.

DICKY.

Vy then, dont I hit it quite? Sure I'm drest exactly right.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Why really, Dicky, I must own You're in the style of men of ton; In side-boxes oft we view Men of Fashion drest like you.

DICKY.

In side-boxes oft you see Men of Fashion drest like me.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Very true, Just like you, But that will not with daddy do.

DICKY.

Vy so?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

You must know
Dad's a bit of the old Beau,
And thinks it most becoming when
Men of Fashion dress like Gentlemen.

DICKY.

In side-boxes oft you see Men of fashion drest like me.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Dad thinks it most becoming when Men of Fashion dress like Gentlemen.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Young Testy's Chambers in the Temple. Young Testy and Snare at Breahfast.

SNARE.

And so you like London prodigiously?
YOUNG TESTY.

Hugely! What did my Quiz of a Father mean by keeping me in the Country so long? I ought to have been as wise as I am now five years ago.

SNARE.

To be sure; and your knowledge wou'd not have surpriz'd people either.

YOUNG TESTY.

No, not at all. I am not half so knowing as I ought to be, for all I was bred in Yorkshire.

SNARE.

That was in your favour.
YOUNG TESTY.

Oh! 'twas Heaven's mercy I was pitched into a cutish county, or I shou'd never have been

able to shew my face here. Why, boys of sixteen here know a great deal more than I do.

SNARE.

Boys of sixteen! Men of sixteen, you mean! Sixteen! why,'tis the prime of a man's life! Who are your greatest men on the turf?---your men of sixteen. Who keep your dashing women in the greatest style?---your men of sixteen.

YOUNG TESTY.

So I thought. It came into my head, that keeping your dashing women was a very young trick.

SNARE.

Every thing now is in a state of forwardness unknown to our ancestors. London may be termed an immense hot-house, where every thing is forc'd. You eat your fruit before it is in season. You run through your constitution before it is matured. You spend your estate before you are in possession, and get divorced from your wife before you ought to have married. 'Tis a lively system---ls it not?

YOUNG TESTY.

Aye, a short life and a merry one.

SNARE.

But you were out of luck last night.

YOUNG TESTY.

Yes, a little; and when I had lost all my money, it was vastly friendly of you to lend me the 200l. but I lost them too.

' SNARE.

It will happen so sometimes. A lad of spirit does not mind such trifles. I will thank you, though, to return me the money: for I am rather out of cash.

YOUNG TESTY.

Eh!

SNARE.

I'll thank you for the 2001. I lent you.

YOUNG TESTY.

My dear friend, I could as soon give you a million. My father does not allowance me in such a grand stile as that comes to. I must catch him in a devilish good humour, aye, and in a great many of them, before I get 2001. of him.

SNARE.

'Tis damn'd shabby of you to borrow money you can't pay.

YOUNG TESTY.

Is this your friendship? Why, did not you force it on me? Did not you tell me you only liv'd in obliging your friends?

SNARE.

You make a small mistake; I told you, I only liv'd by obliging my friends. But as it is not convenient to you to pay the money, give me your Note, and it will do just as well.

YOUNG TESTY.

Ah! now you are my friend again. I thought you would not desert me so soon. You who so kindly took me by the hand---taught me to punt at Faro, told me the nicks and crabs at Hazard, and though you never play yourself, were so kind to introduce me to all your friends that do.

SNARE.

Here's a stamp---sign your name---I have fill'd it up. I thought you cou'dn't pay me directly.

YOUNG TESTY.

What is this?---" On demand, I promise to "pay Nic. Snare, Esq. 400l. value receiv'd." --- Dang it, man, you lent me but two.

SNARE.

And do you think I'm to be paid nothing for my risk? Your father may disinherit you, and I may never get a doit. No, no, I shall never live by obliging my friends at that rate.

YOUNG TESTY.

Oh, this is damn'd scandalous! pay four hundred pounds for two, and not have the worth of a sixpence to show for it! Damn London—I wish I had staid in Yorkshire all the days of my life.

SNARE.

It is very ungrateful of you to put yourself in a passion with me, who have taught you so many pretty games.

YOUNG TESTY.

Yes, and you want to teach me another pretty game-to shew me that One and One make Four.

[Knock at the door.

OLD TESTY.

[Without] Tom! Let me in.

YOUNG TESTY.

Zounds, my father! I must open the door. SNARE.

[Laying bold of bim.] No, you shan't till you have settled our business.

OLD TESTY.

Tom, I say, let me in.

YOUNG TESTY.

Coming, Sir.

SNARE.

If you don't sign, I'll tell him all your pranks.
YOUNG TESTY.

[Signs] There, and the devil do you good with it. Damn Gaming---damn Swindling---and damn.--[Opens the door.] How do you do, Sir.

Enter Old TESTY.

OLD TESTY.

How do I do? You made great haste to ask me! Why, you have company. Is this the way you pass your mornings? You ought to be at study, Sir.

YOUNG TESTY.

This Gentleman comes to assist me in my studies, Sir.

OLD TESTY.

Oh! that is very kind of him. Thank you, Sir, for all you have taught my son.

SNARE.

O, Sir, 'tis a pleasure to me.

OLD TESTY.

Do you practise much at the bar, Sir?

SNARE.

Not much now, Sir. I have had in my time a pretty deal of Old Baily practice.

OLD TESTY.

And retir'd from it with your just deserts?

Not exactly, Sir, or I must say I should have been in a more elevated situation. Men often retire from the Bar with less than they merit.

OLD TESTY.

More's the pity. Well-I will not intrude any longer, Tom. I call'd to give you money

to pay for your furniture and your books: never be in debt longer than you can help. Always pay your way. There's a draft for 400l. and so good morning, and thank you kindly for all you have done for my son.

[Exit.

SNARE.

A very good kind of an old gentleman that father of your's: mind what he says—" Never be in debt longer than you can help. Always pay your way." That 400l. will just balance our little account.

YOUNG TESTY.

Why, you an't such a rogue?

You had better be correct in your language, young Gentleman, or you must satisfy my honour.

YOUNG TESTY.

Oh, damn your honour! Did not you hear my father say, it was for my Upholsterer and Bookseller? They have been for their money already, and if I don't pay them, who knows but they will send me to jail?

SNARE.

Oh no! Tradesmen are us'd to go without their money; but Gentlemen, like me, must touch the ready, or your character is lost for ever. So at once pay me, or I'll expose you.

YOUNG TESTY.

There --plague take you---there is the money. And now if I don't marry directly, I may go hang myself; and of two evils——

SNARE.

Marry, by all means. Good-bye, Tom. Remember, I live by obliging my friends! [Exit.

YOUNG TESTY.

The devil fly away with such friends! Oh, I'm in a pretty mess! If Miss Hartley hadn't taken such a fancy to me, what wou'd have become of me! 'Tis Heaven's mercy I was a likely lad!---My beauty has sav'd my bacon. I'm in a fine way---I shall certainly be arrested---I can't save my liberty, that is certain. All I can do is to try to lose it my own way. Of the two, 'tis better to marry than go to jail; but at whose suit I shall be obliged to surrender myself, my Wife's, or my Tradesmen's, depends entirely on whether the Bailiff, or the Parson does his business quickest.

[Exit.

SCENE V.

Lady Flourish's Dressing-Room. A Sopha, and Sash Window with Curtains. KITTY discover'd.

KITTY.

Well, thank my stars, 1 shan't long be oblig'd to do such menial business! Call'd here, and call'd there.—No, no, I shall soon be young Mr. Testy's wife; and then Madam Testy will call her servants about her as haughtily as the first Lady in the land.

AIR.

KITTY.

WHAT a hard lot is ours now, indeed and indeed, 'Tis a terrible life that we poor servants lead,

Up early and late, To toil and to wait, To do as one's bid, Yet for ever be chid, Ill humours to bear,
And yet not to dare,
Tho' with anger we burn,
To be spiteful and cross in return.
What a hard lot is ours then, indeed and indeed,
'Tis a terrible life that we poor servants lead.

To be sure, when one happens a service to get in, Where, to aid Madam's frolics, her secrets we're let in, Why then, I must own, of our blabbing afraid, The maid is the mistress, the mistress the maid.

They coax one so pretty,
'Tis " dear Mrs. Kitty!
You're so kind and clever,
I'll love you, for ever."
Our wages they double,
Yet give us no trouble,
And, while they're so civil,
We're as saucy and pert as the devil.

What a hard lot is theirs then, indeed and indeed, 'Tis a terrible life our poor Mistresses lead!

But the times are so alter'd, these places are rare now, For who knows their intrigues, there are few ladies care now,

A faux-pas to conceal they will use little labour, Whilst each lady's in countenance kept by her neighbour.

Their spouses so kind too, Such foibles are blind to, Nay, some will assume our vocation; If a go-between's needed, We're pass'd by unheeded, The husband takes our occupation.

What a strange lot is theirs then! indeed and indeed,
'Tis a whimsical life that some husbands lead.

Enter Old TESTY.

Dear me, here comes my papa that is to be.

What! I have found somebody at last: I have been hunting from room to room, and the devil a soul cou'd I see.

KITTY.

Sir, my Master and Mistress are not at home.

Since I can't prove to the contrary, I incline to believe so.

KITTY.

Pray, Sir, let me show you out. You have intruded yourself into my Lady's dressing-room.

OLD TESTY.

Don't hurry me, you young baggage---and pray who are you with that pretty face?

Your daughter that is to be. (Aside.) I am Kitty, Sir.

OLD TESTY.

Kitty, you are a pretty girl. Give me a kiss, Kitty.

Lord, Sir, don't be rumbustical!

I say, Kitty---this is what I have wanted a long while. (Aside.) I say, Kitty, do you like your place? Shou'd you have any objection to quit it, to live with a middle-aged gentleman as a kind of a Housekeeper, eh?

KITTY.

Lord, Sir, I hope you have no design upon my Honour! [With affected delicacy.

OLD TESTY.

No, not I---I dare say your honour has been long out of the way of any body's design---But tell me, cou'd you like such a plain-spoken, comely-looking matter-of-fact-man as myself, eh?

KITTY.

This is lucky. I'll humour the old fellow, and when I marry his son, he'll not be angry with me, for fear of my exposing him.

OLD TESTY.

Well, what do you say, my pretty?

I don't know what to say, Sir.---If I cou'd have it under your hand that you woudn't for-sake me—--

OLD TESTY.

Under my hand---hum!---Damn it, there is no making love now without signing and sealing. A love-letter will be sent back unopen'd, unless 'tis on stamp'd paper; and Cupid himself wou'd not be half so good a go between as a common Attorney.

AIR.

OLD TESTY.

Woman now by grace and feature, Sighs and vows, will not be caught, If you'd have the pretty creature, 'The pretty creature must be bought.

> You may swear, You may tear, You may cry, You may lie, You may kneel, You may feel

All the pangs that from love's raging fervours arise, And proclaim her an angel dropt down from the skies. No pity she shews For your budget of woes;

She scoffs at your tears, and derides all your pain, And e'en darling flatt'ry assails her in vain.

> Who then finds the way His addresses to pay.

In a style which this whimsical creature can fix;

He who drives to her door

In a chariot and four.

Or old Nick himself in a fine coach and six.

Well, what am I to give you under my hand?

Only your promise that you love me, and won't forsake me.

OLD TESTY.

Come, there is no great harm in a promise without a penalty. (Aside.)---[Takes out his Pocket-book and writes on a leaf.] There, there's my written promise, and now, my pretty dear--- (Going to kiss ber.)

SIR SIMON FLOURISH,

(Without.) Kitty! is your Lady come home, Kitty?

KITTY.

Oh dear me, here is Sir Simon! What shall I do? Coming, Sir. I woudn't have him see you and me alone together, for the world.

OLD TESTY.

Nor I neither. The rascal wou'd banter me to death.

KITTY.

And I shou'd lose my character. Oh, dear Sir, hide yourself.

OLD TESTY.

Where? where?

KITTY.

Any where, Sir.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Kitty!

KITTY.

Coming, Sir---there, under the sopha, Sir. OLD TESTY.

Zounds! I shall be cramp'd to death. SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Kitty, I say.

KITTY.

Make haste, make haste.

OLD TESTY.

Well, if I must, I must. (Gets under the sopha.) Send him away directly.

KITTY.

Yes, Sir, yes.

Enter Sir Simon Flourish.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Why, Kitty, what are you in such a bustle about? My Lady is not at home, is she?

KITTY.

No, Sir, no.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

I'm glad of it. I came home on purpose to catch you alone, Kitty.

OLD TESTY.

Oh ho! you did, did you? (From under the sopha.)

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

You are the prettiest little rogue in the world, Kitty. You know how long I have been in love with you, Kitty; now, do have compassion on me!

KITTY.

Pray, Sir, be quiet, and don't take such liberties.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Why, my dear, charming Kitty. LADY FLOURISH.

(Without.) Pray, Captain O'Neil, do me the kindness to walk this way.

My Lady's voice!

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

By all that's discordant! She must not see me here with you. I told her I should not be at home till night. She'll suspect something.

KITTY.

Well she may, if she sees me in this rumpl'd condition. Oh dear, what shall I do? where shall I run?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Here here, --- come, quick.

KITTY.

Oh dear! oh dear!

[Both go behind the window-curtain.

Enter Lady FLOURISH and Captain O'NEIL.

LADY FLOURISH.

This way, Captain O'Neil. Allow me to shew you into my little dressing-room.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Your Ladyship does me great honour. LADY FLOURISH.

Pray, sit down. I conducted you here, Captain O'Neil, that I might not be agitated again by Sir Simon's intrusion.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Vastly well.

CALT. O'NEIL.

Mada the reason of my calling now is---

LADY FLOURISH.

I know your reasons very well, you can't impose on me, though you have on my husband.

CAPT. O'NEIL.

My dear Lady, I wish to be understood.

LADY FLOURISH.

I don't in the least doubt it: but gentlemen of your country, with the best intentions in the world, sometimes find it a very difficult matter. But I understand you perfectly; the passion you ventur'd to intimate this morning——

CAPT. O'NEIL.

I have, now, my Lady, entirely relinquish'd--LADY FLOURISH.

What! you barbarous man, have you ensnared my susceptible heart, and do you now abandon your conquest?

CAPT. O'NEIL.

1 ensnare your susceptible heart!

LADY FLOURISH.

Yes, you inhuman creature!---Oh! Oh! (crying) 'Tis too much, too much to bear! SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

(Rushing from behind the curtain.) 'Tis too much for me to bear. To hear one's wife make love to another man, is too much for anybody to bear!

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Sir Simon!

LADY FLOURISH.

Sir Simon!

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Yes, the wrong'd Sir Simon....Is this the way you reward my faithful love, my fond attachment? [Lady Flourish sinks on the sopha, fainting.

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Get her a little water, Sir Simon :---I'll give her some air. [Going towards the window.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Don't give her any air, she'll be better without it.

[Captain O'Neil runs to open the window, throws aside the curtains, and discovers Kitty: She screams, which calls the attention of Lady Flourish.]

LADY FLOURISH.

Very well, Sir Simon! This is your faithful love---your fond attachment!

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Oh, the blessing of mutual affection! These are the fond turtle-doves.---Faith you are well pair'd.

LADY FLOURISH.

I shall never recover this terrible shock!

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Now the impediment is remov'd, let me recommend a little ventilation to your Ladyship. (Opens-the window.) Pray sit, and enjoy it as comfortably as you can (Runs to the sopha, and draws it back towards the window, by which Old Testy is discovered) What have we got here! It looks like a great turtle, left on the shore by the retiring of the tide. (Pointing to Lady Flourish and Kitty.) Favour me with one of your fins. (Raising him up by the arm.)

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Mr. Testy, what the devil do you do here?

Mr. Testy, what is your business in my dressing-room?

OLD TESTY.

Your dressing-room is a place of wonderful business indeed!

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Pray, to which party do you belong?

Which party! You see I am out now; and, what is not uncommon, I kept my place as long as I cou'd.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

What do you mean by your outs and ins in my house? I have a great mind to make an example of you. To be found under the sopha, in my wife's dressing-room! Why, the Bank of England could hardly pay the damages a liberal crim. con. Jury would give me.

FINALE.

ŠIR SIMON FLOURISH.

I'll teach you to play the antic: OLD TESTY.

So you can, for you know how.

LADY FLOURISH.

They will surely drive me frantic.

I am innocent, I vow.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

O be quiet!

Make no riot.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Make no riot! but I will.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

You've forgot.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

No, I've not;

No, with you I'm very still.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Come, agree,

For I see

You had all the self-same plan, All but the modest Irishman. SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

For no good he came, 'tis certain.

LADY FLOURISH.

I know nothing why he came;

OLD TESTY.

Why went you behind the curtain?

LADY FLOURISH.

Ah, Sir Simon, blush for shame!

OLD TESTY.

Oh, the curtain!

LADY FLOURISH.

Pretty flirting;

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

True, my tender, darling wife, Constant dove!

LADY FLOURISH.

Faithful love!

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Psha! leave off this foolish strife, For you had all the self-same plan.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

But me and the modest Irishman.

KITTY.

Ma'am, forgive me;

LADY FLOURISH.

That I'll never.

KITTY.

Don't forget your freaks are known:

LADY FLOURISH.

Character you've lost for ever:

KITTY.

Pray, my lady, where's your own?

LADY FLOURISH.

I don't heed it,

Servants need it,

Ladies do as well without.

CAPT. O'NEIL.

Come, give o'er, Talk no more,

Why keep up this foolish rout, When you had all the self-same plan? LADY FLOURISH.

KITTY.

But me and the modest Irishman.

ALL.

Suspicions certainly appear,
But I'm in my conscience clear,
And therefore nothing have to fear;
For you had all the self-same plan,
But me and the modest Aishman.

ALTERNATELY.

'Tis quite shocking,
You're but mocking,
You to innocence pretend!
You're found out,
Past a doubt:

Cease your folly to defend; For you had all the self-same plan, But me and the modest Irishman.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Garden. HARCOURT and HARRIOT discovered.

DUET.

HARCOURT and MISS HARTLEY.

Tell me, my love, wou'd'st thou forego Transports, which only lovers know——
To heal at once the poignant smart That still must rack the anxious heart; Trembling, lest all its scheme of joy Fortune for ever shou'd destroy.

Ah no! the throbbings of delight, Which in each pulse proclaim thy sight, The bounding heart's tumultuous beat, Swelling its kindred heart to meet, Are joys for which all pain I'd prove, And never, never cease to love.

HARRIOT.

Here comes Sir Simon. Heavens! how shall I account for your being here?

HARCOURT.

Don't be alarm'd, my love; I'll think of some excuse. [They turn up the Stage.

Enter Sir Simon.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Eh! who have we here? a young man tete a tete with my Ward! Well done; it runs through the family; I'll be bound there isn't an unpair'd turtle in my whole establishment. This is a wor e business than my wife's a great deal, for this young lady will wish to carry her fortune

as well as her inclinations, out of my family. Now, though my wife may send her affections on a visit, I still keep at home all I married her for. (Harcourt and Miss Hartley come forward.) Pray, Miss Hartley, have I the honour of knowing this Gentleman?

MISS HARTLEY.

The Gentleman, Sir, has business with you. [R. tires.

HARCOURT.

Sir, your son, who is my particular friend, both of the same College, has commissioned me to acquaint you of his safe arrival in England.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

My boy arrived! Huzza! Sir, I shall be proud of your acquaintance. How soon may I expect to see my son?

HARCOURT.

Very shortly, Sir. I got the start of him, and hasten'd to make you happy with this intelligence.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

How far have you been travelling, Sir?

Just as far as your son, Sir Simon?

Well, Sir, and how do you like foreign parts?

HARCOURT.

Ah! Sir, I believe Travellers, who have seen more of foreign countries than I have, will give the palm to Old England.

AIR.

HARCOURT.

Thy glory in war let those loudly proclaim, Who mistake discord's blast for the trumpet of fame, And give slaughter the meed of renown;
'Tis, Britain, thy praise,
The sword ne'er to raise
In ravage and plunder's fell cause;
But to guard sacred honour's pure laws,
And the pride of the base to bring down.
Still o'er the fall'n foe
Let pity's tear flow,
Not sound forth the triumph of blood.
No, Britain, thou art great and good;
Let this thy glory be,
This let admiring nations see,
That with thee
Dwells sweet Humanity.

Sir, I must now take my leave.

sir simon flourish. Won't you stay till your friend arrives?

HARCOURT.

Now, Sir Simon, I am particularly engaged; but I shall hope for the pleasure of being further known to you.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

You honour me very much, Sir, and a thousand thanks for your kind visit. [Exit Harcourt.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

(Alone.) My son return'd, and so soon to see him! This atones for all my disasters. The sight of my accomplish'd boy will almost compensate for the loss of being Second in a Duel to an Irishman; will almost make me forget the hearty threshing he gave me, and my wife's making love to him. These are misfortunes, to be sure—but Jack is come home, and I will think no more of them.

HARRIOT comes forward.

HARRIOT.

I will endeavour to repress every anxious thought, and dwell only on the prospect of future happiness.

AIR.

MISS HARTLEY.

Come, smiling Hope, dispel each chilling fear, And with thy glowing beams my bosom cheer; On future blessings dart thy vivid ray, Chasing the low'ring clouds of doubt away; To bright perspective still direct my eye, And cast in shade the blightest objects nigh.

SCENE · II.

A Street. Enter Bluff, the Bailiff, and Followers.

BLUFF.

Are you sure, Tom, you dogg'd the right man?

1st. FOLLOWER.

Quite sure, Master Bluff.

BLUFF.

And why didn't you take him?

Because he got into church before I could get at him.

BLUFF.

And so I am to be kept waiting here till he chuses to come out of church? Oh, here he comes.

Enter Young TESTY and KITTY.

YOUNG TESTY.

Well, the job is done; I'm a married man for the first time in my life. 'Tis devilish comical. I wonder how I shall like it! Mrs. Testy, how do you do, my dear?

KITTY.

How do you do, Tom?

YOUNG TESTY.

Tom! I don't know whether I like to be call'd Tom now. It don't shew respect enough from a Wife to her Husband.

KITTY.

Respect from a Wife to a Husband! O Tom! your Country Education! I see you will be very troublesome to me.

YOUNG TESTY.

I don't know whether I shall be troublesome or no. Dang it, one can't begin too soon to shew one is determin'd to wear the breeches. (Aside.) Mrs. Testy, I desire you will consider what is due to a Husband.

KITTY.

And I desire, Mr. Testy, you will consider what is due to a Wife.

BLUFF.

And I desire, Mr. Testy, you will consider what is due to a Creditor. (*Taps him on the shoulder*.) I am sorry, good folks, to interrupt your nuptial harmony. Here's a little bit of a writ against you.

YOUNG TESTY.

At whose suit?

BLUTT.

Your Bookseller's.

1st. FOLLOWER.

And here's another.

YOUNG TESTY.

At whose suit?

1st. FOLLOWER.

Your Upholsterer's.

KITTY.

Writs against my dearly beloved? How soon the comforts of matrimony begin!

YOUNG TESTY.

Well, I don't mind; when I touch my wife's fortune I shall be at liberty directly.

KITTY.

Your debts must be very small, if your wife's fortune will pay them.

[Aside.

YOUNG TESTY.

Where must I go?

BLUFF.

That depends on how much of the ready you have got.

YOUNG TESTY.

Damn it, they are all for the ready. I say, wife---my dear____

KITTY.

(Sulkily.) What do you want?

Have you got any of the ready?]

No, not I.

YOUNG TESTY.

Have n't you, indeed!---search.

KITTY.

I have nothing but two pocket pieces and a silver bodkin.

BLUFF.

Come, come, poor as a rat --- I see you

must go to prison directly; I have no room for such paupers as you: so come along.

YOUNG TESTY.

My darling---and must I be torn from my loving wife? [Sobbing.

KITTY.

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! 'tis very distressing.

Bless my soul, who is that coming yonder---Sure, 'tis Jack Flourish; it is---Stand back a little.

Enter Young Flourish and Dicky, both dressed in Monmouth-street Finery.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Here I am once more at large in London streets. What a luxury it is again to be jostled about, and nearly run over by the coaches and carts! Lord, how happy I am to be out of that damn'd cage, though only for a day! Dicky, you look vastly well.

DIÇKY.

Yes, my master, good clothes become me.

As I was obliged to have a jailor to attend me, it is lucky, Dicky, I cou'd get one so much of a gentleman.

DICKY.

It wou'd be damn'd hard if I cou'd not behave like a gemman, who have liv'd all my life in gemmen's company, in the King's Bench, and the Marshalsea, and the Debtors Side of New gate.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Yes, Dicky, 'tis certainly very gentcel to be intimate in those places; but, you know, one shou'd not brag of one's connections: so mum's the word before my father; I must pass you

off for a Foreign Count; so mind your hits, Dicky.

YOUNG TESTY.

Ecod, I'll speak to him. Don't let him see your face. Do you walk a little that way; (to Kitty (for as I am going to ask'a favour of him, it might not be so prudent to let him know I have married his Mistress.

KITTY.

Lord! you fool, many a gentleman would be much oblig'd to you for marrying his Mistress.

[Exit.

YOUNG TESTY.

I say, Jack---Jack Flourish--young flourish.

Eh!

YOUNG TESTY.

What, don't you know me? I know you, you see, for all your outlandish clothes.

YOUNG FLOUR:SH.

What, Tom Testy?

YOUNG TESTY.

Yes, I be Tom Testy.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

I am devilish glad to see you.

YOUNG TESTY.

Be you indeed! that's right. 'Tis lucky to meet friends when one wants them, is it not? One should never be shy of a friend when he is in trouble, shou'd one?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

No, to be sure not. What the devil does he mean?

YOUNG TESTY.

If I was to meet a friend with a Bailiff at his elbow---(Flourish turns and looks at Dicky) I should be as glad to see him as if I met him walking with a Nobleman.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Bailiff and Nobleman! Yes, yes, he twigs me. He knows Dicky here in his real and masquerade character both.

[Aside.

YOUNG TESTY.

I say, I should be as happy to shake hands with him at one time as another.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

And so should I, upon my soul. (Sbaking bands.) O damn it, all's up---I am found out -- [Aside.] I say, Tom---I see how the thing is---How the devil came you to know it?

YOUNG TESTY.

Know it! dang it, I could not help knowing it; for before he said a word, he gave me such a cursed thump on the shoulder, as nobody would have ventur'd to have done that hadn't the law to back him.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Eh!

[Looking about and seeing Bluff. Bluff.

Come, come, I an't to stay here a whole Term arresting you. Will the Gemman bail you or not?

YOUNG TESTY.

Aye, Jack, will you bail me? YOUNG FLOURISH.

I bail!---I bail you! Here's an affair! What, Tom, you arrested?-- ha! ha! well said, young Rural.

YOUNG TESTY.

Don't laugh! don't laugh, Jack---What will you do for me?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

I can't bail you, I'm not an housekeeper. But where are you going?

YOUNC TESTY.

[To Bluff.] Ay, where am I going?

Straight to the King's Bench.

The King's Bench---that's unlucky - [Aside.] for then we shall know more of one another than I wish. I say, Tom, Newgate is a very pretty prison. You had better go to Newgate.

Newgate! Don't mention it.

Well, there is no persuading people to their good against their inclination. If you will go to the King's Bench, I will certainly come and see you there.

YOUNG TESTY.

Will you be so kind?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

I will, upon my soul.

YOUNG TESTY.

It is vastly good-natur'd of you.
YOUNG FLOURISH.

Not at all. It won't be putting me out of my way in the least.

YOUNG TESTY.

It is your good-nature makes you say so...-Good-bye, Jack; we shall meet again soon, then.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Yes, Tom, much sooner than I wish. [Aside.] Farewel.

YOUNG TESTY.

Good-bye, you'll not forget to come.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

No, not I: but if I should, here is a Gentleman will remind me.

Exeunt Young Flourish and Dicky BLUFF.

Take care of him. [To one of his Followers, who exit with Young Testy.] Now how stand our other jobs?

QUARTETO.

BLUFF and FOLLOWERS.

JEMMY Chimer, the rhymer, from his garret I hawl'd, By Sir Thunder O'Blunder I was cursedly maul'd; For young Stakeall of Rakehall I was sent on the scout, So I sought him and caught him at Lady Plunder's rout.

Blessing on those gaming-houses!
Oh, the thought our spirits rouses,
They're the cause of our well-doing,
They draw in ten flats to ruin.
Charming Faro!

Game so rare O!

Fleece away, ye dames of style,

Fill your purses,

Laugh at curses,

Bailiffs bless you all the while.

1st. I've a writ for Colonel Spendall,

2d. I have one for Doctor Endall,

3d. And I one for Simon Lendail.

ALL.

Bravo! Nab 'em, have 'em tight, Merry then we'll be at night; These will yield a jovial quaff To us Officers o' th' staff.

SCENE III.

Sir Simon's House. Enter Sir Simon and Old Testy.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

I am surpriz'd you have the assurance to enter my doors again. Where the devil are you come to hide yourself now? There is no sopha here for you: but you may get up the chimney if you will.

OLD TESTY.

Pshaw! I am come on business: you'll, may be, like worse your darling Boy---Your accomplish'd Traveller is not far off.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

I know it.

OLD TESTY.

You know it, do you? What, you know he is in the King's Bench?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

What do you say?

OLD TESTY.

In Banco Regis.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

What the devil should he do in the King's Bench. He is just arrived from abroad, and I shall see him in a few minutes.

OLD TESTY.

In a few minutes! So you may, but you must gallop to St. George's Fields, then---ha! ha! ha! the all-accomplish'd youth that has been getting the finishing stroke to his tashionable education! Well, you have not been much

out---it is the finishing stroke to many a fashionable education.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

What is come to the man! That damn'd sopha you crept under, has cramp'd your faculties as well as your limbs. Don't tease me with your nonsense.

YOUNG FLOURISH,

[Without.] Par ici, Monsieur le Comte.

There, there, what dy'e say now? My son is in the King's Bench, is he?

OLD TESTY.

Why here he is faith, and I've been told a damn'd lie then.

Enter Young Flourish and Dicky.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

My dear, dear Jack, come to my arms.

Ab! mon Pere, comment vous portez vous? O mon Dieu! I had forgot---I must speak English now.---How do you do, father?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

What, forgot your English, boy?

'Tis so long since 1 have spoken it, that it is as aukward to me, as the acknowledgment of an old friend to a man who has got sudden promotion. Well, father, how do you do?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Happy to see you, my boy. Young flourish.

Bien oblige—Dann it, there I go again.

Never mind, Jack, it shews your breeding.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Ah! Testy! how are you, my old boy?

La! la!---There's French for you, puppy.
YOUNG FLOURISH.

As sulky as ever, eh! (Slapping him on the shoulder.) Why don't you travel and polish a bit, my old Buck?

OLD TESTY.

Polish a bit, my old Buck! Don't be so damn'd familiar, or I shall try whether my cane can't polish a bit my young Buck.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

What a sour old Crab it is, father. Permittez moi a vous---(Stopping bimself.) Psha! that is, permit me to introduce to you my friend and companion, Count Tipstaffo Kingsbencheni.

OLD TESTY.

Those damn'd foreign names...I never cou'd learn one of them.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

I am the Count's most obsequious humble servant.

DICKY.

Vy, my Master, for matter of that--YOUNG FLOURISH.

Silence, you dog, or you'll ruin me. The Count speaks little English---Hush!

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Well, my boy, tell me where have you been.
YOUNG FLOURISH.

You'll know all in good time, father: to tell you at once where I have been, would surprise you too much.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Really!

YOUNG FLOURISH.

It wou'd, upon my honour.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

What, then, you have been further than you expected to go?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Not further. I have been where I did not expect to go.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Indeed!

OLD TESTY.

Now the old doting fool will swallow all his lies for gospel.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Well, Jac!:, come tell me all about it. I say, are the women very pretty abroad?
YOUNG FLOURISH.

If I had not found them so pretty at home, I might have been able to tell you. (Aside) The women, Sir, are, to be sure, very handsome; but leaving England to seek Beauty, is like going abroad to look for Liberty. The prime commodities are in our own market.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Well, Jack, in what Court did you chiefly reside?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

In what Court?---Why, where I chiefly resided was not exactly a Court; but it belong'd to one.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

And so, my son liv'd in a palace?
YOUNG FLOURISH.

Yes, yes, a kind of a palace---large enough of all conscience: rooms rather shabby, though---not kept neat---and surrounded by a damn'd high wall.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Aye, for fear people shou'd get in:

No, for fear people shou'd get out.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

What, so afraid to part with you?
YOUNG FLOURISH.

Oh! very much---Once I have the honour to get in, its devilish hard to get out again.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Now, in my mind, that is carrying civility too far.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

But how is my mother-in-law, Lady Flourish, eh? why you look glum, Father; has any thing happened?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

O! nothing, but what is so common now-adays, that 'tis quite a folly to think about it. But I am very rude to pay so little attention to your friend the Count. Sir, wou'd you be pleased to take some refreshment?

DICKY.

I thanks your Honour, nothing at all: I took a drap of gin as I came along.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Oh! curse you, you stupid dog.

OLD TESTY.

A drap of gin!

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

'Tis a strange liqueur for a foreign nobleman! The Count speaks English pretty fluently, though rather queerly.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Yes, yes, he don't speak much; but the little he does, he speaks like a native.

OLD TESTY.

Yes, like a native of Broad St. Giles's. Young Flourish.

Don't let him hear you: h'ell be offended,

and he is a damn'd fighting little fellow, when he is provok'd.

Enter Servant, and gives a Letter to Sir Simon.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH,

(Opens it.) It looks like a woman's hand. (Reads.) "This comes to desire you to tell Mr. "Testy, that his son is in the King's Bench. "This is from one who is much concern'd in "his welfare." Why, Testy, you find there is a little bit of a mistake. 'Tis your son, not mine, that is in the King's Bench---ha! ha! ha! ha!

OLD TESTY.

I don't know whether I am awake, or asleep, alive or dead.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Ha! ha! ha! he would have it you were in the King's Bench.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

(Confus'd, and endeavouring to overcome it by assum'd gaiety) I in the King's Bench! yes! I look vastly as if I had been in the King's Bench --- ha! ha! ha!

ALL

(Laugh at Testy) Ha, ha! ha! ha! old Testy.

It can't be. 'Tis out of all human possibility.
SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

You may soon be convined; you may see him in a few minutes - but you must gallop to St. George's Fields, then---ha! ha! ha! ha! old testy.

I'll go directly, and if I find him there, I'll disinherit him; and I'll adopt---damme--I'll adopt one of the Catabaw Indians.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

We will go along with you.

OLD TESTY.

Come then, call a coach there---I'm mad---[Lxit Old Testy. stark mad.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Won't you go, Jack?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

What, to the King's Bench? I wonder what kind of a place it can be. I have a great mind to go out of curiosity. What do you say, Count? Will you go by way of a lounge?

[Dicky going to speak, Young Flourish

stops bim.

You need not speak, the Count nods assent. SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Aye, it will be a new sight to the Count. YOUNG FLOURISH.

Not very. (Aside.) Come, Dicky, for go we must, you know.

DICKY.

Aye, aye, returnable --- nolens, volens. YOUNG FLOURISH.

Hush! yes, yes, the Count and I will go with you, and see this queer kind of a place. What do you stop for, father?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

To let the Count go first.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Aye, by all means. I beg the Count's pardon. They go off ceremoniously.

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in the King's Bench; KITTY and Young Testy, with the Keeper, discovered.

KEEPER.

Though the prison is so full, you have got as good as a room to yourselves, for there is only one gentleman belongs to it.

YOUNG TESTY.

One gentleman belongs to it!

KEEPER.

Yes. He is gone out on a Day Rule, but he must be home soon; he'll be pleasant company for you and the Lady.

YOUNG TESTY.

Yes, very! 'Tis devilish pleasant to have a gentleman sleep in the room with one's wife.

KEEPER.

It may be a little awkward to the Lady at first, but she'll soon come into it.

OLD TESTY,

(Without.) Where is this ungracious villain?

Oh lord! Oh lord! here's my father. Hide yourself, hide yourself, (to Kitty, who conceals berself behind one of the beds.) Now I shall have it sweetly.

Enter Old Testy, Sir Simon, and Young Flourism.

OLD TESTY.

Let me come to the rascal---(they hold him.) Why, you graceless wretch, what have you to say for yourself?

YOUNG TESTY.

Lord, father, you have come upon me in such a hurry, I have not settled what I have to say for myself.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

They have lodg'd him in my room, by Jupiter.

[Aside.

You to turn out profligate and extravagant, when I took such care to the contrary! Didn't I breed you out of the way of all manner of harm!

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Yes, and therefore not knowing it, when he saw it, how was he able to avoid it?

YOUNG TESTY.

Aye, how was I able to avoid it?

Till you came to London, did you know what it was to have more than six-pence in your pocket?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Then how the devil did you expect him to know the value of guineas, when you trusted him with them?

OLD TESTY.

Hold your tongue, will you? sir simon flourish.

Didn't I always tell you how foolish you were to bring him up in that ridiculous way. I knew my plan was the best, was it not, my boy? (To Young Flourish.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Oh certainly, tather; no doubt about it.

Oh, here's Master Flourish come home.---Pray, Master Flourish——

(Young Flourish makes signs to bim to hold bis tongue.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Master Flourish come home! Why, how the devil does he know you?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

(Crossing over to the Keeper.) Ah! what, Bobby, is it you?--Hold your tongue you, dog---Oh! I knew Bobby abroad! Bobby was head jailer to the Emperor of Morocco. Ah! Bobby! how do you do, Bobby---how long have you been in England, Bobby?

KEEPER.

How long have I-

YOUNG FLOURISH.

(Putting bis band to his mouth, and drawing him aside.) I want to talk with you, Bobby, about the Emperor's two daughters, Boblatilda and Gruntawiska. Come this way--Excuse me (To Sir Simon.) I have some secrets to talk to Bobby about. (They go up the stage.

OLD TESTY.

Well, you rascal, what can you say for your-self, you stupid dolt?

YOUNG TESTY ..

Why father, if I have been a stupid dolt one way, I have been pretty cunning another. I was cheated out of my money, to be sure, but I have cheated other people out of a Wife.

OLD TESTY.

A Wife! What does the blockhead mean? Young Testy.

Not such a blockhead as you think...Suppose now, I should have married Miss Hartley, all out of my own head, without any of your help?

OLD TESTY AND SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Married Miss Hartley!

YOUNG TESTY.

Aye, married Miss Hartley; and suppose she M

shou'd like me well enough to follow me to prison.

Enter Miss Hartley, Harcourt, and O'Neil.

OLD TESTY.

Prodigious!

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Nothing but my own eyes cou'd have convinc'd me.

OLD TESTY.

Come to my arms. All is forgiven. You are a clever boy. I did not think it had been in you. Eh! Simon, what do you think of my boy now?

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

I am petrified!

OLD TESTY.

Huzza! huzza! Yorkshire for ever!—Huzza! CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

I am glad to find you so merry; we heard you were come here, and thinking a friend of our's might be in a little hobble, we came to intercede.

OLD TESTY.

There needs no intercession; 'tis all right—tis all as it shou'd be, my dear girl. (To Miss Hartley) We have heard of your marriage. Take him, take him, take your husband.

MISS HARTLEY.

Sir!

OLD TESTY.

Nay, don't be shame-fac'd; it is all known; 'tis all forgiv'n.

HARCOURT.

All known! all forgiv'n! Generous conduct! our mutual affection made us overlook every other consideration, and marriage has now ratified the union of our hearts.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

What is all this?

OLD TESTY.

Why, Tom, what the devil, has your wife married another husband so soon?

HARCOURT.

What do you mean?

OLD TESTY.

Why what the devil right have you to marry Tom's wife?

YOUNG TESTY.

My wife! that is a good one. I believe they are all mad. I never saw that fine Lady in my life.

OLD TESTY.

You didn't? And all you have been telling me about your marriage is a dann'd lie then -- Let me come at him.

[They hold him.

YOUNG TESTY.

Will you be quiet, father, and hear a little reason? I tell you I married Miss Hartley, and you shall have her own word for it. Mrs. Testy! Mrs. Testy!

Enter KITTY.

There, what doyou say now? There's my wife! OLD TESTY.

The devil it is!

ALL.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

YOUNG TESTY.

Why, what the devil do you all laugh at ? SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Only at a little error in your politics My rural Machiavel, instead of the Mistress, you have married the Maid!

YOUNG TESTY.

What!

KITTY.

It is very true, husband.

YOUNG TESTY.

The devil it is!

OLD TESTY.

Well, Mr. Wiseacre, you have married all out of your own head, without my help, and now you may keep your precious bargain without my help. You may starve, you may rot in a prison, for you shall never have sixpence from me.

KITTY.

Lord, Sir, how can you be so unkind! You didn't look so cross at me the last time I saw you.

OLD TESTY.

Eh! what?

KITTY.

Don't you remember, how good-humour'd you look'd just before you got under the sopha.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Oh! now the murder is out. I say, Testy, you had better give hush-money, for if we old fellows let the girls tell all they know about us, it may not be for our credit: besides, the world may be spiteful enough to say you are angry with your son, because you wanted to marry the girl yourself.

KIŢTY.

I don't know, Sir, as to marrying, but I have a little bit of paper here, which—

OLD TESTY.

Hold your tongue—Say no more. I believe you are quite good enough for the blockhead you have got, and so he may pack into Yorkshire again, and carry you with him as a sample of a London Fine Lady.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

But this gentleman's taking the liberty of marrying our Ward without our consent is a thing which....

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Oh! 'tis a very great insult----and a word in your ear, my little game-cock—If you mean to call him to account for it, I'll be your Second.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

I don't want to have any thing to do with Seconds.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

When I was going to fight him, you were to have been my Second, and I only offer to return the obligation.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

What, is this the gentleman you redeem'd out of prison, to have the pleasure of fighting?

HARCOURT.

Is it to you, then, I owe my liberty? Generous man!

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Oh, it was very generous, to be sure, to release you out of prison, that I might have the satisfaction of sending you out of the world. But Sir Simon, this gentleman, in fortune, is equal to the Lady he has wedded.

HARCOURT.

Captain O'Neil, I am not conscious of what you are asserting.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

But I am, or I wou'd not assert-it. Understanding that your Uncle had taken it into his head to be angry with you for nothing at all, I called on the old gentleman to talk with him a little about it---" If your Nephew had been

guilty of a dishonourable action," said I, "devil a word wou'd O'Neil offer in his behalf; but as he has been a dupe to the villainy of others, restore him to your favour, and launch him into the world again, with experience for his Pilot."...So the old gentleman shook hands with me, and swore he was ready to do the same with you as soon as you pleased.

