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1 – 8.

The AIRS in the JOVIAL CREW

or

MERRY BEGGARS

As perform'd at the Theatre in Covent Garden

The Overture in Score and the Accompaniments to the Airs composed by Mr. Bates

LONDON

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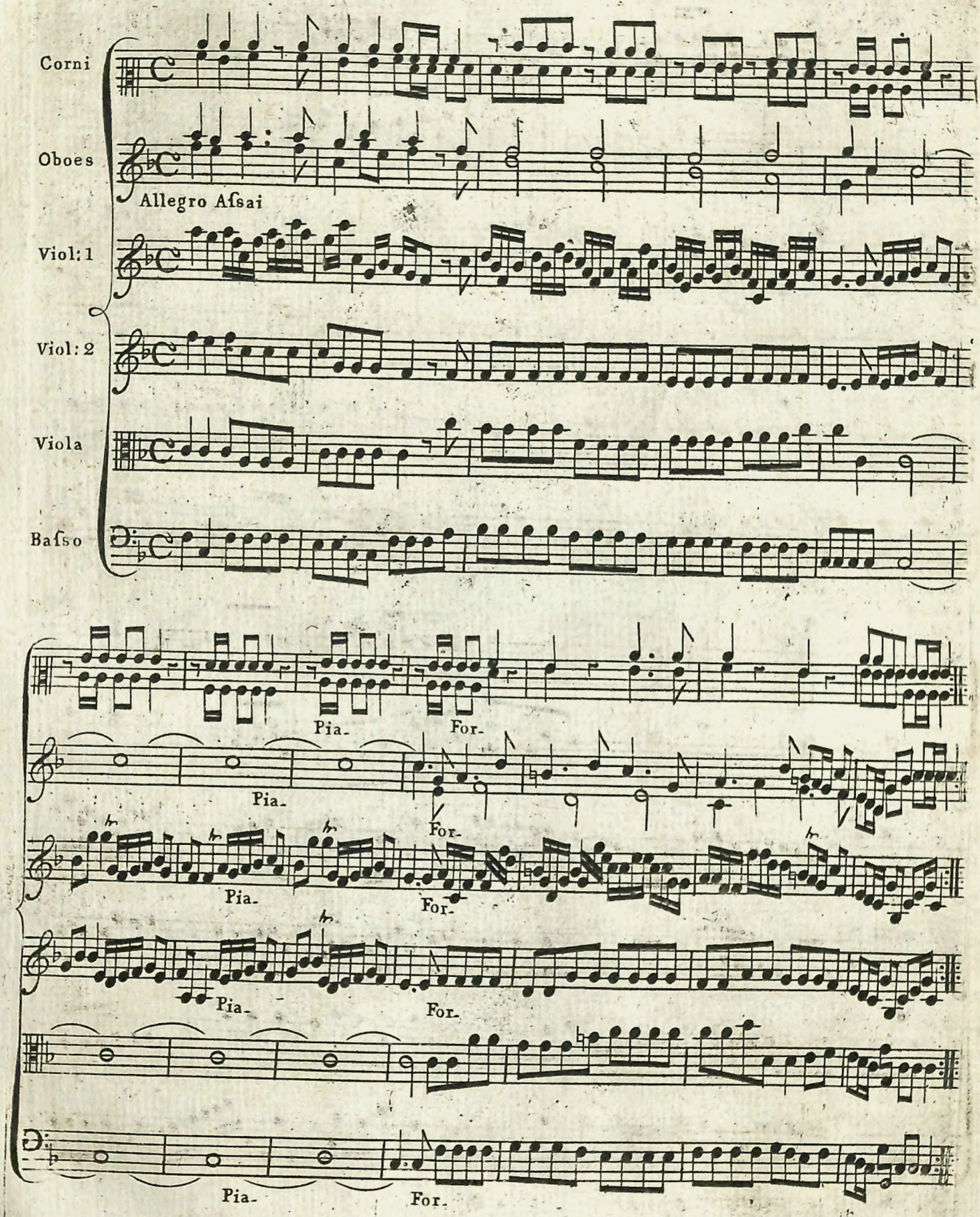
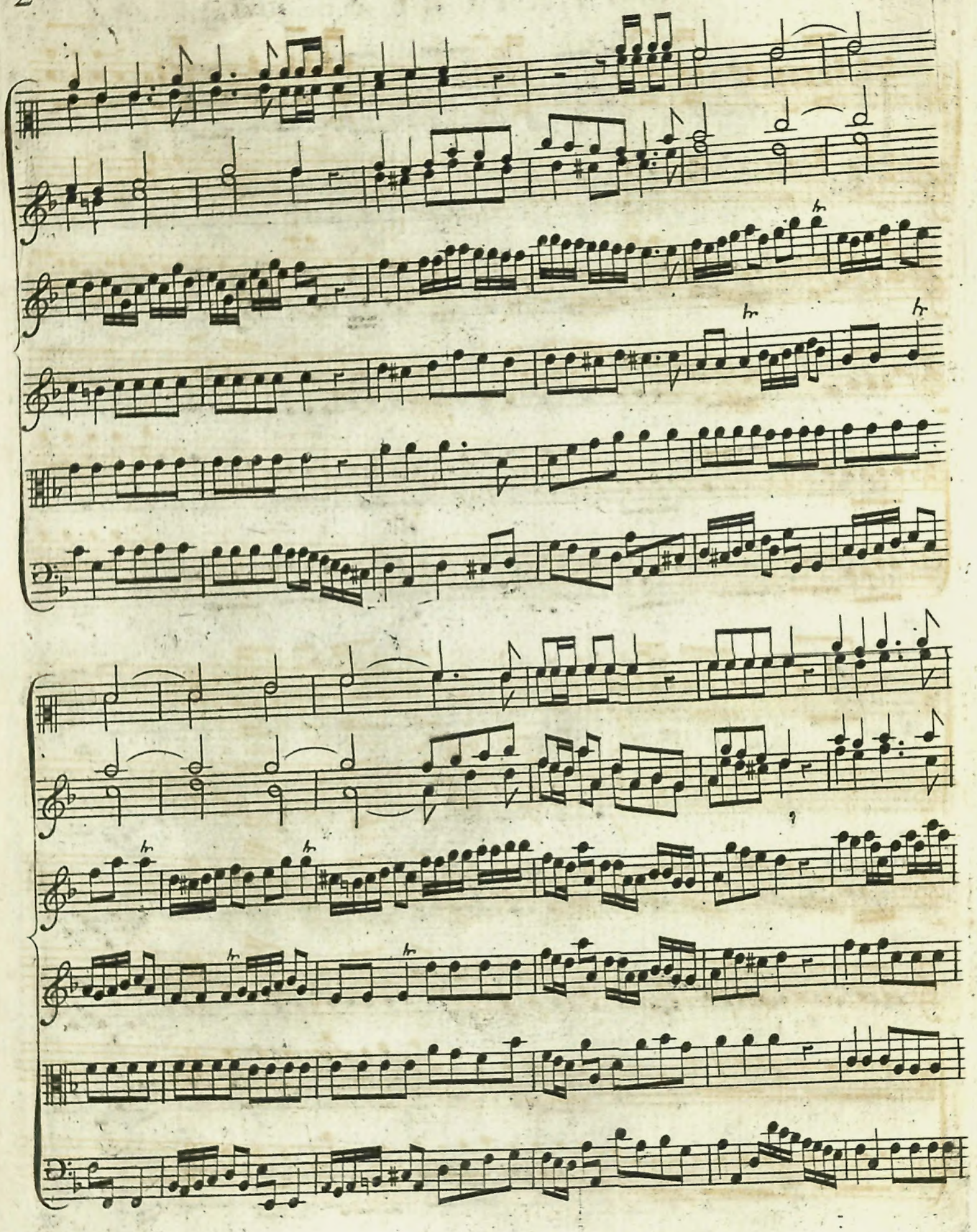
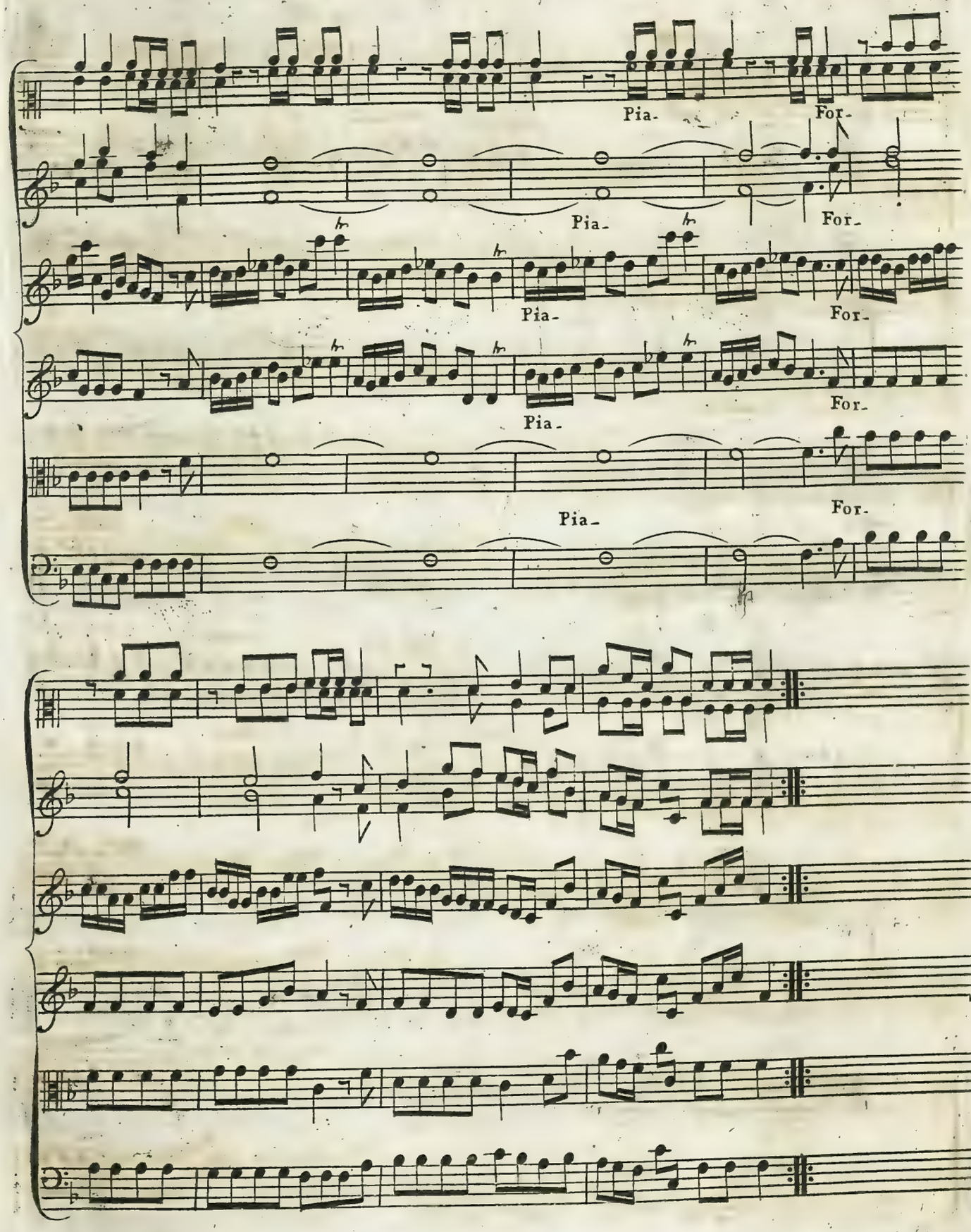
OVERTURE in the JOVIAL CREW






Pia-
For-
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Flutes

Viol 1

Pia.

Viol 2

Pia.

Andante

Baſso

Pia.