HARCOURT.

Thanks are too poor for such nobleness of soul!

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Nobleness of soul! for walking a few steps out of my common road, for the pleasure of reconciling a discarded Nephew to a rich old Uncle. Oh! if people wou'd but just lengthen their morning's walk to do a few good natur'd actions, they can scarcely conceive what health and spirits such exercise wou'd give them, and how much sweeter they wou'd rest for it at night!

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Harcourt, I give you joy.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH. '

Give him joy.--why, you part with your Mistress very easily.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

'Tis the fashion, father.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Well, I think we may all adjourn, we have staid in this dismal place long enough.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

I have for one, I'm sure.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Then let us be gone directly.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

That is sooner said than done.

Enter DICKY.

DICKY.

Master Flourish, here is the man, from Monmouth Street. He knows you are come home, and he must and will have his cloaths. He has got mine.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Must have his cloaths---Knows you are come home! Why, that is the Count. I smell powder.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

And that is a scent I know you're not fond of.
SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Hush!---Knows you are come home! What, this is your home then?

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Why, father, the---the---the---

SIR' SIMON FLOURISH.

The--the--I thought there was something damn'd odd about that Emperor of Moroco's Jailer, and I suppose you will tell me now, the Count is the Emperor himself.

YOUNG FLOURISH.

Come, father, the truth must out---The two different systems of education have at last been compleated in the same college; and though I don't think keeping Terms here absolutely necessary for the finish of every young gentleman's education; yet, as a school of adversity it has taught me this lesson---Never, by folly and extravagance, to run the chance of returning, when once you do me the honour to take my name out of the books

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Come, you must forgive him. You know the brave are always compassionate.

SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Very true; besides, it is useless to repine at

what is past, especially as you acknowledge you have learn'd some good, which I am not quite sure you wou d have done by travelling... And if your friends here will be but indulgent, you may possess all the credit of going Abroad with the advantage of having remained at Home.

FINALE.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Now put an end to silly strife, Malice is but folly; Let's wisely pass a merry life,

Waste no jot in care.

Why that's well said, come, let's away With hearts good humour'd, faces gay,
And sing fal, lal, &c.

HARCOURT.

Possessing all I prize on earth,
Farewel, melancholy,
Each hour will give new pleasure birth,

Blest with thee, my fair.

Miss HARTLEY.

Then tune to joy the dulcet note,
On harmony let pleasure float,

And sing fal, lal, &c.

YOUNG TESTY.
To harmony I don't object,
While I've luck to meet it;
In home duets I can't expect

Much of harmony.

KITTY.

Come let's be wise, and from this day, With hearts good humour'd, faces gay, We'll sing fal, lal, &c.

Young Flourish.

Our mirth and joy may all partake,

Humbly I intreat it, And let your cheering plaudits make Our poet full of glee.

Then tune to joy the dulcet note, On harmony let pleasure float, And sing fal, lal, &c.

THE END.

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1816

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Officers, Messrs. Ebsworth and MILLER,
Slaves, Messrs. Evans and Minton,

Emirs, Officers, &c.

Messrs. Whilmshurst, Jones, Dibble, Clark, Cook, Mead, Odwell, Wilson, Warner, Buggins, Caulfield, &c

Titania, Queen of the Fairies, Miss E. HALFORD, Zoradina, the former Favourite of Abdallah, Mrs. ORGER, Amanda, the Caliph's Daughter, Miss NASH, Zelma, her Companion, Miss IVERS,

Constance, Nymphs attending Miss Cooke, Eudora, on Titania, Miss M. Cooke, Fairies, Nymphs, &c.

Mesdms. Goodman, Scott, Corri, Chatterley, Coveney, Cause, M. Bates, Lyon, &c.

The DANCE composed by Mr. BYRNE. Principal Dancers.

Miss Tree, Miss Smythers, Mrs. Bryan, Miss Hart, Miss Vallancy.

Misses Gledhill, Aylett, Manning, Brock, Le Brun, O'Brien, C. Carr.

Messrs. Mathews, Hope, Brown, Appleby, Cooper, Vials, Goodman, G. Wells.

Mesdms. Scott, C. Scott, Bates, Wells, Vials, Caulfield, Barrett.

Deron, Rigger de Vicio, Mar R. Marrotte.

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J. Charles of Marchaele.

To Carrie of Book of the R. Patrician

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Sir Bonn, a Charation Might Mr. L. Louise,

"In Manuel Toric Mr. Crissia," Plus Coll of Their Mr. Buckton,

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The Dance conposed by Mr. Brane.

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from a destable, Agent, wording Prock, L. Brun, O Brien, C. Care.

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Mes los - sell. C. Scott, Bales, Wells, Than,

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songs, DUETS, CHORUSSES,

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To my efficient become and percent

RECITATIVE AND AIR.

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CONTROL OF THE STATE OF THE STA

Pitania,-Miss E. HALFORD.

Lend me your friendly aid, companions true, While I the mournful sacrifice renew.

Hear, cruel Fate, and grant relief:
Oh hear the sad Titania's moan,
Thou daily witness of her grief,
Of ev'ry tear, of ev'ry groan.

Yet oh, if thou indignant still
Canst pardon to her woes deny,
She bends submissive to thy will,
And only prays that she may die.

RECITATION.

The Oracle,—Mr. MARSHALL.

A bold advent'rous knight from Europe's shore, And Bagdad's fair Amanda shall restore To thy afflicted bosom gentle peace, And from his angry vow thy lord release. To Bagdad haste, Amanda's heart prepare; The rest resign to injur'd Ob'ron's care!

Jule / A /ITA TIN F

Titania, - BAIAS. ALFORD.

Lend me your friently it committees, arne, Whilasolah . Alasim.

The Pow'rs above propitious hear,
At length my bosom finds repose.
Hush'd be the plaint, and dried the tear!
Away remembrance of my woes!

Caust paidon to her no sileng, The bends substitute to thy will, And only prays that she may his.

MISS E, HALFORD,

MISS COOKE, MISS M. COOKE.

For { you we } again, a jound train,

Shall soon enjoy Titania's reign;

Thro' mead and grove

Delighted rove,

And frolic on the dewy plain.

RECITATIVE.

T

Oberon,-Miss S. Halford.

Turn, noble knight,—turn, champion dear, Thy friend and guardian hovers near.

RECITATIVÉ.

Oberon, -Miss S. Halford.

The heart of the

Spirits that thro' the realms of ether sweep, Or rove on land, or cut the briny deep, Hear Ob'ron's call thro' Nature's wide expanse, Arise! Descend! From ev'ry point advance!

RECITATIVE:

Titania, - Miss E. HALFORD

With mystic vision thus, Amanda fair, I for approaching bliss thy mind prepare. Behold the youth, of chivalry the flow'r, Ordain'd to free thee from tyrannic power.

AIR.

Art Tollow Land Art Tolk

Amanda, Miss NASH.

How oft have I, with conscious pride,
And taunt insulting, love defied,
But when I slept the urchin spied,
And launch'd his dart.
Oh shield me now his pow'r divine,
That ne'er may I the change repine,
That soon the hero may be mine,
No more to part!

How oft I ridicul'd the boy,
His quiver call'd an idle toy,
And laugh'd alike at lover's joy,
Or lover's smart;
Yetnow I own the pleasing pain,
Still, still I'll hope the youth to gain,
But ah, should all my hopes be vain,
Then break, poor heart

DUET, CLUE, AD BEINGER

Menn Songavat singl

Tet tin . of mille ou nit to I

The bringer above it

THE PART

Sir Huon, Mr. T. Cooke.

18 1 13

Sir Alfred was a chief renown'd

As warlike nations e'er could boast;

The victor's wreath his temple crown'd

On plains at home and distant coast.

And what the wond'rous feats inspir'd?

Oh, Beauty's magic charm!

'Twas love the soul of Alfred fir'd,

'Twas love that nery'd his arm.

For sweet Ervina, Europe's pride,
Who kindled in each breast the flame,
Had vow'd the youth should call her bride
That highest rank'd in martial fame.
And this the wond'rous feats inspir'd,
Oh, Beauty's magic charm!
'Twas love the soul of Alfred fir'd,
'Twas love that nerv'd his arm,

IIwon.

DUET, GLEE, AND CHORUS.

Messrs. Saunders, Miller, &c. &c.

DUET.

Let the soft melodious note Thro, the list ning palace float, Then proclaim with festive lay 'Tis Amanda's nuptial day.

GLEE.

Fill the sparkling goblet high, with And Sing 'till echo loud reply.

CHORUS.

Let the cymbals and trumpets and kettle-drums sound,
While the Caliph thus honours his humble Divan;
Let us merrily merrily pass the cup round,
To the health of our Princess and great Valdican!

respectively.

Amanda & Huon,

MISS NASH AND MR. T. COOKE.

Amanda.

Oh, was the day of bliss so near?

Huon.

Yes, banish'd now be ev'ry fear!

Amanda.

And is my brave deliverer come?

Huon.

He flew to snatch thee from thy doom.

Amanda

My life, my lord!

Huon.

11/77 6 0

My soul's ador'd!

Canst thou renounce for me a throne?

... Amanda;

Thou art my empire, thou alone!

: Hùon:

To friends and father bid adieu!

Amanda.

To all the world; be thou but true.

My life, my lord!

. Huon. in ship in

My soul's ador'd!

Together.

My life, my lord! My soul's ador'd!

Amanda.

Yes, yes, my brave deliv'rer's come, He flew to snatch me from my doom.

Huon.

Yes, yes, thy dear deliv'rer's come, He flew to snatch thee from thy doom.

FINALE, -Oberon, &c.

MISS S. HALFORD, MISS NASH, Mr. T. Cooke, and Mr. Munden.

Oberon.

Then fare thee well, courageous youth, And fare thee well, his destin'd wife! Preserve inviolable truth, And happy be your future life.

Amanda and Huon.

But oh, from blissful realms above
Look down upon thy vot'ries low;
Who 'midst the joys of mutual love
Must feel that all to thee they owe.

And pray, sir, when you're snug in Heaven,
'To think of me too kindly deign,
Who thrice the goblet you have giv'n
Will daily to your worship drain.

' har All. W.

Now each his destin'd way pursue,
Fate wills that here we bid adieu.
Fair Virtue's path { still we'll } keep in view
And to { your our } plighted vows be true.

He flew .I. Act of Act I. Willed in.

ACT II.

RECITATIVE.

Titania,-Miss E. HALFORD.

Oh torture, which no being might endure, Save spirits of ethereal essence pure! So near the moment of recover'd bliss, Then plung'd again into the dark abyss!

SESTETTO.—Fairies.

Quickly fly, all that are nigh, Quickly fly from the magic ring! Quickly fly from the withering eye Of the mighty elphin king!

First, To the green wood hie,

Second, Or with gambol sly

Third, The gold-miners mock as their labours they
ply;

Fourth, Into ocean pry,

Fifth, Or aloft to the sky

Siath, Your airy voyage wing!

Quickly fly, all that are nigh,
Quickly fly from the magic ring !
Quickly fly from the withering eye
Of the mighty elphin king!

SONG.

Sherasmin,-Mr. Munden.

Could seas and rivers turn to wine,
To gratify a toper's wish,
A sailor's life would be divine,
And all the folks would drink like fish.
No whale would dive and skulk with fear,
Lest sly harpoon should overtake him,
For brisk and bold would ocean's cheer,
And drunk as any porpoise make him.
Tol de rol, de rol!

Many an eelskin full of drink
Would twist among the joyous shoal,
Tipsy maids no harm cou'd think
To frisk it with a jovial soal.
Here a Bacchanalian brood
Of prawns and lobsters strangely tickled,
Carp in claret nicely stew'd,
And all our herrings ready pickled.
Tol de rol, de rol!

mil hard

Oysters, scorning to be sad,
Gaily call for t'other quart,
Ev'ry muscle dancing mad,
To cheer the cockles of his heart.
Sharks, no more the scaman's grave,
With muzzy mack'rel wou'd get foggy,
Sprats wou'd flounder thro' the wave,
And all the scaly race grow groggy.
Tol de rol, de rol!

AIR.

Amanda,-Miss Nasii,

My spirits droop, my soul's depress'd,
My bosom throbs with doubtful fear;
For thee, my love, am I distress'd, II.

Art thou on earth a wand'rer still,

Redeem'd like me from yonder wave,

Or was it Alla's sacred will

That thou should'st find a wat'ry grave?

Tho' Fate, my love, may bid us sever, Yet oh, my heart's with thee for ever!

AIR AND CHORUS.

Sir Huon and Attendants,

Мг. Т. Сооке, &с.

Huon.

Oh from the summit of delight
Thus in a moment hurl'd!
Farewell to Hope's illusion bright,
Farewell deceitful world!

Guards.

Quick the flames and the engines of torture prepare! Such an infidel traitor we never will spare.

Huon.

Then your flames and your engines of torture prepare, But the soul of a hero shall never despair.

CHORUS.

Oberon, Titania, &c. aga MA

: 1 to 1 . A

Miss S. Halford, Miss E. Halford, &c.

We come, we come,—we hear the pray'r, in MA We come to save the faithful pair him and

FINALE.

GENERAL CHORUS.

Welcome, welcome, happy day!

Join we all in roundelay.

Ob'ron's sorrows now are o'er;

Now Titania weeps no more.

Blazon through the forest wild

Our king and queen are reconcil'd.

Pare well to To, e's all on the lift, it.

Chira the summer dill lit

'uch en labert and we a'v. rill gree'

Cuick to a floor condiche in a cloud reproject

Lowades, Printer, Marquis Cours, Drary Lane, Lundon.

AIRS,

DUETS, CHORUSES,

&c. &c.

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(IN THREE ACTS)

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The Lord of the Manor.

ACT I.

DUET-Peggy and Annette. BISHOP.

HARK! hark! the merry peal!

Peggy. My spirits all are prancing;

(ToAn.) Your looks declare the joy you feel.

Annette. My little heart is dancing.

Both. When the merry bells go ding, ding, dong,

My heart beats time as I trip along.

And my eyes impart
How light my heart,
While all the burthen of my fong,
Is fal lal la—ding, ding, dong.

SONG-Annette. T WELSH.

A nightingale fung in a fycamore grove,
A lover he liften'd, with fights, to the lay;
as fweet, but all plaintive, like languishing love,
"Heigho!" cried the lover, "Ah, well-a-day!"
The lover quite reftless that night found his pillow,
Went to fleep in despair, and still dreamt of the
willow

The lover he liften'd next morn to a lark,
Whose fong better footh'd him because it was
gay;

His hope grew more firing, as his mind grew less dark,

"Heigho!" he renounc'd, and "Ah, well-aday!"

The lover that night fweetly flept on his pillow, And dreamt of gay garlands—ne'er once of the willow.

Sons-Peggy. JACKSON.

I once was a maiden as fresh as a rose, And as fickle as April weather;

I lay down without care, and I wak'd from repose, With a heart as light as a feather.

I work'd with the girls, I play'd with the men, I was always or romping, or fpinning;

And what if they pilfer'd a kit's now and then?

I hope 'twas not very great finning.

seeled to make a

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I married a husband as young as myself,
And for every frolic as willing;
Together we laugh'd while we had any pelf,

And we laugh'd when we had not a shilling.

He's gone to the wars,—heav'n fend him a prize!

For his pains he is welcome to fpend it;

My example, I know, is more merry than wife, But, Lord help me, I never fluil mend it.

Song-Rashly. JACKSON.

Encompass'd in an angel's frame
An angel's virtues lay;
Too foon did heav'n affert the claim,
And call its own away.
My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
Must never more return!
What now shall fill these widow'd arms?
Ah, me! my Anna's urn!

- 1 Lil - 1 Lil Lil I

Song-Trumore. DOYLE.

Young love flew to the Paphian bow'r, And gather'd fweets from many a flow'r; From rofes and fweet jeffamine, The lily and the eglantine; The Graces there were culling pofies, And found young Love among the rofes.

O happy day! O joyous hour!
Compose a wreath of ev'ry flow'r;
Let's bind him to us, ne'er to sever,
Young love shall dwell with us for ever—
Eternal spring the wreath composes—
Content is Love among the roses.

Song-Sophia. T.WELSH.

Wake, dulcet lute, fair Laura faid,
While fadly droop'd her penfive head;
Wake, and to my finking heart
The foothing balm of joy impart.
Thy charmed ffrains can banish woe,
And bid the breaft with rapture glow;
Raise my hope and full my pain,
Laura sighs, and sighs in vain.

II.

In the bower a-down the dale,
Henry told his artless tale;
Laura fondly heard the youth,—
Grace his form, his heart was truth:
But hope is blighted, love is cross'd,
Henry is to Laura lost.
Love no more her heart shall gain,
Laura sighs, and sighs in vain.

one to the second second

Song-Rafuly. DAVY.

Can I forget the filent tears
Which I have fled for thee;
And all the pangs, and doubts, and fears,
Which fcatter'd o'er my bloom of years
The blights of mifery.

I never close my languid eye,

Unless to dream of thee;

My ev'ry breath is but the figh,

My ev'ry found the broken cry

Of lasting misery.

FINALE. JACKSON.

Huntsman.

When the orient beam first pierces the dawn, And printless yet glistens the dew on the lawn, We rise to the call of the horn and the hound, And nature herself seems to live in the sound.

Chorus.

Repeat it quick, echo, the cry is begun, The game is on foot, boys, we'll hunt down the fun.

Huntsman.

The chace of old Britons was ever the care,
Their finews it brac'd, 'twas the image of war—
Like theirs, shall our vigour by exercise grow,
Till we turn our pursuits to our country's foe.

Chorus.

Repeat it, shrill echo, the war is begun,
The foc is on foot, boys, we'll fight down the sun.

End of the First Ad.

Song-Peggy. T. WELSH.

Our fex is capricious,

Believe me;

'Tis the picture your fex of us draw;

If you paint us vicious—

Perceive me,

Can you wonder we act by your law?

Go, go, filly, loyer, and figh,

Truft another as foon as you can;

And if fhe too fhould bid you "good bye,"

Why then try another, poor man!

In April the weather
Oft changes,
Sun and rain to each other give way;
And taken together,
It ftrange is,
Our fex is an April day.
Go, go, filly lover, complain;
With your fex to be faithlefs the plan;
Can you fancy we'll conftant remain?
We but follow your leffon, poor man!

Song-Trumore: BISHOP.

Ah! can I e'er forget thee, love!

When far from thee away

Should absence grief supply,

I'll pay thee sigh for sigh!

Ah! can I e'er forget thee, love?

No, never.

When thy charms recollecting,
Can fancy e'er rove?
On thy virtues reflecting,
Can time weaken love?
Ah! can I e'er forget thee, love?
No, never.

TRIO. T. WELSH.
Rashly, Sophia, Trumore.

Rashly. Lov'd scenes! must I leave thee? Sophia. Dear youth! must I leave thee ? Trum. Sweet maid! must I leave thee? All. Ah! whither to go? Rashly. Ah! let it not grieve thee. Sophia. I'll never deceive thee. Trum. I can but believe thee. Ah! moment of woe! All.Rashly. Yet cease, cease repining, Sophia. To heav'n refigning, Trum. My hope ne'er declining, All. Contented I go! Sophia. Submissive I go!

Trum. Obedient I go!

All. Then, oh! farewell! tho' thus we part

To day, oppress'd with forrow;

Hope to my anxious beating heart

Points out a kind to-morrow.

Song-Rashly. JACKSON.

When first this humble roof I knew
With various cares I strove;
My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,
My all of wealth was love.

By mutual toil our board was dress'd,

The ftream our druck 'estow'd;

But when her lips the bring had pass'd

The cap with nectur flow'd.

SONG-Annette. REEVE.

Once a knight, oh! my story is true,

Met a girl of a peasant's degree;

The knight was good-humour'd, like you,.

And the girl, young and filly, like me.

She let her tongue run up and down,

For seldom, sir, was she her guard on;

But when the knight put on a frown,

With, pray fir! Dear fir! Kind fir!

She curtfied, and begg'd his pardon.

Don't angry be with Annette.

Then the knight, and the fame you'd have done,

(For frowning much wa'n't in his way,)

To fmile with good-nature begun,

And banish'd the peasant's dismay.

The filly girl, grateful, like me,

Determin'd to be more her guard on;

And I hope, sir, my case it will be,

When I curtsey, and beg your pardon—

With, pray fir!
Dear fir!
Kind fir!

Don't angry be with Annette.

FINALE. JACKSON.

Sir John. Tell not me of his affertions,
Mine are laws of Medes and Perfians;
Vain against them all endeavour,
Right or wrong, they bind for ever.

Sophia. Remember then a daughter's pray'r, Receive a parent to your care.

Ann. Frown on his foes obdurate plea,
But keep benignant finiles for me,

Peggy. When I fee my betters hearty,
How I long to be a party;
Pardon me, if I intrude, fir,
I'd be pleafant, but not rude, fir,

Sophia. Peggy, have done.

Peggy. I'm fure he looks compliant.

Sop.&An. From hence he goes, To crush our foes,

Sir John. As Jack did once the giant.

Sophia. Remember your client's with troubles befet.

Ann. Remember Sophia, remember Annette, Sir John. The cause of my clients I'll never forget.

The kiss of Sophia, the kiss of Annette.

ACT III.

DUET-Peggy and La Nippe. JACKSON.

La Nippe.

The rouleau is form'd wit a magical twift;

To conquer caprice or displeasure;

If your object the offer of one should resist,

You have only to double the measure.

It finds to all places its way without eyes,

Without tongue it discourses most sweetly;

To beauty or conscience alike it applies,

And settles the business completely.

Peggy.

Well, who could have thought fuch a wonderful pow'r.

In a compass so small could be hidden;
To sweeten at once the grapes that are sour,
And purchase e'en fruit that's forbidden.
A magic so pleasant must surely be right,
Without scruple I pocket the evil;
I'll shew the proper effect before night,
And leave you to account with the devil.

Song-Ralph. REEVE.

From a chick I were always a notable boy,
Took cutely my learning at school;
And granny, she said, her eyes sparkling wi'joy,
"I never should turn out a fool."

And "Ralph," fays fhe, "Pr'ythee boy, hold up thy head,

Of thy face thou need'ft ne'er be asham'd;"
And i' fackins, I minded still what granny said,
For still at prefarment I aim'd,

To wraftle and run,
Make at fingle-ftick one,
I beat Cloddy, and Robin, and Roger;

And fo upright I'd walk,
It were the town-talk
That Ralph were cut out for a sodger.

Row de dow-fal de ral.

Wi' the girls I were always a fav'rite, I know, And, as red-coats they never refuse, Mayhap, if so be for a sodger I go, I, among 'em, may then pick and chuse.

When I go to the wars for my country and king, Ize kill ev'ry Frenchman I fee;

But, hold-mayn't it turn out another guels thing,

Thé Frenchmen, mayhap, may kill me.

No matter for that,

Wi' cockade i' my hat,

Ize ftrut above Robin and Roger;

And if I come back,

Of my glory I'll crack,

Odsbobbins! Ize go for a sodger.

Row de dow, &c.

Song-Snap. JACKSON.

1 1 2 3 1 1 2 2 0 0 W C 1 W C

arozan ili de a e e e eque e e e e...

Gallant comrades of the blade,
Pay your vows to beauty;
Mars's toils are best repaid
In the arms of beauty.
With the myrtle mix the vine,
Round the laurel let them twine;
Then to glory, love, and wine,
Pay alternate duty.

្លាក់ ស្រែក ស្ ស្រែក ស

Song-Trumore. T. WELSH.

The cause of my country demands that I go,
This colour with ardour I wear;
'Tis the symbol of glory, a smile then bestow,
And no prize with its worth shall compare;
This ribbon for thee and my country shall prove,
The ensign of honour, the emblem of love.

Let thy pray'rs for thy foldier, when absent, arise,
Who with glory to thee may return;
If he falls for his country with glory he dies,
And his end is too noble to mourn.
This ribbon, &c.

Song-Annette. BISHOP.

If I had a beau

For a foldier who'd go,
Do you think I'd fay "no!"

No, no, not I;

When his red coat I faw,
Not a figh would it draw,
But I'd give him eclat

For his bravery.

If an army of Amazons e'er came in play, As a dashing white sergeant I'd march away, When my lover was gone,
Do you think I'd take on,
Sit moping, forlorn?
No, no, not I;
His fame my concern,
How my bosom would burn
When I saw him return,
Crown'd with victory.

If an army, &c.

Song-Moll Flagon. JACKSON.

Come on, my foul,
Post the cole,
I must beg, or borrow;
Fill the can,
You're my man,
'Tis all the same to-morrow.

Sing and quaff,
Dance and laugh,
A fig for care or forrow;
Kifs and drink,
But never think,
Tis all the fame to-morrow.

Song-Sir John Contraft. REEVE.

An obstinate man had a scold for his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Pringle;

They led, you'll suppose, a queer cat and dog life, Like tavern bells, always at jingle:

Mr. P. was a man, to his word who fluck fast,
He declar'd, "when he'd faid it, he'd faid it;"
Mrs. P. stuck to her word, and would have the last,
So, for comfort you'll give 'em some credit—

Poor fouls!

To Richmond by water determin'd to go
Mr. and Mrs. Pringle;
He wanted the fail up but the faid "no!
"The thoughts of it made her tingle;"
He in 66 d. it flood by put up with a frager

He infifted it should be put up with a frown,
And declar'd "when he'd faid it, he'd faid it;"

She vow'd, if it was put up, she'd pull it down—So, for firmness you'll give 'em some credit—Poor souls!

For the fail then beginning to pull and to haul Mr. and Mrs. Pringle;

Says the boatman, "you'll into the Thames both fall,

"With other odd fish to mingle." And into the river, they sure enough roll'd, As soon as the waterman said it;

So, out of hot water they got into cold,

For extremes then you'll give'em fome credit—

Poor fouls!

FINALE. JCKSON.

Rashly. Partners of my toils and pleasures,

To this happy spot repair;

See how justly Fortune measures

Favours to the true and fair.

Ann. With choruses gay, proclaim holiday,
In praise of the Lord of the Manor;
And happy the song if it trains old and
young
In the lessons of Castle Manor.

Chorus. With choruses gay, &c.

Trum. Gallants, learn from Trumore's story,
To affociate in the breast,
Truth and honour, love and glory,
And to fortune leave the rest.

Chorus. With choruses gay, &c.

FINIS.

1 3

A THE TAXABLE

bet the thirty respective.

1 6

SONGS, CHORUSSES, &c.

IN THE

NEW DRAMA OF

WINDSOR CASTLE.

OR.

THE FAIR MAID OF KENT.

IN TWO PARTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENI-GARDEN

BY THE AUTHOR OF

HARTFORD-BRIDGE, NETLEY ABBEY, &c.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

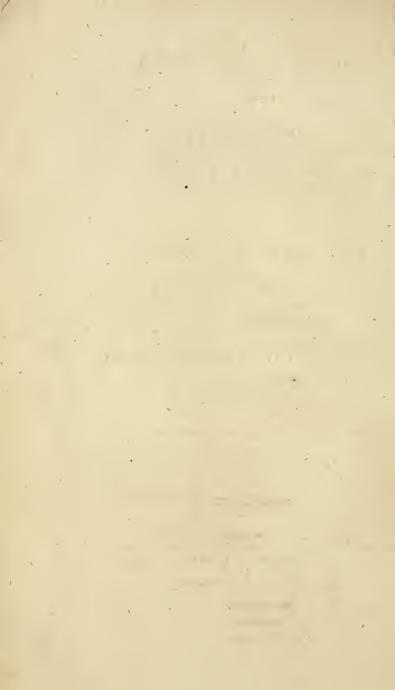
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BRYDGES-STREET, COVERT-GARDEN.

M.DCC.XCY.

[Price Six-pence.]

3091453



CHARACTERS

IN THE

ENTERTAINMENT

OJ

WINDSOR CASTLE.

KING EDWARD
PRINCE of WALES
SPENCER
NEVILL
FITZ-ALAN
LEVERET
REVEL
FERRYMAN
EUSTACE
COUNTESS of KENT

Mr. FARREN.
Mr. POPE.
Mr. MACREADY.
Mr. INCLEDON.
Mr. BOWDEN.
Mr. FAWCETT,
Mr. BURTON.
Mr. REES.
Mr. LINTON.

LADY BLANCHE

Mis HOPKINS.

VILLAGERS, &c.

SCENE, WINDSOR and the Neighbourhood.

CHARACTERS IN THE BALLET.

PELEUS
GANYMEDE
HYMEN
HEBE
MINERVA
THETIS

PROTEUS

DISCORD

TERPSICHORE

CUPID

Mr. FARLEY.
M. BYRN.
Mrs. MARTYR.
Mad. ROSSI.
Mrs. FOLLETT.

Mad. PROVOST, (first appearance) Mr. HOLLAND.

Mrs. MOUNTAIN.

Mademoifelle ST. AMAND. Mad. DROMA. (art appearance)

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Music is principally by Mr. SALOMON: the author must, however, express his acknowledgements to Mr. Spofforth, for three Compositions in the 1st AEt; and it will not escape observation that the genius of HAYEN, preserves its full spirit in the Overture.

WINDSOR CASTLE;

OR THE

FAIR MAID OF KENT.

ACTI

AIR I,

CHORAL-ROUNDELAY.

Composed by Mr. Spofforth.

An offering in homage, and love to the King,
Dear THAMES to thy borders we gratefully bring:
To all his lov'd Race every duty we owe;
And our hearts full of love they possess long ago.

And while myrtles combine,

With the flow'rs we entwine,

Ever-green be the shrub, and the bloom ever fair.

AIR II.

SONG-Mr. INCLEDON.

I.

Her lovely eye of heav'nly blue,
A mild intelligence conveys;
Her fweet lip wears the rofe's hue;
A charm o'er every feature plays;
Light are her locks—and unconfin'd,
In varying forms they kifs'd the wind!

II

The matchless beauties thus possess,

From soft refinement seem'd more bright;

As jewels with a polish dress,

Emit a purer glow of light:

And every grace which round her shone,

Revealed her kindred to the Throne!

AIR'III.

SONG-Mr. BOWDEN.

ī.

WHEN MIRTH, an infant, fleeping lay,
To shield him from the scorching day;
A vine-branch o'er his face was flung,
With many a rip'ning cluster hung,
Rich with the Netar bright
The Netar, which the heav'ns distil,
Instead of dew—the grape to fill,
And give the heart delight.

II.

The emerald fruit, from summer's beam,
Soon caught the ruby's brilliant gleam:
Some bunches fell near MIRTH's full lip;
These—these he press'd,—and learnt to sip—
To sip the Nectar bright;
The Nectar, which the heav'ns distil
Instead of dew—the grape to fill,—
And give the heart delight.

III.

From year to year he quasted the tide,
And the offerength the woods to stride,
He to his vine-bough arbour clung,
There to remain—for ever young,—
To drink the Nectar bright;
The Nectar—which the heav'ns distil,
Instead of dew—the grape to fill,

And give the heart delight.

AIR IV.

GLEE-Meff. INCLEDON, BOWDEN, and LINTON.

Composed by Mr. Spofforth.

Shades of Windsor, hills, and levels,
Sacred to the moon-light revels,
Of brifk Oberon the fairy;
And his vaffals—light and airy:
Other minstrelfy and mirth,
Thro' your wild retreats shall found:
O'er the favour'd spot of earth,
Many a festive train shall bound:
And the forest wide shall ring,
To the roundelays—we fing.

AIR V.

• DUET-Meffrs. Includon and Bowden.

THE blush on her cheek was by Modesty drest,
And her eyes beam'd the Virtues which dwell in her breast.
May those eyes, and that bosom for ever, blest Fair!
Be unclouded by Sorrow—unrussed by Care.
Or is a tear start—or a sigh gently move,
May the tear be of rapture—the sigh be of love!

AIR VI.

SONG-Mr. INCLEDON.

I.

NOT to the Victories of a year,'
Does this proud Country owe her Name;
Nor will the failures of a day,

Abate the lustre of her Fame!—
ALBION, fair STAR!—in Ocean's sky so bright.
May never cloud obscure thy filver light!

II,

The checks of war, but serve to give To English Spirits bolder spring; As Eagles, in the adverse gale,

Hold on their course with stronger wing!

ALBION, fair STAR!—in Ocean's sky so bright!

May never cloud obscure thy silver light!

AIR VII.

CHORUS.

Accompanied by Mr. JONES:

Hark! the organ's bursting strain, Summons to the hallow'd fane!— To invoke the fav'ring skies, Let the choral song arise! (10)

AIR VIII.

SONG-Mr. FAWCETT.

Composed by Mr. Spofforth.

I.

In throngs from all parts, on pads, prancers and pacers, Hacks, hunters, and ponies, and trotters and racers, The people are gathered, regardless of danger, To view the fair face of the sweet blushing stranger:

And they feel honest pride.

While they drink, in ale nappy,

"May the PRINCE and his BRIDE,
Live long—and live happy!"

11.

In the eye of each gazer a welcome feems ready;—
Tho' 'tis love at first fight, yet that love will be steady.
—So to quicken our spirits, a song, and a story,
Till every heart warms for our dear country's glory:

And we feel a true pride
In each honest endeavour:
May the PRINCE and his BRIDE—
Live long—live for ever!

ACT II.

SONGS, &c.

IN THE BALLET OF

PELEUS AND THETIS.

INTRODUCED IN THE III ACT.

COMPOSED BY

Mr: NOVERRE.

ARGUMENT.

The Marriage of Peleus and Theris is recorded by the ancients as an event peculiarly marked by the favour of Heaven:—The highest characters of the Mythology attended the Festival in honour of the Union.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY IS AS FOLLOWS:

The approach of THETIS is announced: she appears, seated in a magnificent Barge, surrounded by Tritons, and attended by the Loves and Graces. On reaching the shore, she alights,—Chorus on her approach:

AIR I.

CHORUS I.

FAIR THETIS comes !- Prepare !- Prepare !-

The filver tide,

Assumes a pride,

Such worth to bear!

Heaven admires, and earth adores!
Light floats the vessel to these shores!
She comes!—adorn the sessel bowers!
Strew her path with varying flowers!

SCENEII

PELEUS enters to receive THETIS:-Cupid, Hymen, and Train, reprefenting the Cardinal Virtues, attend.

SCENE III.

Olympus and the Celeftials in Assembly.—Neptune rises from the Ocean in his Car drawn by Sea Horses, attended by Naiads and Tritons.—Pluto and Proserpine assend on the stage, accompanied by Minos, Eacus, and Radamanthus.

AIR II:

- PASTORAL CHARACTERS.

DOUBLE CHORUS.

Let smiles each mirthful lip array, And rural triumphs mark the day!

SEMI-CHORUS.

Pereus and his charming bride, Wear the nuptial crown with pride.

PRIESTS.

SEMI-CHORUS.

At Hymen's altar none e'er bent
More pure, or faithful in intent.
Long, long may THETIS, blooming fair,
Continue fav'ring Heaven's care!

SCENE IV.

The ALTAR OF LOVE introduced.—Hebe and Ganimede appear bearing Ambrofial Cups, followed by Cupids and Zephirs, Priefts, Priefteffes, and Virgins, with Incenfe and Flowers.—THETIS introduced by Hymen under a Canopy of Roses.—Peleus by Cupid under a Canopy decorated with Myrtles.—The VIRTUES follow, and the Affembly forms in Processional Order.

SCENE V.

Cupid and Hymen lead Peleus and Thetis to the Altar.—The mutual pledge of lasting love is here made.

At the moment the Conjugal Cup is presented, Discord appears, and throws the Golden Apple in the midst of the Assembly, with a design of exciting contention.—Cupid, to deseat this attempt, awards the Apple to TRETIS; and Discord is banished to the Insernal Regions.

AIR III

HYMENEAL APOSTROPHE.

O eternal Jove,
Bend from thy throne of might;
Dark and loft we rove
Without thy guiding light.
Let this fond virtuous pair
Engage thy facred care.

CHORUS.

Discord hence !—and in some cell O'er thy mischies ever dwell.—

Peace returns!—
Sweet fource of mental balm.
So to ftorms enfue
A foothing calm.

SCENE VI.

Peace and order being reftored, the conjugal Cup is again prefented to the bridal pair, who drink. —This ceremony marked by the favoring omen of Divine approbation.

AIR IV.

DUET-CUPID and HYMEN

Still bleft lovers in your fight,
May unclouded prospects lie
And the wings of sweet delight,
Aid the moments as they fly!
Whilst on every balmy gale,
Music's sostest notes prevail.

11.

Health!—fair offspring of the sky,
Guard the bloom on Beauty's cheek
Let fond Admiration's eye,
There alone for transports seek!
Ever, near her steps be seen,
Radiant pleasure—joy serene!

SCENE VII.

The Lovers conducted to a Throne, and Crowned with Festal Wreathse

AIR. V.

SONG-CUPID.

When hearts, where all the virtues meet, With mutual passions fondly beat;
The favoring heavens decree the best, When by exchange it makes them blest.

SCENE VIII.

A superb Scene, representing among other objects, some illuminated Pyramids and Columns.—A Medallion of the Prince and Princess.—This cene, as well as the preceding, is diversified by Dancing, calculated to illustrate and celebrate the Union of a Pur.

THE END.

(ge)

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SONGS & CHORUSSES

INTHE

DRAMATIC ROMANCE,

INTITLED,

Joanna of Montfaucon,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre: Royal, Cobent: Garden,
On Thursday Fanuary 16, 1800.

THE MUSIC ENTIRELY NEW;

And Composed for the Occasion, by Mr. BUSBY.

LONDON:

For LACKINGTON, ALLEN, and Co, Temple of the Muses, Finsbury Square.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

959767.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Albert, Lord of Thurn	Mr. Pope.
Lazarra, A Knight	Mr. Holman.
Darbony, Leader of a Band of armed Soldiers	Mr. Incledon.
Wensel, Castellan of Belmont	Mr. Waddy.
Philip, bis Son	Mr. H. Johnstone.
Guntram,	Mr. Emery.
Hermit,	Mr. Murray.
Wolf, a Servant to Albert	Mr. Munden.
Romuald, a Servant to Lazarra -	Mr. Rees.
Reinhard, belonging to Wensel -	Mr. King.
Henry, Son to Albert and Joanna, -	
Servant to Lazarra	Mr. Curties.
Ift Soldier,	M. Klanert.
2d Soldier,	Mr. Atkins.
3d Soldier,	Mr. Thompson.
Old Man,	Mr. Davenport.
Shepherd,	Mr. Gardner.
Mountaineer,	Mr. Claremont.
Joanna, Wife to Albert,	Mrs. Pope.
Eloifa, supposed Daughter to Guntram	Mrs.H. Johnstone.
Girl,	Miss Cox.
Old Woman,	Mrs. Whitmore,
Guards. Officers. Esc.	

Joanna of Montfaucon.

A NEW OVERTURE.-Mr. Busey.

ACT I.

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

ADY, great and good and fair, Pure as faints and angels are, Flow'rets bath'd in morning dew, Nature's boon, we bring to you.

Bounteous Lady! we implore
Heav'n to grant you plenteous store,
Store of honours, store of wealth,
Crown'd with long, long years of health,

A MARCH.

SONG-with Chorus. Mr. Incledon, &c.

To arms! to arms! our Leader cries,
Lo, from the cavern'd earth we rife
In terrible array;
Where'er we march a crimfon flood
Around us rolls of human blood,
And ruin marks our way.

Now tremble, Albert!—Fortune veers, Fate opens wide her ghastly sheers,
Your life's last thread is spun;
Impending o'er you hangs the sword,
Death only waits Lazarra's word
To strike!—and it is done.

Symphony at the conclusion of the first Ast.

— Mr. Busby.

ACT II.

Mr. INCLEDON.

SOLDIER, Soldier, wave your fword, Give the fign and pass the word.

Mr. HILL.

Order, order! Comrades all, Rife and answer to the call!

CHORUS.

We come, we come, we come,
We need no beat of drum;
Watchful ever day and night,
Ever ready for the fight,
We never never fly,
We conquer or we die.

Mr. INCLEDON.

Athwart the forest dark and drear,
With march that caution cannot hear,
Slowly, slowly wind your way;
No one lag, and no one stray;
Silent all in close array;
Slowy, slowly wind your way.

CHORUS.

Captain, Captain, stout and bold, Soldiers need not to be told.
Only lead us to the booty,
We are those that know our duty:
Huzza, huzza! we never sty,
Huzza! we conquer or we die!

Symphony at the conclusion of the second Act.
— Mr. Bussy.

ACT III.

SON G .- Mr. INCLEDON.

In spring's sweet prime the opening flower Allures the roving bee, And is not beauty's vernal hour The hour for love and thee?

For like the bee love's archer leaves His honey with the dart, And she, who feels the wound, receives A fweet, that heals the fmart.

Symphony at the conclusion of the third Act. -Mr. Busby.



ACTIV.

SONG .- Mr. TOWNSEND.

Come on, my hearts, come on!
The work will foon be done;
Let all be flaunch and none be fhy,
Let all men fight, and no man fly,
The victory must be won;
Come on my hearts! come on.

When the battle is o'er, we'll be jolly, For to figh is but madness and folly; Old stingo shall swim

In black Jack to the brim,

And we'll drink away dull melancholy.

Hark, hark, the thundering drum Roars out 'tis time to come; For all that die, the priest shall pray, While those, that live, keep holiday; Hark, hark, the thundering drum! Come on, my heroes, come!

When the battle is o'er we'll be jolly, For to figh is but madness and folly;
Old stingo shall swim
In black Jack to the brim,
And we'll drink away dull melancholy.

Symphony at the conclusion of the fourth AET.

-MR. BUSBY.

ACT V.

FINALE.

Joy, Joy, Joy!

Roaring War is gone to fleep,

Drums and trumpets filence keep,

Squeaking fifes with accents fhrill,

Clattering cymbals now are ftill;

No more thumping, no more thundering,

No more burning, no more plundering,

Soldiers muggling, Damfels fruggling, Parents flying, Children crying,

Such the forrows we have known; Sorrow now is past and gone.

Joy, Joy, Joy!

Merry groupes shall now be seen,
Sporting on the village green,
Dancing round in jovial ring,
While the minstrel smites the string;
All hands clapping, all heels clattering,
Grandsires chirping, grandams chattering;

Looks inviting,
Hearts uniting,
Smiles infpiring;
Kiffes firing;

Such the joys that Peace displays, Hail, bright dawn of Golden Days!

FINIS:

1.29

SONGS,

&c.

IN THE ROMANTIC DRAMA

OF

ADELMORN, THE OUTLAW.

Maleurs

FIRST PERFORMED AT

DRURY LANE THEATRE

ON MONDAY, MAY 4, 1801.

THE OVERTURE AND MUSIC

ENTIRELY NEW,

COMPOSED BY MR. KELLY.

THIRD EDITION.

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BY WILKS AND TAYLOR, CHANCERY-LANE.

1801.

Price One Shilling.

Entered at Stationers' Ball.

970637.

VOCAL CHARACTERS.

Hugo, - - Mr. SUETT.

Lodowick, - - Mr. BANNISTER.

HERMAN, - - - Miss DE CAMP.

Maurice, - - - Mr. SEDGWICK.

Innogen, - - Mrs. JORDAN.

ORRILA, - - Mrs. MOUNTAIN

ELLA, - - Miss MENAGE.

ADELMORN, THE OUTLAW.

ACT THE FIRST.

1.

CHORUS.

BUSTLE, boys! the Duke is near.

MAURICE.

Philip! Cafpar!

MEN SERVANTS

Here, fir, here!

MAURICE.

Strow fome rushes! bring persumes!
Burn some myrrh, and scent the rooms:
Lotta! Bertha!

FEMALE SERVANTS

Here, Sir, here!

MAURICE.

Bustle all, the Duke is near.

ORRILA.

Cease, fond Herman, to upbraid me, Cease to tell your bosom's smart:

HERMAN.

Cease, proud fair one, to persuade me From your presence to depart.

DUO.

Other.
Your bright eyes have captive made.
And must ever rule my heart.

HUGO.

Zounds! Who fet the bells a ringing? Why must all this clatter be?
Rascals! you so spoil my singing,
Scarce I know F sharp from C!

MAURICE.

Leave us, leave us, master scraper, Come not here to scold and vapour!

HUGO.

Ha! A Duo Amorofo, But, I fear, perform'd but so fo!

HERMAN.

Dearest creature!

HUGO!

Not fo ill!

HERMAN.

Every feature.....

HUGO.

Now a trill!

HERMAN.

Makes me nurse the fond delusion, You will grant at length my boon;

HUGO.

Pray excuse this bold intrusion, But you sing quite out of tune.

CHORUS."

Pr'ythee, Hugo, leave your playing, Here you must not think of staying——

HUGO.

How their difcords wound my ear!
Louder!—fofter!—flower!—faster!
Can there be a worse disaster
Than such horrid tones to hear?

CHORUS.

If our work proceeds no faster, Ere we half have done, our master Will conduct our fov'reign here.

2.

SONG.

HUGO.

OLD Orpheus play'd
So well, 'tis faid,
That, whenever he touch'd his fiddle,
Wild beafts and flocks,
Streams, woods, and rocks,
Danc'd about to his hey diddle diddle.
Here figures out
A tower fo flout,
There figures in a fountain;

While a fea-port town
The dance leads down,
And goes back to back with a mountain.

Sing tweedle-dum!
At his firum firum firum
Forests and fields cut capers;
Sing tweedle-dee!
Oh! was not he
The prince of catgut forapers?

2.

See, ranged in pairs,

Twelve dancing bears

Go as fast as e'er they can-go;

A lively pig

Performs a jig,

And a graceful goose a fandango: While an arm of the sea, Introdue'd by a tree,

To a fair young whale advances,
And, making a leg,
Cries—" Mifs, may I beg
Your fin for the two next dances?"

Sing tweedle dum, &c.

3.

SONG.

LODOWICK.

LASSES, halle your hands to show me, Haste, for mother Bedra's here: Skili'd in witchcraft, all who know me
What my lips unfold revere.
None my magic pow'rs deny:
'Tis not a lie,

For here am I;

If you doubt me, come and try.

I by fecret spells discover
What the stars on earth intend:
Have you lost a faithless lover,
Have you found a perjur'd friend,
I can make them pine and die:

"Tis not a lie, &c.

Miss, this charm gives information
Who the silver goblet stole;
If you've torn your reputation,
Here's a spell can mend the hole.
There's a secret!—Won't you buy?
'Tis not a lie, &c.

But be quick! three hours when counted, (And, alas! time flies to foon;)

Must I, on a broom-stick mounted,

Take my flight beyond the moon!

Then too late you'll grieve and sigh:

"Tis not a lie, &c. . . .

SONG.

THE clock had toll'd "One!" all was filent and dread! When, lo! as I lay fast asleep in my bed, And long, for the loss of the lad who is sled, My pillow in tears had been steeping; Methought that in accents well known and most dear The voice of my lover figh'd fost in my ear, —"Why forrows my fairest? thy rover is here! "Sweet lass, are you waking or sleeping?"—

I bade him begone; my reproaches were tart; He answer'd by pressing me close to his heart; Then, boldly protesting he would not depart,

In spite of entreaties and weeping

Still closer he clasp'd me!—'Twas here that I broke

The thread of my dream; but as soon as I woke,

I freely confess, the first words that I spoke

Were—"Ah! have I only been sleeping?"

5.

CHORUS.

MAURICE, HERMAN, AND HUNTERS.

HILLOA ho! hilloa ho!
The hollow woods echo with hilloa ho!

MAURICE.

The fun is flining,

HERMAN.

The air is fweet,

MAURICE.

Our spears are sturdy,

HERMAN.

Our darts are fleet,

MAURICE.

MAURICE.

The hunters shout,

HERMAN.
And the caves repeat

CHORUS.

Hilloz ho! hilloz ho!
The hollow woods echo with hilloz ho!

. 6

CHORUS.

MAURICE, HERMAN, AND HUNTERS.
THROUGH the forest cautious stealing,
Friends, explore each vale and glen:
Yonder shades the boar concealing,
Rouse him from his secret den!

Mark his eyes with fury flashing! Now his tusks revengeful gnashing, Wounded, on our band he rushes, While his blood in torrents gushes!

Now his life is fast retreating;
Now I hear his dying roar;
While, the hunters' shouts repeating,
Echo tells he breathes no more.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT THE SECOND.

·I. GLEE.

ORRILA, HERMAN, MAURICE.

WHY, Fortune, still do mortals pour Their fervent vows thy shrine before, So vain, so weak thy power?

Not all thy honours, all thy wealth

Can give the cheek one blush of health,

Or buy one peaceful hour!

Still, Fortune, still thy gifts withhold,
Thy flattering smiles, and cup of gold
From me who fear thy favour:
Those flattering smiles bring cares and woes;
That cup of gold with tears o'erflows,
And bitter is their flavour!

*2. SONG.

HERMAN.

HIS wings in terror clapping, A little bird, last May,

* Taken from a German Ballad.

Against my window flapping,
For shelter seem'd to pray.
With pity touch'd, I granted
The little bird's request;
It trembled, flutter'd, panted!
I sooth'd it on my breast.

Well pleas'd it feem'd to eye me:
I lov'd the pretty thing:
To keep it ever nigh me
I clipp'd each little wing.
But yet I thought, fincerely
To go it would be griev'd:
It feem'd to love me dearly:
And oh! too well deceiv'd,

Its wings by me neglected,
Again their feathers grew,
And ere I aught fuspected
One morn away it flew,
Crying—"That yours the blame is,
Poor youth, too late you learn;
So fure as Love my name is
I never will return!"—

3. SONG.

ÓRRILA.

WHAT detains him? Ah! why stays he? Glow-worms, guide his footsteps here!

Midst

'Midst what dells and dingles strays he? Friendly moon, my pilgrim cheer!

Lo! where gleam you lights deluding,
Oft the Fire-king walks the round;
Fogs and vapours there hang brooding,
Bid him shun the fatal ground!
What detains, &c.

Where the ferpent lurks discover,
Warn him where the pit-fall lies;
Let not danger harm a lover,
Who with faithful passion sighs.
What detains, &c.

A. CANTATA.

HUGO.

RECITATIVE [Accompanied].

MY Love! My Love!—oh! gentle zephyrs, fay, Did Theseus, godlike Theseus, walk this way? But oh, ye Gods! what object shocks mine eyes? Swift thro' the waves his distant vessel slies; To leave me here the rogue's intention sure is:—Oh! rage, distraction, vengeance, fire and suries!

ARIA.

Return, return, false youth, I pray, Return to your Infanta: Alas! you fly, and bear away
My heart, and my portmanteau.!

Ah! if forced yourself to leave me,
Why of all my clothes bereave me?
Why, alone, desert me here?
Surely there had been no sin in
Leaving me a change of linen,
And a tall, stout grenadier.

I'm feized by distraction, my brain fure is turning, My blood is in slames, and my bosom is burning.

Love's arrow, transfixing My bosom, now sticks in

My gizzard, and makes it with agony fry!

I'll heed, in my fury,

Nor justice, nor jury:

So either I'll fly

Post-haste to the sky,

Or plunge in the flames of Mount Ætna and die,
Ætna and die, Ætna and die,

Or plunge in the flames of Mount Ætna, and die.

5. DUET.

[The Words by George Colman, Efq.]

ORRILA AND LODOWICK.

Foul, fair,

Orrila willingly

Round the world with $\begin{cases} you \\ me \end{cases}$ will ride;

C 2

O rare

O rare!
You will look killingly
I fball

On a post-horse by your side.

LODOWICK.

Whip, crack!
Spurring and cantering
We shall thro' the mud be dash'd;
Good lack!
I shall be bantering
When two pretty legs are splash'd.

ORRILA.

Fie, fie, Lodowick!
That's a faucy trick,
Nought shall part us though,

No -no,-no

ORRILA.

In spite of weather then We'll together then

Bantering,
Cantering,
Splattering,
Clattering.

Foul, fair, &c. &c.

ORRILA.

Heigho!
Drearily, wearily,
We shall reach our Inn at night.

LODOWICK.

If so,
Merrily, cheerily,
We can sup by candle-light.

ORRILA.

Rooms full; bedding will fail us-then

LODOWICK.

In these arms you'll sleep at ease;

ORRILA.

Meat gone-What's to regale us then?

LODOWICK.

Kisses sweet and bread and cheese.

ORRILA.

Fie, fie, faucy man!
That's a filly plan,
Nought shall part us though, &c.

6.

BALLAD.

INNOGEN.

- "THE wind it blows cold, and the night it is drear.
- "Oh! porter, tell Gondibert Minna is here."-
- -" Away, thou fond wench, nor excite these alarms
- "A bride fleeps to-night in Sir Gondibert's arms."-

-" And was it for this, from my parents I fled?

"Then, porter, tell Gondibert Minna is dead;

"And tell him, though grief for his lofs caus'd her death,

"While bleffing his name, that she pour'd her last, breath."—

And now the gay morning bade Gondibert rife: Oh! foon a fad object afflicted his eyes! Poor Minna lay breathless his castle before; He sank on her bosom, and never rose more.

7. CHORUS.

OH! raife that drooping head!—reftrain thy forrow! Thine evil ftar shall fet for aye to-morrow: With mercy must the Duke thine anguish view, For none unmoved hear weeping beauty sue.

TRIO.

MAURICE, HERMAN, ELLA.

Thou, in whom alone our trust is,
Mercy! hear the mourner's prayer;
Blunt the lifted axe of Justice,
Bid the stern-one feel, and spare.

CHORUS.

Though o'er the frighted world now tempests hover, Soon will the skies their wonted calm recover: So may to-morrow sooth thy tortured breast, Smooth thy sad brow, and lull thy cares to rest.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT THE THIRD.

1.

CHORUS

GUILTLESS fufferer, cease to sorrow; Care from thy fad heart dismiss: When thine eves unclose to-morrow. Wake to life, and live to blifs. Clouds around the Phantom lour! Vengeance, 'tis thy fated hour, Pealing thunders speak it near. See, he struggles! vain endeavour! See, he dies, he's lost for ever ! Mortals, view his fate, and fear! Now from earth his flight addressing, Upwards fee the spirit move: Youth, receive his parting bleffing, Pledge of pardon, pledge of love. Sweet his angel-accents fwell: Adelmorn, farewell, farewell!

2.

DUO.

HERMAN AND ORRILA.

ORRILA.

FROM him I love compell'd to fever; I mourn with tender fears opprest.

HERMAN.

I fruitless find each fond endeavour

To warm my fair one's frozen breast.

DUO.

Yet, Love, my heart still thine shall be, And while it throbs, shall throb for thee.

2

ORRILA.

Let prudes, their fonder thoughts concealing, With clamours loud thy joys decry.

HERMAN!

Let Stoics, dead to generous feeling, Thy power deride, thy charms deny.

DUO.

My pride shall be, while life remains, To wear, and kiss thy roseate chains:

3.

SONG.

LODOWICK.

MY grief and my hunger I fain would impart;
But, ye walls, I want language to tell ye
How full of affliction I feel my poor heart,
How empty of food my poor belly!
Oh deign, fome kind angel, to bring me relief!
Defcend in the shape of a round of falt beef,
Well garnish'd with cabbage and carrot!
And if for my woes, from your eyelids divine,
Tears should fall, be the drops not of water, but wine,
And weep me a bottle of Claret.

2.

Thin ghosts of fat Abbots, be mov'd by my pray'r,
And pity my starving condition!

I vow what I ask is no mighty affair,
So I hope that you'll grant my petition!

I sue not in slames as a martyr to die,
And sure as a faint to be perch'd up on high
Would be glory too great for a sinner:
I only request, my dear ghosts, just to go,
With a stomach well lin'd, to the regions below,
And, previous to death, go to dinner.

4. BALLAD*.

ORRILA.

A WOLF while Jutta slept had made
Her favourite lamb his prize;
Young Casper slew to give his aid,
Who heard the trembler's cries.
He drove the wolf from off the green,
But claim'd a kiss for pay;
Ah! Jutta, better 't would have been,
Had Casper staid away.

2.

While grateful feelings warm'd her breaft,
She own'd she lov'd the swain;
The youth eternal love profess'd,
And kifs'd and kifs'd again.
A fonder pair was never seen;
They toy'd the live-long day:
Ah! Jutta, better 'twould have been,
Had Casper staid away.

3

At length the fun his beams withdrew;
And, night inviting fleep,
Fond Jutta rose, and bade adieu,
Then homewards drove her sheep:
Alack! her thoughts were chang'd, I ween,
For thus they heard her say:
—"Ah! Jutta, better?twould have been,
"Had Casper staid away."

^{*} The idea of this Ballad is taken from one in a French opera called "Les Femmes et Le Secret."

5.

GLEE.

HUGO, ORRILA, HERMAN, AND MAURICE.

SAILOR-BOY! failor-boy! fleep, my fweet fellow,
O'er your rock'd veffel though thunder-bolts roll:
Wild though the ocean raves, loud though winds bellow,
Calm be your bofom, for pure is your foul.
Hushaby! Hushaby! poor failor-boy!
Let not the tempest your slumbers destroy;
No terrors of conscience your bosom annoy,
Then Hushaby! Hushaby! poor failor boy!

2.

Sailor-boy! failor-boy! Danger not bringing
Home to your thoughts crimes committed before,
Tost on rough seas, in a narrow cot swinging,
Saser you sleep than a villain on shore.

Hushaby! &c.

6.

CHORUS.

HARK! the bell tolls! the finner's course is ending!
Sad swells the hymn, and tears obscure the fight!
Rife, pious pray'rs! pure fighs to Heav'n ascending,
Wast the repentant soul to realms of light.

7.

FINALE.

HERMAN.

THE storm is o'er, the sky is clear,
And past our consternation,
Our hero now has nought to fear
But your disapprobation.
The Outlaw trembling waits to hear
What sentence ye will give, firs:
Decree his death, or set him clear;
Say, shall he die or live, firs?

CHORUS.

The Outlaw, &c.

ORRILA.

Ye married dames, who grace the house,
A wondrous tale I'll tell ye:
Though left three years without my spouse,
I liv'd like chaste Penelly.
Then, all ye wives your Lords who love,
To me be well-intention'd;
So clap your hands like mad, and prove
Ye all are what I mention'd.

CHORUS.

The Outlaw, &c.

LODOWICK.

That storm came mighty a-propos:
But now the play is ended,
I hope, around, above, below,
To find the weather mended:

For thunder in this atmosphere
Great consternation causes,
Save when from hand and voice we hear
A thunder of applauses.

'CHORUS.

The Outlaw, &c.

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(Music ceases.)

SEA CAPTAIN.

11 47 11 . 0

I All attended

HAIL to my native land! With favouring airs

O'er the curl'd billows, curtfying as we pass'd

To give us welcome, our light galley glides;

Whilst Fame, bestriding her swift prow, displays

The laurel Crown her dying Hero sends.

(Flourish of martial Music.)

Oh Albion, fea-girt Goddes, Queen of Isles, We bring thee trophies, nobly, hardly earn'd, Torn from the vanquisht foe; but bath'd, alas! And all o'er red with thy dear Children's blood, The best, the bravest blood, that ever flow'd From human veins and mingled with the waves.

(Slow and foft Music.)

Sad Mother, thou must mourn thy fav'rite Son, For Heav'n, which put the trident in thy hand, And bade thee wave it o'er the subject seas, Now bids thee cloak thyself in sable weeds, And, following his dead body, intertwine The funeral cypress with the conqu'ring wreath.

(Solo, Mr. BRAHAM.)

- "In death's dark house the Hero lies,
- " Cold is his heart and clos'd his eyes;
- " His Flag, that to the foe ne'er bow'd,
- " His Signal once, is now his Shroud.
- " The partners of his former wars
- " View his brave body trench'd with fcars,
- "He gave the wreck-he cou'd no more-
- " All but his life was loft before.
- " Death, the great Conqu'ror, cou'd not win the whole
- " Earth keeps his Afhes, Heav'n receives his Soul,"

mixt company of Soldiers, Sailors, & Women enter.)
SOLDIER.

hence came ye, friends, and what hath England loft, at fhou'd provoke these melancholy strains? eak, if your forrows will give way to words, and let us hear the tidings that you bring; r we are soldiers, and will defend our shores, ar King, our Country, and the generous Fair, hose sinspire the courage that protects them.

(Martial Mufic.)

SEA CAPTAIN.

ear me, my gallant friends, and whilft I tell
ow your combining foes by thousands fell,
the afflicting loss of One so dear
could damp your kindling transports with a tear,
dimember whilft his mortal part has rest,
h' immortal lives in évery Briton's breast;
ho' short his span of life, recording Fame
ofcribes a deathless volumn to his Name;
and there in each immortalizing page
le lives, and still shall live from age to age.

, (Sprightly Music.)

temember too, the Hero, as he fell,

To his brave Second fent his last farewell;

Inftant his foul, to deeds of glory fir'd,

As with the Prophet's mantle was inspir'd.

In this one word he read the full intent,
And knew 'twas This his lov'd Commander meant
—" Mourn not for Me! 'tis vain. Chafe grief away
" Compleat my work, and crown the Glorious Day
—Behold, 'tis done! His parting Spirit flew,
And lighting rcfts, brave Collingwood, with you.

WOMAN.

Daughters of Albion, mourn your Hero dead, For you he conquer'd and for you he bled, E'er the commission'd ball had stopt his breath, He hail'd the Victory purchas'd with his death. Maim'd tho' he was, and fhorn of Nature's right, In action flinted and curtail'd of fight, to the will Still in his mangled frame whilft Heav'n wou'd spare One living atom, his great foul was there; His very name appall'd the fear-struck foe, Exterminating nations at a blow. Tell me, recorders of a distant age, Is there a name like his in History's page? There is a man, the scourge of present times, A living monument of human crimes, He triumphs over Liberties and Laws, He lives—but NELSON dies in Freedom's Caufe; Heav'n from the World its gracious loan withdrew, And by enriching Him, impoverish'd You.

(Martial Mulic.)

SEA CAPTAIN.

It lives, he lives! Let our loud Pæans rife, and hail his Spirit as it mounts the fkies. The to the Dead! With joyous triumph greet the living Heroes of your conquiring Fleet! They come, they come! Let France command her flaves, bedom is our's, for Britain rules the waves.

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lives, he lives! Let our loud Pæans rife,
d hail his Spirit as it mounts the skies.
Lee to the Dead! With joyous triumph greet
e living Heroes of your conqu'ring Fleet!
ey come, they come! Let France command her slaves,
edom is our's, for Britain rules the waves

Chorus. : 1. 1.

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ALBERT AND ADELAIDE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. An extensive Prospect. A Ridge of Mountains that form an Amphitheatre. On one Side, the Black Forest discovered in the Distance. On the other Side, Part of the Castle built on the Summit of a sleep Rock; by the Side of the Castle a Torrent falling from the Rock into a large Stream, which separates the Mountains from the Meadows. A Hamlet in Front: Algonde's Cottage on the same Side as the Castle.

Action of the OVERTURE. Composed by Mr. Steibelt.

[After a few Bars expressive of the serious Part; Sun-rising, the warbling of the Birds; Herdsmen and Shepherds with their Flocks; Chasseurs, &c. Peasants and Village Girls gathering Flowers, and weaving Garlands, to decorate a rustic Car for a Swabian Peasant's Wedding; Another Groupe advance dancing. The ringing of the Church Bells heard. Children sporting and dancing. Towards the Conclusion of the Overture, Bertolt is discovered coming down the Hills and singing.]

SONG. BERTOLT.

O love and joy, Rosella dear, Arise! the lark's sweet carol hear: The breeze is soft, and mild the ray, Illuming bright thy bridal day.

[4]

She hears me not,---fure something's wrong; Dear maid, awake! you sleep too long.

DUET. BERTOLT and ROSELLA.

What greater transports can we know Than those which love and youth bestow!

SYMPHONY

For Procession of Villagers, &c.

CHORUS of VILLAGERS.

All hail, Rofella, happy bride! Of all our village maids the pride!

BERTOLT.

R of ella fmiles with sweet regard, Of years of hope, my bright reward.

ROSELLA.

Ah! spare, nor chide the crimson hue, Believe, I happy am as you.

CHORUS.

All now join the rustic throng, Thread the dance, or troll the song! Lovely maidens, be not shy, 'Twill be your turn bye and bye.

SCENE II. The Black Forest.

SONG. HENRICO and CHORUS.

What, tho' she's lost for ay,
In thy heart, her tomb,
Cherish'd shall she bloom,
The sweetest flower of May!
Dear shade! awhile we pause:
Tears shall cease to flow,
All our bosoms glow

To conquer in thy cause!
What conflict must his bosom prove,
With anguish torn, and filial love!
Friends! should he fall---you still pursue:
His wrongs must be revenged by you.

CHORUS.

All his wrongs we make our own; His foe shall foon with blood atone, Here we swear!

Hen.

Hen.

O sympathy divine!

CHORUS.

We never will betray; But you, our chief, obey.

I feel thy power benign.

CHORUS.

We never will betray; But you, our chief, obey,

GRAND CHORUS.

We pant the force to prove Of friendship and of love. Then on without delay, For vengeance points the way. Hen. Thy folace now impart, Friendship! thou art,

Friendship! thou art, still,
Balm of every ill,
That tries the human heart.
Of fate no more complain;
A feraph now above.

A feraph now above, Mindful of thy lov,

Will foften every pain.
To glory, then, devote the hour;
Thy wrongs we feel: within thy power
A great revenge we foon will prove;
'Tis friendship's cause, and filial love.

CHORUS.

Every breast with ardour glows, To hurl destruction on his foes, Here we swear!

Hen. To heaven the vows ascend!

CHORUS.

We never will betray; But you, our chief, obey!

Hen. In supplication bend!

CHORUS.

We never will betray; But you, our chief, obey!

GRAND CHORUS.

The oath is feal'd on high, To conquer or to die!

SCENE III. A Gallery.

SONG. ROSELLA.

In early life, when blithe and gay, We laugh'd the rofeate hours away,

Rida, rida, rida,

When blissful moments swiftly flew, And we no real forrow knew,

And we no real forrow knew, O then! why then---

Our little wranglings foon would ceafe, Lull'd by the charm, the kifs of peace!

Rida, rida, ra!

Soon lovely misses, each a pet, We made our lovers sume and fret,

Rida, rida, rida.

Betraying what we would difguise, Our frowns o'erbalanc'd by our sighs,

O then! why then--They foon subdu'd the feign'd caprice,
And tried the charm, the kiss of peace!

Rida, rida, ra'!

So, now in lasting bondage tied, I always mean to be the bride.

Rida, rida, rida.

And when life's fun withdraws its light, The torch of love shall burn more bright:

O then! why then—— Each low'ring storm I will suppress, And try the charm, the kiss of peace!

Rida, rida, ra!

SCENE IV. A large Gothic Saloon.

SONG. BERTOLT.

Ī.

Come listen, friends, to what I tell,
You all will be delighted;
In autumn, fo it late befel,
Our miller was benighted.
He is both rich and bold,
As no one will deny;
And yet his blood run cold,
He heard so strange a cry.

CHORUS.

O friends! said he, where'er you go, The Forest black beware O!

II.

Last Whitsun Eve, young Isabel
Among its shades did wander;
Why there she stray'd I do not tell,
A goose may meet a gander;
She is no timid maid,
'Twas not the hour of night;
Yet Isabel, 'tis said,
Return'd in dreadful fright.

CHORUS. O friends! &c.

III.

Once thro' the wood my business lay—As fast as I could scramble,
I took, by choice, the shortest way,
O'er many a tangled bramble.

A path I tried to find, But foon my way was lost; Whene'er I look'd behind, I faw our curate's ghost!

CHORUS.
O friends! &c.

FINALE.

Guard. Be not alarm'd; but hear,
Our story will surprise you;
Of danger we'll apprise you.

Guests. Be quick! say on! we hear. Gariga. Approach in silence near me,

And, then, with wonder hear me.
As nigh the mill I wander'd,
'Twill fure excite your pity,
A band of foldiers feiz'd me,
Or 'twas, perhaps, banditti.

Guests. Banditti! Banditti! How's that? Banditti!

Gariga. They dragg'd me to their chief,

(In vain you all were waiting)
I look'd just like the thief,

And they the court debating. At last my merit finding,

They fain would urge my ftay; When I, their converse minding, O'erheard them thus to say:—

"Yon caftle now conceals
"A man of blood suspected,"

Guests. The castle now conceals!—
Gariga. "A man of blood suspected!"
Guests. He soon must be detected.

C

Cicely. Perhaps they mean these strangers here,

focel. Perhaps they mean the master here.

Guests. They feem alarm'd---observe their fear.

Rosella. Let them alone!

To my husband they are known; They came for hire, to sing and play, Poor mistrels! on my wedding day.

Bertolt. They both are strangers unto me.

Guests. Unto thee!

Bertolt. They came not at our feast to play.

Guests. Not to play!
Bertolt. I never faw them here before.

Guests. Not before!

Bertalt. Methinks they both look very shy,
I do not like their minstrelsy.

Guests. They certainly look very shy.

Bertolt. (to Alb. & Joc.) On you suspicions fall,

We mean not to offend;
You strangers are to all,
So confidence must end!
To-night we must with care

You all alone detain This flask your hearts may cheer,

Until we meet again. Jocelin. They see our drift I fear.

Albert. Our friends will foon be here.

Jocelin. 'Tis dangerous to flay. Albert. We cannot get away.

Guests. Observe them well;---they whisper---see! Here danger's plain---no doubt have we.

BERTOLT and CHORUS.

Good night—good night—I pray Your flumbers may be easy, And may no dreams affrightJocel. Good night---good night---dare fay
Our flumbers will be eafy,
And may your dreams delight!

 $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \mathcal{F}_{oc}, \, \mathcal{G} \\ Alb. \end{array} \right\}$ I'm fure that they fuspect.

Guests. Don't let them see that we suspect.

foc. & Let's gently both retire!

Guests. Let's gently all retire!
Within the hall we'll filent keep.

Foc. & Within we'll watch--'twere death to sleep.

Guests. Again they speak --- can you not hear?

foc. & Tis over with us both, I fear.

Guests. My doubt each moment stronger grows.

Alb. Soc. Now I'm fure they think us foes.

Guests. To-morrow 'twill appear What you really are!

Alb... To-morrow 'twill appear & Foc. What we really are!

red about a more land

Guests. You may in safety sleep to-night.

All. Good night! good night! my friends,
Truth foon will come to light.

END OF ACT I.

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ACT II.

SCENE I. A large Gothic Saloon.

SONG. Jocelin.

T.

Tol de rol, &c. &c.

When I was a little boy,
Lively, brifk, and airy,
Nothing could my rest destroy,
Goblin, ghost, or fairy;
Little cat,—guinea-pig,
Sparrow, mouse, or linnet—
Sometimes singe my master's wig,
In mischief every minute.
In all sports—every trick,
I carried every jest on—.
I could learn wond'rous quick,
All except my lesson.
When I was a little boy, &c.

II.

Pastime was my whole employ,
Sportive was my nature;
Lads would call me hopeful boy!
Lasses, wicked creature!
Fighting dogs---poney race,
Pleas'd as I grew older,
Sparkling eyes, pretty face,
Taught me to be bolder.

This had like to cost me dear,

I must needs be cooing:

Quite in love with beauty, where

Twenty more were wooing;

Broken heads, bleeding hearts,

Prov'd but cruel sport, Sir;

Blunted soon beauty's darts,

Cut the matter short, Sir.

Tol lol de rol, &c.

" O Friends, faid he, &c."

SCENE II. The Gallery.

QUINTETTO.

Albert, Jocelin, Bertolt, and two Attendants.

Alb. Alas! I fear it is too late,
In every eye I read our fate--foc. O fay no more---good Sir, forbear,
I quake from top to toe with fear.

Ift Att. They tremble now, and feem furpriz'd.

Berr. One's the fervant I will warrant,

yoc.

And the master is disguis'd. For heaven's sake, be prudent, Sir, Their eyes are steady, do not stir.

Alb. Is there no way? confult your brain; We may perhaps, be free again.——

Joc. Despair not! but be steady!

Ber. & Att. Let's be watchful, all will do.

2nd Att. If I can judge, they are already
Scheming what they shall pursue.

Ift Att. Your filence keep---hush! be collected--We have them now, be you but still! Foc. We are undone, we are detected, They understand each other's will. I'll speak to them, we can dissemble. Bert. Ist Att. Yes, 'tis a plan will answer well. Pretend you want to write a letter. Foc. I beg your pardon, gentlemen, Bert. Our conference will foon be over, We will attend to you again. Alb. Will you, fo kindly condescending, Grant me a matter of import? I with to write a word or twoand Att. To your wish we are attending. Ber. & This will afford more time to watch 'em, others. § And they will not find our clue. Alas! I fuffer more than dying! Alb. Foc. Cold fweats o'er all my joints are flying! Ber.& Appear to look another way. Alb. Sir, I would wish to write a letter, Pray furnish me the means to write. After supper, 'twill be better, Foc Or we sha'n't eat to-night. The gentlemen do not object. Alb. Foc. Well, write! O! here's the wine! When before me, 'tis in vain, I must drink--- I can't refrain. Imprudent man! what is he doing? Alb. 2nd Att. Suppose I pour them out their share: There is no haste; for both prepare, Bert. I think we have them in the fnare. Alb.

Alb. O Heav'n! he rushes to his ruin!

Joc. Why, gentlemen, is this good breeding,
What, suffer me to drink alone?
Your visitors not heeding,
What the devil have you done? [To Alb

[15]. What do you mean, that note destroying? Bert. Some love affair, fome tender toying! Foc. Pooh! pshaw! iert. They only trifle time away. Att. Now in our net the game decoying, We'll bumper round, and feize our prey. Come, then, my boys! let's all be jolly! DC. With all my heart--- fo here begins. ert. How now, are you mad? will you drink? 116. What a folly! Let'me alone--- I know who wins. Drink, drink! The wine will not affect you; 'Tis all fecure, I think--. Victory! I'll protect you. Why in such haste? some minutes over They will be lock'd in flumber found;

Then all you wish you may discover, And their fecret plot be found.

II. May this delicious draught requiting Treach'rous friendship, fatal be! But fouls of honest worth delighting, A generous pledge of focial glee.

r.& Good! good! our work will foon begin.

c. & Good! good! our work will foon begin.

r. & They little think what we have done.

 $\{c, \mathcal{E}\}$ They little think what we have done.

ad Att. What's the matter? I'm all confusion! Nothing but a strong delusion!

Att. O heaven! the room and all runs round! You will very foon be found.

Zounds! why every thing feems double! rt. True; you won't have much more trouble. Ber. & Well, never mind—let us look sharp.

Joc. Ay, do look sharp! careful guardians, do!

Ber. & Our duty is to watch, you know.

Joc. & my superior are prevailing

A momentary joy supplies--My languid constancy was failing,
Now every hope again will rife.
Our duty is to watch we know

Ber. & Our duty is to watch we know, others. I am quite faint with dozing so.

foc. & Good! good! good!

CHORUS of GUARDS.

What traitors, did you hope
All your mischief to conceal?
Be quick! secure! they can no more dissemble
A punishment severe
You shall ever feel!
See, see, my lord is here--Tremble!

SCENE III. The Outside of the Castle.

H

SONG. HENRICO, to bis Soldiers.

'Tis revenge! for the awful hour prepare;
With zeal in the conflict your glorious deeds I'
share.

Stain not the laurel; but let your well-earn'

Arise from deeds of mercy, which the fall'n so shall claim.

Now our friend, perhaps furrounded, Refigns his gallant breath, Or neglected, faint and wounded, Implores relief from death.

In embattled order stand,
And be firm, my faithful band!
Be prepar'd—
He calls! He calls! Let's shape our course,
Resistless our united force!

HENRICO.

Advance my warriors now, Inflict the dreadful blow.---

BATTLE PIECE.

FINALE.

GRAND CHORUS.

Victorious is our cause!

To heaven ascribe the deed!

A moment set us pause
'Till wretched Albert's freed.

Hen. Speak! where is my hapless friend? That we may succour lend.

CHORUS.

Speak! speak!

CHORDS.

(Rudolph speaks.)

CHORUS.

CHORDS.

(Rudolph speaks again---)

Hen. Bear him away---fave, fave his life-

Take courage---no delaying---The path we'll foon discover, Success our toil repaying,

His freedom will recover.
Let's on with prudent daring,
The glorious labour sharing.
We'll rend the walls asunder,
He'll hear the welcome thunder;
Soon the tott'ring mass will fall;
One mighty ruin bury all.
Be firm, and persevere,
To save a friend so dear!

Revenge!

Redouble the blow,
The castle o'erthrow!
It totters! away!
Not a moment delay!
Search, search—never fear,
Our voice he will hear.

END OF ACT 11.

ACT III.

SCENE --- The Subterranean Part of the Castle.

FINALE.

CHORUS.

Go on, 'twill do---the walls give way,
The work will foon your toil repay,
Oh persevere! we must succeed,
The mighty labour never heed—
O spread the tidings round,
The captives we have found!
For joy and bliss again prepare,
Every heart the triumph share,
'Tis Heaven's own deed, and virtue is its
care!

THE END.

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SONGS,

CHORUSSES, &c.

IN THE

New Comic Pantomime,

CALLED

HARLEQUIN& FANCY;

OR,

THE POET'S LAST SHILLING.

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Performant United

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Total Total

Principal Rhetorical and Vocal Characters.

Distress'd Poet	Mr. HARLEY,
Whim	Mr. Munton,
Satire	Mr. Covercy,
Whim	Mr. Cooke,
Hatter	Mr. Caulfield,
landlord	Mr Baggine
Rutchen	Mr Jones
Hatter Landlord Butcher Creditors, Messrs. Whilmshurst, Dibble, Clark, Co	ol: Oddwell Mend
Wilson, Evans, Warner.	ok, Oddwell, mead,
Fancy, by - (Her first Appearance on any Ste	A vonug LADY.
(Her first Annearance on any Ste	rue)
Clio	Mrs Taylor
Melnomene	Miss Horribow,
Thulio	Mrs Condman
Thalia	Mrs Coverny
Eaterpe	Man Dumin
rerpsichore	Miss Luggins,
Erato	Mrs St. Jabil,
Calliope	Miss Lyon,
Urania	Miss Buggins,
Polyhymnia	Mrs. Chatterley.
tayoning the Capper tay notice to be	Che inches de la
Pantomime Characters.	
0.0, 100 1.00 200	
Harlequin	Mr. HOPE,
Lover	Mr. EBSWORTH,
Pantaloon - (first time at this Theatre)	Mr. MAY, Signor PAULO,
Cloum	CI DITTE O
	Signor PAULO.
(His first Appearance at this Theatre.)	Signor PACLO,
(His first Appearance at this Theatre.)	Advention and Bright
(His first Appearance at this Theatre.) Lottery Office-keeper	Mr. Jameson,
(His first Appearance at this Theatre.) Lottery Office-keeper Sailor	Mr. Jameson, Mr. Brown,
Lover Pantaloon - (first time at this Theatre) Clown (His first Appearance at this Theatre.) Lottery Office-keeper Sailor Hodge Congressible Rengiouer	Mr. Jameson, Mr. Brown, Mr. Welis,
Greenwich renviouer	Mr. Jameson, Mr. Brown, Mr. Welis, Mr. Appleby,
Chelsca Pensioner	Mr. Jameson, Mr. Brown, Mr. Wells, Mr. Appleby, Mr. Geodman,
Chelsca Pensioner	Mr. Jameson, Mr. Brown, Mr. Welis, Mr. Appleby, Mr. Geedman, Mr. Vials,
Chelsca Pensioner	Mr. Jameson, Mr. Brown, Mr. Welis, Mr. Appleby, Mr. Gendman, Mr. Vials, Mr. Seymour,
Chelsca Pensioner	Mr. Jameson, Mr. Brown, Mr. Wells, Mr. Appleby, Mr. Gendman, Mr. Vials, Mr. Seymour, Mr. Newman,
Chelsca Pensioner	Mr. Jameson, Mr. Brown, Mr. Welis, Mr. Appleby, Mr. Geedman, Mr. Vials, Mr. Seymour, Mr. Newman, Mr. Buxton,
Chelsea Pensioner Coustable Beggar-woman Drury-Lane Box-Book-keeper Covent-Garden Box-Book-keeper Masquerade Warchouse-man	Mr. Jameson, Mr. Brown, Mr. Welis, Mr. Appleby, Mr. Geodman, Mr. Vials, Mr. Seymour, Mr. Newman, Mr. Buxton, Mr. Cooper,
Chelsea Pensioner Coustable Beggar-woman Drury-Lane Box-Book-keeper Covent-Garden Box-Book-keeper Masquerade Warchouse-man	Mr. Jameson, Mr. Brown, Mr. Wells, Mr. Appleby, Mr. Geadman, Mr. Vials, Mr. Seymour, Mr. Newman, Mr. Buxton, Mr. Gooper, Mr. Hoper,
Chelsea Pensioner Coustable Beggar-woman Drury-Lane Box-Book-keeper Covent-Garden Box-Book-keeper Masquerade Warchouse-man Old Clothes-man	Mr. Jameson, Mr. Brown, Mr. Wells, Mr. Appleby, Mr. Geodman, Mr. Vials, Mr. Seymour, Mr. Newman, Mr. Buxton, Mr. tooper, Mr. Hogg, Mr. Austin,
Chelssa Pensioner Constable	Mr. Jameson, Mr. Brown, Mr. Welis, Mr. Appleby, Mr. Getdman, Mr. Vials, Mr. Seymour, Mr. Newman, Mr. Buxton, Mr. Goper, Sir. Hogg, Mr. Anstin, Mr. Dean,
Chelsea Pensioner Constable Beggar-woman Drury-Lane Box-Book-keeper Covent-Garden Box-Book-keeper Masquerade Warchouse-man Cook Old Clothes-man Fost-man Patent Letter-maker	Mr. Jameson, Mr. Brown, Mr. Welis, Mr. Appleby, Mr. Geodman, Mr. Vials, Mr. Seymour, Mr. Newman, Mr. Buxton, Mr. Copper, Mr. Hogg, Mr. Austin, Mr. Dean, Mr. Bean, Mr. Bean,
Chelsea Pensioner Coustable Beggar-woman Drury-Lane Box-Book-keeper Covent-Garden Box-Book-keeper Masquerade Warchouse-man Cook Old Clothes-man Post-man Patent Letter-maker	Mr. Jameson, Mr. Brown, Mr. Wells, Mr. Appleby, Mr. Geadman, Mr. Vials, Mr. Seymour, Mr. Newman, Mr. Buxton, Mr. Gooper, Bir. Hogg, Mr. Austin, Mr. Dean, Mr. Dean, Mr. C. West
Chelsea Pensioner Coustable Beggar-woman Drury-Lane Box-Book-keeper Covent-Garden Box-Book-keeper Masquerade Warchouse-man Cook Old Clothes-man Post-man Patent Letter-maker	Mr. Jameson, Mr. Brown, Mr. Wells, Mr. Appleby, Mr. Geadman, Mr. Vials, Mr. Seymour, Mr. Newman, Mr. Buxton, Mr. Gooper, Bir. Hogg, Mr. Austin, Mr. Dean, Mr. Dean, Mr. C. West
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Coustable	Mr. Jameson, Mr. Brown, Mr. Welis, Mr. Getchman, Mr. Getchman, Mr. Challe, Mr. Seymour, Mr. Newman, Mr. Enaton, Mr. Goper, Mr. Hogg, Mr. Hogg, Mr. Austin, Mr. Dean, Mr. Billett, Mr. T. West, Mr. Chapple, dessrs West, Archer, Birds, &c. Miss TREE, (S, Miss HART,
Chelsca Pensioner Constable Beggar-woman Drury-Lane Box-Book-keeper Covent-Garden Box-Book-keeper Masquerade Warchouse-man Cook Old Clothes-man Post-man Patent Letter-maker Museum-keeper Watch-man Crate-men, Messrs. Miller, Cullen,—Boardmen, N	Mr. Jameson, Mr. Brown, Mr. Welis, Mr. Getchman, Mr. Getchman, Mr. Challe, Mr. Seymour, Mr. Newman, Mr. Enaton, Mr. Goper, Mr. Hogg, Mr. Hogg, Mr. Austin, Mr. Dean, Mr. Billett, Mr. T. West, Mr. Chapple, dessrs West, Archer, Birds, &c. Miss TREE, (S, Miss HART,
Chelssa Pensioner Chelssa Pensioner Coustable Beggar-woman Drury-Lane Box-Book-keeper Covent-Garden Box-Book-keeper Masquerade Warchouse-man Cook Old Clothes-man Post-man Patent Letter-maker Museum-keeper Watch-man Crate-men, Messrs. Miller, Cullen,—Boardmen, N Satyrs, Masqueraders, Quadrupeds, L Columbine (Her first Appearance in that Character. The Graces, Mrs BRYAN, Miss SMY'I HEI Waterloo Orphan, (with a Military Hornpipe)	Mr. Jameson, Mr. Brown, Mr. Welis, Mr. Getchman, Mr. Getchman, Mr. Cladan, Mr. Seymour, Mr. Newman, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Hogg, Mr. Austin, Mr. Dean, Mr. Dean, Mr. Beat, Mr. Chapple, Messrs West, Archer, Birds, &c. Miss TREE, St, Miss HART, Miss GLEDHILL,
Coustable	Mr. Jameson, Mr. Brown, Mr. Welis, Mr. Appleby, Mr. Geodman, Mr. Geodman, Mr. Vials, Mr. Seymour, Mr. Newman, Mr. Enxton, Mr. Coper, Mr. Hogg, Mr. Anstin, Mr. Pean, Mr. Billett, Mr. T. West, Mr. Chapple, Messrs West, Archer, Mrds, &c. Miss TREE, Mr. Miss GLEBHLL, Cooke, Bates, Wells,

The Overture and Music composed by Mr. H. SMART.