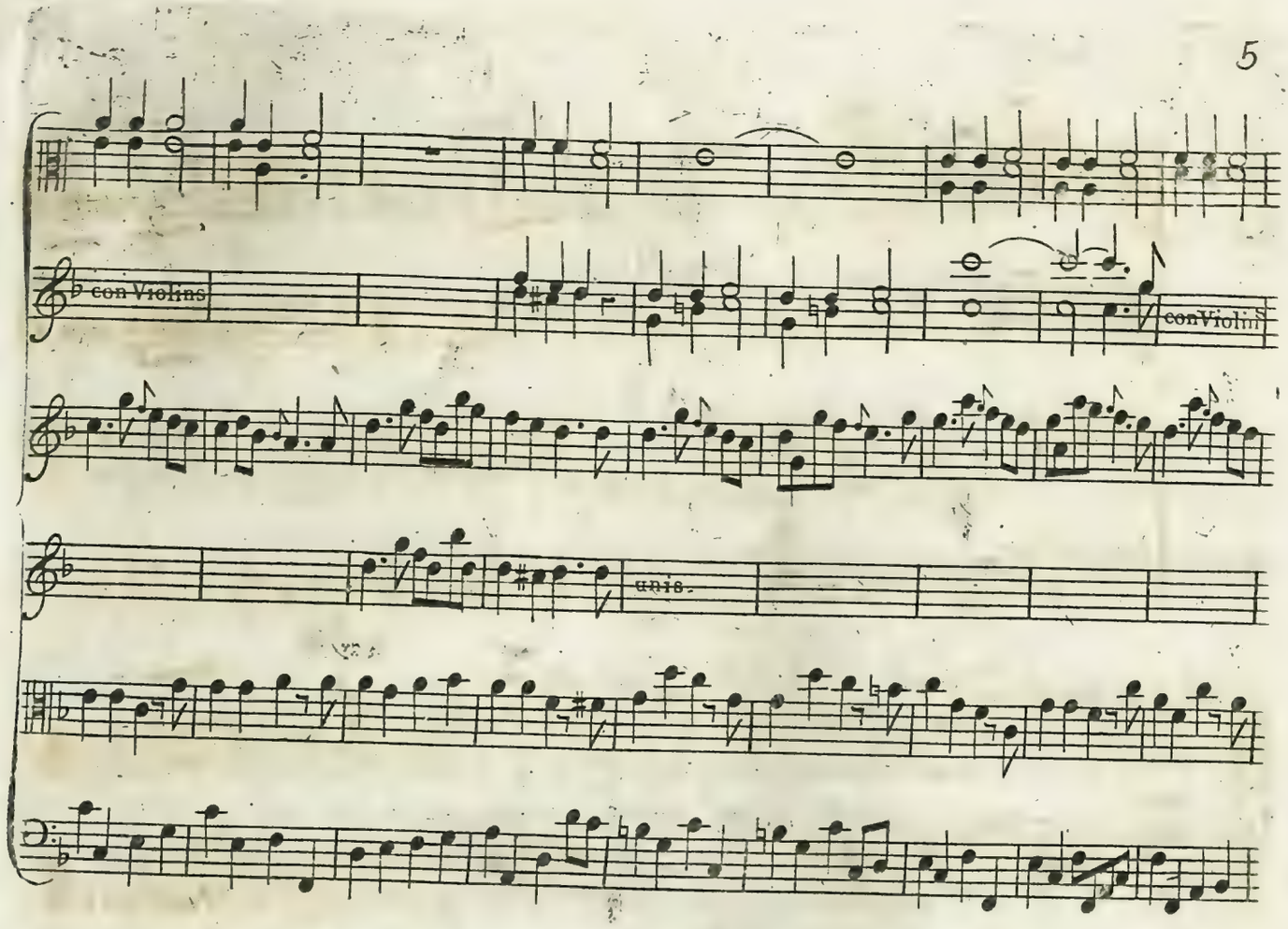
Corni

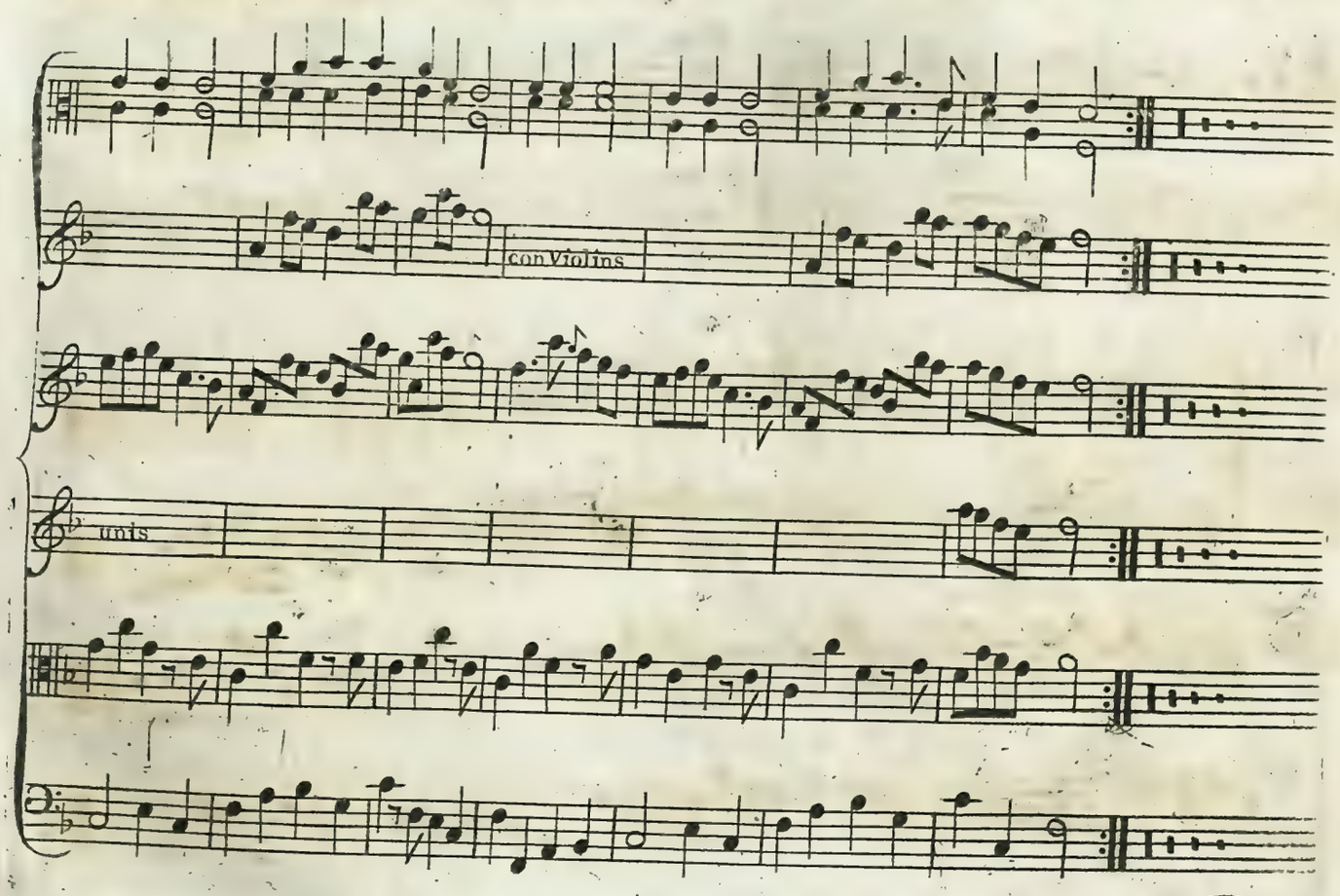
Oboes e
Violins

Allegro con Spirito

Viola

Baſſo





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Air 1

Allegro

Hearty.

To Day let us never be Slaves, nor the

Fate of tomorrow en_quire; Old Wizards, and Gypsies, are Knaves, and the Devil, we know, is a

Lyar. then drink off a Bumper whilst you may, We'll laugh, and we'll sing, tho our Hairs are grey; He's a

Fool and an Ass, that will baulk a full Glass, for fear of another Day.

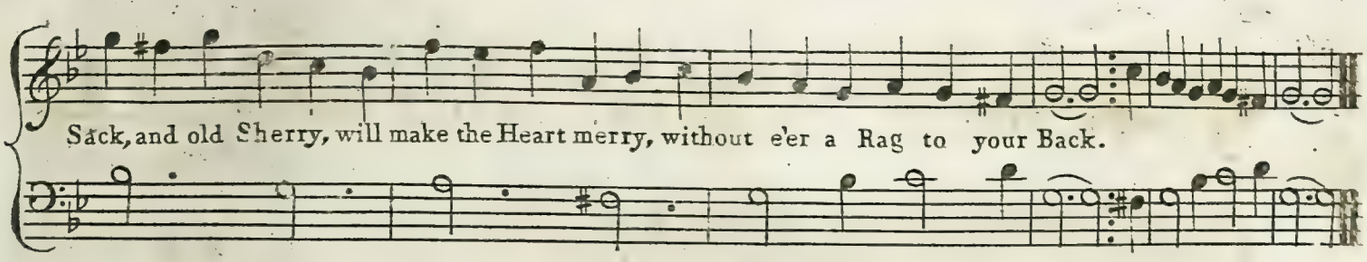
Air 2

Moderato

Hearty

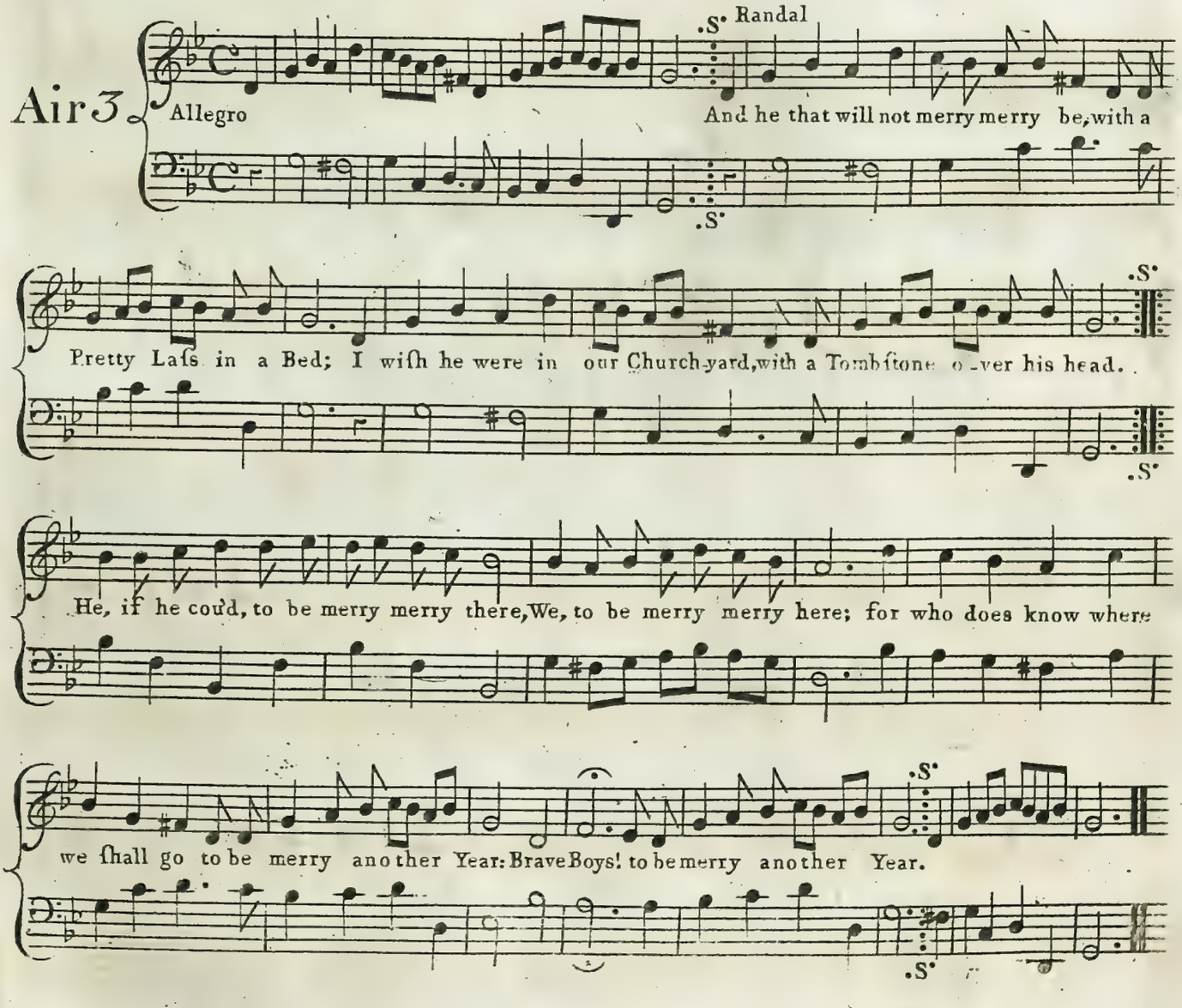
In Nottinghamshire, let 'em

boast of their Beer; with a Down, down, and a down, I'll sing in the praise of good Sack: Old



2

Then caſt away Care,
Bid adieu to Deſpair,
With a Down, down, and a down,
Like Fools, our own Sorrows we make;
In ſpight of dull thinking,
While Sack we are drinking,
Our Hearts are too buſy to ach.



Air 4.

Moderato

1ſt Beg:Wom:

Tho all are diſcontent--ed grown, and fain would change Conditions the Courtier envies now the Clown the Clowns turn Po--li--

.S. 2d Beg.Wom.

--ticians. Am-bition ſtill is void of Wit, and makes a woefull figure; for none of'em all e'er envy'd yet, the Life of a Jovial Beggar.

.S. .S.