The Dances produced under the direction of Mr. BYRNE,

The Scenes designed by Mr. GREENWOOD, and executed by him and his Assistants.

The Machinery and Transformations by Mr. Letheringe, Mr. Morris, Mr. Seymour, and Mr. Bradbury of Gloucester.

The Dresses by Mr. Banks and Miss Smith.

Embroideress and Decoratrice, Miss Robinson.

HARLQUIN & FANCY;

OR,

THE POET'S LAST SHILLING.

SCENE I.

A Poet's Garret.

PARODY.

POET.

THUS pensive as oft in my garret I've sate,
My last shilling produc'd on the table,
That Adventurer might a strange story relate,
If to think and to speak it were able.

(the Shilling appears unimated.)

Is it fancy or magick has play'd me a freak?
The face seems with life to be filling;

It surely is speaking, or going to speak,—
It surely is—

Ghost. —Yes, I am going to speak—Pay attention to me, thy last shilling!

Thy tragedy scribbling is but a poor trade,
But to-morrow all care thou shalt bury:
Write a Pantomime quickly, nay don't be afraid,—

In the int'rim spend me and be merry.

Poet—A Pantomime! must I degrade my poor muse—
Thy silver tongued dictates fulfilling—

If I do, I'll be———

Remember thee!

Ave, thou poor Ghost! but first, I must bethink me-To write—and what to write,—that is the question Whether 'tis nobler in the bard to wield The bowl and dagger of the tragic Muse, Or to take arms against a host of critics, And make a Pantomime (symphony) to fly—to run-To jump, and by a jump to say we 'scape From Pantaloon—the Clown—and every foe That Harlequin is heir to—'tis a transformation Devoutly to be wish'd-to change-to what-For Mechanists may fail !- Aye there's the rub: For in a Pantomime such tricks should come. When we have shuffled off this upper dress, As cost some thought(symphony, 'thoughts to council') There's the respect That makes a melo-drame so hard to act: For who would bend to Aristotle's rules,

The Author's toil—the Manager's controul— The pangs of Parts refus'd—the Prompter's call— The acumen of critics, and the scoffs Which patient writers from the Papers bear, When he, himself, might his own fortune make, Vith a mere Magpie (knocking) soft you now, one [knocks,

MUSICAL PARODY.

CREDITORS, without.

Poet!—Poet!—Come away!

SOLO—Poet.

Hark! I'm call'd!

That little ugly looking Bailiff, see see! see see!

Sits at you ale-house door, and waits for me.

His legal voice I hear,
So frightful to mine ear,
At which I'll get away,
With all the speed I may.

Chorus without.

Where's Nabman? here! And Touch'em? here! And Red tail too, and Special too, We want but you, we want but you.

Enter Creditors.

ome away! Come away! come come come come [come!

ome come, come away—make up your Accounts. fatter—Here's a Bill for a Hat. oet—Don't mention that—don't mention that. andlord—I must distrain.

Chorus

Pray pay all these—pray pay all these, or fear the Bench Poer.

Hold! Fortune aid me-do dear generous wench.

FANCY appears.

AIR-FANCY.

In air built palace where I dwell,
Of mortal plaint the sound I hear,
Still Echo seems the note to swell
In accents trembling on my ear,
On Fancy not Fortune the Poet should call;
Good people nay ne'er be afraid;
For once call again, and I promise you all
Shall fancy at least you are paid,
You shall.

Chorus.

I fancy we all shall get paid.

FANCY.

Leave your Tragedy jokes.

He's most wise who invokes

Great Harlequin's pow'r, to produce,

With Magical bat

Horse, Camel and Cat,

Dog, Elephant, Magpie and Goose,

You Goose.

Chorus.

Dog, Elephant, Magpie and Goose.

FANCY.

Ye brutes, there's the door,
Fly!—now for some more;
Master Poet, from sorrow be free,
For this fanciful wand
Shall your Garret expand,
To—but just look around and you'll see.

And see.

POET.

This Fancy's the devil, dear me !

SCENE II.

Fancy's Museum & Menagerie.

FANCY.

First of my subjects rise, good Gaffer Whim, Be it your care to metamorphose him; Adieu! by his assistance you'll my plan see, In leaving Whim a Substitute for Fancy.

Air and Chorus.

WHIM.

Your Pen a Magic Sword behold, Shall change your Paper into Gold; While thus transformed I trust to you, To exercise this motley crew; Subjects, show your antics now, To Harlequino's Sceptre bow, Salute him as you all know how.

Chorus of Animals.

Whooh! whooh! ha ha! ho ho! bow wow!

WHIM.

But Harlequin must always prove; His Columbina's faithful love, Then take the best my art can get, Fly Magpie, fly, behold Annette: With Sylph-like form he'll thee endow, Trip it lightly, now now now, And Subjects sing as you know how.

Chorus of Animals.

Whooh! whooh! ha ha! ho ho! bow wow!

Yet hold! to have, is still the rule,
A Father, Lover, and a Fool;
'Tis then your care, my chosen three,
To try the simplest who shall be;
Pursue, Escape, kick up a row,
Trip it lightly, now now now,
And subjects sing as you know how.

Chorus of Animals.

Whooh! whooh! ha ha! ho ho! bow wow!

SATIRE appears.

Whim-How now!

Satire—I'll hunt your minions thro' the earth—
My name is Satire,

Whim.....And the scourge of Mirth.

Avaunt! wet-blanket!—kill-joy! owl-eyed fool!

My children are too old to go to school.

Satire—Let 'em beware—if once in my dark den I catch them—

Whim.....Be so kind as stop till then;
And, till my power ceases, crabbed elf,
You'd better stay at home, and mind yourself

Satire--'Tis well my friend! enjoy your transient hou 'Twill quickly pass—then tremble at my powe

SATIRE disappears.

WHIM.

Rejoice! my children, now now now.

Chorus of Animals.

Wheoh! whooh! ha ha! ho ho! bow wow!

SCENE III.

State Lottery Office.

Blanks and Prizes.

Good luck well bestowed.

SCENE IV.

Lodgings at the State Lottery Office.

Magical Clock and Supper,&c.

SCENE V,

New mode of fighting.

Ill gotten goods fly away.

SCENE VI.

Sunset, and Sea View
Through

An Open Cave.

Storm and Shipwreck.

SCENE VII.

Exterior of Drury Lane Theatre.

Popular Sources of Attraction.

SCENE VIII.

Exterior of Covent Garden Theatre, Ditto. Ditto.

SCENE IX.

A Masquerade Warehouse.

Festive Preparations, &c &c.

SCENE X.

Outside of Burlington House.

New flying Two-Penny Post Establishment.

SCENE XI.

Grand Interior of Burlington House,

As fitted up for the Fete, given to the Emperor Alexander

Characters out of Character.

Little Men and Great Men.

SCENE XII—A Street.

How to make a Man.

SCENE XIII—A Kitchen.
Animated Pictures.

SCENE XIV.

A Village in Kent.

Pantomime Volunteers.

SCENE XV—Blackheath.
Walkers stopped by Runners.

SCENE XVI.

Patent Letter Shop.

Not at Home.

SCENE XVII.

Inside of Patent Letter Shop.

How to spell,

SCENE XVIII.—Rural Inn.,

Pursuit, &c.

SCENE XIX.

Outside of Waterloo Museum.

The Orphan of Waterloo relieved.

MILITARY HORNPIPE.

SCENE XX.

Inside of the Museum Trophies of British Valour.

The Helmets, Cuirasses, Sabres, and Standard, exhibited in this Scene were taken on the field at Waterloo, and are kindly leut to the Theatre by the Proprietor of the Waterloo Museum, in Pall Mall.

SCENE XXI.

The Farm House at Waterloo, call'd "LA BELLE ALLIANCE."

Triumph of the British Lion over the Eagle.

SCENE XXII.

Region of Satire.

SATIRE speaks.

Enough! you merit our most stern reproof; Fancy be rul'd, let fools no more display Their antic tricks, but sacred be this roof To Phæbus' glory and the Poet's lay: Th' Augean Stable cleanse of this vile crew, Who anger me and much discredit you.

PROCESSION OF EXCLUDED ANIMALS.

SCENE XXIII. FAIRY RETREAT, AND FOUNTAIN OF FANCY.

AIR-FANCY.

Folly, no more your pranks display, Give place to Phiebus' classic lay; Hence motley crew, your task is done, Like Spectres yanish at the morning Sun.

SCENE XXIV.

THE

COURT OF SHAKSPEARE.

IN THE

TEMPLE OF DRAMATIC GENIUS

Grand Transparencies of Shakspeare,

HIS PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

PROCESSION

OF

Apollo, the Graces, and the Muses.

DANCE OF THE GRACES.

FINALE.

FANCY.

The Drama's true fathers we bring to your view, Yet Shakespear and Jonson were willing To laugh at a Joke, and we hope you'll laugh too, Nor oblige us to change our last Shilling.

Chorus.

The Drama's true fathers, &c.

FANCY.

'Tis Fancy's Petition before you we lay,
Her prayer to concede pray be willing,
For should you disapprove all our toil's thrown away,
Then don't force us to change our last Shilling.

Chorus.

'Tis Fancy's Petition, &c.

FINIS.

C. LOWNDES, Printer,
Marquis-Court, Drury-Lane, London.

Direct or suc Charten

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TALE TO SERVICE STATE OF THE S

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AIRS, CHORUSSES, &c.

IN

THE NEW PANTOMIME.

CALLED

HARLEQUIN CAPTIVE;

OR,

THE MAGICK FIRE.

As PERFORMED BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS,

At the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane.

The MUSICK by Mr. W. LINLEY.

THE SCENES ENTIRELY NEW,

And Painted by Mr. GREENWOOD.

The MACHINERY and DECORATIONS

By Messrs. CABANEL, JOHNSTON, and JACOBS.

The DRESSES

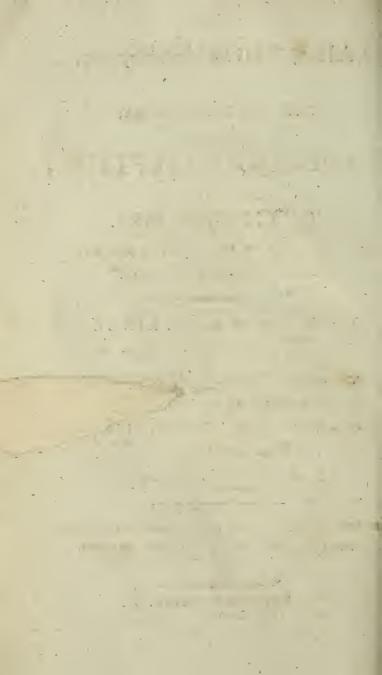
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THE STAGE-DOOR, AND SOLD IN THE THEATRE.

1706.

(PRICE SIX-PENCE.)

3074209.



HARLEQUIN CAPTIVE;

OR,

THE MAGICK FIRE.

THE CHARACTERS BY

Mr. Caulfield, Mr. Banks,
Mr. Boimaison, Master Welsh,
Mr. Dubois, Mr. Fairbrother, Mr. Wathen,
Mr. Russel, Mr. Benson, Mr. Hollingsworth;
Mr. Burton, Mr. Phillimore, Mr. Maddocks,
Mr. Jones, Mr. Webb, Mr. Fisher,
Mr. Wentworth, Mr. Evans, Mr. Rossey,
Mr. Keys, Mr. Whitmel, Mr. Wells,
Mr. Butler, Mr. W. Banks, Mr. Nicolini,
Mr. Garman, Master Gregson, Master De Camp, &c. &c.

Miss De Camp, Miss Mellon,
Mrs. Boimaison, Miss Heard, Mrs. Cuyler,
Mrs. Booth, Miss Tidswell, Mrs. Maddocks,
Mrs. Hedges, Mrs. Heard, Mrs. Butler,
Miss Brooker, Miss Chatterly, Mrs. Jones,
Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Brigg, Mrs. Haskey, Mrs. Barrett,
&c. &c.

THE VOCAL PARTS BY

Mr. Sedgwick, Mr. Dignum, Mr Trueman, Mr. Danby, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Welsh,

Mrs. Bland, Miss Leak,
Miss Arne. Mrs. Bramwell, Miss Granger,
Miss Jackson, Miss Menage, Miss Stewart,
Miss Wentworth, &c.

ORMANDINE, protected by the charm of the Magick Fire, has made captive many knights; Harlequin also is fallen into his power, whom he detains in a dungeon, till Columbine, with whom Ormandine is deeply enamoured, shall consent to favour his addresses. Harlequin and Columbine are, by the indifcretion of the Clown, released from bondage; Harlequin is ordered by a good spirit, who opposes Ormandine, to go in search of a consecrated sword and shield, by which he will be enabled to overcome the Serpents that guard a Fountain, whose waters alone can at once extinguish the Magick Fire, on which the power of Ormandine entirely depends, and release the Knights and Damfels whom the Enchanter holds in confinement.—The Adventures that occur to Harlequin, during his fearch after. the fword and shield, constitute the Action of the Pantomime, and his finding it, overthrowing the Magician, obtaining the water of the Fountain, releafing the Knights, and his being finally united to Columbine by Minerva, complete the Fable.

AIRS, CHORUSSES, &c.

SCENE I.

THE INTERIOR PART OF ORMANDINE'S CASTLE.

CHORUS OF KNIGHTS.

HEAR, Minerva, Goddess, hear
Thy Vot'ries make to thee their prayer;
From depth of woe and galling chains,
From forrow dire and cruel pains,
From the fell Enchanter's art,
And his fatal poisonous dart,
From long and vile captivity,
Inglorious loss of liberty;
Without thy aid in vain we cry,
Without thy aid we fink, we die.

SCENE II.

A GLOOMY HALL IN THE CASTLE.

RECITATIVE.

ARIEL.

BRAVE Harlequin, behold thy Genius here, To give thee counsel, and dispel thy sear; Minerva well approves thy bold design; Attend, and joyous liberty is thine.

Know—the Enchanter's pow'r remains secure. But, while his Fire of Magick shall endure, Seek then the Chrystal Stream, that will destroy This powerful Spell, and give his captive joy. No mortal hand its treasure can obtain, Until his valour first an armour gain.

To Britain's happy ifle then speed thy way;
There shalt thou find, majestic in decay,
A venerable Oak, drooping its head,
Its verdure gone, and leafy honours shed.
This shall thy future course direct—Be brave,
And from Enchantment's pow'r its victims save.

AIR. ARIEL.

Glory calls thee; haste away; Trials must thy worth essay. Honor points the path to Fame: Go—and gain a hero's name.

In thy frolic sports unite Beauty's cause: 'tis Valour's right. Virtue's champion thou must prove, Ere thou can'st be blest in love.

Glory calls, &c. &c.

SCENE III.

A Hermitage in the Enchanted Garden.

SCENE IV.

Southampton Water Gate.

SCENE V.

A View of Massy Rocks, opening to the Sea.

The Ship fails on her Voyage.

S C E N E VI.

A Gloomy Hall in the Caftle.

SCENE

SCENE AVII.

A Sea-port, with a View of Hurst-Castle.

The Ship arrives in Port.

SONG.

in the state of the state of

SAILOR.

No hardships we brave Sailors know,
We seek the glorious fight;
When honour calls our bosoms glow
With ardour to engage the foe,
That dares invade our right.

Old England's Navy is our boaft, And this each gallant Seaman's toaft— In triumph long may we maintain, The British standard o'er the main.

II.

To quit our loves, from home to steer,
May rend our hearts with woe;
But, when we view the parting tear,
It makes our Sweethearts still more dear:
For them we strike the blow.
Old England's Navy, &c.

III.

The Guardians of our coast we ride
With proudly swelling fails,
Though press'd by foes on every side,
Triumphant on the Ocean wide,
Britannia's power prevails.

Old England's Navy, &c.

Southampton Water Gate.

SCENE IX.

A Village on the Mountain of Grange

SCENE X

SCENE XI.
The Royal Oak Inn Yards

SCENE XII.
The Ordinary.

35.

S C E N E XIII.

The Royal Oak Inn Yard.

SCENE XIV.
A Village.

SCENE XV.
The Waterfall of Lodore.

S C E N E XVI.

A Lake in Cumberland.

S C E N E XVII.

A View of Mountains.

S C E N E XVIII.

A Farm House.

SCENE XIX,
A Park.
With the Withered Oak.

S. C. E. N. E. XX.

The Enchanted Island:

RECITATIVE.

ARIEL.

The Castle-gate, to which thou dost repair, By pow'rful spells too closely guarded are. This winding path will safely point the way, If no allurements do thy course betray,

AIR. ARIEL.

In honour's path now learn to move, Thirsting for fair Fame and Love; Boldly the Magick Arts repel, And break the fierce Enchanter's spell.

SCENE XXI.

The Enchanted Castle and Garden, with The Magick Fountain.

SCENE XXII.

The Palace of Minerva.

FINALE and CHORUS.

SESTETTO.

Hail Minerva, Goddess bright!
Defending still the hero's right.
With honor's wreath adorn the brow
Of suff'ring virtue here below.

CHORUS.

Hail Minerva, &c.

SOLO:

May focial pleasure never cloy Flearts that feel its purest joy.

SESTETTO.

Still matchles Beauty deign to smile, On fruitful England's happy ifle.

Still matchles Beauty, &c.

FINIS.

ILLILLE

AIRS, RECITATIVE,

CHORUSSES, &c.

IN A

NEW PANTOMIME,

CALLED

HARLEQUINand OBERON,

OR

THE CHACE TO GRETNA:

Now performing at the THEATRE-ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN.

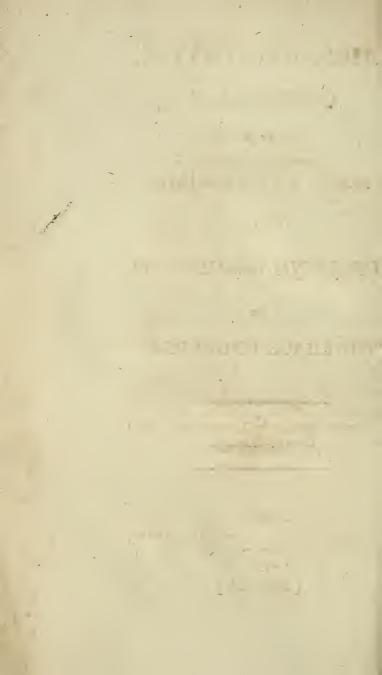
LONDON:

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1796.

[PRICE 6d.]

3072434



CHARACTERS.

Harlequin,		Mr. Simpson.
Father,	-	Mr. Hawtin.
Lover, -	-	Mr. Delpini.
Clown, -	-	Mr. Follet.
Lover's Servant,		Mr. Simmonds.
Lieutenant, -	w .	Mr. Linton.
Sportsman, -	•	Mr. Incledon:
Postman, -		Mr. Townsend.
Gypseys,	Mel	J. Gray, Street, &c.

Oberon, - - Miss Gray.
Columbine, - Mad. St. Amand.
Old Gypsey, - Mrs. Henley.

C.MRACTTR.

(1, 1, 3) m C. 011 . . . Mrs. Mill Til e . f.. . () List to di ini It mi Gitter, which with in an initial . 1.1 · (5) (9) (1)

May and my to the man

AIRS, RECITATIVE, &c.

IN IN

HARLEQUIN AND OBERON.

RECITATIVE-OBERON.

Who, encircled in this splendid ring,
Bid for a time the groves farewell,
The heath, the meadow, steep and dell,
To reveal in dream, as charg'd by fate,
The chief events that Columbine await;
'Till, after various cunning feats are try'd,
Her mottled lover win her as his bride.

AIR

AIR-OBERON.

TO Scotland's realm then post away,
That Paphos of the present day,
Where Vulcan, at his smithy, black as jet,
For many a pair of lovers spreads his net;
And well must be perform the marriage rite,
Who makes the hardest iron to unite.

RECITATIVE—OBERON.

RISE, Harlequin! in thee shall dwell
The trick of many a magic spell!
The skill—to many a form to change,
Go forth—the world is thine to range;
This sceptre of the magic world receive,
By this unnumber'd frolics thou'lt atchieve.

Marine Company

Managers, and the same of the

5. 7 3

in the single of the second of

SONG-POSTMAN.

MOST extraordinary, most extraordinary news

Arrived just from London! Good people come and choose.

You may read of prodigious events far and near,

Here's the Herald, Post, Chronicle, Times, Gazetteer;

The True Briton, Telegraph, Oracle, Sun, The Star, and the World! Thro' the circle to run

Wou'd weary you quite; fo, no longer to teize you,

Come buy, there's in every one fomething to please you.

Most extraordinary, &c.

II.

Here you'll find the births, marriages, deaths, and debates,

How flocks rife and fall, and the welfare of flates;

Of

Of Richery's squadron, and that of Langaro, Of highwaymen, duellists, bankrupts, and faro;

Of ladies turn'd black-legs, and what's most a wonder,

They scruple not stripping a man to get plunder.

Most extraordinary, &c.

III.

Here you'll trace with delight what the Auftrians have done,

What glory atchiev'd, by the Arch Duke led on!

His valour the enemy never dare stand

When he leads his brave troops, and attacks fword in hand.

When lately he fought so, the boldest were shaken,

And but for the Rhine he'd have pepper'd their bacon.

Most extraordinary! Most extraordinary bloody news!

Most extraordinary! Most extraordinary! Come buy and peruse.

CATCH-GYPSEYS.

I, and kindled up new strife;
A shilling from her palm I took,
'Ere on the cross lines I cou'd look.
Who the tanner's daughter seen?
I, in quest of her have been;
But as the tanner was within,
'Twas hard to 'scape him in whole skin.

GLEE-GYPSEYS.

FROM every place condemn'd to roam, In every place we feek a home;
These branches form our summer's roof,
By thick-grown leaves made weather-proof;
In shelt'ring nooks and hollow ways,
We cheerly pass our winter-days.
Come circle round the gypseys' fire,
Our songs, our stories never tire,
Come stain your cheeks with nut or berry,
You'll find the gypseys' life is merry.

(Here a HUNTING SONG by Mr. Incledon.)

griden levere sidden griden levere sidden lis ne Listan

To the second of the second of

et ne .. a some gnide a sull ref ...

some si në a Himbon di me si k

Cours.

មារុក្សី ប្រកម្មវិធី នៅ ខេត្ត ប្រើក្នុងសំខាន់ ប្រកម្មវិធី នេះ ប្រកម្មវិធី ខេត្ត សំពេញ សំពេញ សំពេញ សំពេញ ប្រកម្មវិធី សេខ សេខ ស្រាន់ សំពេញ សំពេញ

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Fig. 1. Linding on the wild control of the control

Pallings and nove time broadfit sace.

C 2 (3) the classic song

SONG-LIEUTENANT.

SINCE our foes to invade us have long been preparing,

'Tis clear they confider we've fomething worth sharing,

And for that mean to visit our shore; It behoves us, however, with spirit to meet 'em,

And, tho' 'twill be nothing uncommon to beat 'em,

We must try how they'll take it once more.

Chorus.

So fill, fill your glasses, and be this toast given, Here's England for ever! the land, boys, we live in.

II.

Here's a health to our tars, on the wild ocean ranging,

Perhaps, even now, some broadsides are ex-

We'll on shipboard, and join in the fight;
And

And when with the foe we are firmly engaging 'Till the fire of our guns lulls the fea in its raging,

On our country we'll think with delight.

Chorus.

So fill, fill your glasses, and be this toast given,

Here's England for ever! the land, boys, we live in.

III.

On that throne where once Alfred in glory was feated,

Long, long may our King by his people be greeted!

O, to guard him we'll be of one mind!

May religion, law, order, be strictly defended,

And continue the blessings they first were intended,

In union the nation to bind.

Chorus.

So fill, fill your glasses, and be this toast given, Here's England for ever! the land, boys, we live in!

RECI-

RECITATIVE-OBERON.

OF power and Columbine bereft,
What other bleffings hast thou left?
None, thoughtless being—thy hapless state
to view

Excites compassion in my breast, Suppose thy art I shou'd renew,

Wou'd it with prudence be posses'd? Well, since a promise in thy looks I read, Receive, once more, a friendly fairy's meed.

SONG.

- COME, boys and girls, men and maids, widows and wives!
- The best penny lay out you e'er spent in your lives;
- Here's my whirligig lottery, a penny a spell, No blanks, but all prizes, and that's pretty well:
- Don't stand humming and haking with ifs and with buts,
- Try your luck for my round and found gingerbread nuts;
- And then here's my glorious spice gingerbread too,
- Hot enough to thaw even the heart of a Jew. Hot spice gingerbread! hot!
 - Come, buy my spice gingerbread, smoaking hot!

II.

- I'm a gingerbread merchant, but what of that there,
- All the world, take my word, deal in gingerbread ware;

Your

Your fine beaux and your belles, and your rattlepate rakes,

One half are game-nuts, the rest gingerbread cakes;

Then in gingerbread coaches we've gingerbread lords,

And gingerbread foldiers with gingerbread fwords;

And what are your patriots? 'tis easy to tell,
By their constantly crying they've—something to fell,

And what harm'is there in felling—hem!

Hot spice gingerbread, hot! &c.

III.

Mylgingerbread lottery is just like the world, For its index of chances for ever is twirl'd; But some difference between 'em exists without doubt,

The world's lottery has blanks, while mine's wholly without.

There no matter how often you shuffle and cut, It an't once in ten games you can get a game nut.

So I laugh at the world like an impudent elf, And, just like my betters, take care of myself. Hot spice gingerbread! &c.

RE-

RECITATIVE-OBERON.

HENCE, thou fulphur-blowing wight! That altar forge prophanes our fight. Domestic strife, be far away, Let both command, and both obey.

FINALE.

OBERON.

Nip and trip, and skip that are
To Oberon, your king, so dear,
Come light as downy feather.
Fib and Tib, and Pinch and Pin,
Tit and Nit, and Wap and Win,
Come, Pigmies, altogether.

D

Chorus.

Chorus.

'Ere the gay dawn with early light,
Peeps up to watch retiring night,
We'll hence to forests, hills, and lakes,
Just as the wanton fancy takes.
So now good night, and to your pillows
creep,

Sweet be your dreams, and tranquil be your fleep.

THE END.

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B .'

SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS, AND CHORUSSES,

IN

THE HAUNTED TOWER.

A COMIC OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

LONDON:

Congress of the congress of th

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

1790.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Kelly. Lord William, Baron of Oakland, Mr. Baddeley. Mr. Moody. Hugo, Mr. Suett. Lewis. Mr. Whitfield. De Courcy, Mr. Dignum. Robert, Mr. Williames. Martin, Charles, Mr. Sedgwick. Mr. Webb. Hubert, Mr. Lyons. Servant, Mr. Bannister, jun. And Edward,

Lady Elinor, Mrs. Crouch.
Cicely, Miss Romanzini.
Maud, Mrs. Booth.
And Adela, Signora Storace.

Chorus of Peasants, Huntsmen, Soldiers, &c.

** THE MUSIC OF THIS OPERA MAY BE HAD AT THE THEATRE.

SONGS, &c.

ACT I.

CHORUS.

Fishermen, Peasants, and Attendants on Lady Elinor,

TO Albion's Genius raise the strain,
Whose power has aw'd the angry main,
And gives us shelter on the coast
Of this blest isle; old Ocean's boast.
See, retiring o'er the deep
Distant lightnings harmless sweep;
The storm condemn'd to lose its prey,
In hollow murmurs dies away.

B 2

AIR

AIR. Lord William.

From Hope's fond dream tho' Reason wake, In vain she points with warning hand; I dread advice I cannot take, Love's powerful spells my steps command,

The bird, thus fascination binds,
When darting from the serpent's eyes,
The fatal charm too late he finds,
He struggles, and admiring dies.

AIR. Lady Elinor.

Tho' pity I can not deny,
Ah! what will that avail you?
Alas! I dare not hope fupply,
For hope too fure wou'd fail you.
Think when the flatterer shall deceive,
In vain you will repent you;
Yet should you hope without my leave,
'Tis true I can't prevent you.

My hand directed to bestow,

In England here I'm landed;
And daughters always act, you know,
Just as they are commanded.
Then let not flattering hope deceive,
Or else you will repent you;
Yet shou'd you hope without my leave,
'Tis true I can't prevent you.

AIR. Cicely.

Nature to woman still so kind,
Among her best boons bestowing;
What every female sure must find,
A wond'rous desire to be knowing.

Man, the proud and envious elf,
So jealous of our discerning;
Decries in us, what he prides in himself,
The wish, for whatever's worth learning,

AIR. Robert, and Chorus.

Hark! the fweet horn proclaims afar,
Against the stag the mimic war;
While suture heros' hearts rebound,
And pant to hear the trumpet sound.
The warlike genius of our isle,
Who on the hunter deigns to smile,
In echoes gives the chace applause,
Which strings the nerve for Glory's cause:
Where e'er the devious chace may bend,
Still freedom shall our steps attend;
And bid us, as her pleasures rise,
Defend the blessings which we prize.

AIR. Adela.

Whither my love! ah! whither art thou gone! Let not thy absence cloud this happy dawn.

Say—by thy heart, can falsehood e'er be known? Ah! no, no, I judge it by my own.

The heart he gave with so much care, Which treasur'd in my breast I wear;

Still for its master beats alone,
I'm sure the selfish thing's his own.

DUET. Adela.

Will great lords and ladies, Drest up on gay days, Come to visit you and I?

Edward.

All finiling, bowing, Great friendship vowing, While we hold our heads so high.

Adela.

But shou'd the fine gentry smoke us, Lud! how they'll joke us; How they'll laugh at filly me.

Edward.

Pshaw, we shall be ever Reckon'd vastly clever, While our pocket's full, d'ye see, Adela.

Then every day

Edward.

New joy shall bring,

Adela.

And ever gay

Edward.

We'll dance and fing.

Both.

Fall lall de rall, How merry shall we be.

Adela.

Of great fortune vaunting, Low people taunting, Dignity we must support.

Edward.

'Mong high barons bouncing, Fine ladies flouncing, We may chance to go to court.

Adela.

Well, fegs, I care not, Court, tho' we share not, If at home we happy be. Edward.

Soon I may be bold To hope that I shall hold A little baron on my knee.

Adela.

Then every day

Edward.

New joy shall bring,

Adela.

And ever gay

Edward.

We'll dance and fing.

Both.

Fall lall de rall, How merry shall we be.

AIR. Charles.

My native land I bade adieu,
And calmly Friendship's joys resign'd;
But ah! how keen my forrows grew,
When my love I lest behind.

Yet should her truth feel no decay,
Should absence prove my charmer kind,
Then shall I not lament the day,
When my love I lest behind.

TRIO. Lord William, Cicely, and Lady Elinor.

Against the shaft of cruel fate,
Why cannot virtue prove a charm,
And of her blind misguided hate,
Capricious Destiny disarm?

Yet who engag'd in Virtue's cause,
To tread her paths wou'd fear confess,
And on the road reluctant pause,
Because it leads not to success.

END OF ACT 1.

ACT II.

AIR. Adela.

BE mine, tender passion, soother of care,
Life's choicest blessing, shield from despair;
Do not deceive me, ah! never leave me,
Still may my bosom thy power declare.
In vain thy influence sools may revile,
Constancy ever gains thy smile.
And of their destiny can those complain;
Whose falsehood dares thy laws prophane?
Resolv'd I brave all danger, to every fear a stranger;
Thy sweet rewards, oh, Love to gain.
Then let me combat not in vain;
But in my triumph share,
Thy smiles, for which I bravely dare.

AIR. Lady Elinor.

Hush, hush; such counsels do not give,
A lover's name profaning;
And can her heart deceit advise,
Where mighty Love is reigning?
Dissimulation's

Dissumulation's path you've trod
Too oft to go astray,
And whilst to me, you point the road,
Your footsteps mark the way.

AIR. Lord William.

Tho' time has from your Lordship's face Made free to steal each youthful grace,
Yet why should you despair?
Old busts oft please the connoisseurs,
So folks of taste, perhaps like yours,
And that removes your care,

'Tis true that filly girls believe
In joys that youth alone can give,
But why shou'd you despair?
'Tis folly governs youth, you know,
And so far young you soon may grow,
So that removes your care.

Whate'er your faults, in person, mind, (However gross) you chance to find, Yet why should you despair? Of flattery you must buy advice, You're rich enough to pay the price, So that removes your care.

AIR. Cicely.

What bleft hours, untainted by forrow, Does the maiden prove, Who knows not love, So merrily the fings thro' the day; Dull forrow shall threaten in vain, "The delight of her heart to restrain, While from Cupid free, Blest in Liberty, " Not a figh she blends with the strain." As fhe gaily carrols along, Let me join sweet Freedom's song, Oh! may my heart Ever bear a part, In the envied jocund lay, While merrily the happy maid, So blithely fings thro' the day.

AIR. Edward.

Now all in preparation,
For the nuptial celebration,
Each maiden on th' occasion,
Feels her heart in palpitation;
Now a blush, and now a sigh,
Trembling too, she knows not why,

While every lad with expectation, Finds his heart beats high.

[Here Edward speaks.

While swords and shields are clashing, Archers aiming, cudgels thrashing, The ale to none denying, Flaggons far and wide supplying, With tilters fencing, wrestlers boasting,

[speaks.

Bonfires blazing, oxen roafting;

[speaks bere.

And all the vassals flock around, What pleasures now abound!

Here Edward speaks

Now all in preparation, For the nuptial celebration.

SESTETTO.

Lord William, Cicely, and Lady Elinor,
By mutual love delighted,
Here Fortune's fav'rites fee,
In Hymen's bonds united,
How happy must they be.

Adela.

Whom can they mean?—not me.

. Edward.

Nor me.

Ladies and gentlemen I thank you for me.

Charles.

Charles.

What grace!—what an air!

Lord William.

A face so fair,

Cicely and Charles.

Born to command !—the happy pair.

Lord William, Cicely, and Lady Elinor.

By mutual love delighted,
Here Fortune's fav'rites fee, &c.
In Hymen's bonds united,
How happy must they be.

Edward.

Egad the joke we'll humour;

Adela.

With all my heart, fay I.

Edward.

Who for fuccess can do more, Than every chance to try.

Charles.

Her courage faulters—mark her eyes; See from her cheek the colour flies.

Cicely.

Poor girl—I pity her distress, Yet mischief says we can't do less.

Robert to Adela.

You tremble—courage—come, go on,

Adela.

Ah me! my boasted spirit's gone; Alas! why didst thou, haples maid, By filly vanity betray'd, Expose thy peace of mind to gain A prize, thou never canst obtain?

Lord William, Cicely, Lady Elinor, Charles, and Robert.

Alas! behold the filly maid, By pride, by vanity betray'd; Expose her peace of mind to gain A prize she never can obtain.

AIR. Robert.

Now mighty roast beef is the Englishman's food, It ennobles our veins, and enriches our blood,

Our

Our foldiers are brave, and our barons are good, Oh! the roast beef of Old England, and Old English roast beef.

Our barons, my boys, are robust, stout and strong, And keep open house with good cheer all day long, Which makes their plump tenants rejoice in this stong,

Oh! the roast beef, &c.

Lady Elinor and Cicely.

Love's sweet voice to Hymen speaking Breathing thro' the dulcet flute; List'ning joy the accents seeking, Bids complaining Care be mute.

CHORUS.

High above dull Sorrow's level, Now the tide of joy difplay; Love and Hymen bid us revel, Bid us hail this happy day.

Lord William.

Let the vine's enlivening treasure
Rising kiss the goblet's brim.
Till we see exulting Pleasure,
On the smiling surface swim.

(17)

CHORUS.

High above dull Sorrow's level,
Now the generous tide difplay;
'Tis gay Bacchus bids us revel,
Bids us hail this happy day.

Cicely.

While the merry bells refounding, Shall in Pleasure's chorus chime, From the trembling floor rebounding, Let the varied dance beat time.

CHORUS.

High above dull Sorrow's level, Now the tide of joy difplay, Love and Hymen bid us revel, Bid us hail this happy day.

END OF ACT II.

A C T III.

AIR. Charles.

WHERE'ER true valour can its power difplay,

There meek-ey'd Pity, anxious still to bless,
With jealous honour holds divided sway,
And from avenging anger shields distress.
Ne'er shall the sword of Honour dare invade

The spell bound spot, where Pity drops a tear; For where Misfortune casts her sacred shade,.
There deepest injury must disappear.

AIR. Adela.

Love from the heart, all its danger concealing, Reason they say, the fond spell can remove; But bliss kindly stealing,

Still the delusion so sweet may I prove.

For should you betray me, your falsehood perceiving,

Too well do I love you, the peril to shun: So if you must cheat me, still further deceiving; Oh! blinded by hope, to the last leads me on. DUET. Lord William and Lady Elinor.

Lady Elinor.

Dangers unknown impending, Doubt multiplies my fears,

Lord William.

Laurels my steps attending, Shall spring from beauty's tears.

Lady Elinor.

Thus in suspence to leave thee,

Lord William.

Think'st thou, I can deceive thee?

Lady Elinor.

To leave thee,

Lord William.

To leave thee!

Both.

Say, wilt thou still prove true? Yes, I will still prove true. And must we bid adieu?

AIR. Lady Elinor.

Dread parent of defpair,

Thou tyrant of my mind,

Who ling'ring feem'st to spare,

To point the worst behind.

At once compleat my woe,

Display thy ills in store,

Ah! quickly strike the blow!

'Tis all that I implore.

AIR. Cicely.

From high birth and all its fetters,
My kind stars my lot remove;
I shall envy not my betters,
Give me but the youth I love.
Love's the riches of the poor,
A prize that wealth can ne'er procure;
My rich mistres fain wou'd be
Just as poor as Cicely.
From high birth, &c.

DUET. Elinor and Adela,

Adela.

Begone! I discharge you! away from my fight! In my presence appear never after this night.

Lady Elinor.

Your ladyship's orders with grief I obey; Yet, e're I depart, a few words may I say?

Adela.

I'll try to keep my passion under, And treat the slirt with silent scorn.

Lady Elinor.

You're too poor to move my rage.

Adela.

Prithee now this wrath affuage.

Lady Elinor.

How the faucy creature stares.

Adela.

Tell me, Madam, why these airs.

Both.

They can't good breeding pain;
Their filly jefts, fo bold and rude,
Raife laughter and difdain.
Of rank and education,
What wretched imitation;

Contempt must fure befall you, You vain—what shall I call you? Tho' at scolding so alert, I fancy now she's really hurt.

AIR. Lord William.

Spirit of my fainted fire, With fuccess my foul inspire, Deeds of glory done by thee In mem'ry's mirror now I fee. Let the great examples raise Valour's purest, brightest blaze, Till the prowefs of my arm The eye of fickle Conquest charm, And Fame shall, when the battle's won, Declare that I am all thy fon. Spirit of my fainted fire, With fuccess my foul inspire. The inspiration now I feel, The ardent glow of patriot zeal, Brighter prospects now arise, The voice of Conquest rends the skies.

CATCH. Robert, &c. &c.

As now we're met, a jolly fet, A fig for fack or sherry; Our ale we'll drink,
And our cans we'll clink,
And we'll be wondrous merry.
Merry, my hearts—merry, my boys,
We'll fing with a hey down derry,
The baron himfelf knows no fuch joys,
We are fo wondrous merry.

FINALE.

The banish'd ills of heretofore
At happy distance viewing;
Of the past we'll think no more,
While future bliss pursuing.
When engaged in Pleasure's chace,
Never look behind you;
Back if you shou'd turn your face,
Missortune's dust may blind you.

Lord William and Lady Elinor.

Here let the titled wedded pair,
A leffon take from humble life;
Nor in the lady and the lord,
Forget the hufband and the wife.
Ne'er shall th' example us reprove,
Whose proudest boast shall be our love.

(24)

SESTETTO.

The present hour is ever ready,
To assume a smiling face;
If to Wisdom's counsels steady,
Pleasure's precepts you embrace.

Edward.

Tho' no more I am a lord, Give my love but this reward, Rank and title I forego.

Adela.

No, my Edward, fay not fo.

CHORUS.

The banish'd ills, &c.

FINIS.

SKETCH of the PANTOMIME,

ENTITLED

The PICTURE of PARIS.

Price SIXPENCE,

SLITTED OF thE PANTONILLE

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AIRS, DUETTS, and CHORUSSES,

ARRANGEMENT of SCENERY,

AND

SKETCH of the PANTOMIME,

ENTITLED

The Picture of Paris.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

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AIRS, DUETTS, CHORUSSES, &c.

IN THE

PICTURE OF PARIS.

HE first Scene is a Marquis's Hall, in which the leading Characters are introduced.—Harlequin disguished as a Silversmith, accompanies a Painter and a Stone Carver to execute the decree of the National Assembly, respecting the disuse of armorial bearings, and the badges of nobility.—Columbine is the Marquis's daughter, his servant Grotesque, the Clown, and a Petit Maitre is the Lover whom the Marquis recommends.—Harlequin, as the Silversmith, produces one of the Assignats in payment

payment of the now useless Coronet, and the female Companion of Columbine sings the following

AIR.—Miss Barnet.

WOULD you know where gentle love
For a fly concealment goes,
'Tis not to the turtle dove,
'Tis not to the breathing rofe;
But should powerful beauty throw
Timid glance from fav'ring eye,
Should her cheeks with blushes glow,
Ah! suspect the traitor nigh.

THE fecond Scene is a faithful representation of the celebrated Convent of the Jacobins, fituated in Rue St. Honorie, part of which, according to an infeription on the Gate, is converted by the National Guards into a Guard House, or Rendezvous for the first Battalion of the Division of St. Roch. The Business of this Scene exhibits the relaxed State of the austerity which formerly characterized the religious Orders, and the unbridled licenciousness of the Poissands.

THE third Scene lies in the Place de Greve, and takes in the entire front of the Hotel de Ville; the fatal Lanterne appears at the corner, where the Poissards, about to facrifice a Victim, are distuaded from their fanguinary purpose by a party of the National Guards, whose Leader advises them to have their proceedings fanctioned by the authority of the Magistrates, and they all repair to the grand Municipality Chamber of the Hotel de Ville.

The Magistrates refusing to pass sentence of death upon the object of the Poissards' savage resentment, they propose to make the Magistrates themselves the victims of their vengeance, but are frustrated by the success of Columbine's compassionate entreaty with Harlequin to exert his transforming power on the occasion, who converts the three Magistrates into emblematical Figures of Justice, Mercy, and Truth.

A Scene of a Street and Parisian Public House, is followed by

A perspective View from Pont Royal of the celebrated New Bridge called Pont Louis Seize, which crosses the River Seine from Place Louis Quinze, to the neighbourhood of the Palais Bourbon.

To a variety of local Character and manners displayed in this Scene, is added the following

SON G .- Mr. Incledon,

GREAT Britain is the nobleft land That e'er the world could boaft, Where freedom regulates command, And her we love the most.

All join in Chorus.

The King, the Nation, and the Law we're ready to obey,
Then vive la Loi, and vive le Roi, and vive la

Liberte!

The birds unshackl'd rove the air, The fishes swim the Sea, No setters e'er cou'd Britains bear, Then why, my boys, should we?

CHORUS.

The King, the Nation, and the Law, &c.

Tho' all the bale in arms shou'd rise. To rob us of the good, Yet ev'ry effort we'd depise, Their rage wou'd be withstood.

Chorus.—The King, the Nation, &c

THIS is followed by a Street Scene, where an Irish Officer and his servant animadvert in dialogue upon the humours of the place, and fall in with a friend of the Captain's, who is come over with the fond hope of obtaining the object of his affection, through the operation of the decree which fets all the Nuns at liberty.

But Track on the Art to

1 11 11 2 1 1 1 1 -

4 1

-Mr. Johnstone. SONG.--

THE turban'd Turk who scorns the world, - and it

May ftrut about with his whifkers curl'd

Keep a hundred wives under lock and key,

Yet long may he pray with his Alcoran,

Before he can love like an Irishman. Like an Irishman.

Pat joins in. Before he can love like an Irishman.

ALE TIME

II.

The gay Monsieur, a Slave no more, The solemn Don, and the sost Signor,

The Dutch Mynheer, so full of pride, The Ruffian, Prussian, Swede beside:

They all may do what'ver they can, But they'll ne'er love like an Irishman.

Pat again. Like an Irishman,
But they'll never love like an Irishman.

III.

The Finikin Fops themselves be-

And think they please in a capital stile;

But let them ask as they roll the street,

Of any young Virgin they happen to meet,

And I know she'll say from behind her fan,

That there's none can love like an Irishman.

Pat again. Like an Irishman,
That there's none can love like an
Irishman.

A Rt-

A Representation of the elegant Fountain which formerly stood at the corner of Rue le Noir,——and is now placed in the centre of the Market des Innocens, Changes to the front of the New Edifice built for the National Guards of that District, on the side of the Market which faces Rue St. Dennis.

Amongst the Characters in this Scene are a groupe of Savoyards, who play and sing the following

SONG and CHORUS,—Mr. Blanchard and Miss Huntley.

Father. Ve be de merry Savoyard,
Born on de Alpy Mountain's head,
But as we found de living hard,
Ve come to France to get de bread.

CHORUS.

De fong and dance be our reward, Ve be de merry Savoyard.

Girl. Ve be de merry Savoy Child,
By de want and hunger led;
Born on de Alpy Mountain wild,
Come to de France to get de bread.

CHORUS.

entire with some in the fire

De fong and dance be our reward, Ve be de merry Savoyard.

A short street leads to the inside of a Coffee Room.

The business of which terminates in Harlequin's recovery of Columbine by fixing the attention of her Pursuers to a change in the Fireplace, over which Harelequin leaps in order to avoid being himfelf taken.

A 13 5 8 1 1 15 The next Scene exhibits the Paris refidence of the Prince de Condè called the Palais Bourbon.-The view is taken from that Front which is toward Rue de l' Universite. The Coronet and Arms over the Centre of the great Entrance is (after the universal practice now adopted throughout France) stopped out with moulding clay.

Being in the route from the interior part of the City to the Champ de Mars, the conduct of the Scene naturally applies to the eagerness with which all ranks pressed to assist at the the pre-

parations

parations there, and it terminates by converting the Palais Bourbon into

A PILE OF ELEGANT RUINS.

Thence, from a Public House in the Boulevards, the following Quartetto is sung by Mr. Blanchard, Mrs. Mountain, Miss Huntley and Mr. Cubitt.

QUARTETTO.—Mr. Blanchard, Mrs. Mountain, Miss Huntley and Mr. Cubitt.

Mount, 'Tis love dat makes de timid bold, Blanch. De Mifer too, forget his gold, Mount. Can foften de obdurate breast, Blanch. And bid de Savoyard be blest.

Mount. 'Tis mighty love exalts mankind.

Blanch. 'Tis love exalts mankind,

Girl. Den let us unite

And praise vid delight

De ruler of ev'ry mind

Mount. 'Tis love dispels de failor's voe I Ven down he finds de ship must go:

Blanch. He joys for vat he late deplot d. To tink his Poll is not on board.

Mount. 'Tis mighty love exalts mankind.

Blanch. 'Tis love exalts mankind.

Girl. Den let us unite

And praise vir delight,

De Ruler of ev'ry mind,

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Tis love dat makes de timid bold, De Miser too forget his gold, Can soften de obdurate breast, And bid de Savoyard be blest. 'Tis mighty love exalts mankind; 'Tis love exalts mankind,

AND the Scene changes to the Champ de Mars, (including the Pavillion erected before the Ecole Militaire) in its state of preparation for the reception of the King and Members of the National Assembly.

In the next Scene is fung the following

GLEE .- Incledon, Davis, Bannister.

WE be foldiers three Pardonnez moi, je vous en prie, Lately come forth the Low Country, With never a penny of money. II.

Here, good fellow, I drink to thee, Pardonnez moi, je vous in prie, To all good fellows, wherever they be, With never a penny of money.

III.

And he that will not pledge with me, Pardonnez moi, je vous en prie, Pays for the shot, whatever it be, With never a penny of money.

IV.

Charge it again, boys, charge it again, Pardonnez moi, je vous en pries, And then we will go to our work like men. With never a penny of money.

An exact view of a GRAND Affembly, with a representation of the Members in debate, and the Visitors in the several Galleries.

By virtue of Harlequin's mutable power, the whole becomes changed to

THE TEMPLE OF CONCORD.

Where the Goddess is seated on her Throne to receive the offerings of her attendant Votaries, and the following Air, Duett and Chorus are performed.

CHORUS

Of female voices to fost and sweet music of only wind instruments.

Silver lutes, and melting lays, Tell in tender tones of praife, That thy joys can never cease, Queen of Concord, Queen of peace!

DA'N CE.

. The same of the

DUETT -- For 2 female voices.

Why feeks the gentle bird of love,
The shelter'd Stream, the whisp'ring Grove?
Why pours the Nightingale her tune,
To the pale blushes of the Moon?
It is that night and concord join,
To make the peaceful Scene divine.
And then the tuneful, am'rous bird,
Is by its faithful Partner heard;

Their

Their transports, balmy breezes bless, And passion glows with fond excess; For facred night and concord join To make the peaceful scene divines

DANCE.

CHORUS, (repeated—all female voices)

Silver lutes, and melting lays,
Tell in tender tones of praise,
That thy joys can never cease,
Queen of Concord, Queen of Peace.

INSIDE OF A CONVENT.

WHERE an interview takes place between the Lover before mentioned in the Scene with Captain O' Leary, and the Nun he was in fearch of.

The Triumphal Arch erected at the entrance of the Champe de Mars, then admits in proceffion, a felection of the feveral orders and defcriptions of people, who affembled to affift at
the ceremony of the grand Federation. During
the Procession, the following Glee, Airs and
Chorustes are performed.

GLEE, Warrel, Mountain, Incledon, and Williamson.

WHEN facred freedom treads the plain, The gen'rous virtues swell her train; As round she throws her radiant eye, Despair, and hate, and envy fly, Myrtle-wreaths her falchion bind, She sheaths the sword for human kind.

AIR Mrs. MARTYR.—(which ends with a Semi Chorus.)

ONWARD come in wanton measure, Frolic hope, and playful pleasure, Hope that speaks the bliss of wooing, Passion bent on soft subduing, Friendship, joy, and peace agree, To be blest we must be free.

CHORUS.

Hark to the general voice, Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice! A brighter day succeeds at last, Oppression's heavy hour is past.

CHORUS.

Then let us learn of Britain's favour'd land, To greet with loyal love a due command; From virtuous rule, her boundless bleffings se fpring,

Her laws are honor'd, and ador'd her King,

Bannister.

Hence, Slavery afar! Controul thy baleful Star, That fiercely glares in the red fphere. Drop not from venom'd breath, A horror worse than death, Nor shed again thy influence here.

Incledon.

No longer shall war, and tyrannical sway, From the face of delight, tear the blossoms away, For the storms of contention, ambition's fell rage, Thy magic, O freedom! has power to affuage,

CHORUS.

Hark to the general voice! Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice! A brighter day succeeds at last, Oppression's heavy hour is past,

(March on.)

Then let us learn of Briton's favour'd land.

To greet with loyal love a due command, From virtuous rule, her boundless blessings fpring, Her laws are honour'd, and ador'd her

king.

Among the various descriptions of Characters which form the Procession are,

The provincial Deputies each bearing the Oriflamme, or Standard presented by the Garde Nationale of the City of Paris.

The Choristers of l' Eglise Notre Dame, of the Royal Choir, and a felection of the most admired voices appointed to affift on this occasion-in the performance of the Grand Mass, and celebrate the honours of the Fete.

Separate detachments of the Paris Guard of the feveral Districts, each Detachment headed by its particular distinguishing Banner.

The Bishop of A.—who presided at the ceremony of consecrating the Banners habited in his pontificals, preceded by incense bearers, and a train of Vicars-general carrying the facred books, and supported by a body of the Clergy in their canonicals.

The Citizens of Paris, who were chosen Electors in the year 1789.

A selection of the Kings Body guard, called the Gens d'Arms.

The Citizens of Paris, chosen by the several districts, to do the honours of the Fête, accompanied by their Presidents, and supported by a Garde d'honeur.

The Provisionary Administrators of the City of Paris, preceding

The MAYOR,

The Members of the National Assembly, attended by their Gentlemen Ushers, and

The PRESIDEFT.

A Street adjoining to the Champ de Mars

A Perspective view of the Champ de Mars (taken from the Heights of Chaillot, which is the elegant Village opposite, and just across the River Seine, its altitude, and vicinity affording a compleat survey of the whole Scene of action.)

The time is supposed to be immediately preceeding the King's taking the Fæderation Oath, and when the performance of the awful ceremony was ccelebrated by the general acclamations of the people, and the discharge of the Artillery.

From thence the people crowded to the celebrated Fete given by the National Guards of Paris to the provincial Deputies and the Public, upon the decorated and illuminated Platform of the Bastile, which they christened the Gallic Temple of Liberty.

The Piece concludes with the following Chorus and Finale.

CHORUS,

Hark to the general voice! Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice! A brighter day fucceeds at last, Oppression's heavy hour is past.

FINALE.

Then let us learn of Britain's favour'd land, To greet with loyal love a due command, From virtuous rule, her boundless blessings spring,

Her laws are honour'd, and ador'd her

king.





Songs, Recitatives, &c.

IN THE

VOLCANO,

OR, THE,

Rival Harlequins.

A SERIO-COMIC PANTOMIME,

Performed at the Theatre-Royal, COVENT-GARDEN

With entire new Music, Scenery, Machinery, Dresses, and Decorations.



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Harlequin Whitesword Harlequin Blacksword Clown - -Infernal Spirit - -Columbine's Father

Columbine

Mr. Bologna, Jun. Mr. King.

Mr. Bologna. Mr. Delpini.

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Principal Dæmon - - Mr. Linton. Second Dæmon - - Mr. Street.

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To conclude with an Allegorical Procession of the Seasons, Months and Hours, to the TEMPLE OF DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

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The Machinery by Meff | Creffwell, Sloper, Gooftree, C. Dibdin, Jun. &c.

The Dreffes by Mr. Dick and Mrs. Egan.

The Lines marked thus " are omitted fince the first Representation.

Songs, Recitatives, &c.

IN THE

VOLCANO,

Or, the Rival Harlequins.

Recitative. (Floridel.)

DEJOICE! rejoice! a genius owes to thee
O'er you fell fiend a glorious victory.
or, mortal know, when in that current thrown,
This form becomes as feeble as your own.
our kind affistance fnatch'd me from the deep,
Where, even power like mine, when plung'd, must
fleep;

or this one deed, by active virtue wrought, laim thy reward, but claim what virtue ought.

Song. (Floridel.)

This form receive, you hut forfake, But first, this magic weapon take, 'Twill aid thee when diftrest; Thy fair one feek, be generous still, Go prove thy love, then fear no ill, My power shall do the rest.

II.

Yet prize the gift; for, mortal, know, Of all the bleffings here below, Deriv'd from power above,

That help to foften human woe, No charms fuch happiness bestow,

As those of virtuous love.

Recitative. (Cratero.)

Curft be you ftripling! may infernal woe Light on the wretch who dar'd affift my foe! Releas'd by Lucifer in lucky hour, Revenge I feek and thus effay my power.

Invocation. (Cratero.)

"Dæmons! Spirits! Fiends! attend me,

"Burst your bonds, affistance lend me; "Let the fiery torrent roll!

" Hither on its glowing tide,

" By storms conducted, swiftly ride,
"Tho' nature shake from pole to pole.

Recitative. (Gratero.)

" Hail motley mischief! form'd by subtle sprites,

" Be thine the task to circumvent you Elf-

"Confound his wishes, cross his best delights,

"Till, Scorpion-like, the Caitiff end himself;

"This fable Talisman the symbol be,

"Of his destruction, and revenge to me."

Song. (Cratero.)

Elfin, away!

Thy master's foe annoy,

Go, frolic, trip it, sport and play, Yet still his hopes destroy! And to reward thy zeal, I swear,
(Witness, ye fiends, the oath ye hear)
That freedom pays your toil.

Hear!

Grand Chorus of Dæmons from within the Mountain.

We hear thee, and the bond record, For thee he wields the fable fword, And freedom pays his toil!

Song. (Irish Ship-Builder.)

"In the model I'm bringing before ye,
"If here you'll be taking a trip;

" I'll just shew you Britain's own glory

" Made out in the shape of a ship.

"'Tis the thing that preferves all our treasure,

" Makes all our opposers afraid,

Brings riches, and honour, and pleasure,

" And fwimmingly carries on trade.

" Wid my smalliloo, &c.

II.

"The lad who first set them a going "Deserv'd all the world for his pains,

"His stomach wid sense it was slowing,

"His hat cover'd plenty of brains."

" For before these same ships were invented,
"The water was all at a stand,

"And islands at sea were contented,

" To visit each other by land.

" Wid my, &c.

III.

"When England began to be building,

" And likewise dear Ireland also,

"Such pitching and painting, and gilding,

" No mortal fure never did know.

" By my foul it made great alteration,

"To see the folks how they did sail

" Upon ships between each of the nations,

"I'm told it quite knock'd up the mail,

"Wid my, &c.

IV.

"Then the Frenchmen, the devil receive 'em,
"Built ships, rafts and flat-bottom'd boats,

" And fwore, tho' no foul wou'd believe 'em,

"They'd come, and be cutting our throats.

" Howe, Duncan, St. Vincent and Nelson

"Went over to quiet the fus,

"And convinc'd the Monnseers pretty well soon,

"They only were building for us.

" Wid my, &c."

Duet. (Ballad-Singers.)

1st Of all the sweet spots that in London there be,
2nd Covent Garden's the place for my money,
1st Ev'ry body runs there just as brisk as a bee,
2nd Or like slies to a large pot of honey.
1st For its throng'd with fine folks all the whole of the day,

2nd And when night makes it look rather thinnish,
1st O then, how delightful it is for to stray,
2nd From the Go and the Jump to the Finish!

Both. Oh then how delightful, &c.

14

II.

ift Here's all that can charm both the eye and the ear,

and Here's all that can pleasure your noses;

ift Singing birds and Welch ladies to see and to hear,

and Potatoes, green peas, and moss roses.

1st Then under the Pee Aches there's fuch kind fouls,

and And lads to oblige you fo willing,

1st That with them you may travel between the poles,

and And all for the price of a shilling.

Both. That with them, &c.

III.

Ist. There's the Hummums so grand, where as gentlefolks say,

nd They doesn't admit of no ladies.

ist And then there's the playhouse so handsome and gay,

2nd Where no one to go e'er afraid is.

B 1st Then

If Then the folks do so laugh and fall clapping of hands,

2nd There's fomething so very kind in it,
1st That if this was the Playhouse where you and I
stands,

and I shou'd like for to hear 'em this minute.

Control of the second of the s

Both. That if this, &c.

Recitative. (Old Man.)

'Tis well, my fon, no longer poor and old,
In me thy Patron, Floridel, behold!

Thy virtue once more tried, thy fword reftore,

This potent wand a rich exchange shall prove,

Thy foe 'twill overcome, then droop no more;

But seek the Maid who waits to crown thy love.

Recitative

Recitative. (Cratero.)

Thus ever be Cratero's wiles believ'd, Short-fighted fool! too eafily deceiv'd— That wand is useless—thou behold'ft in me The foe of virtue! Floridel and thee.

Recitative. (Floridel.)

My son, forbear; no wicked means pursue,

Deep in the cavern's gloom with me descend;

From false Cratero boldly claim thy due,

Nor fear his rage, for virtue is thy friend.

Chorus of Fiends.

Welcome, fons of mischief, welcome!

Here, where gloom and horrors prowl,

Where angry fiends with terror howl,

Here, where all the vices throng,

Be this the chorus to each song,

Welcome, sons of mischief, welcome!

Grand

Grand accompanied Recitative.

ift. FIEND.

" From hated light I've wing'd my way, "On earth I've been, each art essay'd;

"First led a murderer to his prey,

" And then the guilty wretch betray'd.

CHORUS.

"Welcome, fons of mischief, welcome!

Recitative.

2d. FIEND.

"With gamesters leagu'd my skill I try'd, "A spendthrift youth my power owns; "In his own blood the fleel he dy'd, " And now with us he counts his groans.

CHORUS. "Welcome, &c."

Recitative. (3d. Fiend.)

A Father lov'd an only child, I swore to plant a dagger there; With pois'nous breath seduction smil'd, Betray'd, then left her to despair.

Recitative.

Recitative. (Cratero.)

Colleagues, behold! from Virtue wrung,
Her power of doing good I bring,
Here be the glorious trophy hung,
While fiends triumphant round it fing.

CHORUS.

Welcome, fons of mischief, welcome.

Recitative. (Floridel.)

Agent of Tartarus, who dar'd prefume,

To thwart my will, now tremble at thy doom!

Deep in Vesuvius' burning entrails hurl'd,

Thee and thy spells no more shall plague the world.

But first, thou shalt behold that couple blest,

Whose virtuous love thy malice has distress'd,

And thou, (To Blacksword) his slave, thy frolicks here must end,

Hence! instant to thy native shades descend!

Recitative. (Floride!.)

- "You wish'd for riches, take them-In this youth,
- "Thy daughter weds with honour, love and truth.
- "Their wealth thou shalt behold, and from this hour
- "Acknowledge virtue as the noblest dower."

FINALE.

Solo. (Floridel.)

Let the hours led by pleasure,
Lightly trip a jocund measure,
While our choral strains resound,
Honest love by virtue crown'd,

CHORUS.

Let the hours, &c.

Duet.

Happy they, by virtue plighted, Still delighting, and delighted, Happy union, may it prove, Bleft as George and Charlotte's love.

CHORUS.

Happy they, &c.

SOL. and CHORUS.

Let the hours, &c.

FINIS

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THE OVERTURE BY MR. KELLY.

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Mr. Pyne.
Mr. Braham.
Mr. Philipps.
Mr. Knight.
Mr. Munden.
Mr. Gattie.
Mr. Crooke.
Master Barnet.
Mr. Chatterley.
Mrs. Dickons.
Miss Kelly.
Miss Poole.
Mrs. Bland.

Zigduns, Villagers, Peasants, Soldiers, &c.

The Scene lies in and near the Castle of Gabolto, in Hungary, near the Carpathian Mountains, on the borders of Poland.

ANTONIO DE L'OURS

Songs, Duets, Chorusses,

&c.

Act I.

SONG—CLARICE. [KELLY.]
(Miss Kelly).

I.

When fickle man for woman sighs,
And finds her heart consenting;
Too soon he scorns the easy prize,
And leaves her to repenting:
Then, vain are all her arts to please;
You feel no pity—Do you?
But cry—" Good woman, cease to teaze,
"And, here's my service to you."

II.

Then while my hand and choice are free,
To man I'll make resistance;
I'll teach you men my slaves to be,
And keep your proper distance;
For while I lead you in my chain
You feel no triumph—Do you?
Just now, good Sir, you plead in vain,
And so,—my service to you!

SONG—AMELIA. [KELLY.] (Miss Poole).

Tho' gaily smiles the opening spring,
And bright the beam of summer glows,
Tho' autumn golden fruits may bring,
Yet all are chill'd by winter snows.

And thus blooms Love it's little day,
Thus ripening will it's charms impart—
Awhile it smiles—awhile is gay,
'Till woe, like winter, blights the heart.

But Nature soon reviv'd appears,
In summer's beam, and autumn's store—
Not so the heart—that mourns in tears
A Lover who returns no more.

SONG-LISBETH. [KELLY.] (Mrs. Bland).

I.

A Youth sat sighing all the day,
Heigh ho! heigh ho! said he.
He lov'd a Maid, but dared not say
"Will you marry me."
While she, with many a gallant swain,
Was dancing, flirting on the plain,
She never dreamt that all his pain
For her could be.

II.

Cupid met him in the grove—
Heigh ho! heigh ho! said he;
Then the Youth he told his love—
"She will not marry me,"
Said Cupid, he who is afraid
To tell his passion to a Maid,
Must never hope for Cupid's aid.
Then away flew he.

SONG-D'HOLBERG. [KELLY.]

(Mr. Philipps).

In vain may that bosom lost quiet deplore,
Which Hope has forsaken, to visit no more!
For me no bright visions their sunshine impart,
The dark gloom to lighten, and cheer the sad heart:
Tho' Hope for a moment a meteor may glare,
The brighter the flash, the more dark the despair.
Yet Fame in the battle my deeds may record,

When the trumpet to Glory the brave shall invite; When the bright star of Vict'ry shall beam on my

sword,

And illumine the banner that waves in the fight.
The cannons flash! the squadrons meet!
The vanquish'd foe is at my feet—

Then Mercy bids me spare!

Charge, charge! we cry; in broken ranks they fly,

While shouts of triumph rend the air!
Sweet Peace, succeeding now to War's alarms,
With laurel crowns the soldier's deeds in arms:
The trumpet sounds, the Warriors come,
While shouts proclaim their welcome home,
To Peace, and Beauty's arms!

SONG-RODOLF. [BRAHAM.]

(Mr. Braham).

I.

The Knight was brave, the Maid was fair, Who roam'd the thicket wild—
Her life, his arm had rescu'd there,
Tho' she his foe-man's child.
He dar'd not own that fatal name
Which might her hatred move,
But urg'd in borrow'd guise his flame,
And won that lady's love.

II.

In vain she sooth'd the secret strife
His tortur'd bosom bore;
He lov'd that Lady dear as life;
But he lov'd Honour more.
He left her, and in battle sought
His plighted truth to prove;
There, to redeem his name he fought,
Or die for her and love.

TRIO-CELESTINA, RODOLF, CLARICE.

[BRAHAM.]

(Mrs. Dickons, Mr. Braham, Miss Kelly).

Celes. And canst thou leave a faithful heart,
To mourn thee when away?

Rodolf. Ah me, my Love, 'tis death to part, Alike 'tis death to stay.

Clarice. Thus sentimental lovers sigh,
And weep their woes together;
For me, I'd rather laugh than cry—
I love not rainy weather.

Celes. Yet, why so soon? Ah! tell me why You scorn this falling tear?

Rodolf. 'Tis cruel fate that bids me fly, While love detains me here.

Clarice. If love, as all the wise agree,
Is nothing more than folly,
A merry heart in love for me,
And hence with melancholy!

Celestina and Rodolf.

Why, cruel destiny, divide Two faithful hearts by truth allied? Clarice. Heigho!

TUTTI.

Still in his fading wreathe, fond love One blooming flow'r displays; 'Tis smiling hope which bids us prove Bright thoughts of happier days.

AIR-CELESTINA. [KELLY.]

(Mrs. Dickons).

Ah me! Why should I heave a fond sigh? Ah me! Why should a tear fill my eye? Never will you bid this bosom to bleed; Never in vain to your heart did I plead. Hear me, then, hear me in sorrow implore, Tell me you pardon, and urge me no more.

FINALE-CHORUS. [KELLY and BOIELDIEU.]

To arms! to the battle away!
To arms! not a moment delay!
Since the foe's in the field,
We'll die ere we yield!
Enough in every warrior's eyes,
That Celestina is the prize!

D'Holb. But how forms is the prize:

Rodolf, unknown, our rage may dare.

Should he escape.

Rodolf.

Rodolf—where loudest cannons rattle,
Where thickest heaps of slain appear,
Be sure is found—for Rodolf is there!

CHORUS.

To arms, &c.

END OF ACT I.

Act II.

SONG-Frederick. [Kelly.]
(Mr. Pyne).

I.

Dear to my heart my native hill,
Where once I lov'd to stray;
Dear each remember'd wood and rill,
Each scene of childhood's day!
So dear, that when compell'd to part,
No time can wean them from the heart.

II.

But, when some object of our truth,
Some maid belov'd, is there,
Then, doubly priz'd each scene of youth,
Each object, doubly dear.
Tho' space divide, and absence part,
Time closer binds them to the heart.

SONG-CLARICE. [HAYDN.] (Miss Kelly).

The man I love, must neither be
'Too foolish nor too wise;
Must know just when he ought to see—
Just when to shut his eyes.
He must not be too grave, too gay,
Too aged or too young;
Must know just what he ought to say—
Just when to hold his tongue.

And none but him whom courage guides, Shall e'er my husband be—

One, who can conquer all besides,

Or he ne'er conquers me.

He must be firm, tho' soft and kind;

Tho' modest, not afraid—
If such a man I cannot find,
I'll live and die a maid.

DUET-WALTER and CLARICE. [KELLY.]

(Mr. Knight, Miss Kelly).

Clar. Would you gain by art
Woman's tender heart,
'Tis courage graces men.

Walt. When a man lies dead, Having lost his head,

What good does love do then?

Both. No, no, no,—'tis courage graces men, What good does love do then?

Clar. To the fight he should fly.

Walt. I fear! Oh dear!

Clar. When Honour calls away.

Walt. Pray why? not I.

Walt. Yet you must not think that I
Was e'er afraid of danger;
Tho' I'd rather live than die,

My heart's to fear a stranger.

Clar. Never can you hope my constant love to know,
'Till the wreath of victory shall grace your brow.

And sure no death, the brave can meet,

Walt. And sure no death is half so sweet,

(Aside) As dying in one's bed!

Together.

Clar. Oh think what glory his, who dies, W hen once the battle's won!

Walt. To fight when needs you must, is wise, (Aside) But wiser still to run.

BALLAD-RODOLF. [BRAHAM.]

(Mr. Braham).

1.

The moon in silence sail'd above,
And silver'd o'er the glade;
Where Henry sat, and told his love
Beside the blooming maid:
And while his chaste embraces press,
Their lips in purest kisses meet,
Then is each tender word
In murmur'd whisper heard!
"Oh tell me, do'st thou love me, sweet?"
"Oh yes, my Henry, yes,
"And will for ever!"

II.

But hark! th' intruding step alarms—
Her Sire in rage appears!
He tears the maiden from his arms,
Nor heeds her struggling tears!
In vain she strives his hand to press,
Once more his tender kiss to meet.

Ah then the parting word
In wild despair is heard—

"Oh tell me, dost thou love me, sweet?

"Oh yes, my love, Oh yes,

"And will for ever!"

DUET—D'Holberg and Rodolf. [BRAHAM.] (Mr. Philipps, Mr. Braham).

I.

D'Holb. When day is sunk behind the hill, Rod. When silence reigns, and all is still; Both. While scarce a star with feeble ray, Is seen to guide our lonely way,

Thro' woods we'll take our cautious flight.

Rod. Say, what the hour?

D'Holb. At deepest night,

When the bell tolls One! Both.

When the bell, &c.

11.

Rod. And when the night-breeze round us flies, D'Holb. Our hearts shall breathe responsive sighs. Both. To think amid that tranquil scene, On one lov'd maid who sleeps serene-Bid guardian angels round her dwell

D'Holb. At that calm hour-

Rod. Then bid farewell, When the bell tolls One.

> BALLAD-PAUL. [KELLY.] (Master Barnet).

The Woodman's life, tho' doom'd to toil. Is blest beyond what wealth can give; And dear to him his native soil, That bids him independent live! And if a care the morning knows, That frowns upon his humble lot, How sweet at eve the calm repose That smiles upon the Woodman's cot!

II.

At early day he loves to hear The cheerful song that swells around; The sweetest music to his ear, To list the falling axe around; And the some care his labour knows, Yet health and freedom are his lot: And sweet at eve the calm repose That smiles upon the Woodman's cot!

SONG-NICODEMUS. [KELLY.]

(Mr. Munden).

1.

Some tell us that wives
Are the plague of our lives—
And I've no inclination to doubt 'em;
For it must be confest,
They are torments at best—
Yet somehow, we can't do without 'em.

II.

A boy, just from school,
Falls in love—plays the fool—
Takes a wife—calls her darling and treasure!
In a month he's at strife—
Curses wedlock and wife!
And repents all his life at his leisure.

III.

Old bachelors stay
Till their hairs are grown grey,
Then wed, when there's no time to faulter!
But a young wife's a bore
To a man of three-score—
So he soon ends his cares with a halter.

SONG-LISBETH. [KELLY.]

(Mrs. Bland).

'Twas on a wild and lonely moor,
The night was dark and drear;
A stranger knock'd at a cottage door,
And pray'd for shelter there.
But there the aged parents dwell,
W hose son his hand had slain:
He saw, and groan'd! to earth he fell—
And never rose again.

BALLAD-RODOLF. [BRAHAM.]

(Mr. Braham).

I.

Doom'd from the maid we love, to part,
What can relieve the bursting heart?
Love's tender letter.
What, when in absence lovers sigh,
Can dry the tears that dims the eye?
Love's tender letter!

II.

Or, when the pang our lips conceal,
What can the secret thought reveal?
Love's tender letter!
Bear the soft sigh which fondly pleads,
And bid her answer when she reads
Love's tender letter!

SONG-CELESTINA. [KELLY.]

(Mrs. Dickons).

Tarry, ye moments so rapidly fleeting;
Why should ye vanish when Love bids you stay?
Slowly ye linger ere love gives the meeting,
Then swift on light pinions you flutter away.
Tarry, oh tarry, while joy still shall guide us,
Parting too soon bids our joys to decline;
Fly with light footsteps, if absence divide us,
But lengthen your stay, when his presence is mine.

FINALE.

[KELLY.]

(Mr. Bellamy, Mrs. Dickons, Mr. Braham).

Baron. Bear him away! for death prepare.

CHORUS REPEATS.

(to Baron.) Oh hear me! hear a daughter's prayer. (To Rodolf.) Oh plead, and end this fatal strife. Rodolf. Rodolf disdains to ask his life!

Let guilty souls for mercy sigh, The Hero will prefer to die!

Baron & Chorus. Bear him away!

(The suppliant prayer at Mercy's throne

preferr'd,

By gentle pity is indulgent heard:

Rodolf. There man, who hears unmov'd affliction's Expects the mercy which himself denies.

Chorus. Bear him away!

END OF ACT II.

Act III.

SONG-D'HOLBERG. [SELECTED.]

(Mr. Philipps).

I.

When from thy sight, Love,
Tho' day be bright, Love,
All seems as night, Love,
Darkness to me!
Joy for a while, Love,
Round me may smile, Love,
Yet ne'er beguile, Love,
One thought from thee!
Since cold despair
This fond bosom must bear,
Joy for a while, Love, &c.

II.

Should no prayer move thee,
Yet will I love thee,
Nor e'er reprove thee
With accent rude!
'Tis not by sighing!
'Tis not by flying!
'Tis but by dying!
Love is subdued.
And since despair
This fond heart must bear,
'Tis not by sighing, &c.

SONG-RODOLF. [BRAHAM.]

(Mr. Braham).

The lion, to the toils pursu'd, In generous spirit unsubdu'd, At length will struggling die. So, tho' my heart insulted bleed, Indignant pride disdains to plead, And honour scorns reply.

O'erpower'd, oppress'd, with branded name,
My cheek may bear the blush of shame,
My tortur'd heart may sigh;
But even 'till death shall end my pain,
My lips shall close in proud disdain,
And honour scorn reply.

DUET-RODOLF and CELESTINA. [BRAHAM.] (Mrs. Dickons, Mr. Braham).

Celes. From thee, dear youth, condemn'd to part,
No time shall wean this constant heart,
Which fondly beats for thee, Love!

Rodolf. Tho' on the rack, or 'mid the flame,
My last sad sigh shall breathe thy name,
My last word be of thee, Love!

Celes. But, oh, amid the throbs of pain,
What thought thy firmness shall sustain?

Rodolf. The tender thought of thee, Love.

Celes. What hope, when thou shall struggling die, Shall beam upon thy closing eye?

Rodolf. The hope of heaven and thee, Love!

Both. Farewell, best beloved! Kind angels

Both. Farewell, best beloved! Kind angels direct thee,

May courage sustain, and may heaven pro-

tect thee!
My lips' latest prayer for thy safety shall be,

Love!

My last sigh of life, shall be sacred to thee,

THE END.

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<i>2017</i> ,	
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Sufan, — —	
Girl, — —	Miss MENAGE,
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Margaretta, —	Signora STORACE,
	,

Sailors, Countrymen, Country Losses, &c. &c.



SONGS, CHORUSES, &c.

IN THE

GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE.

GLEE.

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 pleafures are void.

Adieu to the health-breathing hill,
Thou canst not my comfort restore,
For ever adieu my dear Will,
My Henry, alass! 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 lest 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 ferving 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 failor he was one.

SONG. Sufan.

Oh stay, my love, my William dear,
Ah! whither art thou slying?
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 fickness or in forrow,
In some cold shed, with breaking heart,
Where will thy comfort borrow?
Neglected lest, no William nigh,
To chear, protect, relieve them;
I, helpless, thrown aside to die,
Thou must not, William leave them.

Ah me! and think a fummers 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 couquest our bosoms do glow, Shou'd they see on our vessels Old England's slag wave,

'Tis worthy of Britons, who conquer to fave.

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

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

But mark our last broadside; she sinks, down she

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

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, Helives still to conquer, and conquers to save.

QUINTETTO.

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 suture 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 favage fury, nurs'd in gore,
- "Boast to despoil her filver 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 Atmada broke-

" And Albion's wrath in thunder spoke

"While Vict'ry fanction'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 pe free.

DUET.

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 fcorning. Never, never, &c.

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 wooes 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.

Sufan. And is he false in love?

Marg. This morning I espied you, By magic art descriedyou The Sailor's gift receiving, He gave a purseof gold. Sufan. I'll pay it where 'tis owing
A keepsake 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 diffaining
That keepfake, why retain or,

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

SONG. Ben.

Our line was form'd, the French lay too,
One figh 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 fignal floats on high,
I see through roaring cannon's smoke

Their awful line subdued and broke,

They strike!—they sink!—they sly!

CHORUS.

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 fea delight,

The cruize with eager watchful days

The skilfull chase by glimering 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.

CHORUS.

Then, &c.

FINALE.

RULE BRITANNIA.

Verse and Chorus.

SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS, CHORUSSES, &c.

INTHE

PIRATES.

AN OPERA.

IN THREE ACTS,

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Don Altador, Mr. Kelly. Mr. Suett. Don Gasparo, Mr. Sedgwick. Don Guillermo, Mr. Bannister, jun. Blazio, Mr. Dignum. Genariello, Mr. Wewitzer. Sotillo. Captain of the Guard, Mr. Caulfield. Mr. Phillimore. Cosmino, Mr. Benson. Captain of the Ship, Mr. Bland. Stefano,

Donna Aurora, Mrs. Crouch.
Fidelia, Mrs. Bland.
Fabulina, Signora Storace.
Marietta, Miss Du Camp.

SONGS, CHORUSSES, &c.

and provide the control of the contr

En Produce è un recei

A C T I.

own right and the

from a Quay near the City of Naples.—Mount Vesuvius and the Town of Portici in the Distance.

CHORUS of Sailors and Lazzaroni.

THANKS to the brisk and fav'ring gale,
That hither turn'd our swelling fail;
Now to the friendly port we fought
Our labouring ship is safely brought.

Altador.

Oh! cou'd I tread Spain's happy shore, Which boasts the fair one I adore! Yet, all! that coast, so much desiring, Love, from watchful eyes retiring,

B

Must

Must from Prudence borrow aid, And cautious feek the charming maid. What ho! What ho!

Genariello.

Come, my lads, get on—be steady— Is the macaroni ready? Where's the omelet? Don't stand staring-Zounds! these rogues are past all bearing-For your Lordship we're preparing. What wou'd your Lordship chuse to eat? Fish, fowl, or any kind of meat? Of earth or feathe dainties sharing, We can form our treat. We in the survey

Altador.

E'en what you will.

a Clybian ente.

Genariello. First, I should think, I was a second It wou'd not be amis to drink.

CHORUS of Sailors and Lazzaroni.

Ay, good Signor, so we all think, Bless your Honor, let us all drink. Huzza! for the generous heart,

That freely its treasures bestows, And faves from keen Poverty's finart, The breast which with Gratitude glows.

AIR. Genariello.

OF a vile lack of honesty Grumblers complain,
And that no social Virtues we boast;
Still the best of these Virtues (the charge I disdain)
Will be found all combin'd in your host.
His heart like his bottle is open to all;
Both friendship and wine come at, "Sir, do ye call."

II.

If his guests love good living, the better lives he,
On Society thus he depends,
'Tis his interest to forward good humour and glee,
All the world he desires for his friends.

It is heart like his hearts is one at all a

His heart like his bottle is open to all; Both friendship and wine come at, "Sir, do ye call."

AIR. Altador.

SOME device my aim to cover,
Deign kind Fortune to fuggest.
Shall I boldly own I love her?
No!—My first design is furely best.

Yet I a wily foe engage;
Caution is the shield of age.
Hence, vain fears, my heart disgracing!
Love, on thee affurance placing,

From thy glorious cause ne'er swerving,
Thou shalt every doubt repress.
Fortune's smiles the bold deserving,
Considence ensures success.

SCENE. Genariello's Hotel.

DUET. Fabulina and Altador.

Fabulina. Signor! Signor!

Altador. What founds are these,

That fweetly thus attention seize?

Fabulina. Of Love they kindly tidings bring, And pleafing truths they tell.

Altador. Without your veil you'll speak as well.

Fabulina. Unveil! no, I cannot.

Altador. One word let me fay.

Fabulina. 'Tis in vain.

Altador. Why fo cruel?

Fabulina. Be quiet, Sir, pray.

Altador. Oh! let me detain you;

In pity-ah! flay.

Fabulina. You shall not detain me, No longer I'll stay.

Altador. In pity, ah! stay.

Fabulina. Then hearken to my tidings—they To conftant love will joy convey.

Altador. Oh! tell these tidings—kindly stay, And to my heart their balm convey.

Fabulina.

Fabulina. Attend then to truth.

Altador. In the eyes 'twill appear.

Fabulina. ——And counfel,

Altador. From them, 'twill be doubly dear.

Fabulina. Advice $\begin{cases} you \\ tho' \end{cases}$ for itfelf $\begin{cases} fhou'd \\ I \end{cases}$ prize.

Fabulina. $\begin{cases} Yet truth \\ Yet truth \\ You know \end{cases}$ contemns diffull addor.

AIR. Blazio.

Oh! the pretty creature!
When next I chance to meet her,
No more for an ass
Shall Blazio pass,
But gallantly will I treat her—
Oh! the pretty, pretty creature.

But then her wicked charming eyes,
Where e'er they roll flash such surprize,
I like an awkward silly clown,
When she looks up, must needs look down—
Oh! the pretty, pretty creature, &c.

I'll boldly dare her fearful charms,

March up and clasp her in my arms;

Despair gives courage oft to men,

And shou'd she smile, why then—why then—
Oh! the pretty, pretty creature, &c.

SCENE. The Court before Gaspero's Garden.

AIR.

Aurora.

LOVE, like the opening flower,
That courts the morning dew,
Gave promife every hour
To bring new charms to view.

But see the fatal storm
Of tyrant power arise!
Blighted its beauteous form,
The haples flow'ret dies.

TRIO. Guillermo. Aurora. Altador.

Guillermo.

PAST toils thus recompending
No more I'll tempt the fea,
My blifs this hour commencing,
Depends henceforth on thee.

Aurora.

On him whose heart possessing, With equal warmth I love, May every chosen blessing, Be shower'd from above. Altador. Oh! fatal hour diffreffing!
Guillermo. My joy my thanks declaring.
Aurora. Believe me none are due.
Altador. Diffraction! 'tis past bearing,
Aurora. Oh! torture to my view.

Altador.

Oh! fatal hour distressing!

Is this the meed of constant love?
Inconstancy tho' meeting,
With scorn her falsehood treating,
I laugh at faithless love.

Aurora and Guillermo.

May every chosen bleffing

Reward {his her } faithful love!

Altado.

Depriv'd of every bleffing,
My tortures may they prove;
And jealous pangs oppreffing,
Avenge my flighted love.

AIR. Fabulina.

Lovers, who liften to reason's persuasion,
Praise for the novelty surely may claim;
And barbarous Fate they'll find no occasion,
To charge with the faults for which Folly's to blame.

FINALE.

FINALE. Gasparo's Garden.

Fabulina.

Peaceful flumb'ring on the ocean, Seamen fear no danger nigh,

The winds and waves in gentle motion, Soothe them with their lullaby,

Is the wind tempestuous blowing?
Still no danger they descry,

The guileless heart its boon bestowing, Soothes them with its lullaby.