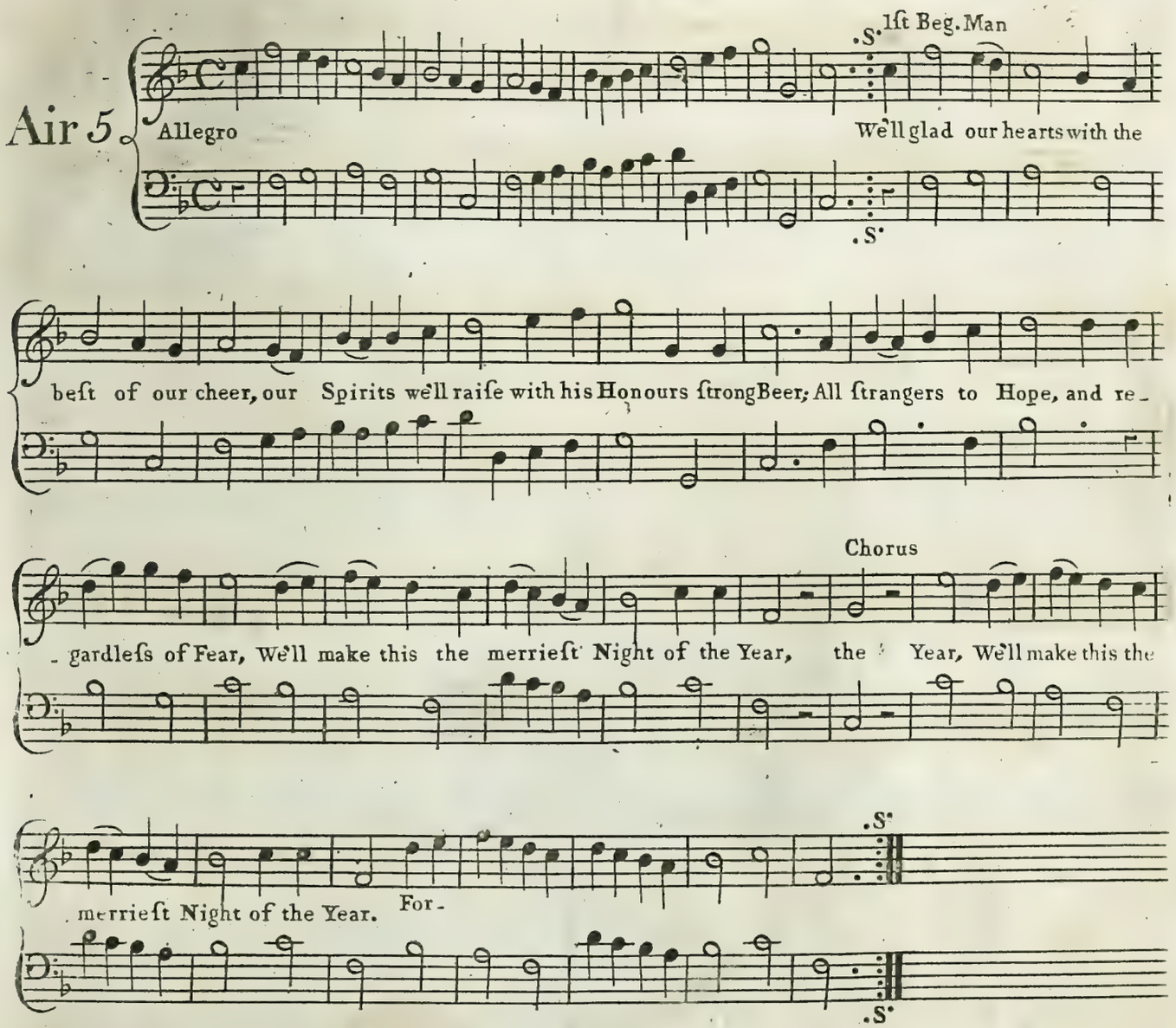
3d Beg. Wom.

The Man that hourly wracks his Brain,
To encreaſe his uſeleſs ſtore,
Still dreads a fall, and lives in Pain,
While we can fall no lower.

4th Beg. Wom.

The Dame of rich Attire that Brags,
Wou'd willingly unrig her;
Did ſhe but know the Joy of Rags,
And the Life of a Jovial Beggar.

Cho. of all. The Dame. &c:



2

2d Beg. Man

Nor Sorrow, nor Pain, amongſt us ſhall be found,
To our Maſters good health ſhall the Cup be crown'd;
That long he may live, and in Bliſs abound,
Shall be ev'ry Man's wiſh while the Bowl goes round.

3

3d Beg. Man

Our wants we can't help, nor our poverty cure,
Tomorrow mayn't come, of tonight we'll make ſure,
We'll laugh and lye down, altho' we be poor,
And our love ſhall remain, tho' the Wolf's at the Door.

4

4th Beg. Man

Then briſk and ſmart ſhall our Mirth go round,
With Antick Meaſures we'll beat the ground,
To pleaſure our Maſter in Duty bound,
We'll Dance 'till we're Lame, and drink 'till we're ſound.

1

Air 6

Moderato

Meriel

In the charming Month of May, when the pretty little Birds be--gin to ſing; what a ſhame at home to ſtay, nor en-joy the ſmiling Spring. While the Beggar that looks forlorn, tho ſhe's not ſo nobly born, with her Rags all patch and torn, while ſhe dances and ſings with the merry Men and Maids, In her ſmiling Eyes you may trace, and her innocent chearful face, tho ſhe's poor may be more hap-py than ſhe, that ſighs in her rich Bro-cades.

2

Air 7

Allegro

Rachael

See how the Lambs are ſporting! hear

how the Warblers ſing, ſee how the Doves are court - ing! All Nature hails the Spring. Let us em-

- brace the Bleſs - ing, Beggars alone are free, free from Employment their life enjoyment, Beyond

expreſsing, happy they wander and happy ſleep under, Under the Greenwood Tree.

Air 8

Andante

S. Rachael

How ſweet is the Evening Air, When the Laſſes all prepare, ſo

S.

trim and ſo clean, To trip it o'er the Green, And meet with their ſweethearts there. While the pale town

S.

Laſs Diſguiſes her Face, to ſqueak at a Maſquerade, where the proudeſt Prude may be ſubdued, and

S.

wh n ſhe cries you're rude you may conclude ſhe will not die a Maid.

S.

Air 9

Rachel

Moderato

At night, by moonlight, on the Plain, With

Rapture, how I've ſeen, At-tended by her harmleſs train, the little Fai---ry

Queen: Her midnight Revels ſweetly keep, While Mortals are in-volv'd in ſleep; they

trip it o'er the Green.

2

And where they danc'd their chearful round,
The Morning wou'd diſcloſe,
For where their nimble Feet do bound,
Each Flow'r unbidden grows:
The Daiſy (fair as Maids in May)
The Cowſlip, in his gold Array,
And bluſhing Violet roſe.

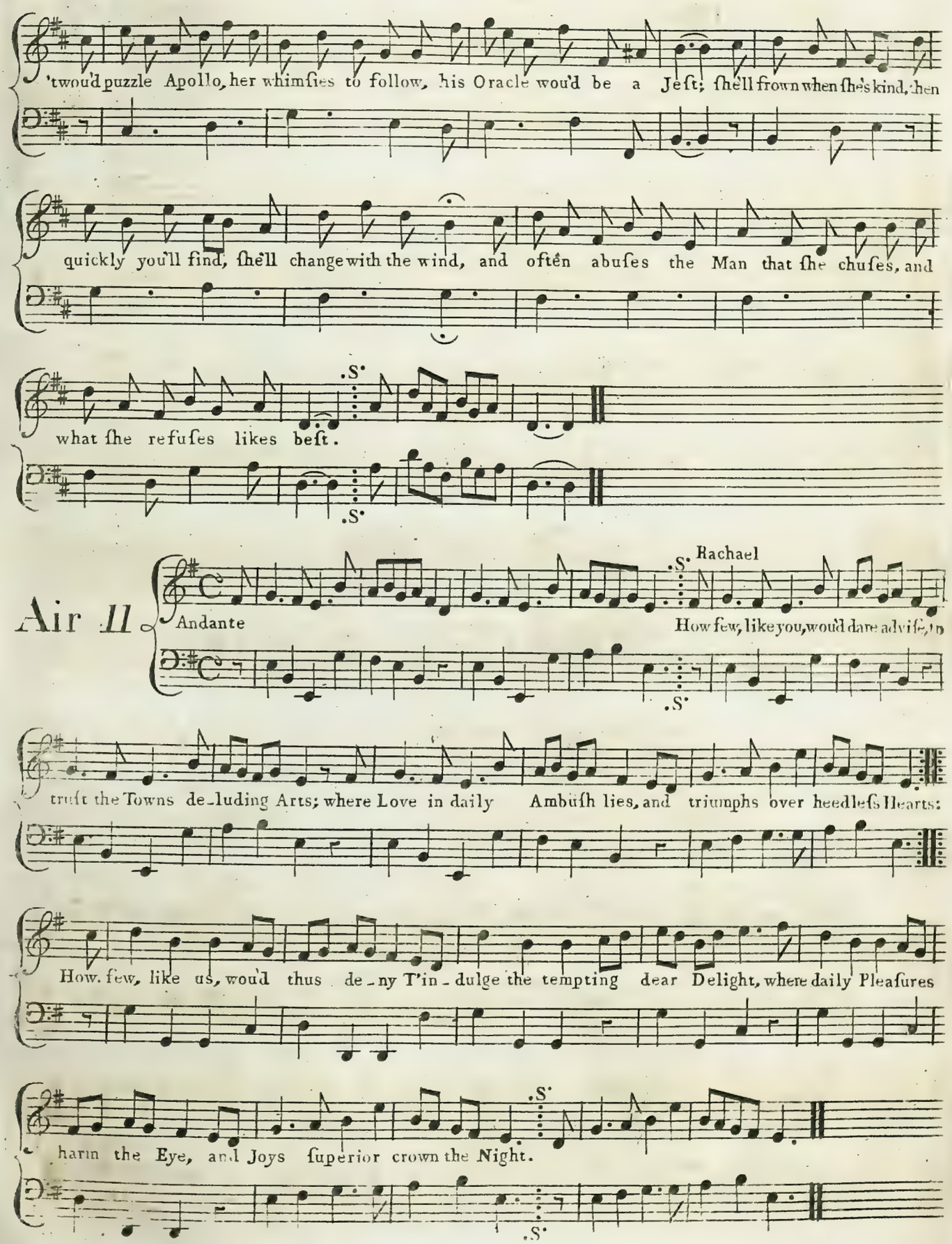
Air 10

Hilliard

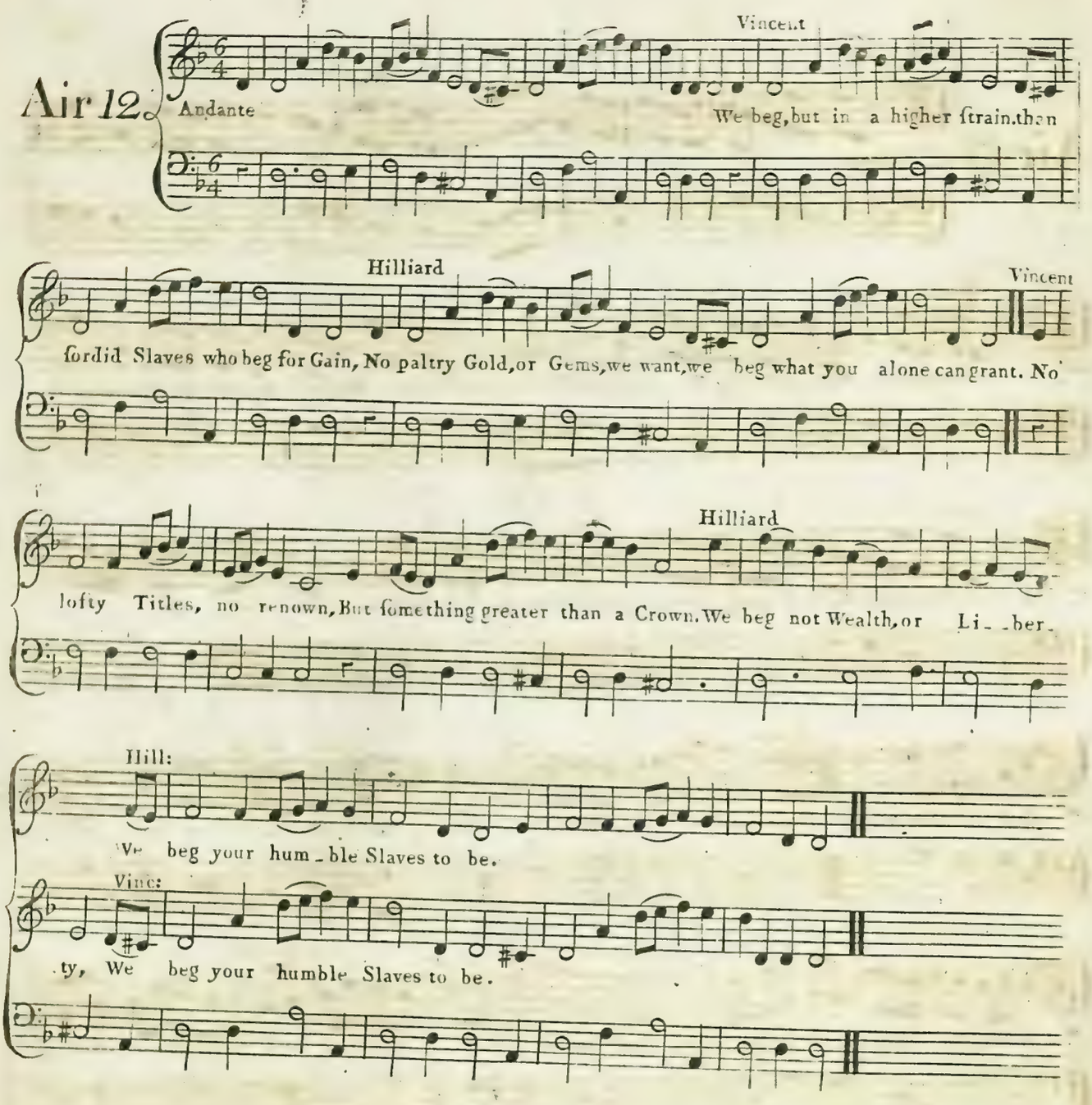
Allegro

The mind of a Woman can never be known you never ca

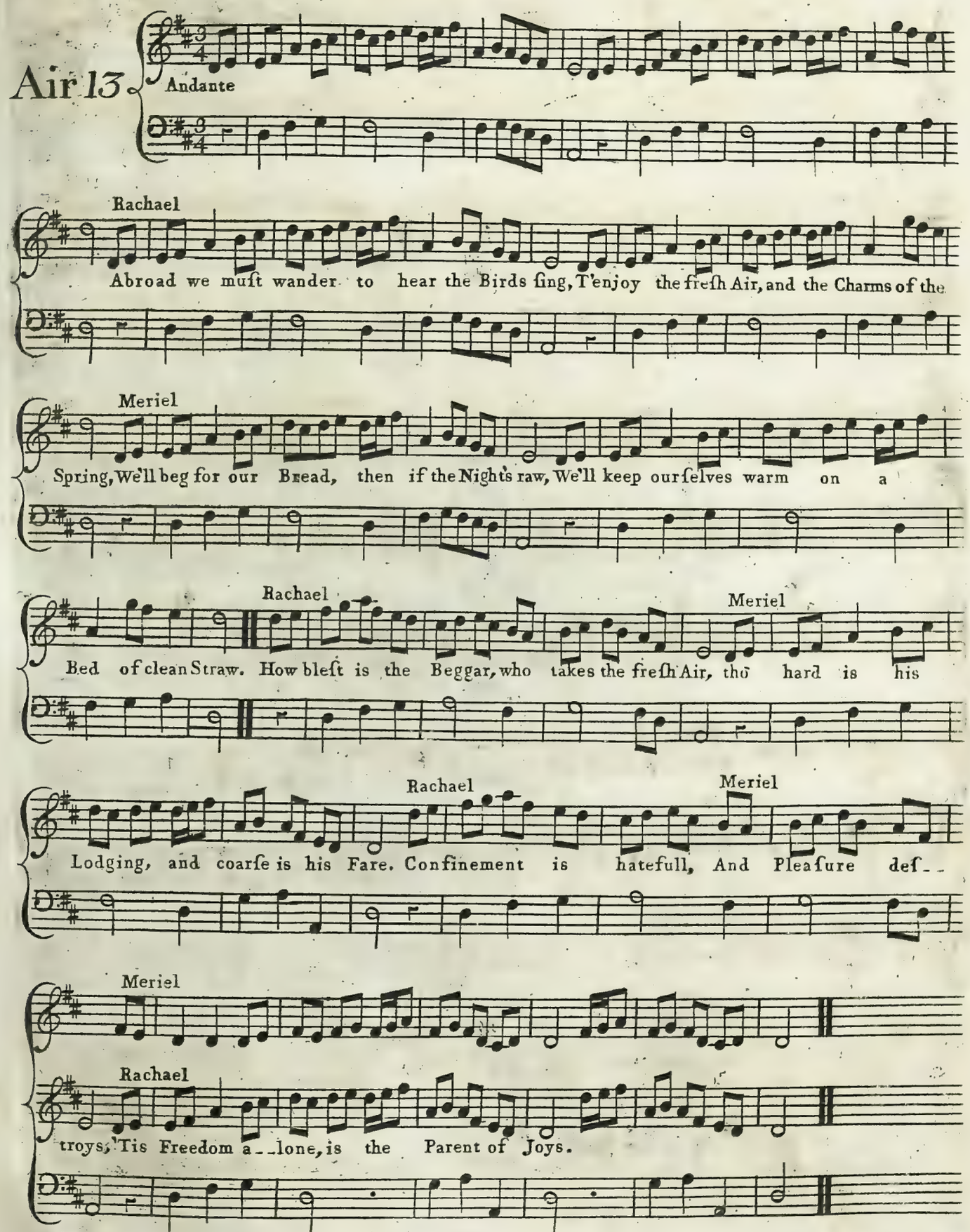
gueſs it a-right, I'll tell you the Reaſon—ſhe knows not her own, it changes ſo often e'er Night:


'twou'd puzzle Apollo, her whimſies to follow, his Oracle wou'd be a Jeſt; ſhe'll frown when ſhe's kind, then
quickly you'll find, ſhe'll change with the wind, and often abuſes the Man that ſhe chuſes, and
what ſhe refuſes likes beſt.
Air II
Andante
Rachael
How few, like you, would dare adviſe, to
truſt the Towns de-luding Arts; where Love in daily Ambuſh lies, and triumphs over heedleſs Hearts:
How few, like us, would thus de-ny T'in-dulge the tempting dear Delight, where daily Pleaſures
harm the Eye, and Joys ſuperior crown the Night.

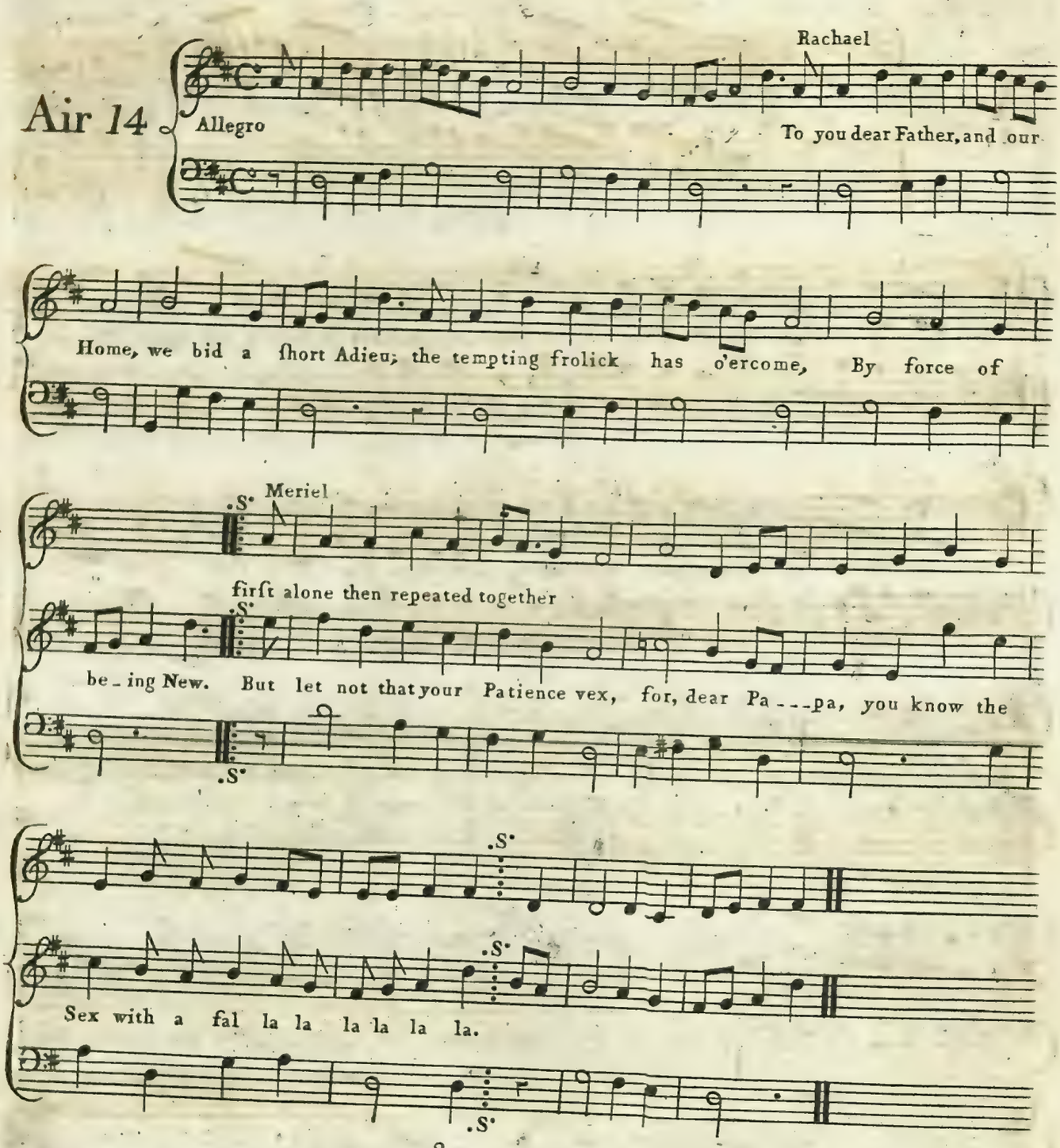
Air 12.



Vinc: We beg your ſnowy Hands to kiſs,
Or Lips, if you'd vouchſafe the Bliſs.
Hill: And if our faithful Vows can move,
(What Gods might envy us) your Love.
Vinc: The Boon we beg, if you deny,
Our Fates decreed, we pine and die.
Hill: For Life we beg, for Life implore,
Both The pooreſt Wretch can beg no more.


Air 13
Andante
Rachael
Abroad we muſt wander to hear the Birds ſing, T'enjoy the freſh Air, and the Charms of the
Meriel
Spring, We'll beg for our Bread, then if the Night's raw, We'll keep ourſelves warm on a
Rachael
Meriel
Bed of clean Straw. How bleſt is the Beggar, who takes the freſh Air, tho' hard is his
Rachael
Meriel
Lodging, and coarſe is his Fare. Confinement is hatefull, And Pleaſure deſ--
Meriel
Rachael
troys, 'Tis Freedom a--lone, is the Parent of Joys.

Air 14



2

Meriel. Nor hope, good Sir, to ſpare your Coſt,
Nor think our Fortunes paid:
No Woman yet was ever loſt,
Tho ſometimes ſhe's miſlaid;
2d time together. For when the Pleaſure turns to Pain,
Be ſure we ſhall come home again.
With a fal la la &c.

The End of the firſt Act.

Air 15.

poco for fortiſs.o poco for fortiſs.o S. Hearty Let Pleaſure go S.

round, let us laugh and ſing, let us laugh and ſing, Boys! Let humour a-bound and Joy fill the

Day, if ſorrow intrude, Drive it out again, drive it out again, Boys! if by Griefs we're pur--

-ſued Let us drink em a-way: The Pleaſures of Wine make a Mortal divine, for get but a

Bottle once in-to your Noddle, No power or Art, can ſuch Virtue impart, for raiſing the

S.

Spirits, and chearing the Heart.

S.

AIR XVI

Hearty

Allegro

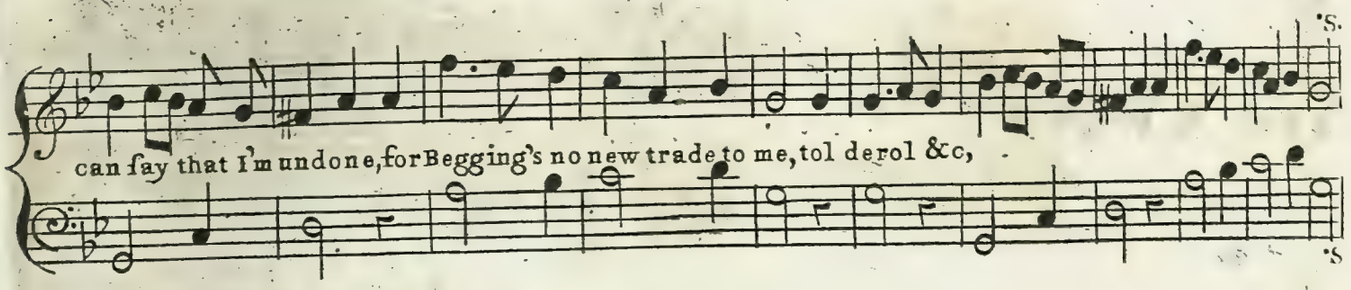
There was an old Fellow at Waltham Crofs, Who merrily Sung when he liv'd by the lofs, He cheer'd up his Heart, when his Goods went to rack, He cheer'd up his Heart, when his Goods went to rack, with a Hem Boys Hem, Hem Boys Hem, and a Cup of old Sack.

AIR XVII

1.ft Beg. Man

Allegro

I once was a Poet at London, I keep my Heart ſtill full of Glee, There's no Man



2

2.d Beg:Man

I was once an Attorney at Law,
And after a Knight of the Poſt,
Give me a briſk Girl in clean Straw,
And I value not who rules the Roaſt, tol derol &c.

3

3.d Beg:Man

Make room for a Soldier in Buff,
Who valiantly ſtrutted about,
'Till he fancy'd the Peace breaking off,
And then he moſt wiſely—ſold out. tol derol &c,

4

4.th Beg:Man

Here comes a Courtier polite, Sir,
Who flatter'd my Lord to his Face,
Now railing is all his delight Sir,
Becauſe he miſs'd getting a place. tol derol &c,

5

5.th Beg:Man

I ſtill am a merry Gut Scraper,
My Heart never yet felt a qualm,
Tho' poor I can frollick and vapour,
And ſing any Tune but a Pſalm. tol derol &c,

6

6.th Beg:Man

I was a Fanatical Preacher,
I turn'd up my Eyes when I pray'd,
But my Hearers had half ſtarv'd their Teacher,
For they believ'd not one word that I ſaid. tol derol &c,

7

1.ſt Beg: Man

Who e'er wou'd be merry and free,
Let him liſt, and from us he may learn,
In Palaces who ſhall you ſee,
Half ſo happy as we in a Barn. tol derol &c,

The Beggars Dance Page 25 follows this Song

AIR XVIII

Randal

Allegro

What thò theſe Guineas bright Sir, Be heavy in my Bag, My Heart is ſtill the lighter, the more my Pockets ſwag, Let muſty Fools find out by rules, That Money ſorrow brings, Yet none can think how I love ẏ Chink, a-laſs poor things.

AIR XIX

Hilliard

Andante

Tho' Women, 'tis true, are but tender, Yet Nature does ſtrength ſupply: Their will is to ſtrong to ſurrender, They're obſtinate ſtill 'till they die, In vain you attack 'em with reaſon, Your ſorrows you only prolong; Diſ-

=puting is always high Treaſon, No Woman was e'er in the wrong. Your only relief is to

S.

bear, And when you appear content, Perhaps in compaſsion the Fair, may perſwade herſelf

S.

into conſent.

S.

AIR XX

Rachel

Andante

Woe betide each

tender Fair, Who now beholds you muſt adore ye, Such a Shape, and ſuch an Air, Muſt make each

Beauty fall before ye: Narciſsus fate and yours were one, cou'd you but your own charms diſ=

=cover, you'd die as many a Fop has done, only of himſelf a Lover.

AIR XXI

Rachel

Andante

No Woman her envy can ſmother, Thò never ſo vain of her charms, If a beauty ſhe ſpies in a-

-nother, The pride of her Heart it alarms. New conqueſts ſhe ſtill muſt be making, or fancies her

power grown leſs, Her poor little Heart is ſtill aching, at ſight of another's ſucceſs, But

Nature deſign'd, in love to Mankind, That different Beauties ſhou'd move, Still pleaſ'd to or-

-dain, none ever ſhou'd reign, Sole Monarch in Empire or Love. Then learn to be wiſe, new

triumphs deſpiſe, And leave to your Neighbours their due, If one can't pleaſe, you'll find by degrees, you'll

not be contented with two, You'll not be contented with two.