Aurora. Fabulína, hear me.

Fabulina. . . . Cease:

By impatience you'll spoil all. 15

Aurora. Prythee give me my release.

Altador. Fabulina.

Fabulina. Hark, I hear your Lover call.

Altador. Fabulina. Meld and a collision T

Fabulina. Yes-yes-I hear him call.

Altador. Alternate hope and fear My reftless bosom seize.

Fabulina. Here's one may over-hear. So!—Piano—if you pleafe.

Altador. Smile on the wretch your presence awes.

Say, can your truth my doubts forgive?

Aurora. Let Love's foft accents plead your cause.

Alas! I cannot disbelieve.

Altador.

Altador and Aurora.

Let Love's foft accents plead \{\begin{array}{l} your \ my \end{array}\end{array}\text{cause}; \\ \text{You will not} \text{distribution}

You will not disbelieve.

Fabulina. All's fafe, fo instantly descend.

Altador. First let me force him from the door.

Fabulina. Leave to me our fleeping friend, He founds fuccess in every snore.

Altador. Stir not-refistance is in vain.

Fabulina. Sotillo, you shall wear my chain.

Of youthful joys, the fond revival,

May Fabulina's favour prove.

Aurora. In me, behold, a jealous rival;
I long to tie those bonds of love.

Aurora and Fabulina. Adieu, Sotillo, we must part.

Altador. Hasten, my Love, nor trust delay;

You, Beauty's captive, walk that way.

Aurora and Fabulina. We're lost beyond the help of

Fabulina. Don Gasparo!

Aurora. Guillermo too.

Altador. Untoward fate.

Fabulina. What shall we do?

Gasparo and Guillermo. Turn, bold intruder, meet

That on presumption should await.

Altador. Stand off, thou know'st me for thy foe; Nor rashly tempt the fatal blow.

C

Genariello.

Genariello. Don Gasparo, dear Sir, be quiet, I'll call the guard to quell this riot. Poor Altador! These rogues will end him, I'll call the guard and they'll defend him.

Aurora and Fabulina. To dire revenges baneful power,

Oh! yield not in this mad'ning hour.

Gasparo. Thanks, Ladies, for this pretty plot, Your kindness shall not be forgot. You'll find your pistol no Protector; We'll tame you quickly, good Sir Hector.

What means this brawl?—Peace I command. Silence! the guard is near at hand. Should I in threat but wave my fword, No power protection can afford.

Officer.

The Reft.

Tell not me the idle story. Let me speak, you hold your peace; Then shall sounds of Patriot

Glory All contention bid to ceafe.

Officer, Aur. Fab. Gen.

Thanks to chance thus:interfering,

When all Reason's aid was vain;

My | Superior pow'r rever-His | ing,

Vengeance must it's wish restrain.

Hear the plain and fimple story Let me fpeak, you hold your peace;

Then shall founds of Patriot Glory

All contention bid to ceafe.

Alt. Gas. and Guil.

Curfed chance thus interfer-

All refistance now is vain; His fuperior pow'r revering, Vengeance must its wish

ALL.

GENERAL CHORUS.

Silence! the guard is near at hand, Prudence now must peace command. If in threat he waves his sword, No pow'r protection can afford.

Hark! the drum in tone commanding, Cries to clamouring rage—forbear. Thus, thro' gloomy space expanding, Thunder clears the troubled air.

END OF ACT 1.

ACT II.

SCENE. A Room in Gasparo's House.

TRIO. Aurora, Fabulina, Gasparo.

Aurora.

TO hear our suit do not resuse, Then reject it if you can.

Fabulina. 'Tis a weeping female sues
To the gallant heart of man.

Gasparo. Less resentful must I seem,
What I intend they little dream. [Aside.
Vainly strive not to deceive,
For not a word will I believe.

Aurora. Ah! relent, our fault forgive;
Your finiles the fign of peace shall be.

Aurora and Fabulina. Let us the fond hope believe, That pardon in your eyes we fee.

Gasparo. Be fincere now if you can,
Why deceive a poor old man.

Aurora and Fabulina. Can fuch filly girls as we Think your wifdom to deceive. Ah! relent, &c.

Gasparo.

Gasparo. In a trial of who can trick best, While fo certain is each to succeed, And becomes of the other the jest; Then to cheat is a pleasure indeed.

All. In a trial, &c.

AIR. Guillermo.

THERE, the moon-filver'd waters roam, And wanton o'er the unsteady fand, Spangling with their starry foam, The tow'ring clift that guards the land.

There, the fcreaming fea bird flits, Dips in the wave his dusky form; Or on the rocking turret fits, Th' exulting Dæmon of the storm.

There, as village legends tell, Many a shipwreck'd sea-man's ghost Listens to the distant knell, When midnight glooms the fatal coast.

AIR. Fabulina.

A faucy knave who pass'd the door. Wou'd needs, forfooth, make love to me; But, as I've often faid before, You know, Sir, that must never be.

Of flames and darts, despair and death, In vain declaim'd the filly youth; I laugh'd 'till almost out of breath, Believe me, Sir, I tell you truth.

I frown-

I frowning vowed, without your leave,

His face again I ne'er wou'd fee;

Dear Aurora help me out, [Afide to Aurora.

I shall betray myself I doubt,

So kind a Master to deceive! [to Gasparo.]

Oh! fie! no that cou'd never be, I faid to him—No, no—'twas he Spoke next, he faid, fays he to me, Dearest Fabulina hear me; Indeed, indeed, you need not fear me.

Says I—fays he—fays I—fays he—At length (enrag'd, my maiden pride)

My heart I cry'd is not for you;

In vain your betters oft have try'd,

You know, dear Sir, that's very true.

AIR. Blazio.

A coward may be. [Afide.]

OH dear! What shall I do?
What line pursue.
My spirits in a sluster,
Won't let me bounce and bluster,
Else wou'd I try,
Perchance if he,
As well as I,

Racks and tortures I despise, My honor 'tis alone I prize.

Indignant

Thou beating heart lie still I say,
Oh! if I cou'd but run away! [Aside]
Hark! hark! What do they mutter?
Dreadful murmurs do they utter.
I'm in such a taking, quiv'ring, quaking,
Every limb with terror shaking;
Egad! they're off—I'll not delay,
Now's the time to run away.

SCENE, the Fair at Naples.

GLEE. Fabulina, Marietta, &c.

LET mirth and joy appear, Their jocund tale to tell! Charming the list'ning ear And drown the envious bell. SCENE. A Street.

AIR.

Altador.

MEMORY repeating,
Paft joys to foothe my foul;
Hope points where pleasures greeting
In bright succession roll.
Revenge, content defeating,
I shun thy dire controul.

Jealoufy no longer heeding, Shall I her fatal wiles obey; Ne'er again my blifs impeding, Will I own Sufpicion's fway.

Her constancy my soul transporting,
With joys too vast to be express'd;
See fav'ring Love my presence courting
I come, I hasten to be bless'd.

SCENE. The Entrance of the fubterraneou Road under Virgil's Tomb, leading from Naples to Paufilipo.

AIR.

Fidelia.

IN childhood's careless happy day,
When Nature speaks unspoil'd by art,
Affection mark'd our infant play,
And fix'd it's root in either heart.

It's growth would every hour discover ; Say, then, ah! can I cease to love her?

II.

Oppress'd by fickness, languid, weak,
Attentions kind did she bestow;
And bade upon my pallid cheek,
Reviving health and joy to glow.
New kindness wou'd each hour discover;
Say, then, ah! can I cease to love her?

Point of Paufilipo in the Distance. At first, the Moon is seen, a storm then sifes.

SECOND FINALE.

Altador.

UNHAND me, cowards, give me way, And let me dare the mortal fray.

Guillermo and Gasparo.

Bear him to the ship away.

Aurora (entering.)

Oh! Barbarians, stay! I come, My Altador, to share thy doom.

Altador (in the boat.)

Ah! if compassion marks the brave, You will not let me sue in vain; From death a faithful lover save, Bear him to love and life again.

SAILORS [in the boat.]

We dare not turn against the wave And bear you to the shore again.

Gasparo [to the Sailors.]
Be gone—and to the castle bear
This willing victim of despair.

Aurora.

To death in pity instant bear,
The wretched victim of despair. [The Sailors lead ber off.]

Guillermo.

Ah! me—on board that hapless bark
Is all the treasure I possess.
She drives—she springs her main-mast—hark
I hear the signals of distress.

Enter Fabulina.

Fabulina.

Whatever path pursuing,
While nought but danger viewing,
Will busy fancy form
Future terrors in the storm.

Enter Fidelia.

Fidelia.

In vain my mistress seeking, The skies their vengeance wreaking, Leave busy fancy, &c.

Enter

Enter Genariello, Peafants, Sailors, &c.
In vain expectance did I measure
The vineyard's ripening treasure.

Guillermo.

In vain expectance did I measure My future hoards of treasure.

Enter Peafants with Lights. GENERAL CHORUS.

See the clouds that whirling fweep,
The furface of the troubled deep.
The angry winds their fury pour,
And howl along the distant shore.
In bursts the clanging rocks rebound,
And spread the dire terrific sound.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE. Genariello's Vineyard.

CHORUS of Vintagers.

And in nimble dance entwine;

For many a fong and many a dance,

We owe to the juice of the vine.

Tho' the weight of the clusters our toils enhance,

At the labour fay who wou'd repine?

For this burthen of glee,

We the lighter shall be,

As the more we shall have of good wine.

AIR. Fidelia.

MY rifing spirits thronging
In sportive brisk array,
Inspire a plaguy longing,
Some harmless prank to play.

Shall I assume a shepherd's part,

And languish midst the whining train?

Till many a pretty Maiden's heart, In fympathy shall figh again. With heigho! with heigho! Alas! I love!—Heigho! My rifing, &c.

Or with a pretty fellow's air,
Shall I bedeck my little form;
Sing, dance and ogle, whisper, swear,
And take their yielding hearts by storm.
With view me, Ma'am, here I am,
Behold this charming form.
My rifing, &c.

SCENE. A plain old Hall in Gasparo's Castle, near Pausilipo.

AIR. Aurora.

AS wrapt in fleep I lay,
Fancy assum'd her sway.
A voice, which spoke despair,
Cried, "Mourn thy Lover banish'd.
Cold! cold! beneath the main,
Lies he in battle slain.

Mourn, mourn, thou wretched fair, All hope from thee is vanish'd."

II.

Upon the rock I stood:
Forth from the foaming flood,
Arose the lovely form
Of him who now is banish'd.
Loose flowed his auburn hair;
Gored was his bosom, bare.
Sinking amid the storm
He sighed "adieu!" and vanish'd.

SCENE. Genariello's Cottage in the Vineyard.

AIR. Fabulina.

No more his fears alarming,
My smiles his doubts disarming,
His constant bosom charming,
Adieu, thou cold disdain.
While anxious wishing—fearing,
His tale of dangers hearing,
(Each peril more endearing)
Delight shall spring from pain.

I should be timid were he bold,

The fault, dear Blazio, is your own;

And should your bashful humour hold,

To teaze you, I may yet be prone.

SCENE. The Sea Shore.

AIR.

Altador.

SCARCELY had the blushing morning
Woo'd the waves with tender light,
When the bright'ning plain adorning,
A distant vessel rose in fight.

Aloft, the crowding failors viewing
Her mifty fails with straining eye;
In fancy now the foe subduing,
A prize! a prize! exulting cry.

The boatswain's whiftle, loud and shrill, Shames the tardy sleeping wind.

In vain our chase-gun fires—for still
She crowds her sail—we're lest behind.

At length the breeze affords affistance;
Right afore the wind's our course.
We clear our decks—she threats resistance,
And proudly boasts superior force.

Amid her thunder boldly steering,
Our batter'd ship almost a wreck;
With steady courage persevering;
They board, they storm her gory deck.

Her

Her wounded captain—life diffaining, Yet mourning o'er his gallant crew; Casts a last look on those remaining; Then strikes to saye the valiant sew.

DUET. Fabulina and Blazio.

I.

Fabulina. The jealous Don won't you affume when you marry?

And won't you frown, mutter, and plague me with doubts?

Blazio. And won't you, whenever your point you would carry,
Have fits, fret and whimper, and be in the pouts.

Fabulina. No bouncing! "Zounds, ma'am, you

must alter your plan."

Blazio. No whining and crying, "You barba-

rous man."
But you'll love me.

Fabulina. Yes, yes-

Blazio. And be constant-

Fabulina. No, no.

Blazio. What not constant!

Fabulina. Yes, yes.

Blazio. Did you mean-

Fabulina. No, not fo.

Both.

Both. I'm fure we're agreed—no more words—let us marry,

Love's meaning no aid wants from language we know.

ÌÏ.

Blazio. Yet, won't you before folks be fond, coax and flatter,

While turning, behind, to a Lover your hand?

Fabulina. And won't you, when I'm in a humour to chatter,

Cry, "oh! I'm fo fleepy, I can't underfrand."

lazio. No fmirking and fqueezing, "nown dear," and all that.

bulina. No yawning and gaping, when I want to chat.

But you'll love me, &c.

Both.

SCENE. The Outfide of Gasparo's Castle.

AIR.

Marietta.

I.

CAREFUL the winding path explore,
Lest in the tangled brake you stray,
Then think of her whom you adore,
To cheer the dark and weary way;
And softly, slowly creep,
Until you light you see,
And while the anxious watch you keep,
Still ever remember me.

II.

When you shall hear the found of joy
(Beating the floor—the rustic dance)
Silent the list'ning ear employ,
But do not yet too quick advance,
But slowly, foftly creep,
Until you light you see,
And while the anxious watch you keep,
Still ever remember me.

(27)

SCENE. A Room in Gasparo's Castle.

TRIO.

Fabulina, Fidelia, and Altador.

We the veil of fate undraw
In our Lanterna Magica,
Approach the mystic scene with awe,
In our Lanterna Magica.

Here if tragic fcenes delight,
The bleeding Warrior meets your fight;
The Patriot here refigns his breath,
Invoking Liberty or Death,
In our Lanterna Magica.

Or if to Paphian groves we turn,
See Love's eternal altar burn,
Whence lovers eyes can catch a ray,
To tell you more than I can fay,
In our Lanterna Magica.

TRIO.

Fabulina, Fidelia, and Altador.

Fidelia.

Oh! foftly flow thou briny tide, That dost two faithful hearts divide; And while in yonder lonely tower, Poor Hero waits the appointed hour;

E 2

Again,

Again, bear gently, free from harms, Leander to her arms.

Visions of fate behold.

Altador.

See bending o'er the cruel wave,
Which feems ordain'd his early grave;
The youth prepares to quit the fhore—
Ah! tempt the faithless deep no more!
Its front ferene conceals the fnare,
Then vent'rous youth beware—
Visions of fate behold.

Fabulina.

Transported now from Asia's strand,
We still the Hellespont command:
Ah! hapless Hero! to the skies
She shrieks! and turns her tearful eyes.
Oh! Venus listen to her woe,
Forbid her tears to flow.
Visions of sate behold.

TRIO.

Leander lives! the Queen of Love, Obtain'd his life, a boon from Jove. Visions of fate behold.

FINALE.

(29)

FINALE.

CHORUS.

Now constancy its meed shall gain;
And while the fav'ring skies approve,
Wide let us spread the grateful strain;
All shall join in the triumph of love.

Genariello. Can good humour recommend me :

View it finiling in my face.

Fidelia. You so nobly did befriend me; Virtue to kindness lent a grace.

Aurora and Altador. Ye powers, who virtue make your care,

Propitious to our vows attend.

May fate indulgent to our pray'r,

With life alone our union end.

Chorus. Now constancy, &c.

Fabulina. In fearch of what's curious, no longer you'll toam.

Blazio. Why no—if once we are tied but fecurely, A good wife as a specimen will I take home.

Fabulina. But that's not a rarity furely.

Chorus. Now constancy, &c.

THE END.

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Vizier, - - - Mr. RYDER.

Carlos, - - - - Mr. Johnstons.
Rathmud, - - - Mr. Quick,

Lazarus, - - - Mr. Blancharn.

Heli, - - - Мг. Воотн.

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Mob, Mutes, Guards, &c.

S C E N E, --- Constantinople.

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

A 2 ... -----

AIRS, DUETS, Gr.

IN THE

PROPHET.

ACT L

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 facred shade.
"Haply

" Haply beneath fome crumbling ruing "Some dripping arch, or rifted tree,

"My Carlos lingers, yet renewing
"Vows of angelic love, and waits for me!"

"There yet a while, fweet 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 pulfation,
To mark the dull vibration,
That trembles with its own.

AIR III.-FARRUKNAZ.

" 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,

Rilgrims who precious reliques bear ;---

" If fudden on the fcorching fand

* The prowling Arab's felon band

"Round the fainting Camels stand,

" Some portion feel of my despair!

Who, by the fraud-avenging fea,

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 persum'd tree;

But wake to savage songs, and view

The feather'd chief, and sable crew,

And kindling sires on mountains blue,

May weep, and rage, and rave, like me!

AIR IV .-- SULTAN.

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 shade,
Which shuts the suture from our sight;
And tear the veil, by mercy spread,
To shield us from a painful light!

Full foon shall Time, so feeming slow, With noiseless steps his course sulfil, And call to birth each destin'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, still beguiling,
Cupid wreaths his chains with flowers,
And hides his rack in perfum'd bowers!
Ghorus. Think not forrow, &c.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

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

Laz. THO' Womansh and Wine be de blesshings of Laife,

Yet monish ish moche more delighting---.

For, Dese are de caushes of quarrelsh and 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 pleasures of Venus.

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

When your wine than your mistress is older---

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

My fole pleasure in drink, is to scold her.

Rath. and Heli. The joys of the rofy-cheek'd thine Bacchus be Bacchus be mine Math.

And we'll part the money between us. Laz.

Heli. And do you take the pleasure of Venus.

AIR VII.-LAZARUS.

WHEN I wash a mighty little boy,
Heart-cakes I made, and pepper-mint drops,
Wasers and sweet-chalk I us'd for to cry,
Alicompain, and nice Lollipops.

Nexsht 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 for Inns I next learnt to stitch,
 - "Quickfilver balls I made, to make Brafs-Buckles white,
- "Then a fnug box I took very near Hounds-
 - "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 foul 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 foon grew tir'd, or wifer--
Monish I lent at fifty per cent,

And wash I. H. in de Public Advertiser.

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

For I happen'd to write fo 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 commanded,

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

AIR 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 affiiction wears.

AIR IX. SULTAN.

WHAT cares furround 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 focial bosom heaves,
No sympathetic forrows 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 bless.

AIR X .--- LAZARUS.

Tho' bearded black my chin is,
And at the point a pico,
I was by Miss at Venice
Preferr'd to Magnifico.
At Rome, the Pope's fine fister,
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 filly;
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.

[&]quot; But flow the ling'ring moments creep,
" And flow the flagging hour recedes;

[&]quot;When taught by love, to wake and weep,

[&]quot;The wounded bosom bleeds."

AIR XII .-- FARRUKNAZ.

SOMETIMES, 'tis faid, the spirits of the blest

Float on the buoyant bosom of the air;

And watch with aid divine, the maid diffrest.

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

Peace to each care, and balm to every wound.

With penfile minstrelfy the heaven they fill—— With harps unseen the starry roofs resound; While from their facred extasses distill

AIR XIII --- FARRUKNAZ.

WHAT are the boasted joys of love!

By danger won, in fear possest,

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

FINALE --- A I R XIV. -FARRUKNAZ.

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

Chorus.

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

A nation's vows, bleft incense, rise

Before the heavenly throne—

By wasting ages blown

Their curling volume to the skies.

CHORUS.

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.

Chorus.

Long, happy, &c.

THE END.





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Clueline, —	Mr. BANNISTER.
Captain Frederick,	Mr. Johnstone.
Squire Thicket,	Mr. Incledon.
Flambeau,	Mr Bernard.
Gregory,	Mr. BLANCHARD
Whim,	Mr. REES.
Masks, Mr. Evatt, &c.	· <i>&c.</i>
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Sophia, — Mrs. Harlow.
Peggy, — — Mrs. Martyr.
Indian Female, Mrs. Mountain.

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axiously alive to whatever can in the smallest deie contribute to the gratification of the public
dily furnished the theatre with accompanyments
the orchestra; but has, in no other respect, any
occur, whatever with the piece.

in the second of the second of

FAVOURITE SONGS,

8c.

BALLAD-Mr BERNARD.

I'm jolly Dick, the Lamplighter, They fays the sons my dad, And truly I believe it, fir, For I'm a pretty lad.

Father and I the world delight,
And make it look so gay,
The difference is I lights by night,
And father lights by day.

2,

But father's not the likes of I

For knowing life and fun,

For I queer tricks and fancies fpy

Folks never shew the fun:

Rogues, owls, and bats can't bear the light,
I've heard your wife ones fay,
And fo d'ye mind I fees at night
Things never feen by day.

At night men lay afide all art,
As quite a ufeless task,
And many a face and many a heart
Will then pull off the mask:
Each formal prude and holy wight
Will throw difguise away,
And sin it openly at night
Who sainted it all day.

4.

His darling hoard the mifer views,
Misses from friends decamp,
And many a statesman mischief brews
To his country o'er his lamp:
So father and I, d'ye take me right,
Are just on the same lay,
I bare-sac'd sinners light by night,
And he salse saints by day.

BALLAD-Mr. BLANCHARD.

Let bards elate
Of Sue and Kate
And Moggy take their fill O,
And pleas'd rehearfe
In jingling verfe
The lass of Richmond hill O:
A lass more bright
My amourous flight,
Impelled by love's fond workings,
Shall loudly fing,
Like any thing,
*Tis charming Peggy Perkins.

2

Some men compare
Their favourite fair
To every thing in nature,
Her eyes divine
Are funs that shine,
And so on with each feature.
Leave leave, ye fools,
These hackneyed rules,
And all such subtle smirkings,

Sun, moon, and stars, Are all a farce, Compared to Peggy Perkins.

3.

Each twanging dart
That through my heart
From Cupid's bow has morric'd,
Were it a tree,
Lord I should be
For all the world a forest;
Five hundred fops,
With shrugs and hops,
And leers, and smiles, and smirkings,
Most willing she
Would leave for me,
Oh what a Peggy Perkins.

BALLAD-Mr. JOHNSTONE.

Or the ancients is't speaking my soul you'd be after, That they never got how come you so?

Would you fariously make the good folks die with, laughter?

To be fure their dogs tricks we don't know.

Wid your fmalliliow nonfense, and all your queer bodderns,

Since whifky's a liquor divine,

To be fure the old ancients, as well as the moderns Did not love a fly fup of good wine.

2.

Apicius and Æsop, as authors assure us,
Would swig till as drunk as a beast,
Den what do you tink of that rogue Epicurus?
Was not he a tight hand at a feast?

Wid your fmalliliow, &c.

3.

Alexander the Great, at his banquets who drank hard,
When he no more worlds could fubdue,

Shed tears to befure, but 'twas tears of the tankard, To refresh him, and pray would not you?

Wid your fmalliliow, &c.

4.

Den that tother old fellow they call'd Aristotle,
Such a devil of a fellow was he,
That one night, having taken too much of his bottle,
The taef stagger'd into the sea.

Wid your fmalliliow, &c.

5.

Den they made what they call of their wine a libation Which, as all authority quotes,

They threw on the ground, musha what boderation, To be fure 'twas not thrown down their troats.

Wid your smalliliow, &c.

BALLAD-Mr. BANNISTER.

Twas in the good ship Rover
I fail'd the world around,
And for three years and over
I ne'er touchd British ground;

At length in England landed,
I left the roaring main,
Found all relations stranded,
And went to sea again.

2.

That time bound straight to Portugal,
Right fore and aft we bore;
But, when we'd made Cape Ortugal,
A gale blew off the shore:

She lay, so did it shock her,
A log upon the main,
Till, sav'd from Davys locker,
We put to sea again.

3.

Next in a frigate failing, Upon a fqually night, Thunder and lightening hailing? The horrors of the fight,

My precious limb was lopp'd off,
I, when they'd eas'd my pain,
Thanked God I was not popp'd off,
And went to sea again.

4 1 - 15 i mpi vi.

Yet still am I enabled

To bring up in life's rear,
Although I'm quite disabled,
And lie in Greenwich tier;

The king, God bless his royalty, Who saved me from the main, I'll praise with love and loyalty, But ne'er to sea again.

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[xiii]

BALLAD Mr. WILSON.

How much I love thee girl would'st know, Better than rosin loves the bow, Than treble shrill the growling bass, Or spruce guitars a tawdry case.

No more then let us folo play, To Hymen's temple jig away, There, when we get,

In a duet,
Of pleasure will we take our swing,
Joys fiddle shall play,

Love's bells shall ring:

And, while we celebrate the day, We'll frisk away, And laugh and play, And dance and fing, And frisk away like any thing.

2.

I love thee more, I really think, Than dancers jigs, or fiddlers drink; Than dancing-masters love a kit, Or jolly failors fal dral tit.

No more then, &c.

I love thee, Griddy, Oh much more, Than fingers love a loud encore, Than curates crowdies love to fcratch, Or roaring drunkards love a catch.

.. 701.

remained to the same

No more then, &c.

BALLAD-Mrs. MARTYR.

Abergavney is fine, Aberistwith also, And the lasses it is fine when to market they go; The birds and the pritty finches sing sine in the grove But the finest bird of all is that little rogue luss.

Luff me I pray you now, luff me as your life, And Taffy and Griddy shall soon be man and wife.

2.

The mountains are high, and the fallies are low, And from Radnor to Glamorgan's a long way to go, But I'd go, and I'd run, and I'd fly, and I'd rove, If when I came there I should meet with my luff.

Luff me, &c.

3.

Toil and labour is hard, and the time's very long From the lark's pretty chant to the nightingale's fong But I'd toil and I'd labour throughout the whole year,

And think it a day, were I blest with my dear,

Luff me, &c.

4.9

And the second second second second

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34

FAVOURITE SONGS, &c.

ACT II.

BALLAD Mr. INCLEDON.

To Bachelor's hall we good fellows invite, To partake of the chase that makes up our delight; We have spirits like fire, and of health such a stock, That our pulse strikes the seconds as true as a clock.

Did you fee us, you'd fwear as we mount with a grace That Diana had dubb'd fome new gods of the chafe. Hark away, hark away, all nature looks gay, And Aurora with smiles ushers in the bright day.

2.

Dick Thickfet came mounted upon a fine black, A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back; Tom Trig rode a bay, full of mettle and bone, And gaily Bob Buxom rode proud on a roan; But the horse of all horses that rivall'd the day, Was the squire's Neck-or-Nothing, and that was a grey.

Hark away, &c.

3.

Then for hounds, there was Nimble, fo well that climbs rocks,

And Cocknose a good one at scenting a fox, Little Plunge, like a mole who will ferret and search, And beetle-brow'd Hawk's-eye, so dead at a lurch,

Young Sly-looks who fcents the strong breeze from the fouth,

And musical Echowell, with his deep mouth. Hark away, &c.

4.

Sly renard's brought home, while the horns found a call,

And now you're all welcome to Bachelor's-hall, The fav'ry firloin grateful fmoaks on the board, And Bacchus pours wine from his favourite hoard.

Come on then, do honour to this jovial place, And enjoy the fweet pleasures that spring from the chase; Hark away, hark away, all nature looks gay, Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

BALLAD-Mr. Inclidon.

Commence of the state of the st

Go patter to lubbers and fwabs d'ye fee 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like, A tight water boat and good fea room give me, And 'tent to a little I'll strike:

I hough the tempest top gallant masts smack smooth should smite,

And shiver each splinter of wood,

Clear the wreck, flow the yards, and boufe every thing tight,

And under reefed foresail we'll scud:

Avast, nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft

To be taken for trifles aback,

For they says there's a providence sits up alost,

To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

2

Why I heard the good chaplain palaver one day About fouls, heaven, mercy, and fuch, And my timbers what lingo he'd coil and belay, Why 'twas just all as one as high Dutch:

But he faid how a sparrow can't founder d'ye see Without orders that come down below, And many fine things that proved clearly to me That providence takes us in tow;

For fays he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft Take the top-fails of failors aback,

There's a fweet little cherub that fits up aloft, To keep watch for the life of poor Jack. I made to bake

the had no a cit for the more market on the size & I faid to our Poll, for you fee she would cry, A When last, we weighed anchor for fea, What argufies snivling and piping your eye? Why what a damned fool you must be!

Can't you fee the world's wide, and there's room for us all,

Both for feamen and lubbers ashore. And if to old Davy I should go friend Poll, Why you never will hear of me more:

What then, all's a hazard, come don't be fo foft, Perhaps I may laughing come back, For d'ye see there's a cherub sits smiling alost, To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me a failor should be every inch All as one as a piece of the ship,

And with her brave the world without offering to

From the moment the anchor's a-trip,

As for me, in all weathers, all times, fides, and ends, Nought's a trouble from duty that fprings, For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my friend's, And as for my life 'tis the king's;

Even when my time comes ne'er believe me so soft As with grief to be taken aback, That same little cherub that sits up alost Will look out a good birth for poor Jack.

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{ xxiii]

BALLAD-Mr. INCLEDON:

Come painter, with thy happiest slight,
Portray me every grace
In that blest region of delight
My charming Sylvia's face:

And hear me painter, to enhance
The value of thine art,
Steal from her eyes that very glance
That stole away my heart.

2

Her forehead paint, in fway and rule, Where fits with pleasure graced, A form like Venus beautiful, And like Diana chaste:

Then paint her cheek, come paint and gaze, Guard well thy heart the while, And then her mouth, where Cupid plays In an eternal smile.

3

Next draw, prefumptuous painter hold,
Ah think'st to thee 'twas given
To paint her bosom? would'st so bold
Prefume to copy heaven!

Nay leave the task, for 'tis above,
Far, far above thine art;
Her portrait's drawn—the painter love,
The tablet my fond heart.

BALLAD-Mrs. HARLOW.

A failor's life's a life of woe, when he works now late now early, when we and fro, what then he takes it cheerly:

Blest with a smiling can of grog, If duty call, Stand, rise, or fall,

To fate's last verge he'll jog:

The cadge to weigh, briad of The sheets belay, briad of the He does it with a wish; To heave the lead, the Corto cat head of the Head;

The pond'rous anchor fish: 1200d 1

For while the grog goes round, 14

All fense of danger drown'd, 14

We despise it to a man:

We fing a little, and laugh a little, And work a little, and fwear a little, And fiddle, a little, and foot it a little, And fwig the flowing can.

ें। राख्याक्षय के एक **उ**च्चा किर्देश कर नहीं, के सुन किर्नीय कर में कर कर है। . Motadi . 216-42 Is ha

If howling winds and roaring seas
Give proof of coming danger,
We view the storm, our hearts at ease,
For Jack's to sear a stranger;
Blest with the smiling grog, we sly,
Where now belowing a dark with
We headlong go,
Now rise on mountains high;
Spight of the gale,
We hand the sail,
Or take the needful rees,
Or man the deck,
To give the ship relief;

To clear to netweek, word of the give the ship relies: Though perils, threat ground, and Alli sance of danger's drown'd. The Weidespise it to a mandad HA

We fing a little, &c. liqkb ow

But yet think not our fate is hard,
Though floring at feathus treat us,
For coming home, a fweet reward,
With smiles our sweethearts greet us!

And sock elittle, of divers a little,

Now too the friendly grog we quaff, Our amorous toast, Her we love most.

And gaily fing and laugh? I 159Cl

The fails we furl,
Then for each girl
The petticoat display;
The deck we clear,
Then three times cheer,
As we her charms survey;
And then the grog goes round,
All sense of danger drown'd,
We despise it to a man:

Volume of the day of t

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In it is a residence of the contraction of the cont

We fing a little, &c.

BALLAD Mrs. Mountain

Dear Yanko fay, and true he fay, A All mankind, one and tother,
Negro, mulatto, and malay, of I

Through all the world be broder.

In black, in yellow, what difgrace,
That scandal so he use 'em?
For dere no virtue in de face,
De virtue in the bosom.

!Dear Yanko fay, o&crist JIA.

2

What harm dere in a shape or make?
What harm in ugly feature?
Whatever colour, form, he take,
The heart make human creature.

Then black and copper both be friend, No colour he bring beauty, For beauty Yanko fay attend On him who do him duty.

Dear Yanko say, &c.

BALLAD-Mr. JOHNSTONE.

For her infiban i ice you widow cry,

Sure 'ent the world a malquerade.
Sure 'ent the world a malquerade.
Wid thrugs and queer grimaces,
What in the world a malquerade with the world a malquer grimaces,
Where all mankind a roaring trade
Driveninderneath baresfaces? no I

Pray don't the lover, let me alk, and ried this by the lover, let me alk, and the lover, let me alk, a

Then join the general masquerade,

That men and manners traces,

To be sure the best masks that are made,

For cheating, 'ent bare saces.

7

Weigh yonder lawyer, I'll be bail, So able are his talents, The devil himfelf in tother fcale, Would quickly kick the balance:

See that friar to a novice preach,

To holiness to win her;

Their masks dropt off, what are they each?

He a taef and the a finner.

To be fure they 'ent, &c.

BALLAD-Etc. Johnsto E.

She'll never have another,

She'll never have another,

By my foul she weeps but wid one eye,

For she's leering wid the tother.

Yon courtier fee, who, in accrack

Will promise fifty places.

By my foul his friends scarce turn their back

But he laughs before their faces.

To be fure he don't, &c. T

er san joint **Ety N.15.** Can tail it.

o be threathe best mades that are made, For the anappearance care,

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ne Pleafures of the Chase; Nautical Jun Briwola	15.
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	~ 0 0
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1791.

587225

DRAMATIS PERSON Æ.

The Seraskier, Mr. Kelly.

Colonel Cohenberg, Mr. Palmer.

Krohnfeldt, - Mr. R. Palmer.

Ifmael - Mr. Fox. Yuseph, - Mr. Suett.

ela - - - -

Leopold, - Mr. Bannister, jun.

Peter, - Mr. Dignum.
Anselm, - Mr. Cook.

(Being his first Appearance on any Stage.)
Michael, - Mr. Holling sworth.

Soldier, - Mr. Dubois.

Catherine, - Mrs. Crouch.
Fatima, - Mifs Hagley.
Lilla, - - Signora Storace.
Ghita, - Mrs. Bland.

SONGS, CHORUSSES, &c.

ACT 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 fky;

And, like the pale Christians, leave Danube's fair stream,

To reflect our victorious crescent's bright beam.

AIR.

AIR. Lilla.

LOST, distrest, thus driven from home, Whither shall poor Lilla go! Wheresoe'er my steps may roam, Tyrant Power will prove my soe.

TRIO.

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

Afides

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. Seraskier.

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

Forbid it ye powers! to Love 'tis a treason; Yet Ambition affuming 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 Peafant.

DUET. Ghita and Peter.

Ghita. HOW the deuce I came to like you,
I am fure 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 fay, I too wonder,
Why to like you I'm inclin'd;
Tho' in love we're apt to blunder,
Love, you know, they fay is blind.

Ghita. You're ogling all the laffes.

Peter. You're fimp'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 befpoke 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 sullen pride, Envy joys to wealth denied; And as we trip with merry glee, Wish himself as poor as we.

The fprightly bells, &c.

SCENE. The outfide 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 fuspect 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 fapling 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. The Tent of the Serafkier.

AIR.

Lilla.

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 Ghita.

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

Serafkier.

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 $\begin{Bmatrix} fhe \\ I \end{Bmatrix}$ attended.

Let { her } not find a foe.

In what { has she have I } offended.

Alas! I do not know.

Seraskier.

In what you have offended, Diffembler well you know.

Lilla and Ghita.

On what will he refolve!

Lilla, Ghita, and Serafkier.

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

Lilla and Ghitas

Compassion thus intreating, In vain shall we implore?

Seraskier.

In vain shall they implores

Lilla and Ghita.

May pity forrow greeting, Our happiness restore.

Lilla, Ghita, 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 affail.

Chorus. So kindly, &c.

Leopold. Your highness please to hear me.

Lilla. Be filent, I beseech.

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

Peter. Oh, let us hear his speech.

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

Seraskier.

(9)

Seraskier. No filly compliments, I pray.

Lilla. To thank you I'd endeavour.

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

Chorus. So kindly, &c.

Serafkier. 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 bliss enjoying,
All fears of power annoying,
Your clemency destroying,
Now justice shall prevail.

END OF ACT I.

ACT 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 the loves,
With fympathy the counts my fighs.

Pleas'd with the strain the haples maid Repeats the unavailing moan; And while she lends her soothing aid, Laments my forrows 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 rifing figh, the frequent tear,
The flush of hope, the chilling fear:
So may the sympathetic foul,
Direct kind Fancy's wing
Where future hours in transport roll,
And love's rewards shall bring.

AIR, Seraskier.

CONFUSION! thus defeated! With bitter fcorn thus treated! Whatever thought pursuing, Where e'er I turn my eyes, Surrounding mists of ruin In darkening circles rife: 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 fcorn thus treated ! Whatever thought pursuing, Where e'er I turn my eyes, Surrounding mists of ruin In darkening circles rife.

SCENE. A Village.

DUET. .

Lilla and Ghita.

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. Ghita.

LOVE they call a gentle passion,
Boast its power to calm the breast;
I prefer the jealous fashion;
Sweets when dash'd with four 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.

LET me in true pleasure's mirrour

Tranquil view Love's placid form;

Free from every jealous terror,

Give me the calm—take you the storm.

SESTETT.

Lilla and Ghita. Night thus from me concealing
The form of him I love;
Oh let his voice revealing,
His truth my fears remove.

Seraskier and Ismael. Night thus from me concealing

The form of her I love;

Oh let her voice revealing,

Her truth my fears remove.

Lilla and Ghita. Oh heavens! the Seraskier!

Seraskier. A lover's accents hear.

With sympathetic passion

Fond Expectation cheer.

Lilla and Guita. Ah! fhou'd my husband hear us,

What cou'd poor $\left\{ {rac{Ghita}{Lilla}}
ight\}$ do.

Leopold and Peter. Hark! I'm fure there's fome one near us.

Peter.

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 fo near?

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

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

Whether they are friends or foes?

Jealous fears perplexing

Like whelming billows roll;

And wreck my tortur'd foul.

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 Cottages

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 feems,
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 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 preffing

Sacred to him they praise their sweet employ;
Ah! the fond heart whose passion they're expressing

Vibrates like them to love, but not to joya

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 III.

SCENE. The Serafkier'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 figh;
No more I drop the briny tear.
Hope's promis'd hour of bliss is near.
Yet dangers surrounding,
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 slashing, Mahomedans hashing.

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

You fee I am merry—you hear how I fing.

II.

That jade, Madam Lilla—that gipfey, 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 uneafy—I'm happy, you fee. Tol de rol, &c.

It can't make me uneafy-I'm happy, you fee.

SCENE. Yufeph's Houfe.

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 soam, They but endear my long lost home.

SCENE. The outfide 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:
Plaintiss, defendants—I sleec'd them all.
Great and small, sleec'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 nonfense-freedom's sweet :

Lilla. And we take our leave for ever,

Leopold. Never more again to meet.

Lilla. Never more.

Leopold. Never more.

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 fee 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 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 feek 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. In the Tomb.

Now for the battle! while preparing, We liften not to founds enfnaring.

Catharine.

For honour's fake, 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 fong of Triumph rife,
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 bliss for which so long we strove, The joys of victory and love!

Seraskier.

Vanquish'd I boast my victor brave, Light were the chains which Valour gave: More potent setters now I find, Kindness subdues his captive's mind.

CHORUS.

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

DUET. Lilla and Ghita.

Now while Music her strains most inviting,
Shall in sweet Gratitude's cause display;
Tho' untutor'd in skill so delighting,
Our heart-felt thanks let us humbly pay;
Strains so artless tho' we proffer,
Hearts o'erslowing zest the offer.
Now while Music, &c.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Now while Mufic, &c.

Leopold.

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

Lilla.

Happy Liberty's bleffings regaining, They infpiring our simple lays,

Ghita.

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

Lilla,

Strains fo artless.

Ghita.

Tho' we proffer.

Lilla.

Hearts o'erflowing,

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 fo 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.

FINIS.

CITOTOPE

And the first test as a series of the series

2 1 11 1 7

Richard Cœur de Lion.

AN

HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

MONS. SEDAINE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

THE SIXTH EDITION.

LONDON:

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Michael Con resolutions

MATURE US - ASIC

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ADVERTISEMENT.

IN adapting the following scenes to the English stage, no adventitious matter has been introduced: some liberty, however, has been taken in effecting the principal incident of the piece; the discovery of Richard's confinement being now given to Matilda in place of Blondel; as well to increase the interest of the situation, as to avoid the less affecting interposition of the heroine in the latter part of the drama.—The elegant author of this Romance will pardon a freedom which has been taken with no other view than that of giving the best assistance of our stage to his admired composition.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Richard,	-	Mr. Kelly.
Blondel,	-	Mr. BARRYMORE
Florestan,	-	Mr. Caulfield.
Sir Owen,		Mr. DIGNUM.
The Senefo	hal, —	Mr. PHILLIMORE
Antonio,	-	Mrs. Bland.
Guillot,		Mr. Suett.
Old Matthe		Mr. FAWCETT.
William, Owen)	(jervant to Sir)	Mr. BANKS.
A Pilgrim, Blondel)	, (the friend of)	Mr. WEBE.
	Soldiers, I	Peafants, &c.
Matilda,	(parameters)	Mrs. JORDAN.
Laurette,	generations	Mrs. Crouch.
Dorcas,	*	Mrs. Davies.
Julie,		Miss DE CAMP.

Richard Cœur de Lion.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

A View of a strong Castle, situated in a wild, mountainous Country—on one side a Ruslic Mansson-house—on the other, a Stone Seat.

During the Overture several Peasants pass over the Stage, with their working tools as returning from their labour.

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

COME fing, come dance,
To-morrow's the day;
Come fing, come dance,
Old Mathew's wedding day,
Yes, to-morrow you know,
To his house we shall go,
To drink and be gay,
To dance, sing, and play;
Away with all forrow
For joy comes to-morrow.

COLLETTE.

Nor fong, nor dance, nor joking, Can make me gay; Antonio—how provoking— Is far away.

C H O R U S.

Come, Collette, fing and play, For to-morrow's the day; Yes, to-morrow you know, To old Mathew's we go, To drink and be gay, To dance, fing, and play; Away with all forrow, For joy comes to-morrow.

OLD MATHEW.

I am happy, I swear,
My Dorcas, my dear,
To think that to-morrow is our wedding day.

DORCAS.