AIR XXII

Rachel

Andante

O

Meriel

may your Miſtreſs ne'er de-ny, The ſuit which you ſhall humbly move, And

Rachel

may the faireſt Virgins vye, And be ambitious of your Love, If Honour lead may

Meriel Rachel

you ſucceed, By Love inſpir'd with conqueſt crown'd, And when you wed, Your

Bridal Bed, with wealth and end-leſs Joys a-bound.

AIR XXIII

Oliver (to Rachel

Allegro

Come hither, pretty Maid, with a black rolling Eye, (aſide) What a look was there! does all my ſenſes charm, (to Meriel) Come hither pretty Dear for I ſwear I long to try, A little little Love which will do thee Child no harm: That Air that Grace, That lovely milk white Skin, (to both) {Oh! which ſhall I embrace? Oh! where ſhall I begin,} {For if I ſtay I both of them muſt Wooe; I had better runaway than deal at once with two.}

S. (to Rachel) (to Meriel)

S.

(aſide)

2.d time

S.

S.

BEGGARS DANCE.

G Horns

Oboes

Violin

Baſso

G: Horns

Andante

Flutes

Andante

AIR XXIV

Rachel

Vio: 2d

Andante

Can nothing, Sir, move you, our ſorrows to mend, Have you nothing to give Sir, have you

Meriel

nothing to lend, You ſee the ſad fate, we poor Damſels en-dure, Can't Charity move you to

Rachel

grant us a Cure. My Heart does ſo heave, I'm a-fraid it will break, of Victuals we've

Meriel

scarce had a Morsel this Week, How hard is your Heart, how unkind is your Eye. If nothing can

Horns

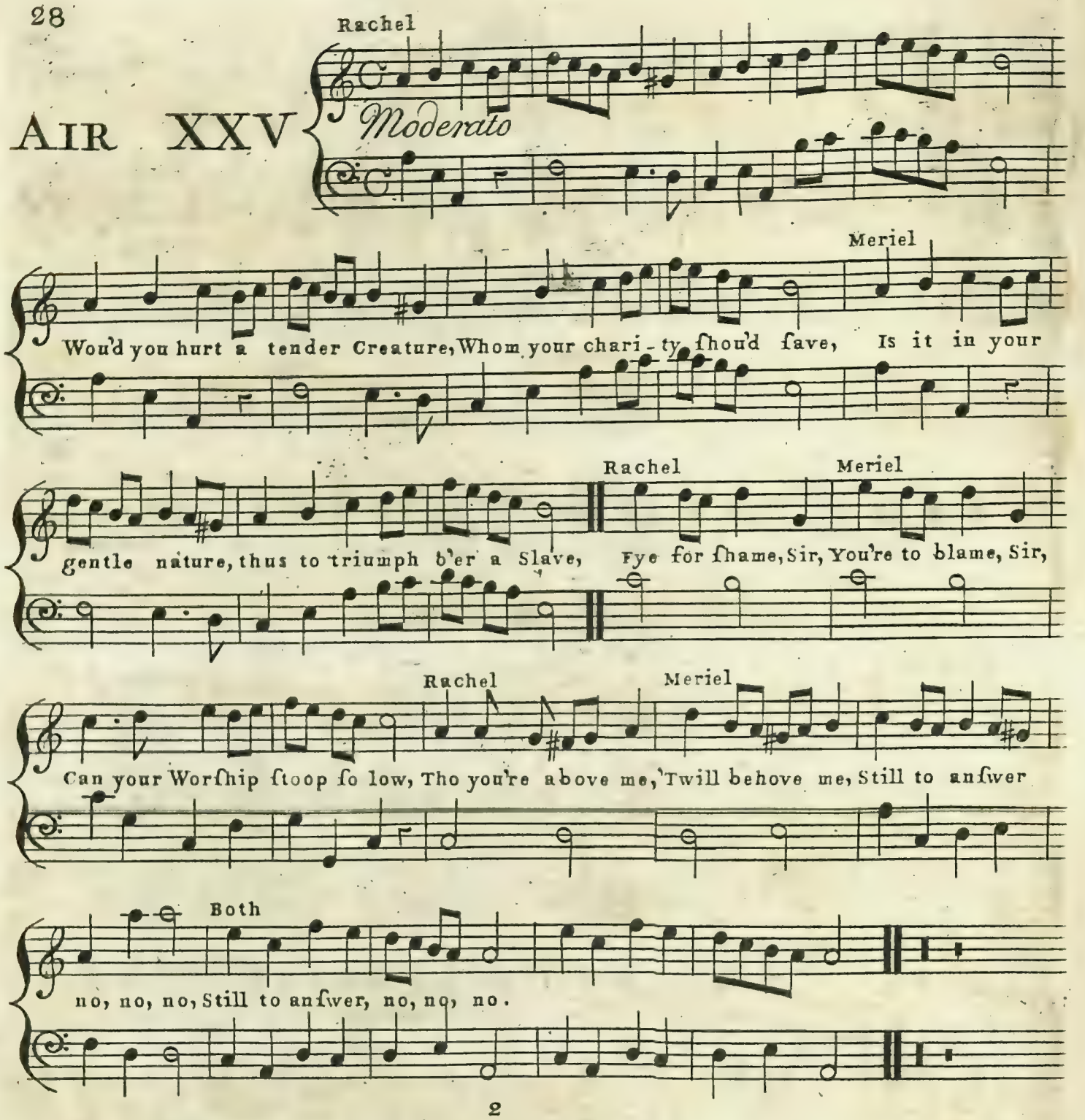
Vio:2d

together { Meriel the under Part

move you, good Sir, to com-ply, how hard is your Heart, how unkind is your Eye. if nothing can

move you good Sir to comply.

AIR XXV



2

Meriel. All your Gold can never buy me,
Or from Virtue ſet me free,
Rachel. Thou art meaner, thus to try me,
Poorer, baſer far than we.
Meriel. Ladies gay, Sir,
Rachel. May ſport and play, Sir,
But She that's poor and honeſt too,
Meriel. May Nobler be,
Rachel. Than the proudeſt She,
While thus ſhe anſwers, no, no, no,
Both. While thus ſhe anſwers, no, no, no.
Ladies gay, Sir, &c

Air 26

Andante

Upper Notes for ye Voice

The tuneful Lark who from her Neſt, E'er yet well fledg'd is ſtol'n away with Care attended and careſs'd, ſhe ſometimes ſings the live-long Day. Yet ſtill her native Fields ſhe mourns her Goaler hates, his Kindneſs ſcorns, for Freedom pants, for Freedom burns.

2

That darling Freedom once obtain'd,
Unſkill'd untaught to ſearch for Prey,
She mourns the Liberty ſhe gain'd,
And hungry pines her hours away,
Helpleſs the little Wand'rer flies,
Then homeward turns her longing Eyes,
And warbling out her Grief, ſhe dies.

Air 27

Andante

Oh! turn yr Eyes on me, & view my diſtreſs,

Did you know my hard Fate, you wou'd pity my Caſe, ſuch a kind hearted Gentleman ſure wou'd

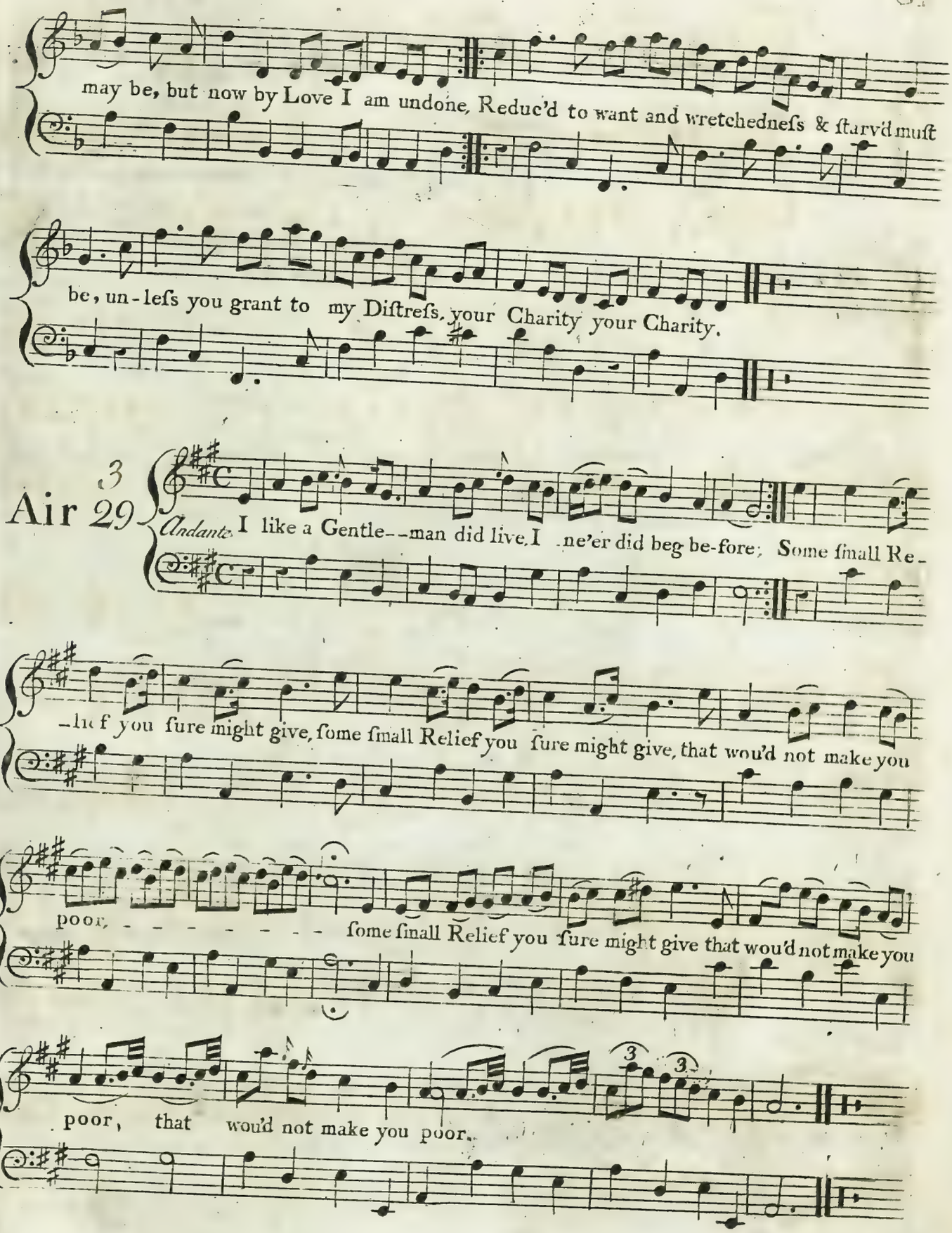
grant to a tender young Virgin what e'er ſhe did want.

Air 28

Andante

Oh! hear my

Story gentle Lady I am a wealthy Farmer's Son, who once was gay, and rich as


may be, but now by Love I am undone, Reduc'd to want and wretchedneſs & ſtarv'd muſt
be, un-leſs you grant to my Diſtreſs, your Charity your Charity.
Air 29
3
Andante
I like a Gentle--man did live, I ne'er did beg be-fore; Some ſmall Re-
-lief you ſure might give, ſome ſmall Relief you ſure might give, that wou'd not make you
poor, - - - - - - - - ſome ſmall Relief you ſure might give that wou'd not make you
poor, that wou'd not make you poor.

Air 30

Rachel

Adagio

My Daddy is gone to his Grave, my Mother lies under a Stone, & never a Penny I have, Alas! I am quite undone: My Lodging is in the cold Air, and hunger is ſharp and bites, a little Sir good Sir ſpare, to keep me warm o' Nights.

Air 31

Amie)

Allegro

Is there on Earth a Pleaſure dearer than Virtue's Fame? In vain's the real Treaſure, when we have loſt the Name!

Then let each Maid maintain it, 'Twill aſk the niceſt Care, once loſt, ſhe'll

ne'er regain it, All, all is then Deſ-pair.

I made Love to Kate, page 39 finiſhes the ſecond Act.

Act III

Air 32

Rachel.

Andante

Jealouſy, like a

Canker-worm, Nips the tender Flow'r of Love, Jea-louſy, raging like a Storm,

Pray'rs can't mollify, Tears can't move; Love is the Root of Pleaſures and Joys.

Jealouſy all its Fruit deſtroys, 'Tis Love, Love, Jealouſy Love our Heav'n or

Hell ſtill prove, our Heav'n or Hell ſtill prove.

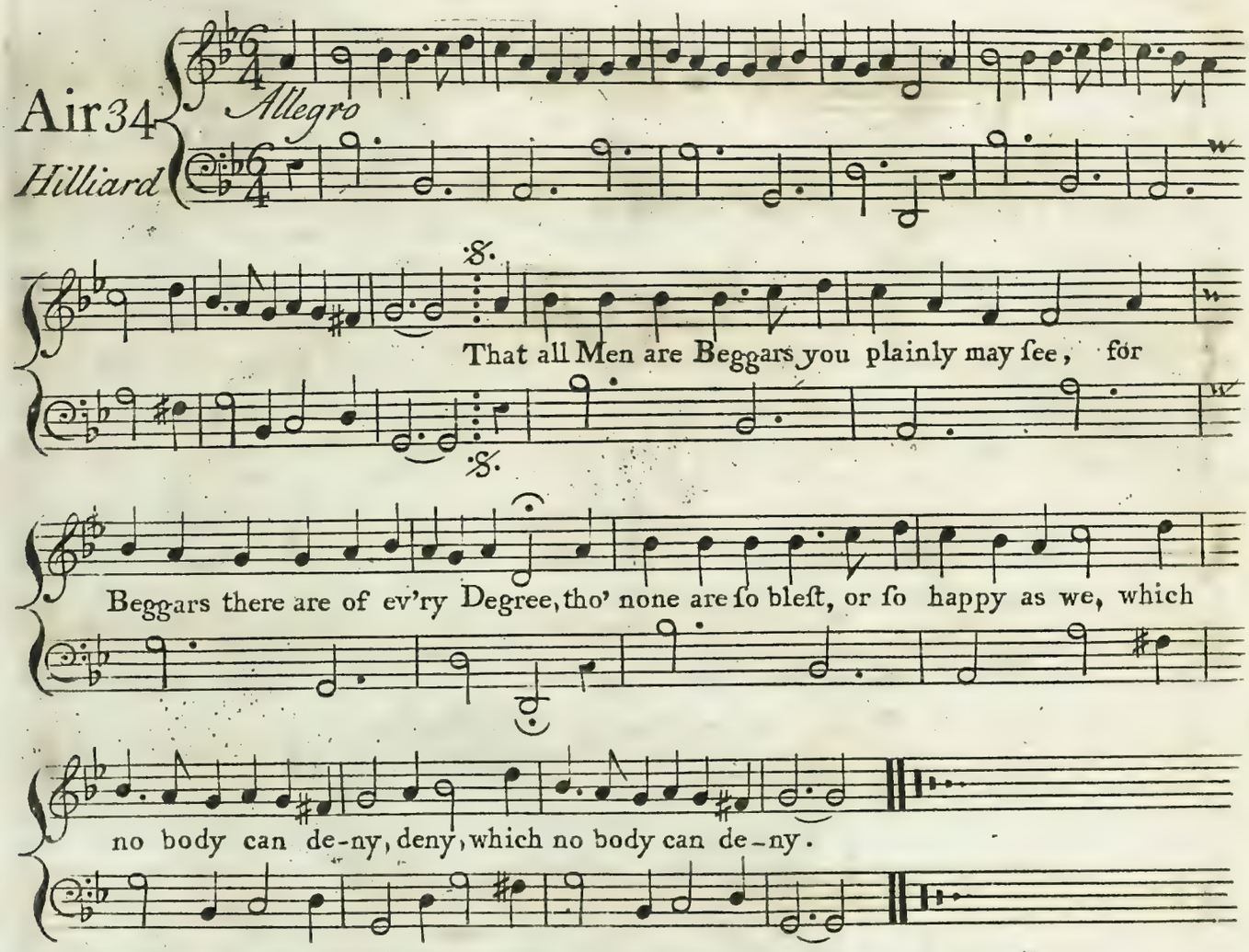
Air 33.

Rachel.

Allegro

Tho' Ladies look gay, when of Beauty they boaſt, & Miſers are envy'd when Wealth is increaſ'd, the Vapours oft kill all the joys of a Toaſt, & the Miſer's a wretch when he pays for a Feaſt:

The Pride of the Great, of the Rich, of the Fair, may pity beſpeak, but Envy can't move, my thoughts are no further aſpir– ing, no more my fond Heart is deſir - ing, than Freedom Content and the Man that I love.



Vin.

2

The Tradesman he begs that his wares you wou'd buy
Then begs you wou'd believe the Price is not high,
And ſwears 'tis Trade, when he tells you a Lye,
Which nobody can deny &c.

Hill.d

3

The Lawyer he begs you wou'd give him a Fee,
Tho' he reads not y.r Brief, & regards not your Plea,
Then advices your Foe how to get a Degree,
Which nobody can deny &c.

Mer.

4

The Courtier he begs for a Penſion, a Place,
A Ribbon, a Title, a Smile from his Grace;
'Tis due to his Merit, is writ in his Face,
Which nobody ſhou d deny &c.

Rachel.

5

But if by miſhap, he ſhou'd chance to get none;
He begs you'd believe that the Nation's undone,
There's but one honeſt Man & himſelf is that one,
Which nobody dares deny &c.

Amie

6

The fair one who labours whole mornings at home,
New Charms to create, & much Paint to conſume,
Yet begs you'd believe 'tis her natural Bloom,
Which nobody ſhou'd deny &c.

Hill.d

7

The Lover, he begs the dear Nymph to comply,
She begs he'd begone, but her languiſhing Eye,
Still begs he wou'd ſtay, for a Maid ſhe can't dye,
Which none but a Fool wou'd deny

Air 35

Andante

Hilliard — Sure, by that Smile my Pains are o-ver,

Rachel — don't be too ſure, wou'd you then kill a

Hilliard — faithful Lover, wait for your Cure: Women re-

Rachel — gardleſs of our Fate, often prove kind, but kind too late.

Rachel - Women alas! too ſoon ſurrender,
Hilliard - - - - That I deny,
Rachel - Men oft'betray a Heart too tender,
Hilliard - - - - - Take me & try,
Rachel - Love is a Tyrant under whoſe ſway,
They ſuffer moſt, who beſt obey.
Both. Love is, &c.

Air 36.

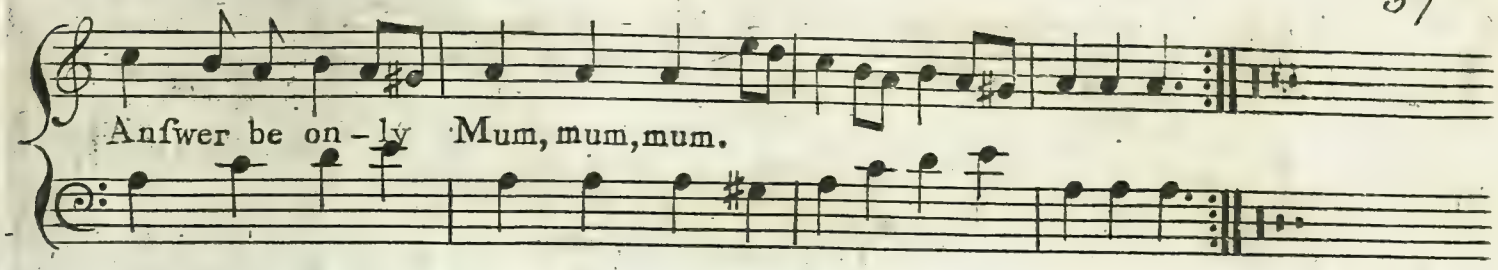
Randal.

Allegro

The greateſt ſkill in

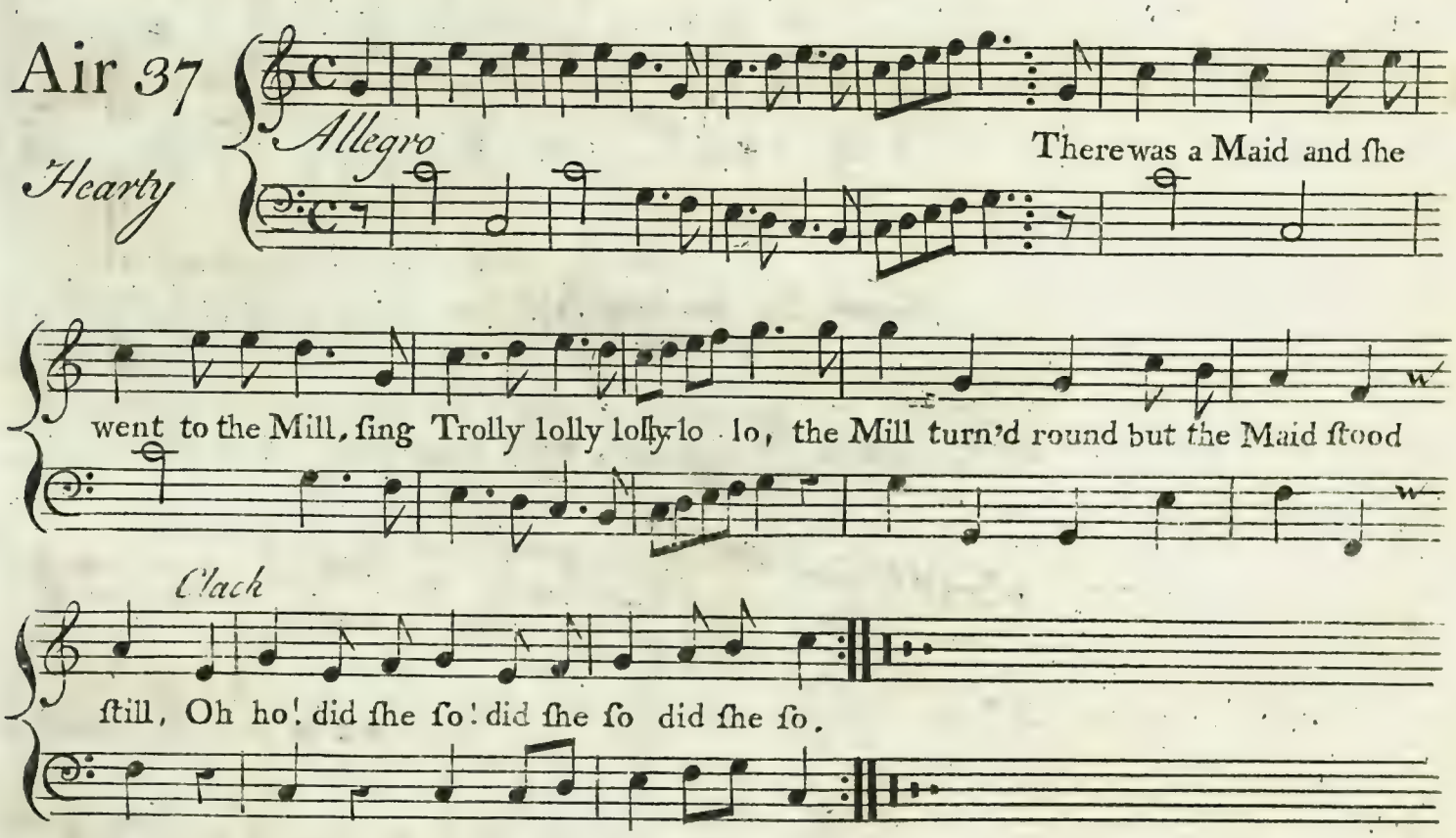
Life, for a-voiding Noiſe and Strife, is to know when a Man ſhou'd be dumb, dumb,

dumb, when a Knave to gain his end, ſifts you to betray your Friend, Let your



Wou'd you try to perſwade,
A pretty pretty Maid,
As ripe as a Peach or a Plumb, Plumb, Plumb,
You've nothing more to do,
But to ſwear you will be true,
And then you may kiſs, but Mum, mum, mum.

Air 37



2

Hearty. The Miller he kiſs'd her, away ſhe went,
Sing Trolly &c.
The Maid was well pleaſ'd & the Miller content,
Clack, Oh ho! did he ſo? &c.

3

Hearty. He danc'd & he ſung, while the Mill went clack,
Sing Trolly &c.
And he cheriſh'd his heart, with a Cup of old Sack,
Clack, Oh ho! did he ſo? &c.

Air 38

Beggar

Adagio

To Knight & Squire & to the Genteels here, we wiſh our

Play may with content appear, We promiſe you no dainty Wit of Court, nor City Pageantry

nor Country Sport, but a plain piece of Action, very ſhort & ſweet, In Story true youlll know

it when you ſee't

Air 39

2d Begg.r

Allegro

Old Sack & old Songs & a merry old

Crew will fright away Cares when the Ground looks blue, old Sack & old Songs & a merry old

Crew will fright away Cares, when the Ground looks blue.

AIR XL

Amie

Allegro

A-las. Sir, I have prov'd your Clown, Ey'd him, try'd him, but muſt own; ſo wretched a Mortal ne'er was known, I had been with him undone: If I muſt in Bondage be, To chuſe my Chains at leaſt I'm free; Since I am willing to be billing, here's the Man the Man for me.

S. S. S. S.

AIR XLI

Meriel

Andante

What haſte you were in to be doing, When two at a time you were wooing, Yet quickly you'll find, If any prove

Rachel

kind you'd work enough meet with one, What haſte you were in to be Billing, With two at a

time for a Shilling, You men are ſo keen, when once you begin, You fancy you ne'er ſhall have

Meriel

Rachel

done. How cou'd the Ladies ſo ſtarve you, That ragged poor Beggars cou'd ſerve ye, What

Virgins Heart, can ſcape the Dart, Tho cru--el where e'er you drop your Glove, Such a

Both

Swain muſt needs ſucceſsful prove, Such a Swain by Nature form'd for Love.