Tho' we're fixty years old,

Let the young ones behold,

Our age, like our youth, is contented and gay.

CHORUS.

Come fing, come dance,
To-morrow's the day;
Come fing, come dance,
Old Mathew's wedding day.
Yes, to-morrow you know,
To his house we shall go,
To drink and be gay,
To dance, fing, and play;
Away with all forrow,
For joy comes to-morrow.

[Exeunt.

MATILDA after the last Chorus enters, led in by
ANTONIO.

MATILDA.

Antonio: what founds were those; surely they were singing.

ANTONIO.

It is only the villagers who are returning from the fields: the fun is fetting, and they have done their work.

MATILDA.

Where are we now, my little guide?

ANTONIO.

You are not far from a great old castle, with towers and battlements, And there now, if you had your fight, you might see two soldiers on the walls with their cross-bows.

MATILDA.

I am fadly tir'd.

ANTONIO.

Stay—this way—here is a ftone—it is made into a feat—what a pity you cannot fee the prospect! tho' so wild, it is said to be as fine as any in all Germany. (they sit down) Now just opposite to us is a very well looking house, 'tis a farm, but as good as any gentleman's.

MATILDA.

Then go, my little friend, and find out whether we can lodge there to-night.

ANTONIO.

I will, and no doubt you may. The owner is a foreigner, from England, as they fay; and though he is very paffionate, all the village fay he is very goodnatur'd. (going; returns) But shall I find you here when I come back?

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

MATILDA.

Yes, truly, you may be pretty fure of that; those can't see are not over fond of wandering. But you will not fail to return.

ANTONIO.

No, that I won't. (gaing, stops) But, Sir, there is fomething I have been wanting all day to tell you.

MATILDA.

Well, Antonio-What is it?

ANTONIO.

Why it is-it is-oh! I am fo forry-

MATILDA.

Speak, Child !-tell me what is it?

ANTONIO.

Why it is—and it vexes me fadly—that it will not be in my power to be your guide to-morrow.

MATILDA.

How fo, my little friend?

ANTONIO.

I must go to a wedding.—My grandfather and grandmother keep their wedding-day to-morrow, and my grandson, who is their brother—

MATILDA.

Your grandson-Have you a grandson, Antonio?

ANTONIO.

No—their grandson, who is my brother, that's it—is to be married at the same time, to a sweet pretty little girl of the village.

MATILDA.

But what will become of me without a guide?

ANTONIO.

Oh! I'll engage fome one for you, I'll warrant;

and you may contrive to come to the wedding, and join in the music, while we dance. We'll manage, never fear.

MATILDA,

You love dancing, Antonio?

S O N G.

ANTONIO.

ı.

The merry dance I dearly love,

For then Collette thy hand I feize,
And press it too whene'er I please,
And none can see, and none reprove;
Then on thy cheek quick blushes glow,
And then we whisper soft and low,

Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

II.

She's fweet fifteen, I'm one year more,
Yet flill we are too young, they fay,
But we know better, fure, than they,
Youth fhould not liften to threefcore;
And I'm refolv'd I'll tell her fo,
When next we whifper foft and low,
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

Exit.

MATILDA.

Antonio!—he is gone—now then I may fafely use my fight. (Takes the bandage from ber eyes.) A fortress indeed—there are towers, and moats, and battlements. They say it is strongly guarded, and almost inaccessible. It's appearance at least justifies the report that was made to me; for in this wild, and sequester'd spot, such a pile could only be employed to hide some mighty captive.—Oh Richard! my hero! my belov'd! what hardships may you

5

not be enduring: nor have you even the fad confolation to know that your faithful Matilda, exiled for her love to you, has abandoned every hope and duty, and in this poor and base disguise, pursues your name, and wanders through the world; but here my cares and search shall end. If my foreboding soul misleads me, and this spot affords no tidings of its Lord, then, if my heart breaks not, in the near convents cell, I'll hide my woes and shame for ever.

S O N G.

MATILDA.

Oh, Richard! oh, my love!
By the faithless world forgot;
I alone in exile rove,
To lament thy hapless lot.
I a'one of all remain
To unbind thy cruel chain,
By the faithless world forgot;
I, whose bosom sunk in grief,
Least have strength to yield relief.

Delusive glory! faithless pow'r!
Thus the valiant you repay,
In disasters heavy hour,
Faithless friendship's far away.
Yet, royal youth,
One faithful heart,
From tenderest truth,

Oh, Richard! oh, my love!
By the faithless world forgot;
I alone in exile rove,
To lament thy hapless lot.

Tho' hopeless, never shall depart.

But I hear a noise; I must resume my disguise.

SIR OWEN. (Speaking without)

I'll teach you to bring letters to my daughter.

ENTER SIR OWEN AND GUILLOT, AND LAURETTE,

GUILLOT.

Sir, 'twas the Governor fent me.

SIR OWEN.

The Governor !-- what's the Governor to me?

QUARTETTO.

MATILDA, GUILLOT, SIR OWEN, AND LAURETTE.

SIR OWEN.

What care I for the Governor?

MATILDA.

Oh! should it be this Governor. (aside.)

GUILLOT.

He fent me, I knew no better,
———with the letter.

SIR OWEN.

My daughter listen to his art, What my Laurette So far forget

The modest virgin's duteous part.

—And thou—I pray, (to Guillot)
Good knave, shall I the postage pay?

GUILLOT.

No, Sir, indeed, There is no need, I'm gone with speed.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

SIR OWEN.

Pray tell your Governor,

His hopes are vain

Laurette to gain.

His Lordship is by far too good,

And I wou'd thank him if I cou'd.

MATILDA.

If of this castle he should be The Governor—what joy for me. (aside)

GUILLOT.

Yet he's my Lord the Governor.

SIR OWEN.

What's he to me, your Governor;

Begone, I say,

You'd best not say;

And you, if ever I discover—(To Laurette, who comes forward.)

You lend an ear
To this defigning lover,
Then, then, you shall have cause to fear.

MATILDA.

Ah! should it be, what joy for me. (afide)

Come, come, my friends, no quarrel, pray, (to them)

Your anger cease,

Keep, keep the peace.

LAURETTE.

What can this be, I never fee The Governor.

MATILDA.

Ah! should it be this Governor, Ah! should it be, what joy for me. (aside) Come, come, my friends, no quarrel, pray.

Your anger cease, Keep, keep the peace. &c.

[Exit Guillot.

SIR OWEN:

Get into the house—in I say. (Exit Laurette.) She tells me she never sees him-that she never speaks to him, and yet he writes to her. The Governor is a very civil gentleman, only he wants to run away with my daughter-and she is very obedient to her fatheronly she'll do nothing I bid her-I should like to know what all this is now. (looking at the letter) The Governor writes a military hand-his letters edge out a Cheveux de frize fashion-all zig-zag-like his own fortification—I can't make any way thro' it—I wish I had fomebody to decifer it .- Oh! here's a fort of an outlandish lad-I may trust him. Youngster-can you read?

MATILDA.

Oh! yes; Sir .-

SIR OWEN.

Well then read me this. (Gives the letter.)

MATILDA.

Oh indeed Sir! I could once, but the cruel Saracens—

SIR OWEN.

The Saracens-what did the Saracens do to you?

MATILDA.

The cruel monsters put out my eyes, having taken me prisoner in a great battle, where I was page to a CapCI

Captain in King Richard's army! But have you not feen a little boy?

SIR OWEN.

Yes.

MATILDA.

'Tis he who guides me—He can read, and will do whatever you bid him. (returning the letter.)

SIR OWEN.

Oh! here he comes I believe.

ENTER ANTONIO

MATILDA.

Antonio, is that you?

ANTONIO.

Yes, 'tis I.

MATILDA.

Take the letter which the gentleman here will give you, and read it aloud to him.

ANTONIO, reading.

" Beautiful Lauretta,

SIR OWEN.

Pshaw!

ANTONIO.

"Beautiful Laurette, my heart overflows with extacy and gratitude, for the kind affurances you give me of eternal affection."

SIR OWEN.

Eternal affection—and that puts him into an extacy—very well.

MATILDA.

Pray let him go on.

ANTONIO.

"If my attendance on the prisoner whom I must not quit"

SIR

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

SIR OWEN.

So much the better.

MATILDA.

The prisoner! (aside.)

ANTONIO.

"If my attendance on the prisoner, whom I is not quit, would suffer me to go out during the day "—I would hasten to throw myself"—

SIR OWEN.

Into the ditch of your caftle I hope.

MATILDA.

Whom I must not quit. (aside.)—Read on quickly.
—(to Antonio.)

ANTONIO.

"I wou'd hasten to throw myself at your feet.—But if this night"—here are some words blotted out.

MATILDA.

Well, what follows.

ANTONIO.

"Contrive fome means to inform me, at what hour "I may fpeak to you. Your tender, faithful, and "eternally constant,

"FLORESTAN."

SIR OWEN.

Here's a damn'd Governor for you Oh! if I had him in England on the top of Penmanmawr.

MATILDA.

What !- Are you a Briton then ?

SIR OWEN.

Yes, I am, Sir, and an enemy to flaves of course, in love, or out.

MATILDA.

Glorious nation! But how comes it, Sir, that you are fettled fo far from your native country?

SIR OWEN.

Oh! that's too long a flory to tell you, but it would not have happen'd it I hadn't gone to the Crusades at Palestine.

MATILDA.

What, under the brave Richard?

SIR OWEN.

Brave! a ye! I wou'd follow him to the world's end —my ruin was no fault of his.—Well you must know, that when I returned from Palestine, I found my father was dead——

MATILDA.

He was very old perhaps.

SIR OWEN.

No—but he was flain by a neighbour of his in fingle combat.

MATILDA.

What was the dispute?

SIR OWEN.

A rabbit—My father shot a rabbit on the right side of a hedge, where his neighbour contended he was entitled only to shoot on the left.—So he slew my father, and I reveng'd his death.

ANTONIO.

So there was two men kill'd for one rabbit.

MATILDA.

Of course—you fled—

SIR OWEN.

Yes, with my daughter and wife, who is fince dead— 'my caftle and my lands were forfeited—and after fighting her battles, I was fentenc'd by my ungrateful country——

MATILDA

A hard and ill return indeed

SIR OWEN.

No fuch thing, Sir.—'Twas justice, tho' severe; I suffer no man to abuse my country, but myself.

MATILDA.

Heaven forbid I shou'd traduce it.—But, Sir, one request.

SIR OWEN. (looking out.)

It must be they—stay good youth—I see some friends whom I expect. If you wish refreshment—the poor and friendless are never driven from my door. [Exit.

ENTER LAURETTE. (from the house.)

LAURETTE.

Pray, good youth, tell me what my father has been faying to you.

MATILDA.

Are you the pretty Laurette?

LAURETTE.

Yes, Sir.

MATILDA.

Your father is very angry—he knows the contents of that letter from the Chevalier Florestan.

LAURETTE.

Yes—Florestan is his name—and did you read the letter to my father?

MATILDA.

No-not I-I am blind, alas!-it was my little guide.

ANTONIO.

Yes, but didn't you bid me read it?

Tretires.

LAURETTE.

Oh! I wish you had not done so.

MATILDA.

Some other person wou'd.

LAURETTE. .

That's true—and what did the letter fay?

MATILDA.

It fays that on account of the prisoner in that castle—and who is that prisoner?

LAURETTE.

Oh!-no one knows who it is.

MATILDA.

The Chevalier cannot come to throw himfelf a. your feet.

LAURETTE.

Poor Florestan!

MATILDA.

But that this night—

LAURETTE.

This night!

SONG.

LAURETTE.

Oh! wou'd the night my blushes hide,
The truth to thee I wou'd confide.
Yes, yes, I own 'tis true,
When e'er his eyes I meet

When e'er his eyes I meet,
I feel my heart begins to beat,
It beats, and trembles too.

But when my hand he gently preffes,
A struggling sigh I fear confesses,
Ah! more than blushes cou'd impart,
And more than words betrays my heart.

Oh! wou'd the night my blushes hide, The truth to thee I wou'd confide.

Yes, yes, I own 'tis true,
When e'er his eyes I meet,
I feel my heart begins to beat,
It beats and trembles too.

MATILDA.

You love him then, Laurette?

LAURETTE.

Oh most dearly, that I do, day and night, truly and sincerely.

MATILDA.

And do you not fear to own it?

LAURETTE.

No, not to you. You feem kind and tender-hearted, and you speak gently to me; and then you cannot see me. Whether I blush or not—and so—I am not afroid.

MATILDA.

Pretty Laurette!

LAURETTE.

But who told you I was pretty?

MATILDA.

Alas, being blind, I guess only by the voice; the foftness and sweetness of that is beauty to me. But let me counsel you, my innocent. These knights, these men of high descent, beware of them; when they seem most devoted to your beauty, they are least forgetful of their own rank, and the nobleness of your soul is overlook'd by the pride of their own high birth.

LAURETTE.

Well!

MATILDA:

Well!—Why then their love must be deceit, and their purpose to betray.—

LAURETTE.

But my birth is not inferior to his, tho' my father is now in banishment.

MATILDA.

No !- and does he know it?

LAURETTE.

Yes; and never talks to me but in words of goodness and honour: and if it wasn't that my father is so passionate, I shou'd have told him every thing long ago.

MATILDA.

And wou'd you, before you have inform'd your father, meet this man whom you love so, and converse with him, and in the night too Listen to me:

AIR.

A I R.

MATILDA AND LAURETTE.

MATILDA.

The god of love a bandeau wears, Wou'd you know what it declares, And why his eyes are clouded; 'Tis to shew us that his pow'r Is ne'er so fatal, ne'er so sure, As when in darkness shrowded.

LAURETTE.

Good Sir, repeat that pretty strain, Pray, again, again. A lesson kind it does impart, To guard against a lover's art.

MATILDA.
With all my heart.

The god of love a bandeau wears, Wou'd you know what it declares, And why his eyes are clouded; 'Tis to shew you that his pow'r Is ne'er so fatal, ne'er so fure, As when in darkness shrowded.

LAURETTE.

Look, there are two pilgrims meeting my father—fee—he embraces one of them—fure, those cannot be the visitors he expected—I must go—

MATILDA.

A moment, Laurette—I have fomething to fay to you.

LAURETTE.

About Florestan?

MATILDA.

No!

LAURETTE.

Oh! then I can't stay. [Exit, into the house.

MATILDA.

They are coming this way. I can't retire till my guide comes.

ENTER SIR OWEN, BLONDEL, AND PILGRIM.

SIR OWEN.

My brave friend, how rejoiced I am to fee you.—You are well difguifed indeed; I myself should never have guess'd it was Blondel.

MATILDA.

Blondel! what do I hear. (Aside.)

BLONDEL.

Caution, my Friend. My fearch would be fruitless indeed, should I be discovered.—And see.

(Pointing to Matilda.)

SIR OWEN.

It is a poor blind youth, a wandering minstrel who diverts the peasants.

MATILDA.

Shall I play, worthy gentleman? I have a ditty made by a royal lover, on the lady whom he lov'd. (Plays.)

SIR OWEN.

Why are you so much astonished?

BLONDEL.

That was made by my gallant master—prithee go (She plays again.)

-BLONDEL.

BLONDEL.

Oh! how it reminds me of happy days!—Tell me, boy—where cou'd you learn that tune?

MATILDA.

I was taught it by a fervant of King Richard's camp, who faid he had heard the King himself sing to it.

BLONDEL.

Even so;—he made it for the lovely and unfortunate Matilda; unfortunate indeed!—for passing thro' Artois, I learn'd that she had lest her father's court, and sled almost alone, upon the rumour that the royal Richard had been treacherously seized as he return'd from Palestine.—O! if her gallant Monarch yet lives, sure heaven will guide some of those who seek him, to the prison that immures him.

SIR OWEN.

Perhaps the fair Matilda alone has had intelligence.

BLONDEL.

O! no—But yesterday I pass'd the Seneschal's, her father's trusty friend, who with a chosen band of troops was fearching to reclaim her; and he had learn'd, that stript of her companions by perfidy or death—deprived she had sought the sadder prison of a monastry.

MATILDA.

The Seneschal so near. (Aside.) Gracious, Sir, is my music has pleas'd you, will you entreat your kind host to lodge this night a harmless minstrel, who lost his precious sight in Palestine, and I will play all night to soothe you.

BLONDEL.

Poor youth.—He will I doubt not. (Makes figns to Antonio, who leads Matilda off.)

SIR OWEN.

I had refused him only from the caution I thought due to you. But come, you must forget the Pilgrim awhile, we'll in to supper soon—in the mean time I'll sing you a song, and these my rustic neighbours shall join the chorus.

ENTER PEASANTS.

SONG.

SIR OWEN.

I.

Let the Sultan Saladin
Play the rake in Palestine;
While he claims his subjects duty,
He's himself a slave to beauty,
Wearing baser chains than they.
Well! well!
Every man must have his way:

Every man must have his way;
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

CHORUS.

But to my poor way of thinking, There's no joy like drinking,

II.

Cœur de Lion loves the wars, Richard's joy is blows and fcars; Conquer'd Pagans fly before him, Christian warriors all adore him, Watching, marching night and day. Well! well!

Every man must have his way; But to my poor way of thinking, There's no joy like drinking.

CHORUS.

But to my poor way of thinking, There's no joy like drinking.

III.

You too, Pilgrims, love your trade,
You recruit the bold crufade,
Making zealors crofs the ocean
In a fit of fierce devotion;
Pilgrims love to fast and pray.
Well! well!

Every man must have his way;
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

CHORUS.

But to my poor way of thinking, There's no joy like drinking.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Chamber in the Castle.

ENTER RICHARD AND FLORESTAN.

RICHARD.

Florestan!

FLORESTAN.

Sire!

RICHARD.

Your fortune is in your power.

FLORESTAN.

Sire! my honour is.

RICHARD.

Honour! to a traitor!—a base! perfidious—

FLORESTAN.

Did I believe him so, I would not serve him; and not believing, I must not listen, where I dare not answer.

RICHARD.

But, Florestan [Florestan bows, and exit.

RICHARD.

Oh God!—oh mifery!—Is this to be my lot for ever!—Am I doom'd, by a vile traitor's craft, to wear my life away in ignominious bondage!—but Richard is forgot, deferted by his people—by the whole world! (he looks on a picture,)—Image of her I love!—come—O calm!—confole my heart!—
No—thou doft redouble all my griefs—thou art my despair.—Oh death! I call on thee—thy dart along can break my chains! my freedom is my grave!

SONG.

RICHARD.

Lost to the world, forgot, forlorn,
In vain to me returns the morn,
That brings no more my glorious toils;
Yet bless the beams that give to fight
This image of my soul's delight,
This heaven of soothing smiles.

Vain is the thought of former power, To foothe the prefent mournful hour; Oh death! be thou my friend, Hopeless I live, my forrows end.

Exit.

END OF ACT I.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

The Theatre represents the inner Works of an old Fortification. Towards the Front is a Terrace inclosed by Rails and a Fosse; and so situated, that when Richard appears upon it, he cannot see Matilda, who is upon the outer Parapet.

The time, the dawn of day.

Soldiers lower a draw-bridge—which they cross, and leave a centinel on each side.

ENTER RICHARD AND FLORESTAN.

FLORESTAN.

THE morning breaks—the fresh air is lighten'd by the dawn—profit of it, Sire, for your health's sake.—Within an hour your guards must do their duty, and you will be again secluded from the day.

[Exit.

[Richard walks to the farther end of the terrace, and remains in a posture of deep despair.] Enter MATILDA and ANTONIO on the other side the .Fosse and Parapet.

MATILDA.

Antonio, stay awhile; here on this rising ground we'll rest—I love to feel the pure fresh air—it is the balmy breath of morn, whispering the sun's approach. Where are we now?

ANTONIO.

Close to the parapet of the castle which you bid me bring you to [Matilda offering to get upon the Parapet.]

Ah! don't attempt to get upon it—you'll fall into a great most on the other side and be drown'd.

MATILDA.

Indeed! Well, here kind boy—take this money, and go buy fomething for us that we may breakfast,

ANTONIO.

You have given me a great deal—

MATILDA. .

Keep for yourfelf what is too much.

ANTONIO.

Oh, thank you!—and pray take care not to go too near the moat.

[Exit.

MATILDA.

When you return we will walk to some shade—shall we?—You don't answer me—he is gone—and nearly out of sight—how quickly youth executes a willing duty.—Now then, (lifts up the Bandeau, and raises herself on the Parapet.] Ah! not nearer!—

[RICHARD returns to the front of the Terrace.]

RICHARD.

A year - a year is pass'd! hope is exhausted!

MATILDA.

How fill! how filent.—Sure if those walls enclose him, my voice may reach their deepest recesses.—O! if he is here he will remember the strain—'twas the offering of his earliest love in happy days—of love for her, who now uncertain of his fate—yet shares his misery.

RICHARD.

No chearing thought! no glimmering ray of confolation.—O memory!—O Matilda!

[MATILDA Plays.]

RICHARD.

What founds !—heavens !—the very strain I once—O let me hear—

MATILDA Sings.

- " One night in fickness lying,
- A prey to grief and pain.

RICHARD.

O God, that voice!

MATILDA Sings.

- " When aid of man was vain,
- " And hope and life were flying,
- "Then came my mistress to my bed,
- "And Death and Pain and Sorrow fled."

 (She flops and raifes herself to listen.)

RICHARD, while she sings, having expressed the extremes of surprize, hope, and joy, seems to endeavour to recall to his memory the rest of the ditty, and recollecting it, answers.

RICHARD Sings.

- "The gentle tears foft falling
 - " Of her whom I adore,
- " My tender hopes recalling,
 - " Did life and love reftore."

MATILDA during this answer appears greatly agitated;
, she even appears almost fainting.

MATILDA Sings.

- " A mighty king doth languish,
 - " Within a prison's gloom;
 - "Ah! could I share his doom,
- " Ah! could I foothe his anguish."

RICHARD.

Is it Matilda?

RICHARD Sings.

- " Could I but view Matilda's eyes,
- " Fortune, thy frowns I should despise.

TOGETHER.

RICHARD.

MATILDA.

- "The gentle tears foft falling | "My gentle tears fast falling,
 "Of her fo long ador'd, "For him so long ador'd,
- " My tender hopes recalling, "Histender hopes recalling,
 - "Have love and life re"flor'd,"
 "Have love and life re"flor'd,"

After MATILDA has repeated the strain, shewing great joy, FLORESTAN and SOLDIERS appear. FLORES-TAN requests the King to retire into the castle—he does so; while another party seize MATILDA, and passing a draw-bridge, bring her into the front of the works.

DUO AND CHORUS.

MATILDA, GUARDS, &c.

CHORUS. SOLDIERS.

Speak quickly, quickly, who art thou?
Who fent thee here? Whence come, and how?

MATILDA.

Are you strangers passing near, Pleas'd, perhaps, my fong to hear?

CHORUS.—SOLDIERS.
To prison straight, to prison straight,
There he may sing early and late.

MATILDA.

Ah, good Sir, no anger, pray, With pity hear what I've to fay! The Saracens, fo fierce in fight, Have depriv'd me of my fight, And shut me from the blessed light.

CHORUS. SOLDIERS.

'Tis well for thee,
For could'st thou see,
Thou should'st die by our decree.

MATILDA.

I know not what this anger's for, I've business with the Governor; 'Tis of moment you will see, And he should know it instantly.

CHORUS.

CHORUS .- SOLDIERS.

You know not what our anger's for, And wou'd fpeak with the Governor?

MATILDA.

'Tis of moment, you will fee, And he should know it instantly.

CHORUS .- SOLDIERS.

Well, you shall see the Governor,
He'll tell you what our anger's for!
But since your business is of weight,
We'll suspend a while your fate.
Hark!—he comes, the Governor;
And now take heed, take heed, pert youth,

To tell the truth;
For if you lie,
If you lie to the Governor,
Your fate is fix'd, you furely die.

ENTER FLORESTAN.

MATILDA.

Where is the Governor?

FLORESTAN.

Here!

MATILDA.

On which fide?

FLORESTAN.

Here!---

. MATILDA.

I have fomething of importance to communicate to

FLORESTAN.

Attempt no trifling, or you perish that instant.

MATILDA.

Ah Sir! these who have lost their sight, are half depriv'd of life already!—Is it for a poor blind minstre! like me to attempt to deceive you?

FLORESTAN.

Speak then.

MATILDA.

Are we alone?—Now I think my device can't fail. (Afide.)

FLORESTAN.

Retire. (foldiers retire.) We are.

MATILDA.

Then, Sir, the lovely Laurette.

FLORESTAN.

Speak lower. You may stand farther off. (to the foldiers). (Matilda expresses her joy at the success of her plan.)

MATILDA.

The beauteous Laurette, Sir, has read to me the letter you fent her yesterday; in which you express your joy at her confessing her love for you, and press so much for an opportunity to speak with her.

FLORESTAN.

Well my good friend, and what fays she?

MATILDA.

She fays you may fafely call at her father's house this evening, at any hour you please.

FLORESTAN.

At her father's house!

MATILDA.

Yes; fhe fays her father has some friends with him, to whom he means to give a sête, and takes the opportunity of a wedding in the neighbourhood to invite all the village to his house, where there will be nothing but feasting, dancing, and merriment; during which, Laurette says, she will find means to speak with you; and you may easily make a pretence for the visit.

FLORESTAN.

Tell her I will not fail—but how come she to employ you in this business?—you are blind.

MATILDA.

The less likely to be suspected—she loves to hear me play and sing—and she has been so generous to me, I would risk any thing to serve her—besides, I brought a little guide with me.

FLORESTAN.

You have manag'd extremely well—and the noise you made, I suppose was on purpose to be brought before me.—

MATILDA.

For what could it be else?—But with your guards for sooth, I was a spy, a lurking emissary, trying to discover who was imprison'd here—ha! ha!—

FLORESTAN.

Ha! ha! ha! ridiculous enough!—But you have really done it very well—Here is a purse for—[offers, money,]

MATILDA:

Pardon good Governor—should any one be near, and observe that you reward me, they will suspect something——

FLORESTAN.

'Tis very true. (he croffes by her.)

MATILDA.

But Mr. Governor, left they should-

FLORESTAN.

Well!

MATILDA.

O, you are on that fide—I fay, left they should guess at my errand, hadn't you better feem angry, and so reprimand me, and send me back.

FLORESTAN - (Signs to the Soldiers to come down.)

You are right—upon my life this is a very clever lad—tho' he is blind.

DIALOGUE and CHORUS.

MATILDA.

Sir, to blame me is most hard, For the noise pray blame the guard,

FLORESTAN.

They should not send such foolish boys, For such a message—such a noise.

CHORUS. SOLDIERS.

Silence fellow, and begone, 'Twas you alarm'd the garrifon.

Enter

Enter ANTONIO frighten'd and crying.

ANTONIO.

Ah! good Sir, forgive him pray,
Ah! hear with pity what I fay;
The Saracens fo fierce in fight,
Have deprived him of his fight,
And shut him from the blessed light.

CHORUS.—SOLDIERS. (TO MATILDA.)
Tis well for thee,
For could'ft thou fee,
Thou had'ft died by our decree.
So hafte away,
Begone I fay,
And if again we catch you here,
Be affur'd 'twill coft you dear.

MATILDA.
Sirs, I believe ye,
Nor will deceive ye,
Never more will I appear,
Never more offend you here.

ANTONIO.
In truth if here
He does appear,
It shall be
Without me.

END OF ACT II.

1 1.00

A C T III.

SCENE I.

A great Hall in SIR OWEN'S House,

BLONDEL and FRIEND with SIR OWEN.

BLONDEL.

Y friend, I wou'd without profession trespass on your hospitality, but in truth, we must away—our search I do perceive is fruitless here—and till I learn some tidings of my royal master's state, I cannot tarry for mirth's sake—therefore we leave you to your rural guests, and may gay content be with you.

SIR OWEN.

I cannot blame your haste, the I lament it—yet one night methinks—you will see gay pastimes, and simple jollity, but such as will divert you, believe me; and see here is my little pratter Julie will join in my request.

Enter Julie.

[She is going to speak, but seeing the Strangers, she runs to SIR OWEN and whispers him.]

SIR OWEN.

Surely my child.—She tells me she has a song which she must sing to-night after the dance, if I approve it.

JULIE.

Oh, Sir—but it was to be a secret—you were not to have said a word about it yet.

SIR OWEN.

No !—well, they will not betray you—they are going to leave us Julie—can't you perfuade them to flay.

JULIE

They look fo grave, I am afraid of them.

SIR OWEN.

Oh! go-try.

JULIE. [goes to Blondel and takes his hand.]

Pray Sir, don't leave us; how can you think of going away when we are all going to be fo merry.

BLONDEL.

We are very forry, my pretty hostes, that it must

JULIE.

But indeed you shall not go—for if you go away, my father will have no one to talk to while we are all dancing and running about.

SIR OWEN.

You little rogue, how do you know but I intend to dance myfelf.

JULIE.

Lord, Sir, that wou'd be pleafant—ha! ha! I should like to see you dance!

SIR OWEN.

Well you are very good however, Julie, to wish me to be some way amused—it is very considerate in you.

JULIE.

Yes, Sir, because then you wou'd have something else to do than to mind us—

SIR OWEN.

So !--very well innocent!

JULIE.

Then pray gentlemen don't go—let me intreat you to flay for our festival.

SONG.

JULIE.

Τ.

Let me, gentle Pilgrim, entreat you comply,
I'm fure by your looks you cannot long deny;
Kind Sir we beg you'll deign to flay,
To hail with glee our wedding day,
All on the green, with garlands fresh and fair,
Oh! what delight, wou'd you our passimes share.

With dance and fong We'll join the throng

And banish every care;

For fuch a theme,
Tho' young I feem,
Yet fing I may one tender lay.
Oh! Love, O! gentlest pow'r,
Smile on the wedding hour.

II.

You see, my dear father, tho' young I can please, The pilgrim will stay, I have won him with ease:

Yes, yes, I'm fure, he can't fay nay, We all shall keep this holyday;

Then on the green, your pleasure to enhance, If you but think to Julie to advance,

Altho' not yet

Tall as Laurette,

I think you'll own I can dance.

With sprightly step
I'll bound, I'll leap,
And sing all day
That happy lay,
O! Love, O! gentle pow'r,
Smile on the wedding hour.

ENTER SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Sir, the Seneschal is come, leaving his troops above the wood; with a few followers, he waits impatiently to speak to you——

SIR OWEN.

I come. (Exit Servant.) My friends it shall not be farewell, yet; I will return.

[Exit, leaving Julie, who looks back, and makes figns to Blondel not to leave them.

FRIEND.

You still avoid being known to the Seneschal.

BLONDEL.

Perhaps I may fafely disclose myself; but wherefore, if Richard———

ENTER SERVANT.

SERVANT.

There is a youth without, who fays he must be admitted to you.

BLONDEL.

To me?

SERVANT.

He that you heard play and fing yesterday.

BLONDEL.

Pray let him come. [Exit Servant. And after we will purfue our journey.

ENTER MATILDA.

MATILDA.

How Sir? Did you doubt to see me? I have spent the

111111

the day requesting it. You shou'd not have paus'd upon it, but hear me, and alone.—

BLONDEL:

I knew not your defire fooner—but how is this good youth—you were blind yesterday?

MATILDA.

True; and ought I not to bless heaven, that the first object which presents itself to my restor'd fight is Blondel!

BLONDEL.

Ha !--you know me then ?

MATILDA.

Yes;—and can it be that you prepare to fly from hence? O! has no powerful impulse work'd upon your heart? has no instinctive warning check'd the ill-guided purpose, stir'd in your alarm'd bosom, and chid the rash desertion of your valor's duty? Then perish royal Richard! waste on proud soul, in base captivity—thy careless friends pass by thy prison gates, and man and heaven desert thee!

BLONDEL.

What can this mean? my royal master ----

MATILDA.

Blondel—your king—your leader—your friend—pass but these gates and you behold his prison—but hold—

[Enter SIR OWEN Speaking to the SENESCHAL and two KNIGHTS.]

SIR OWEN.

Nay, but the youth you speak of, is-

SENESCHAL.

Matilda my noble mistres! (kneels) thus let me excuse the abrupt intrusion of my duty

· BLONDEL.

Matilda!

MATILDA.

Rife Seneschal!—Yes, Matilda—a fugitive from all she ow'd her station and a fathers love—but tell them peerless Richard was the cause—and tell them too, that heaven at length has sanction'd what resistless love resolv'd—away reserve—Seneschal I know your zeal, and firm attachment to your master's friend—Sir Owen your monarch is in chains—and you are a Briton—

SIR OWEN.

We will deliver him, or die!

[While the symphony plays, some of the Seneschal's party go out and return with more of their friends, to whom they seem to relate what has pass'd as they range themselves behind Matilda.]

DIALOGUE and CHORUS.

MATILDA.

Ye Cavaliers, yon castle drear,' Great Richard is a pris'ner there.

CAVALIERS.

Strange the tidings that you bring, Great Richard—England's mighty King!

MATILDA.

Ye Cavaliers, yon castle drear, Great Richard is a pris'ner there.

CAVALIERS.

Can it be what you relate?
Who explor'd the monarch's fate?

MATILDA.

'Twas I, with fong and veiled eyes, Approach'd the walls in fafe difguise; His voice I heard—Ah! doubt ye yet? And cou'd my heart that voice forget. No, Cavaliers, you castle drear, King Richard is a pris'ner there. But long a pris'ner shall he be, Whom love and valour join to free?

CAVALIERS.

Not long a pris'ner shall he be.

Let us arm;

Here we swear to set him free.

Give th' alarm!

BLONDEL.

Hafte is vain;

'Tis prudence must his freedom gain; Prudence must your rage restrain.

CAVALIERS.

Let us arm.

MATILDA.

Blondel, check the rash alarm. What shou'd be done, oh, quickly tell; Cavaliers, oh listen to Blondel.

CAVALIERS.

Blondel! Blondel! it is Blondel.

MATILDA.

Yes, Cavaliers, it is Blondel, The friend of Richard-mark him well.

BLONDEL.

Let our deeds our friendship tell In the battle-mark Blondel.

CAVALLERS, Lod I Z

· Let us arm, &c. &c. &c. L. On. 101 .. 101 ...

MATILDA: Tabil. 7 2.

Oh, now you give me life-O generous Sir Owen-O faithful Blondel !- and you my gallant friends .-But thanks wou'd wrong you—the cause is your's.

SENESCHAL.

No moment must be lost; the troops I head, select and brave, though small their number, will attempt at least whatever you command.

AL OLA

BLONDEL, AT A

Our cause and valour shall supply the rest.

MATILDA.

You, Sir Owen, know this Governor. Is he a man whom gold—

SIR OWEN.

I must be just. He's one whom neither fear nor interest will sway.

BLONDEL.

Then force alone's our hope.

MATILDA.

Attend a moment.——Sir Owen, Florestan is appriz'd, that you intend this night a rural feast; he means to be partaker of your mirth, in hopes of speaking with Laurette.

SIR OWEN.

How!

MATILDA.

I cannot now explain this; but be affured he will be here. Some chosen guards may then surround him, and demand the king's deliverance. If he refuses—

BLONDEL.

Then to arms!—Here indeed is hope. Seneschal direct your men to pass the wood, and nearer the morass attend our signal. Let us prepare and arm.

[Exeunt Blondel, Seneschal, and Cavaliers.

MATILDA.

The just avenger of the brave inspire and guide you!

ENTER LAURETTE AND SERVANTS.

LAURETTE.

My father, your village friends will be here straight, and the music is not yet come—then how shall we dance?

SIR OWEN.

They will be here my child—fear not my dear Laurette. (Sir Owen feems to give directions to the fervants.)

LAURETTE.

My dear Laurette, so! he's not angry with me now —my dear father (to Sir Owen) now I am happy! only I wish Florestan cou'd be here to night.

MATILDA - (afide)

Charming Laurette! but I dare not trust her yet— 'tis happy, however, that the course we have determin'd on, is free from any peril to Florestan—in the midst of my own anxieties, I am interested for her happiness.

[Matilda goes to Laurette and talks to ber. Laurette expresses surprise at seeing her no longer blind.]

SIR OWEN.

And mark me, you William, fet my old buckler and great fword in my closet,

WILLIAM.

Sir they'll be cumbersome to dance in.

SIR OWEN.

Fellow do as I bid you. (pushes him out) Oh, more lights here in the hall—and d'ye hear—be ready to welcome

come all comers—fo—(calling thro' the fide scene.—Obferving Laurette and Matilda.) I must not however appear in their secrets yet.

TRIO.

MATILDA, LAURETTE, AND SIR OWEN.

MATILDA.—(afide to Laurette.)
Yes, yes, Florestan will be here,
After the dance he will appear.

LAURETTE.

Oh! what delight, what joy 'twill be; Sure he'll find means to speak to me.

MATILDA—(to Sir Owen, seeing bim approach.)
We no secrets have, good Knight,
I am saying that my sight
Is again restor'd to light.

LAURETTE-(very denaurely.)

Yes, my father, very true, We no fecrets have from you, 'The youth's well bred and honest too.

SIR OWEN.

I'm fure you have no mystery, Pray talk on, and don't mind me.

LAURETTE—(to Matilda afide.)
But does he know how well I love,
And does he fwear he'll confiant prove?

MATILDA.

Had you but feen the generous youth, He knelt and vow'd eternal truth.

of more the tile gills ported it or the second -15 to the design LAURETTE.

Kneel and vow, wirds to The Ah! he'll be true, I'm happy now.

SIR OWEN.

What, he tells thee that his fight Is again reftor'd to light?

LAURETTE.

Yes, my father, very true, We no fecrets have from you: He is faying that his fight : Is again restor'd to light.

· MATILDA.

We no fecrets have, good Knight, I am faying that my fight Is again restor'd to light.

SIR OWEN.

What he tells thee, &c. &c. &c.

LAURETTE.

Yes, my father, &c. &c.

(Tabors and pipes heard behind the scenes.)

SIR OWEN.

So, our guests are at hand. My Laurette give them welcome.

JULIE runs in.

JULIE.

They are all coming, and all fo gay, and fo neatly dress'd-indeed, Sir, they are-and I saw the little bride bride myfelf, blushing and looking so pretty. Dear, it must be a charming thing to be married! Vitting of the Estina ...

Lig J wo Tan LAURETTE. Tandia

Yes, they are coming indeed, Sir.

SIR OWEN.

And are you ready, my little Julie, with the dance

. เมื่อเกาะเลี้ยว เกาะเกาะเลี้ยวได้เกาะเลี้ยวเล้ยว

Yes, that I am. But pray what are all those fine knights gathering about the house for? They don't look as if they came to be merry. Indeed, fifter, they look fo fierce, you'd be frighten'd.

on Garbistrowen. "Faut

Oh no, my child, they will not hurt us. Soci , wo to a my labours and, JULIE.

No !- then I vow they shall all dance, swords, and helmets and all. Jein heart. - int ich,

(She runs to meet the Peafants, suho appear.)

None of the accord CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

Join hearts-join hands, In loving bands, None are happy till they're pair'd. Nothing's joy that is not shar'd.

PEASANT.

When alone the maid fits pining, Nature's beauties feem declining,

TICR T.

48

Nothing can afford delight;
But the favour'd youth appearing,
With his presence all things chearing,
Flowers how sweet—the sun how bright.

CHORUS.

Join hearts—join hands,
In loving bands,
None are happy till they're pair'd,
Nothing's joy that is not shar'd.

ANTONIO.

O'er the fultry mountain ranging,
Shade and pasture ever changing,
Soon I tire my flock to tend;
But if chance Collette address me,
Toil and heat no more oppress me,
Soon, too soon my labours end.

CHORUS:

Join hearts—join hands, In loving bands, None are happy, &c. &c.

(DANCE OF PEASANTS.)

FLORESTAN having enter'd, and requested LAURETTE to be his partner, is preparing to dance.---(Drums beat to Arms.)

FLORESTAN.

Ha! what do I hear!

[SIR OWEN and MATILDA'S KNIGHTS approach him.]

SIR OWEN.

Sir-you are my prifoner.

FLORESTAN.

Sir!

SIR OWEN.

You.

FLORESTAN.

What treason is this?

CHORUS OF CAVALIERS.

Vain defiance, strive no more, Yield our King—our chief restore; Vain resistance—fate's decree Sets imprison'd Richard free.

FLORESTAN.

Threats he fears not, who is just To his honour, to his trust.

[Exeunt.

Н

SCENE

Scene changes, and represents the Castle assaulted by Matilda's troops -- Blondel and Sir Owen encouraging them -- the garrison receives a reinforcement, and repels the attack with advantage --- Blondel then puts himself at the head of the pioneers, and leads them to the attack--the affault continues --- Richard appears on the Fortress without arms, endeavouring to free himself from three armed Soldiers --- at this moment the wall falls with great noise---Blondel mounts the breach---runs to the King, wounds one of the Guards, and Inatches his sword-the King seizes it --- they put the rest of the Soldiers to flight -- Blondel then throws himself at Richard's feet, who embraces him---at this moment is heard a loud and animating flourish of all the instruments, with the grand Chorus of Long live the King! --- The besiegers then display the colours of Matilda, who appears followed by attendants, the Seneschal and all the rest of the people. ---She sees Richard at liberty and led by Blondel, flies towards him and finks in his arms .-- Florestan is then conducted to the King by the Seneichal and Sir Owen--Richard returns him his fword.

[The whole of this Action passes during the march which commences immediately after the flourish and chorus of "Long live the King."

RICHARD.

Oh love! oh gratitude! you impede and not inspire my efforts to express the fond transports which swell here—Neglected by my subjects, forsaken by the thankless world.—When forrow had beat down my heart's desence—courageous hope!—But oh! Matil-

da!—what can I fay to thee, my foul's beloved! my deliverance! my reward! (Embraces her.) (To Sir Owen, &c.) I have more thanks to pay. My heart feels all it owes. And when to my native England I return, fo may I prosper in my subjects love, as I cherish in the memory of my sufferings here—a lesson to improve my reign—compassion should be a monarch's nature—I have learn'd what 'tis to need it—the poorest peasant in my land, when misery presses, in his King shall find a friend.

FINALE.

Oh! blest event!—oh! glorious hour!
Liberty and love we sing;
Oh! may they with resistless pow'r,
Protect the blessings which they bring.

MATILDA-(10 Laurette and Florestun.)

Tho' Florestan you've been just
To your honour, to your trust,
Nothing will your truth avail,
Guilt with tyrants is to fail.
A worthier fortune you may prove,
Yield to us, Laurette, and love.
Faithful lovers banish fear,
Our delight, our triumph share. Sir Owen assisting.