AirXLII

Hearty to the Men

Vio:2d
Allegro

Vio:2d

Now then tell 'em fair-ly, you will love 'em dear-ly, May each of them be year-ly; Mother

to the Women

of a Boy. Ladies fair, a--dieu t'ye, manage well your Beauty, keep your Spouses true t'ye,

be their only Joy. Come my Lads, be mer-ry, bring us Sack and Sherry, Call the Pipe and Tabor,

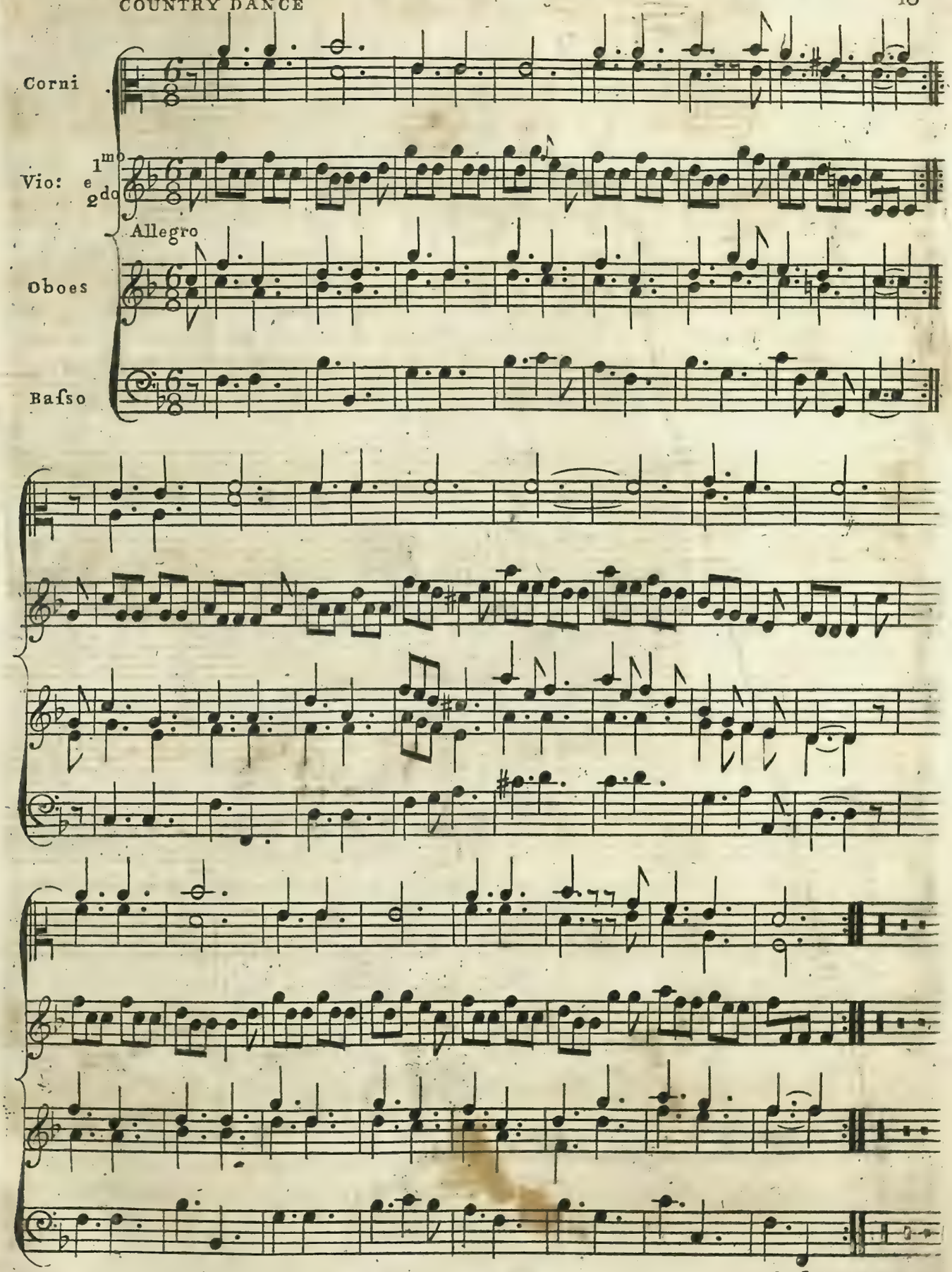
to Oldrents

S.

Now, Sir, cut a caper; here ends all your labour, This happy wedding Day.

S.

COUNTRY DANCE



End of the OPERA

The OVERTURE, SONGS and DUETS

In the OPERA *call'd*

The Guardian outwitted,

for the

VOICE and HARPSICHORD.

Perform'd at the

THEATRE ROYAL in *COVENT GARDEN.*

Compos'd by

Dr. Arne. — T. A. Arne

Publish'd according to Act of Parliament
and Enter'd in Stationers Hall.
No. I

LONDON.
Printed for R: BREMNER, opposite Somerset-House in the STRAND.

WAM 2
[illegible]1520

To the Queen.

Madam.

The Author of the following Composition, superlatively happy in the signal Honour of Inscribing it to your Majesty, with the lowest Humility, lays it at your Royal Feet.

Nothing cou'd moderate his Joy on so fortunate an Occasion, but the certainty that this Production, though finish'd with the utmost Care, falls infinitely short of the high Patronage, to which it has aspir'd; Yet however defective the Work may appear to so discerning an Eye, deign to accept the best Attonement the Author can possibly make, which is, The grateful Sense he will ever retain of that exalted Goodness, which condescended to accept the smallest Atom of that profound Duty with which he is Madam,

Your Majesty's

Most honour'd,

most faithful,

and most obedient Servant

Thomas Augustine Arne.

OVERTURE

Con Spirito

Larghetto

Cadence ad Libitum

Andantino
ad Amorofo

Sung by Miss Wainwright

Moderato

Fond Mothers oft with prudent Care, bid thoughtless Girls of

po

Men beware; We see yet cannot scape the snare, Which Fate it self has laid, Which

Fate it self has laid, Which Fate it self has laid. Tho Words and Actions

Fe

po

we disguise, Yet here the Plaguy Mischief lies, The Men consult our Tell tale Eyes, Where

all the Heart's betray'd, Where all -- the Heart's betray'd, Where all -- the Heart's be- --

Fe

- - tray'd.

Fortiss?

Allegrifs.o

Hoboys alone

tutti

Like Change of the Weathercock

po

always appearing, The Mind of a Woman is never at reſt, But light and inconſtant it always is veering, From

North to the Eaſt, and from South to the Weſt: How hard the Eſsay to keep in one way, A-thing that by Nature ſo

various will move, what Labour in vain to ſettle a Brain, that's turn'd like a Mill with the whimſies of

Love, what Labour in vain to ſettle a Brain, that's turn'd like a Mill with the whimſies of Love, by that's

turn'd, turn'd, turn'd like a Mill, turn'd like a Mill with the whimſies of Love, with the

Fe

whimſies of Love, with the whimſies of Love.

Fortiſs.o

Duet) *Sung by Mr Dyer & Miss Miller*

Viol.1º

Andte Largo

V. 1º

V. 2º

Roger

O Dolly I part with a Hole in my Heart, O Dolly, O

Dolly I part, I part with a Hole in my Heart with a Hole, with a Hole in my

Pia

Pinup

Heart, with a Hole with a Hole in my Heart. Ah ceafe to com=plain, Ah ceafe to com-

-plain, for I'll mend it a--gain, I'll mend it, I'll mend it, I'll mend it a--

gain I'll mend - - - - - - - - it I'll mend it again, with what, with a Kifs, with

Roger

what, with a Kifs, do you love me, O yes, do you love me, O yes, For wounds of the

For wounds of the

Jealous no medicine fo fure as kindnefs, as kindnefs, that balfam a-lone is the

Jealous no medicine fo fure as kindnefs, fo fure as kindnefs, that balfam a-lone is the

Sy

Cure, that balfam a lone is the Cure.

Sy

Cure, that balfam a lone is the Cure.

Sung by Mr Beard

P f P f

O how glorious the Claim of a Patriot to tame whom Fortune has raiſ'd to the

Top of her wheel if his Pow'r he direct Britain's Sons to protect as Brothers & Friends to y great common

Weal. Sy Thus Athenians of old as in Story we're

told on national efforts their function beſtow'd and the Romans beſide with an e_mulous Pride made

that track of Virtue to Glory the Road. Sy Then let

Patriot care native Genius but rear fair Science that bloſſom will ſoon be in bloom ſolid Wiſdom our

guide home bred Arts will preſide and ri_val the Honours of Greece and of Rome. D.C.

Solo
Andante

Solo mez: for

When from Beauty fweetly blooming, Lovers forc'd unwilling

kifs, Oft the Licence too pre=fuming, forfiets all their future Blifs, for - - -

- - - - - - - - - - - feits all their future Blifs, Rough Alarms are angers

Fuel, Gen=tle fighs the Heart fub=due, Once ob=tain that precious Jewel, Soon you'll

1st 2d

gain the Cafket too, too. you'll gain - - - - - - - -

1st 2d

- - - the Cafket too.

for

Sung by Mr. Beard

Allegro

po for Turn

hither bright Maid, & fcorn to de-grade, the Value I fet on your Charms, Sy Turn hither Sy

bright Maid, and fcorn, fcorn, fcorn to de- - grade, the

Va-lue I fet on your Charms, the Value I fet on your Charms,

po for

for po Cres.

With love and de- - fire fee how I'm on fire, and burn,

for Po for

burn to be claſp'd in your Arms fee fee how I'm on

Cres

fire, with love and de_ _ _fire, fee how I'm on fire, and burn,

for Po

burn to be claſp'd in your Arms, with love and de_ _ _fire, fee how I'm on

Cres

fire, and burn burn to be claſp'd in your Arms _ _ _ _ _ _ _, to be

claſpd in your Arms.

Sung by Miſs Hallam.

Andante

One mark of concern I cannot diſcern nor ſign of re-

pentance to ſoften your ſentence one mark of concern I cannot diſcern nor ſign of repentance to

ſoften your ſentence an harden'd aſsurance I ſwear a harden'd a harden'd aſsurance I ſwear a

harden'd aſsurance I ſwear a harden'd a harden'd aſsurance I ſwear O Lud! keep a-way I hate your horſe

play O Lud! keep away I hate your horſe play with rage I am glowing you know where I'm

going But follow me ſir if you dare follow me ſir if you dare follow me follow me follow me ſir if you

dare follow me follow me follow me ſir if you dare if you dare follow me ſir if you dare.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks

Poco Andante

When with

Rapture and a-maze on her heav'nly form I gaze from each glance of her bright Eyes some new

pointed Arrow flies from each glance of her bright Eyes some new pointed Arrow flies some new

Sy

pointed Arrow flies.

When some glaring faults prevail then I

fret I fume I rail I fret and fume and rail I fret and fume and rail swear to break my galling Chain,

Sy Sy Sy

swear to break my galling Chain Look Look and am in Love a-gain in Love in Love a-gain.

Sy

Sung by Miſs Brent.

Con ſpirito

P.o

oh then how I'll jaunt it co--quet it and

flaunt it a Lady the first in re-nown - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - with

Equipage fine and Jewels I'll ſhine with Equipage fine and Jewels I'll ſhine

I'll ſhine - - - - - - - - - - - - the Belle and the Toaſt of the

Sy

Town the Belle and the Toaſt of the Town

To th'Op'ra and

Play J'll roll it J'll roll it a-way to th'Op'ra and Play J'll roll it J'll roll it a-

way there ſimper and tattle and giggle and prattle till Galleries take it a-

miſs till Galleries take it a miſs with pride and diſ-dain then chatter chatter a-

gain and Laugh Laugh Laugh when the Savages hiſs hiſs laugh-

when the Savages hiſs laugh laugh when the

Savages hiſs Sy

Sung by Miſs Brent

Largo

O how great, how great is the vex__a__tion, tortures

many, pleaſures few, tortures many, pleaſures few, from the hour of Affignation, to the

happy, happy interview, from the hour of Affignation to the ha_ _ _ppy in__terview,

The 2d Time ſkip this, & go beyond next 𝄋.

Tho my Joy is all tranſcending when the

lovely Youth I meet, doubt like Gall with Honey blending ſoon im__bi__tters ev'_ry ſweet,

When with careleſs Air he woes me, if his courtſhip I re_ _ject, ſoon by abſcence he ſub=

dues me and I'm conquer'd by neglect, I'm con - - -

Sy Sy Sy Sy

- - - quer'd by neglect, O how great, how great is the Vexation, tortures

many pleasures few, tortures many pleasures few, from the hour of Affignation, to the

happy, happy Interview, from the hour of Affignation, to the hap - - - py In - ter - view,

Sung by Mr. Squib

Tender J'aime J'a-dore Je languis grand Dieux, et je me Sacri-

fie pour vous et je me Sacri-fie pour vous mourant mourant par l'e-clair- - -

- - de ces beaux yeux de ces beaux yeux de ces beaux yeux.

Sung by Mr. Squib & Miss Brent

Tender

Finefe

When thy Beauties I fur--vey gazing thus my Soul a--

Flirtilla

--way when my Pulfe forgets to move need I fay the cauſe is Love Ah too well the pleading Eye can the

want of Words ſup--ply and induce kind Maids to grant that ſoft Pi-ty which they

want fond excefs fond excefs who can Love who can Love and utter

Sweet confeffion fweet confefsion who can Love and utter

lefs and-utter lefs who can Love who can Love and ut-ter lefs, who can love who can

lefs and utter lefs who can Love and ut-ter lefs, who can Love who can love who can

Love and ut-ter lefs and ut - - ter lefs and fo do I and fo do

Love and ut-ter lefs and ut - - ter lefs I faint I die I faint I faint I

I and fo do I I faint I faint I die I faint I die I faint I

die I faint I die and fo do I and fo do I I faint I

Largo

die I faint I die and fo - - do I.

die I faint I die and fo - - do I.

Largo

Sung by Miss Wainwright

And^te Moderato

Tho in my Lady's cloaths prinkt out, you fond-ly ſtrut and flaunt about, in fattin, ſilk and

lace, in fattin, ſilk, and lace, yet I in homely ruſet, ruſet gown, thô forc'd to trudge it forc'd to trudge it up &

down, can ſhew as good a Face, can ſhew as good a Face, Then turn not up your lip in ſcorn, a

low-ly Girl to fortune born, is no uncommon thing. The blooming Roſe from meaneſt place, has

oft been pluck'd to ſweetly grace, the boſom of a King, to grace, to ſweetly grace, the

bo--ſom of a King.