CHORUS.

Paithful lovers, &c. &c.

TRIO.

MATILDA, LAURETTE, AND BLONDEL.

No more shall doubt or forrow Disturb my anxious breast, The sun that gilds to-morrow, At length beholds me blest.

CHORUS.

Oh! blest event!—oh! glorious hour!

Liberty and love we sing;

Oh! may they with resistless power,

Protect the blessings which they bring!

FINIS.

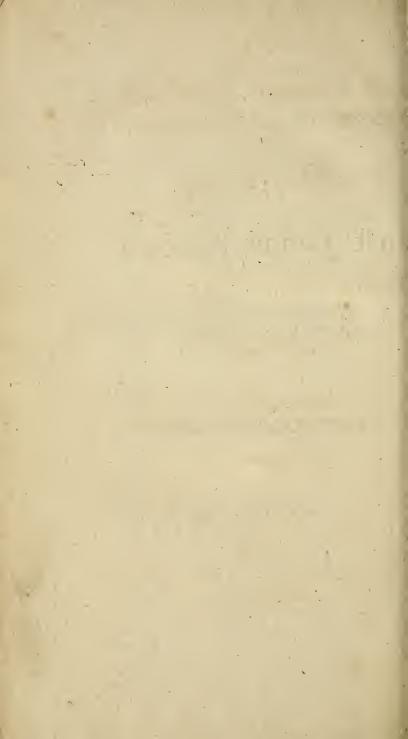
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SACRED MUSIC.

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AS PERFORMED AT

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nder the Direction of Messirs. HARRISON and ASHLEY.

LONDON.

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BY H. MACLEISH, DUKE'S COURT, DRURY LANE.

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THE

First Grand Selection.

PART I.

OVERTURE to the Occasional ORATORIO.

SONG, Mr. SALE. (Joshua)

SHALL I in Mamre's fertile plain
The remnant of my days remain;
And is it given to me to have
A place with Abraham in the grave?
For all these mercies I will sing
Eternal praise to Heaven's high King.

CHORUS.

For all these mercies we will sing Eternal praise to Heaven's high King.

A 3

RECIT.

RECIT. accompanied, Miss POOL. (Israel in Egypt)

This new Creation baffled all the art
Of wily magic: all amaz'd they cried,
"This is the finger of Almighty God!"

SONG.

Vain your triumph, idle mortals!

To pretend a new creation

Form'd by art and human pow'r.

He alone, who guides our nation,

Life can give, or life reftore.

CHORUS. (Jephtha)

When his loud voice in thunder spoke,
With conscious fear the billows broke,
Observant of his dread command:
In vain they roll their foaming tide,
Consin'd by the Almighty power
That gave them strength to roar:
They now contrast their boist'rous pride,
And lash, with idle rage, the laughing strand!

SONG, Mr. HARRISON. (Samfon)

Total Eclipse! no Sun! no Moon!
All dark amidst the blaze of noon!
O glorious light! no cheering ray
To glad my eyes with welcome day!
Why thus depriv'd thy prime decree?
Sun, Moon, and Stars, are dark to me.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

O First-created beam, and thou great WORD!

LET THERE BE LIGHT! and light was over all;

One heavenly blaze shone round this earthly ball;

To thy dark servant LIFE by LIGHT afford.

SONG, Miss POOL. (Semele)

Where-e'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade, Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade. Where-e'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise, And all things flourish where-e'er you turn your eyes.

Da Capo.

DOUBLE CHORUS. (Ifraelin Egypt)

He gave them hailftones for rain; Fire mingled with the hail ran along upon the ground.

End of the First Part.

PART II.

Fifth Grand Concerto.

SONG, Miss DALL. (Esther)

(Accompanied on the Organ by Mr. GREATOREX.)

PRAISE the Lord with cheerful noise,
Wake my glory, wake my lyre;
Praise the Lord each mortal voice,
Praise the Lord ye heavenly choir.
Zion now her head shall raise,
Tune your harps to songs of praise.

Da Capo.
David's

AIR, Miss CANTELO. (Saul)

David's Lamentation for Saul and Jonathan.

In sweetest harmony they liv'd,
Nor death their union could divide;
The pious son ne'er left his father's side,
But, him defending, bravely, bravely dy'd!
A loss too great to be surviv'd.

For Saul, ye maids of Israel moan,

To whose indulgent care.

You owe the scarlet and the gold you wear,

And ail the pomp in which your beauty long has shone.

CHORUS.

Oh! fatal day, how low the mighty lie!
Oh! Jonathan, how nobly didst thou die,
For thy King and Country slain.

SOLO, Miss CANTELO.

For thee, my brother Jonathan,
How great is my diffres;
What language can my grief express?
Great was the pleasure I enjoyed in thee,
And more than woman's love, thy wond'rous love to me.

CHORUS.

Oh! fatal day, how low the mighty lie!

Where, Ifrael, is thy glory fled?

Spoil'd of thy arms, and funk in infamy,

How can'ft thou raise again thy drooping head?

SONG:

SONG, Mr. SAVILLE. (Saul)

(Jonathan's expostulation with Saul)

RECITATIVE, accompanied.

O filial piety! O facred friendship!
How shall I reconcile you? Cruel Father,
Your just commands I always have obey'd:
But to destroy my Friend, the brave, the virtuous,
The God-like David! Israel's desender,
And terror of her focs!---to disobey you!--What shall I call it?---'tis an act of duty
To God, to David, nay indeed to you.

AIR.

No, cruel Father, no;
Your hard commands I can't obey!
Shall I with facrilegious blow
Take pious David's life away?
No,---with my life I must defend
Against the world, my best, my dearest Friend.

AIR, Miss MAHON. (Athalia)

Tyrants would, in impious throngs, Silence his Adorer's fongs; But shall Salem's lyre and lute At their proud commands be mute?

CHORUS.

Tyrants! ye in vain confpire, Wake the lute and strike the lyre: Why should Salem's lyre and lute At their proud commands be mute?

SONG, Mr. HARRISON. (Anthems)

Every day will I give thanks unto Thee, And praise thy Name for ever and ever.

CHORUS. (Athalia)

The mighty Power in whom we trust, Is ever to his promise just:

He makes this facred day appear

The pledge of a propitious year.

RECITATIVE, Mr. SAVILLE.

Rejoice, O Judah! this triumphant day, Let all, the goodness of our God display, Whose mercies to the wond'ring world declare His chosen people are his chosen care.

FULL CHORUS.

Give glory to his awful name, Let ev'ry voice his praise proclaim.

SONG, Miss CANTELO. (Theodora)

RECITATIVE, accompanied.

Oh! worse than death indeed! Lead me, ye guards, Lead me, or to the rack, or to the slames, I'll thank your gracious mercy.

AIR.

Angels, ever bright and fair, Take, O take me to your care:---Speed to your own courts my flight, Clad in robes of virgin white.

D'a Capa.

CHORUS. (Saul.)

Gird on thy fword, thou man o might, Purfue thy wonted fame; Go on, be prosperous in fight, Retrieve the Hebrew name.

Thy ftrong right-hand, with terror arm'd, Shall thy obdurate foes difinay; While others, by thy virtue charm'd, Shall croud to own thy righteous sway.

End of the Second Part

A CONCERTO on the PIANO FORTE,

By Mr. CLEMENTI.

PART III.

Introduction and Chorus. (Joshua)

YE fons of Ifrael, ev'ry tribe attend, Let grateful fongs and hymns to heaven afcend: In Gilgal, and on Jordan's banks, proclaim One First, one Great, one Lord Jehovah's name.

SONG, Mr. SAVILLE. (Ifrael in Egypt)

Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance; in the place, O Lord, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in; in the sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established.

AIR, AIR, Miss DALL. (Saul)

O God-like youth! by all confest,
Of human race the pride!
O virgin, among women blest,
Whom heaven ordains thy bride!
But ah! how strong a bar I see,
Betwixt my happiness and me.

SCENE from SAUL.

(The Ifraelites Song of Triumph for David's Victory over Goliah)

SYMPHONY with CARILLONS.

RECITATIVE, Miss CANTELO.

Already, fee the daughters of the Land, In joyful dance, with inflruments of mufic, Come to congratulate your victory.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Welcome, welcome, mighty King! Welcome all who conquest bring.

Welcome David, warlike boy, Author of our prefent joy!

Saul, who hast thy thousands slain, Welcome to thy friends again!

David his ten thousands slew, Ten thousand praises are his due!

RECITATIVE, accompanied, Mr. SAVILLE.

Sand.—What do I hear? Am I then funk so low

To have this upstart boy preferred before me?

FULL

FULL CHORUS.

David his ten thousands slew, Ten thousand praises are his due!

SONG, Mr. HARRISON. (Sofarme)

Rendi il fereno al ciglio, Madre non piager più. Temer d'alcun periglio, Oggi come puoi tu?

Da Capo.

Translation of the foregoing Song, from Dr. Burney's Account of the Commemoration of HANDEL:

May Heaven in pity smooth that brow, And dry a tender parent's tear, Nor e'er again her heart allow To swell with forrow so severe.

CHORUS. (Solomon)

From the Censer curling rise Grateful incense to the skies; Heaven blesses David's throne, Happy, happy Solomon.

DOUBLE CHORUS.

Live, live for ever, pious David's fon, Live, live for ever, mighty Solomon.

SONG, Miss MAHON. (Joshua)
Oh! had I Jubal's !yre,
Or Miriam's tuneful voice;
To founds like his I would aspire,
In songs like her's rejoice!
My humble strains but faintly show
How much to Heaven and Thee I owe.

song,

SONG, Mifs CANTELO. (Jephtha). RECITATIVE, accompanied.

Ye facred priests, whose hands ne'er yet were stain'd With human blood, why are ye thus asraid To execute my Father's will?---The call Of Heaven, with humble resignation, I obey.

AIR.

Farewel, ye limpid fprings and floods, Ye flow'ry meads, and mazy woods; Farewel thou bufy world, where reign Short hours of joy, and years of pain! Brighter scenes I seek above In the realms of peace and love.

DOUBLE CHORUS. (Ifrael in Egypt.)
The Lord shall reign, for ever and ever.

RECITATIVE, Mr. HARRISON.

For the horse of Pharaoh went in, with his chariots, and with his horsemen, into the sea; and the Lord brought again the waters of the sea upon them; --- but the children of Israel went on dry land in the midst of the sea!

CHORUS.

The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

RECITATIVE, Mr. HARRISON.

And Miriam, the prophetess, the fifter of Aaron, took a simbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances; and Miriam answered them,

AIR,

AIR, Miss CANTELO, and CHORUS.

Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.

The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

The Horse and his Rider hath he thrown into the Sea!

FINIS.

AT THE

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.
On FRIDAY NEXT, Feb. 26.

A SECOND

GRAND SELECTION

Of SACRED MUSIC,

From the Performances in Westminster Abbey.

PART I.

Overture	-Esther.
Song, Wave from Wave	
Chorus, He rebuked the Red Sea	Ifrael in Egypt.
Chorus, He led them through the deep	5 551
Recit. Justly these Evils	100
Song, Why does the God of Ifrael fleep?	Samson.
Duet, Cease thy Anguish	Athalia.
Chorus, O God! who in thy heavenly Ha	nd Foseph.
Song, The smiling Dawn of happy Days	Fephtha.
Chorus, How excellent thy Name	Saul.
	PART

PART II.

Overture and Dead March FUNERAL ANTHEM. Song, Hark! 'tis the Linnet Foshua. Athalia: Song, Gentle Airs Song, Sweet Bird L'Allegro il Penseroso. Recit. Search round the World Solomon. Chorus, May no rash Intruders Song, How bleft the Maid Hercules. Song, He was Eyes unto the Blind __ | Omnipotence. Double Chorus, Immortal Lord! Deborah.

End of Part II. a CONCERTO on the VIOLIN, By the celebrated Madame GAUTHEROT.

PART III.

Fourth Hauthoy Concerto.

Song, What though I trace
Recit. Sweep, fweep the Strings
Air and Chorus, Music spread thy Voice
Air, Now a different measure try
Battle Chorus, Rouse us next to martial Deeds
Song, Great Jehoyah's awful Word | Ifrael in Egypt.
Chorus, Righteous Heaven | Susanna.
Song, Pleasure, my former ways resigning | Time and Truth.
Gloria Patri | Jubilate.

PRINCIPAL SINGERS,

Mr. HARRISON,
Mr. SALE,
Mr. Griffiths, Mr. Champness, Mr. Gore,
And Mr. SAVILLE,
Miss POOL,
Miss MAHON, Miss DALL,
And Miss CANTELO.

The Organ by Mr. KNYVETT.

L'Allegro, ed Il Pensieroso.

Written by MILTON,

And fet to Music by HANDEL.

WITH

A Grand Miscellaneous Act.

From various Composers.

AS PERFORMED AT

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE,

1791,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

Mr. HARRISON AND Mr. ASHLEY.

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John Street Land



L'Allegro, ed Il Pensieroso.

PART I.

The FIRST GRAND CONCERTO:

RECET. accompanied, Mr. HARRISON.

Of Cerberus and blackeft Midnight bonn,
In Stygian cave forlorn,

Mongst horrid shapes, and shricks, and fights unholy?

Find out some uncouth cell.

Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings, And the night-raven sings:

There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks, As ragged as thy locks,

In fark Cimmerian desert ever dw ell.

RECIT. accompanied, Mrs. BILLINGTON.

Il Pen. Hence! vain deluding Joys,

Dwell in fome idle brain,

And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,

As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the sunbeams;

Or likeliest hovering dreams,

The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train,

AIR. Mr. HARRISON.

L'All. Come, thou goddes, fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men heart easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister-graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.

AIR, Mrs. BILLINGTON.

Whose faintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight:
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore.

AIR, Mr. INCLEDON.

L'All. Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee Jest, and youthful Jollity;
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek:
Sport, that wrinkled care derides;
And Laughter holding both his sides.

CHORUS.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee Jest, and youthful Jollity; Sport, that wrinkled Care derides: And Laughter, holding both his sides.

AIR, Mrs. PIELE.

Come, and trip it, as you go, On the light, fantastic toe.

N.

CHORUS:

Come, and trip it, as you go, On the light, fantastic toe.

RECIT. accompanied, Mrs. BILLINGTON.

Pen. Come, penfive Nun, devout and pure, Sober, stedfast, and demure; All in a robe of darkest grain Flowing with majestic train.

AIR:

Come, but keep thy wonted state, With even step, and musing gait; And looks commercing with the skies, Thy wrapt soul sitting in thine eyes.

CHORUS.

Join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet; Spare fast, that oft with gods doth diet.

RECIT. Mifi POOL.

In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But haste thee, Mirth 1 and bring with thee
The mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty:
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

AIR.

Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, finging, ftartle the dull night;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow.

RECIT. Mrs. BILLINGTON.

It Pen. First and chief, on golden wing,
The Cherub Contemplation bring;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night.

AIR.

Sweet bird, that shunn's the noise of folly, Most musical, most melancholy!

Thee, chauntres, of the woods among I woo, to hear thy even-song.

RECIT. Mr. GRIFFITH.

L'A2. If I give thee honour due, Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

AIR.

Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To liften how the hounds and horn
Chearly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high-wood echoing shrill.

AIR; Mr. HARRISON.

Oft on a plat of rifing ground,

I hear the far-off curfeu found,

Over fome wide water'd fhore,

Swinging flow with fullen roar:

Or, if the air will not permit,

Some still, removed place will fit,

Where glowing embers, through the room,

Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

WAll. If I give thee honour due, Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

AIR, Mrs. BILLINGTON.

Let me wander not unseen,
By hedge row elms, on hillocks green:
There the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land;
And the milkmaid fingeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe;
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

AIR.

Or let the merry bells ring round, And the jocund rebecks found To many a youth, and many a maid, Dancing in the checker'd fhade.

CHORUS:

And young and old come forth to play,
On a funfhine holiday,
Till the live-long daylight fail.
Thus pass'd the day, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds from luli'd to sleep.

End of the First Part, a CONCERTO on the VIOLIN
By Mr. WEICHSEL.

PART II.

RECIT. accompanied, Mrs. BILLINGTON.

The brood of Folly, without Father bred;

How little you bested,

Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!

O! let my lamp, at midnight hour,

Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,

Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,

With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere

The spirit of Plato, to unfold

What worlds, or what vast regions hold

Th' immortal mind, that hath forfook Her manfion in this fleshly nook. AIR

But O! fad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Museus from his bower!
Or bid the soul of Orphens sing
Such notes, as warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.

RECIT. Mr. GRIFFITH.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career
Till unwelcome Morn appear.

ATR.

L'All. Populous cities please me then, And the busy hum of men.

CHORUS.

Populous cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men;
Where throngs of Knights, and Barons bold,
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold;
With flore of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.

Da Capa.

.AIR, Mifs POOL.

There let Hymen oft appear In faffron robe, with taper clear, And pomp, and feaft, and revelry, With masque, and antique pageantry; Such fights as youthful poets dream On summer - es by haunted stream. RECIT: accompanied. Mrs. BILLINGTON.

Il Pen. Me, when the fun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves
There, in close covert, by some brooks
Where no profaner eye may look,

AIR.

Hide me from Day's garish eye;
While the bee, with honied thigh,
That at her slow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring;
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy seather'd sleep:
And let some strange mysterious dream.
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid.
Then, as I wake, sweet music, breathe
Above, about, or underneath;
Sent by some spirit to mortal's good,
Or th' unseen genius of the wood.

AIR, Mr. INCLEDON.

L'All. I'll to the well-trod stage anon,

If Johnson's learned sock be on;

Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child;

Warble his native wood notes wild.

AIR, Mifs POOL,

And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in fott Lydian airs:
Sooth me with immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness, long drawn out;
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting woice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.

QUET, Mrs. BILLINGTON, and Mr. HARRISON.

As fleals the morn upon the night,
And melts the shades away,
So truth deth fancy's charms dissolve,
And rising reason puts to slight
The sumes that did the mind involve;
Restoring intellectual day.

AIR. Mr. INCLEDON.

These delights if thou canst give, Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

CHORUS.

These delights if thou canst give.

Mirth, with thee we mean to live.

PART III.

Grand Miscellaneous Act.

OVERTURE, Ariadne, = = = - Handel.

song, Mr. HARRISON, (By Defire)

The MANSION of PEACE. - - - - (Webbe.)

Recitative, accompanied.

SOFT Zephyr, on thy balmy wing, Thy gentlest breezes hither bring; Her slumbers guard, some hand divine, Ah! watch her with a care like mine.

AIR.

A Rose from her bosom has stray'd,

I'll seek to replace it with art;

But no! 'twill her slumbers invade,

I'll wear it (fond youth) next my heart.

Alas, filly Rose, hadst thou known

"Twas Daphne that gave thee thy place,
Thou ne'er from thy station hadst flown;
Her bosom's the Mansion of Peace.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. (Solemon.)

Search round the world, there never yet was feen So wife a monarch, or so bright a queen.

CHORUS.

May no rash intruders disturb their soft hours!
To form fragrant pillows, arise O ye slowers;
Ye Zephyrs, soft breathing, their slumbers prolong,
While Nightingales lull them to sleep with their song.

song, Miss POOL. (Esther.)

Praise the Lord with cheerful noise,
Wake my glory, wake my lyre;
Praise the Lord each mortal voice,
Praise the Lord ye heavenly choir.
Zion now her head shall raise,
Tune your harps to songs of praise.

Da Capo.

RECIT. Mr. INCLEDON. (Judas Macchabæus.)

My arms! Against this Gorgias will I go--The Idumean governor shall know
How vain, how ineffective his design,
While rage his leader, and Jehovah mine.

AIR.

Sound an alarm.---Your filver trumpets found, And call the brave, and only brave around.--Who lifteth follow.---To the field again.--Justice with courage is a thousand men.

CHORUS.

We hear, we hear the pleasing, dreadful call: And follow thee to conquest.---If to fall, For laws, religion, liberty, we fall,

song, Mrs. BILLINGTON. (Dr. Avne)

(For the Last Time this Season.)

The foldier tir'd of war's alarms,

Forfwears the clang of hostile arms,
And scorns the spear and shield.

But if the brazen trumpet sound,
He burns with conquest to be crown'd,
And dares again the field.

GRAND CHORUS. (Jubilate.)

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

THE END.

Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden. On Friday next, April 1,

THE FAVOURITE

GRAND SELECTION

Will be repeated for the Only Time this Season.

PART I.

Coronation Anthem. "God Save the King."

> Overture Efther. Song, Mr. SALE.

" Shall I in Mamre's fertile Plain." Chorus, " For all these Mercies."

Joshua.

Recit. Miss Pool, " Rise Jephtha," and AIR,

" Happy Iphis."

Chorus, " When his loud voice." Tephtha.

Song, Mr. HARRISON,

" Total Eclipfe," Chorus, "O first created Beam."

Samson.

Song, Mrs. BLLINGTON. Holy, holy Lord," Redemption. DOUBLE CHORUS.

" He gave them Hailftones."

Ifrael in Egypt.

PART II.

The Fifth GRAND CONCERTO.

Song, Mr. GRIFFITH, " Honour and Arms."

Song, Miss Pool, " Ye Men of Gaza."

Chorus, " Hear Jacob's God."

Recit. Mr. INCLEDON, Justly, these evils." and AIR,

Why does the God of Israel sleep?"

Chorus, "Then round about the ftarry Throne." Samfon. Song, Mr. HARRISON.

" O come let us Worship." Anthems. Chorus " The mighty Power."

Athalia.

Recit. Mrs. BILLINGTON.

" O worse than Death." And AIR.

" Angels ever bright. Theodora. GRAND CHORUS.

"Gird on thy Sword.

Saul.

PART III.

Introduction and Chorus.

" Ye Sons of Ifrael." Folhua. Song, Mr. HARRISON.

"Rendi il sereno al Ciglio." Sosarmes Song, Mr. Incledon, and Chor.". " O Lord in thee have I trusted."

Song, Mifs Pool.

" O had I Jubal's Lyre. Inshua. Chorus, " From the Cenfer." Solomon. Recit. Mrs. BILLINGTON.

" Ye facred Priests,"

And AIR. Farewel ye limpid springs. Jeph.ha.

Chorus. "The Lord fhall reign," Recit. Mr. HARRISON.

" For the Horse of Pharaoh." Air, Mrs. BILLINGTON.

And Double Chorus. " The Horse and his Rider."

Ifrae! in Egypt.

PRINCIPAL SINGERS.

Mr. HARRISON.

Mr. Incledon, Mr. Griffith, Mr. Sale. Miss Pool. Mrs. Piele. And Mrs. BILLINGTON. Leader of the Band, Mr. G. Ashley.

The Organ by Mr. Knyvett.

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And the Court of the Court of the Colors AMERICA DIRECTOR. The Country Mr. Popular

A GRAND

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OF

Zacred Music,

From the compositions of the most favorite Authors-

Ancient and Modern.

PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden,

Whitsun Eve, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1815.



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Principal Performers.

Mifs STEPHENS,
Mifs GRIGLIETTI,

Mrs CHILDE, Mifs STAMP, Mafter WILLIAMS,
Mrs. SALMON, and Mr BRAHAM,
Mr DURUS'T, Mr. TINNEY,

And Signor LE VASSEUR; from the King's Theatre.

LEADER of the BAND, Mr. ASHLEY, -ORGAN, Mr S. WESLEY.

Violins, Meff Challoner (principal Second), Bramah, Brown, Calkin, Cobham, Chappiel, Evans, Fleisher Gledhill, Gwillim, Hopkins, Hopkins, jun. Hunter, Ireland, Ireland, jun. T. Leffler, Mori, Parnell, Ryall, Smith, Tully, Woodcock, Young

Violas, Meff. R.G. Alhley, F. Ware, S. Calkin, Simcock, F. Klofe, Tattua Violoncellos, Meff. C. I. Alhley, Waterharfe, Binfield, Piele. Ohoes, Meff. Griefbach & Ling (alternately), Cornish, Gec, Beale. Flutes, Meff. Burch & Simcock.

Clarionets, Meff Hopkins
Baffoons, Meff Macinto'n and Tully.
Double Baffes, Meff Anfoffi, Bord, Skiltern, Taylor.
Trumpets, Meff. Schmidt and Wallis.
Horns, Meff. C. Tully and Briant
Trombones, Meff. Rooft, Schænagen, Dreffler.
Serbano, Mr. Willmihurft.

And Double Drums, Mr Jenkinion.

The remainder of the Band and Chorutes (which are numerous complete) by the most approved Performers.



A GRAND SELECTION.

PART I.



Overture-Occasional.



Air, Miss Stamp. Esther

(Accompanied on the Organ by Mr. S. Wesley.)

Praise the Lord with cheerful noise,
Wake my g'ory, wake my lyre;
Praise the Lord, each mortal voice,
Praise the Lord, ye heav'nly choir:
Zion now her head shall raise,
Tune your harps to songs of praise.

Da Capo.

Chorus. Galliard & Cooke.

Join voices all ye living fouls: ye birds, That finging up to heaven gate afcend, Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.

Hebrew Melody, Miss Stephens.

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

The Poetry by the Right Hon. Lord Byron.

Since our Country—our God—Oh my Sire—Demand that thy daughter expire; Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow—Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now!

And the voice of my mourning is .o'er—' And the mountains behold me no more: If the hand that I love, lay me low, There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this—Oh! my Father—be fure
That the blood of thy child is as pure—
As the bleffing 1 beg 'ere it flow—
And the laft thought that foothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament, Be the Judge and the Hero unbent! I have won the great battle for thee, And my Father and Country are free!

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd—When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd—Let my memory still be thy pride, And forget not, I smiled as I died.

[The Musick of the Hebrew Melodies are published by Mr. NATHAN, No. 7, Poland-street.

Air, Mr Tinney & Chorus. Judas Mac.

Rejoice, O Judah, and in fongs divine, With cherubin and feraphin harmonious join. Hallelujah, Amen.

Hebrew Melody, Mr. Braham.

THE WILD GAZELLE.

The Poetry by the Right Hon. Lord Byron.

The wild Gazelle on Judah's hills
Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living rills
That gush on holy ground-Its airy itep and glorious eye
May glance in tameless transport by---

A step as fleet---an eve more bright Hath Judah witness'd there---And o'er her scenes of lost delight Inhabitants more fair---The cedars wave on Lebanon, But Judah's statelier maids are gone:

More bleft each palm that fhades those plains
Than fcatter'd Ifrael's race;
For taking root it there remains
In folitary grace.
It cannot quit its place of birth--It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly
In other lands to die--And where our fathers' ashes be
Our own may never lie.
Our temple hath not left a stone,
And mockery sits on Salem's throne.

Bravura, Mrs Salmon. Sacchini.

(Flute obligato, Mr. Nicholfon)

Sventurata in van mi lagno Bagno in van di pianto il ciglio Nessum mascolta eia tal pereglio Can affanno in torno io sento. Il mio barbaro tormento Flehil eco replicar. Recitative, Mr. Braham. CREATION.

And God faid: Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven to divide the day from the night, and to give light upon the earth, and let them be for figns and for feafons, & for days & for years. He made the stars also.

Accomp. In fplendor bright is rifing now The fun, and darts his rays;
An am'rous, joyful, happy spouse,
A giant proud and glad
To run his measur'd course.

In tempo. With fofter beams, and milder light steps on The filver moon through filent night.

Ad libitum. The space immense of the azure sky Innum'rous host of radiant orbs adorns.

And the fons of God announced the fourth day in fong divine, proclaiming thus his power:

Chorus. The heavens are telling the glory of God;
The wonder of his works dilplays the firmament

Trio, Miss Griglietti, Mess. Braham & Tinney.

To day, that is coming, speaks it the day; The night, that is gone, to following night.

Chorus. The heavens are telling the glory of God,
The wonder of his works display the firmament.

Trio. In all the land refounds the word, Never unperceived, ever understood.

Chorus. The heavens are telling the glory of God,
The wonder of his works difplays the firmament.

. End of the First Part,

treat with contra 0

PART II.

~00 (1) 00×

Concerto, Organ-Mr. S. Wesley.

(Composed by the late Mr. I. I. Ashley)—in which he will introduce an Extempore Fugue

Air, Mrs. Salmon. Redemption

Holy! holy! holy! Lord God Almighty! who was, and is, and is to come:

Who shall not glorify thy name? for thou art holy, thou only art the Lord!

Air, Mrs Childe & Chorus.
Creation—Dr. Haydn.

The marvellous work behold amaz'd The glorious hierarchy of heaven, And to th' ethereal vaults refound The praife of God and of the fecond day.

Air, Mr. Braham. Athalia

(Accompanied on the Violoncello by Mr C. I. Askley)

Gentle airs, melodious strains, Call for raptures out of woe; Lull the legal mourner's pains, Sweetly soothe her as you slow.

Air, Signor Le Vasseur and Chorus. Pucitta

Viva Enrico! viva il forte,
De 'nemici domator!

Favorita e della forte
Delle belle e dell'amor.

Viva Enrico.

Al re buono!
Al caro Enrico!
Al piu giusto della terra.
Al gran diavot della guerra!
Viva Enrico.

Noi l'amiamo, l'adoriamo, Senza fine, e di buon cor. Viva Enrico.

Dite tutti via, con me, Viva Enrico, il nostro Re! Viva Enrico!

[Translation.]

Viva Furico! good and glorious,
O'er the vaunting foe victorious,
Favor'd by the fates above,
Dear to beauty and to love!
Viva Enrico!

Praise proclaiming,
Enrico naming,
First among the sons of right,
Foremost in the ranks of fight,
Viva Enrico!

Ev'ry heart to him refign'd, Speaks it's praise, by truth inclin'd, Viva Enrico!

Let us, then, united fing Viva Enrico, our noble king! Evviva, Evviva!

E.B.

Recit. Miss Stephens. Acis and Gal.

'Tis done—thus I exert my pow'r divine— Be thou immortal, tho' thou art not mine.

Air.

Heart, thou feat of foft delight!
Be thou now a fountain bright!
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a chryftal flood.
Rock, thy hollow womb difclofe—
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows!
Thro' the plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring fill his gentle love.

Duet, (MS) Mr Braham & Mrs Salmon. S. Wesley.

[Never before performed]

The words by W. B Kingston, Esq.

Why should we shrink from life's decline, And view its coming close with fear? 'Tis autumn brings the clust'ring vine That crowns the harvest of the year.

The fun that rifing in the morn

Hts dazzling beams around difplaya,
With no less grandeur sets in turn,
Still glorious 'midst his parting rays.

Double Chorus. S. Wesley

Exultate Deo Adjutori nostro: jubilate Deo Jacob: fumite Psalmum et date tympanum, jucundum Psalterium sum citharâ.

End of the Second Part.

and the second second

PART III.

-000 () -000-

STEIBELT'S Grand DUETTO for HARP & PIANO FORTE, by Miss DIBDIN and Mr. HAYDON,

(Their first appearance)

HYMN. MARCELLO.

Harmonized with Accompaniments, by Mr. S. WESLEY.

Verse, Master Williams and Chorus.

There is a river, the ftreams whereof shall make glad the city of our God; the holy pavillion of the tabernacle, the dwelling of the highest.

Air, Miss Stephens. Dr. Arne.

The foldier tir'd of war's alarms,
Forfwears the clang of hostile arms,
And scorns the spear and shield:
But if the brazen trumpet found,
He burns with conquest to be crown'd,
And dares again the field.

Grand Chorus. MESSIAH.

Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. The aingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever,

King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Hallelujah.

Air, Mis Griglietti. JEPHPHA.

The fmiling dawn of happy days,
Prefents a profpect clear;
And pleasing Hope's all bright'ning rays,
Dispel each gloomy fear;
While every charm that peace displays,
Makes spring-time all the year.

Aria, Signor Le Vasseur. MOZART.

Non più andrai far fallone amorolo, Notte e giorno d'intorno girando, Delle belle turbando Il ripolo.

Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor, Non più avrat questi bei pennaehini, Quel cupetto legero e galante, Quella chioma, quell' aria crillante, Quel vermiglio donnesco color. Frà guerrieri puoi far Bacco! Gran mustacehj, stretto sacco! Schioppo in spalla, sciabla al fianco. Collo dritto, muso franco! Un gran casco, o gran turbante! Molto onor, poco contante, Ed, in vece del fandango, Unu marcia per il fango, Per montagne, per valloni Colle nevi e il fol!-Lioni Al concerto di tromboni, Di combarde, di cannoni, Che le palle, in tutti tuoni, All 'orrechio fan fischiar! Cherubino, alla victoria

Alla gloria Militar!

Coronation Anthem.

Zadock the Priest, and Nathan the Prophet, anointed Solomon, King. And all the people rejoiced and said, Godsave the king. Long live the King. May the King live for ever. Hallelujah. Amen.

FINIS.

A GRAND

SELECTION

OF

Sacred Music,

From the compositions of the most favorite Authors—

Ancient and Modern.

PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden,

1815.



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Principal Performers.

Mifs STEPHENS,

Mifs GRIGLIETTI, Mifs SINCLETON,

Mafter WILLIAMS,

Mrs. SALMON, and Mr BRAHAM,

Mr. TINNEY, Mr. DURUSET,

And Mr. BARTLEMAN.

LEADER of the BAND, Mr. ASHLEY, -ORGAN, Mr S.WESLEY.

Violins, Meff Challoner (principal Second), Bramah, Brown, Ca'kin, Cobham, Chappiel, Evans, Fleisher, Gledhill, Gwillim, Hopkins, Hopkins, jun. Hunter Ireland, Ireland, jun. T. Leffler, Mori, Parnell, Ryall, Smith, Tully, Woodcock, Young.

Ryall, Smith, Tully, Woodcock, Young.
Violas, Meff, R.G. Alhlev, F. Ware, S. Calkin, Simcock, F. Klofe, Tattnal
Violoncellos, Meff. C. I. Alhlev, Waterhouse, Binfield, Piela.
Oboes, Meff. Griefbach & Ling (alternately), Cornish, Gec, Beale.

Flutes, Meff. Burch & Simcock.
Clarionets, Meff. Hepkins.
Baffoons, Meff. Macintoth and Tully.
Double Baffes, Meff. Anfoffi, Bond, Skillern, Taylor.
Trumpets, Meff. Schmidt and Wallis.
Horna, Meff. C. Tully and Briant.
Trombones, Meff. Rooft, Schmagen, Dreffler.

Serbano, Mr. Willmihurst.

And Double Drums, Mr Jenkinson.

The remainder of the Band and Choruses (whish are numerous complete) by the most approved Performers.



A GRAND SELECTION.

PART I.



Overture Occasional.

2630

Recit. Mr Bartleman. Joshua

MY cup is full; how bleft in this decree! How can my thanks suffice the Lord and thee.

Air.

Shall I in Mamre's fertile plain
The remnant of my days remain:
And is it given to me to have
A place with Abraham in the grave?
For all these mercies I will sing
Eternal praise to heaven's high king:

CHORUS.

For all these mercies we will sing, Eternal praise to heaven's high King.

Air, Miss Griglietti. Esther

THE THE RESIDENCE AND ADDRESS OF THE

m & some some some of the sound of the

Tune your harps to cheerful strains, Me ulder idels into dust; Great Jehovah lives and reigns, We in great Jehovah trust.

Air, Mr Braham. Anthems.

O come let us worship and fall down, and kneel before the Lord our maker.

For he is the Lord our God, and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

Chorus: JUDAS MAC.

O Father, whose almighty power The heavens, and earth, and seas adores The hearts of Judah, thy delight, In one defensive band unite! Grant us a leader bold and brave, If not to conquer, born to save!

Recit. Mr Bartleman. Judas Mac.

I feel, I feel the Deity within,
Who, the bright cherubin between,
His raciant glory crit display'd;
To ifrael's diftrefsful pray'r
He hath vouchfaf'd a gracious ear,
And points out Macchabaus to their aid.
Judas shall fet the captive free,
And lead us on to victory.

AIR.

Arm, arm ye brave; a noble cause, The cause of Heaven your zeal demands! In desence of your nation, religion and laws, The Almighty Jehovah will strengthen your hands.

CHORUS.

We come, we come, in bright array, Judas, thy sceptre to obey!

Air, Miss Stephens. Theodora.

Angels ever bright and fair, Take, O take me to your care; Speed to your own court my flight, Clad in robes of Virgin white.

DA APP

Chorus. Dr. Boyce.

Bleffed be the name of the Lord, from this time forth, for evermore. Hallelujah. Amen.

End of the First Part.

PART II.

~00 () 00 ×

Overture, Zauberflote-Mozart.

Recit. Miss Singleton. Samson.

Relieve thy champion, image of thy strength, And turn his labours to a peaceful end.

Song.

Return, O God of hofts, Behold thy fervant in diffress.

Recit. Mrs Salmon. JUDAS MAC.

O let eternal honours crown his name; Judas! First worthy in the rolls of fame Say, "He put on the breast-plate as a giant, "And girt his warlike harness about him,

"In his acts he was like a lion,

" And like a lion's whelp roaring for his prey.

· Air.

From mighty kings he took the spoil, And with his acts made Judah smile. Judah rejoiceth in his name, And triumphs in her heroes same.

Recit. Mr. Bartleman. Dr. Callcott.

These as they change, Almighty Father! these Are but the varied God. The rolling year Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing spring Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love: Then comes thy glory in the summer months,

With light and heat refulgent, And off thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks! Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfin'd. And spreads a common feast for all rhat lives.

Air.

In winter awful Thou! with cloud'ft ftorms. Around Thee thrown; tempest o'er tempest roll'd Majestic darkuess! on the whirlwind's wing Riding sublime, Thou bidd'ft the world adore, And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

DOUBLE CHORUS: Ifrael in Egypt.

He gave them hailstones for rain; Fire mingled with the hail, ran along upon the ground.

Recit. Mr Braham. Jephtha.

Deeper, and deeper still, thy goodness child Pierceth a father's bleeding heart, and checks The cruel fentence on my fault'ring tongues Oh! let me whifper it to the raging winds, Or howling deferts! for the ears of men It is too shocking - Yet, have I not vow'd, And can I think the great Jehovah fleeps Like Chemoth, and fuch fabled deities? Ah! no-Heaven heard my thoughts & wrote them down. It must be fo !- 'tis this that racks my brain, And pours into my breast a thousand pangs That lash me into madness!-Horrid thought! My only daugh er-fo dear a child-doom'd By a father! Yes; the vow is past, and Gilead hath triumph'd o'er his foes. "herefore, tomorrow's dawn-I can no more.

Air.

Waft her, angels, through the skies, Far above you azure plain;
Glorious there like you to rife,
There, like you, for ever reign.

Recit. Mrs Salmon. Jephtha

Ye facred priests, whose hands ne'er yet were stain'd With human blood, why are you thus afraid To execute my father's will? The call of heaven With humble resignation I obey.

AIR.

Farewell ye limpid fprings and floods, Ye flow'ry meads and mazy woods, Farewell thou bufy world, where reign Short hours of joy, and years of pain.

Brighter fcenes I feek above,
In the realms of peace and love.

Chorus. Solomon.

From the censer curling rise
Grateful incense to the skies;
Heaven blesses David's throne,
Happy, happy Solomon.
Live, live for ever, pious David's son,
Live, live for ever, mighty Solomon.

End of the Second Part.

PART III.

-000 M > 008-

LUTHER'S HYMN-Verse, Mr Braham.

GREAT God what do I fee and hear,
The end of things created;
The Judge of mankind does appear
On clouds of glory feated.
The trumpets found, the graves reftore
The dead which they contain'd before—
Prepare my foul to meet Him.

Recit. accomp. Miss Stephens. Acis & Gal.

(BY DESIRE)

Ye verdant plains, and woody mountains, Purling streams, and bubbling fountains; Ye painted glories of the field, Vain are the glories which you yield: Too thin the shadow, of the grove, Too faint the gales to cool my love.

Air.

(Flageolet obligato, Mr. Sharp)

Hush, ye pretty warbling choir,
Your thrilling strains
Awake my pains,
And kindle see essire
Cease your song, and take your flight,
Bring back my Acis to my fight.
DA CAPO.

New Song, Mr. Braham.

The BATTLE of CORUNNA;

OR, THE

DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Composed expressly for him by Mr. C. Smith.

Recit. accompanied

High o'er Corunna's dark embattled towers,
Dread meteor figns the wrathful clouds difplay.
Omen of blood, the fun's red orbit lowers,
Where hoftile armies thand in proud array.
Hark! On you hill the classificous clarious found.

Hark! on you hill the clam'rous clarious found, Fiery and bold, the par-fixeds found the ground, And 'larum'd nature feems to fhrink-with fear.

Air.

With uproar wild, and hideous craft,
Like mountain floods wide (weeping o'er the plain,
Down from the heights the aquadrons daft,

Destruction in their train.

In colum'd strength the foe appears, Helms and corflets, shields and spears

Glance radiant on the fight.
Advancing from the British one,
Inspir'd, obeys the battle fign,
And rushes to the fight.

Death hovers round in conquering state, His victims strew the realms of tate; On high his sightless barners ave, Whose to the coward, glory to the brave. Glory or death! the valiant Britons cry, Charge follows charge, the baffled eagles fly, The toe gives ground, England has victory.

But see, alas! you chieftain's drooping head,
'I is Moore, the pride of England, doom'd to bleed.
On the dun air a murm'ring echo brings

Trimpphant tidings on its cewy wings; The falling victor hails the found,

With stedfast look beholes his wound;

"Forbear, my friends," th' expiring hero figh'd, "Comrades, tarewell!" then grafp'd his fword, and died.

Chorus. Galliard & Cooke.

Join voices all ye living fouls: ye birds, That finging up to heaven gate afcend, Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.

Air, Miss Stephens.

Resta ingrata io parto addio Ardi pur per aitra face Machi turba mela pace Tremera del m o furor.

Air, Mr Bartleman. Theodora.

Lord to thee, each night and day, Strong in hope we fing and pray; Tho' convultive rocks the ground, And thy thunders roll around, Still to Thee, each night and day, Strong in hope we fing and pray.

Da Capo.

Grand Chorus. Samfon.

Fix'd in his everlasting seat,
Jehovah rules the world in state;
Great Dagon rules the world in state;
His thunders roar, Heav'n shakes, and earth's aghast.
The stars with deep amaze,
Remain in stedsast gaze,
Jehovah is of Gods the first and last:
Great Dagon is of Gods the first and last.

FINIS.

On Friday, Feb. 17, (for the only time this feafon)
the Sacred Oratorio of

THE MESSIAH.

Composed by G. F. HANDEL.

Being the last night of Mr. BARTLEMAN's performance.

1.00

THE THEORY

A MARK CONTRACTOR

11.80