Sung by Miſs Miller

Allegro

The

Parrot thus from wi - - ry Grate meets Rogers ſoft Careſs, meets Rogers ſoft Careſs, will

perch on Finger ſing, and prate, Her partial Love t'expreſs, her partial love t'expreſs, but

treated, treated Ill, ſhe's on the Watch, the Seeds of Spite are ſown, the Seeds, the

Seeds of Spite are ſown, Poll ſtooping feigns to beg to beg a Scratch, & bites him to the Bone, bites

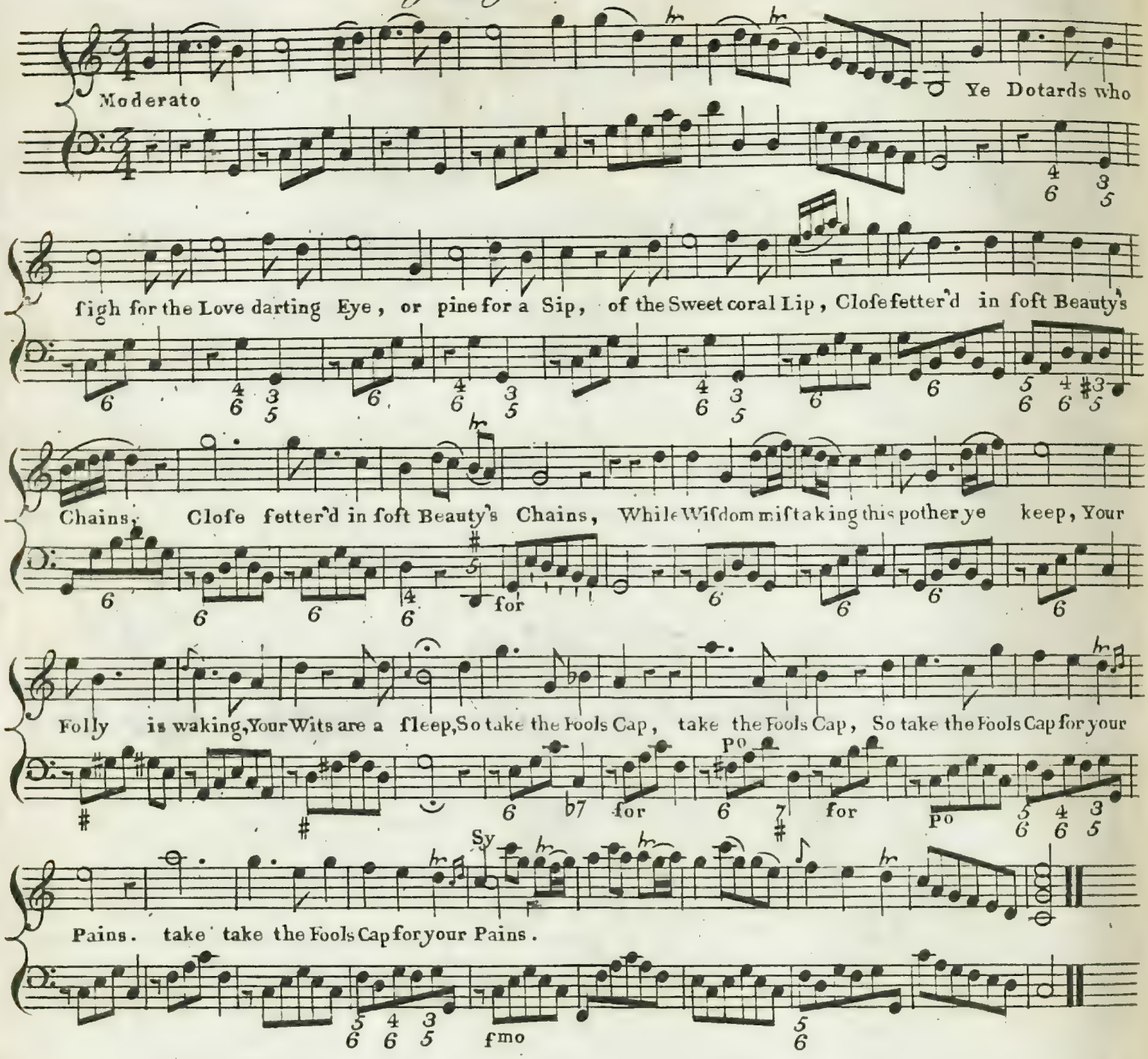
bites him to the Bone, Poll ſtooping feigns to beg a Scratch And bites him to the Bone to the Bone to the Bone bites

for

Sy

bites him to the Bone.

Sung by Mr Beard



2

If pleafure ye claim,
Ye will mifs of your Aim,
Your pitifull fhare,
Still depends on a Fair;
Who ftudies to addle your Brains:
One Minute ye're fmiling,
The Second ye vex,
The Third ye're reviling,
The worft of her Sex,
Then take the Fools Cap for your Pains.

3

Come all in a String,
Who have danc'd in loves ring,
In morrices gay,
Tho' the Time flip'd away;
Pray reckon the moft of your Gains:
By wenching and revels,
Ye've fhorten'd your lives,
Or marriage poor devils,
Has link'd you to Wives,
Then take the Fools Cap for your Pains.

Moderately quick

po for for

Oh y Rapture the Rapture paſt ex-

preſſing, To diſpel ſoft Beauty's Care, And with Bleſſing ſtill on Bleſſing, make her happy as ſhe's

fair, make her ha - - - - - - ppy as ſhe's fair, make her happy as ſhes fair,

Roſy ſmiles Roſy ſmiles thoſe Cheeks adorning, Where fond Cupid whre fond Cupid baſking lies, In the

roſy ſweets of Morning, And the Sunſhine of her Eyes, baſking lies - - - - - - - - - -

-, dimpled ſmiles thoſe Cheeks adorning, whre fond Cupid baſking lies, In the Roſy ſweets of Morning & ye Sunſhine of her

Eyes, the Sun ſhine of her Eyes, the Sun ſhine of her Eyes.

Sung by Mr. Beard

po

Daugh_ _ter fair of migh_ _ _ty Jove, Queen of Beau_ty

Po

Queen of Love, thy Influence we court, thy Influence thy Influence thy

for Sy

Influence we court we court thy In_ _fluence we court

for

While on the Stream, on the Stream of Hope we glide, direct the wind be calm the

Po

Po

Sy

Tide, direct the Wind be calm the Tide, while on the Stream of

Hope we glide, di - - - rect the Wind be calm be -

for

calm the Tide, and bring us safe to Port - - -, and bring us safe to

for

Sy

Port

Sung by Mr Squib

Gavotte

for for

Such were Danae's Charms of old, when great Jove fubdu'd by

Love, woo'd her in a Show'r of Gold, Such were Danae's charms of old when great Jove fub-

-du'd by Love, woo'd her woo'd her in a Show'r of Gold, woo'd her woo'd her in a Show'r of Gold,

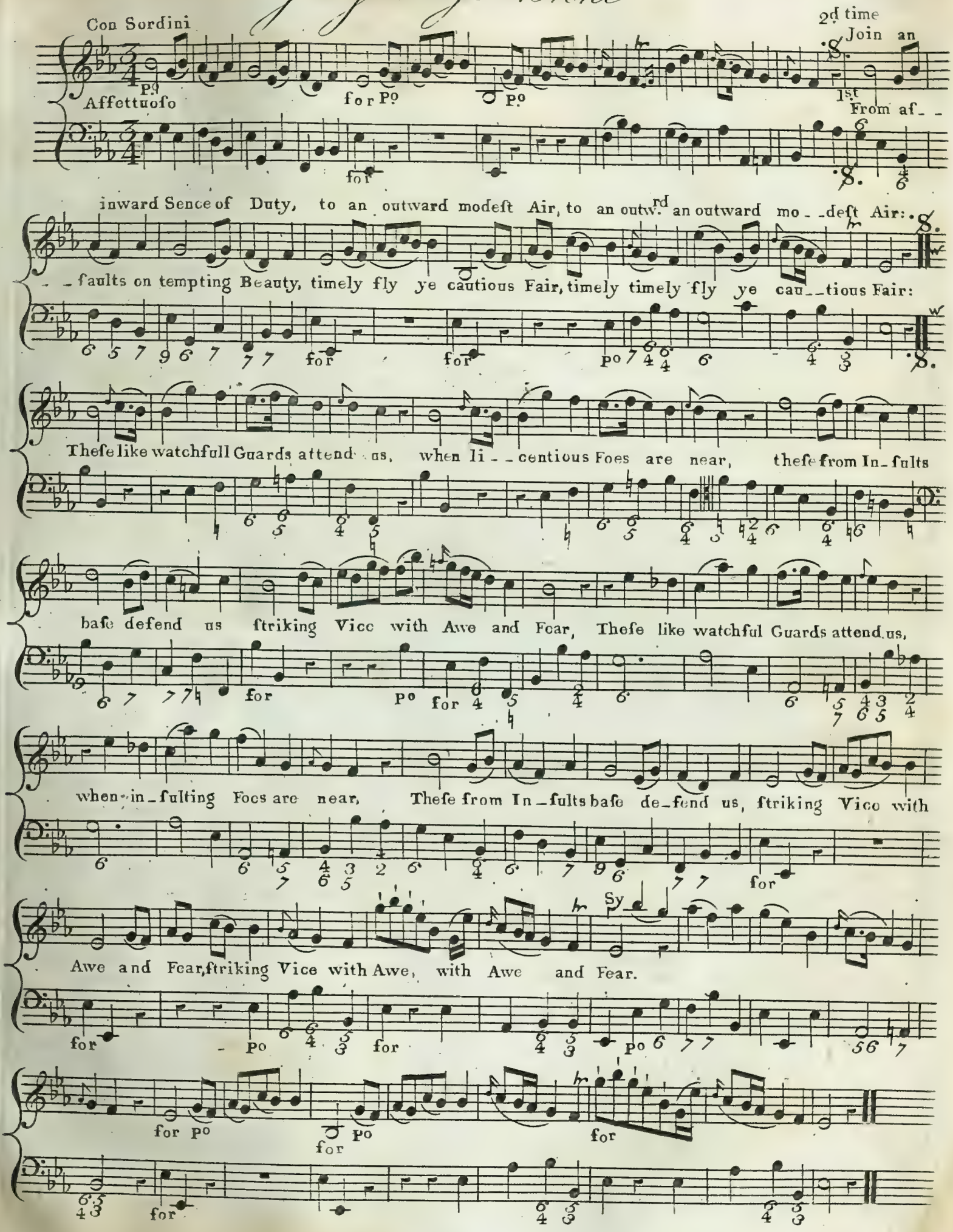
Splendor won the lovely Maid, ev'ry charm fhe then diſplay'd, fplendor won the lovely Maid, ev'ry

charm fhe then diſplay'd, Auburn Treſſes lofely flowing, Boſom ſoft with ardor glowing, Heart relenting, Eyes con-

ſenting, made the God ſuch Beauty prize, far above his native Skies, far above his native Skies.

fmo

Sung by Miss Brent


Con Sordini
Affettuoso
2d time
Join an
1st
From af_ _
inward Sence of Duty, to an outward modest Air, to an outw.rd an outward mo_ _dest Air:
_ _faults on tempting Beauty, timely fly ye cautious Fair, timely timely fly ye cau_ _tious Fair:
These like watchfull Guards attend us, when li_ _centious Foes are near, these from In_sults
base defend us striking Vice with Awe and Fear, These like watchful Guards attend us,
when in_sulting Foes are near, These from In_sults base de_fend us, striking Vice with
Awe and Fear, striking Vice with Awe, with Awe and Fear.

Sung by Mr. Shuter

Heigh for my Lafs & a Bottle to chear, & a thumping Bantling

ev_ry Year, Heigh for my Lafs and a Bottle to chear, and a thumping Bantling ev_ry Year,

With Skin as white as Snow, and Hair as brown as a Berry, with Eyes as black as a Slow, and

Lips as red as a Cherry, with Skin as white as Snow, and Hair as brown as a Berry, with Eyes as black as a

Sloe, and Lips as red as a Cherry, Sing rouzy touzy rantum fcantum, laugh & lay down is the

Play, we'll cuddle to_gether, to keep out the weather, and kifs the cold winter a_way, kifs

kifs the cold winter a_way, kifs, kifs the cold winter a_way,

Sung by Miſs Brent

Moderately Briſk

When proudly he vents, he vents the o'er flow of his Gall, I'll ſlightingly anſwer who cares, who cares, who cares, for

Sy

Sy

for

As ſmart as ſmart as his Lordſhip, as proper as proper & tall, I warrant I'll match him for Airs, I'll warrant I'll match him for Airs, I'll match

for

po

f.

As ſmart as his Lordſhip as proper and tall, I warrant I'll match him for Airs, I'll match him for Airs, I'll match him for Airs,

fmo

fmo

E'en ſhou'd he repent I

f.

7 po

Volti

will not relent, E'en ſhou'd he repent, I will not relent, A Truce, with your Courtſhip ſay I, a Truce, a

Truce with your Courſhip ſay I, He

takes me a ſide, I ſummons my Pride, then an--grily cry, For

ſhame, O fie, I cannot, I muſt not, I will not, I will not comply, a

for

maz'd how his Lord-ſhip will ſtartle, will ſtartle to ſee, that tho' other

Laſſes, adore as he paſſes, adore as he paſſes tho other Laſſes, adore as he

paſſes, adore as he paſſes, dear Sixty Five, is the Lover, the Lover for

Me. the Lo - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

- -

- - - ver, the Lover for Me. He takes me a ſide, I ſummons, I ſummons my

f. Po

Pride, then an grily, an grily cry, Forſhame, O fie, I

Poco for Po f. Po

cannot, I muſt not, I will not comply, I will not comply, I will not com

Poco f.

ply, A Fig, a Fig for his Wit, a Fig, a Fig for his Wit, If he

Po

cannot, he cannot tell why, a maz'd how his Lord ſhip will ſtartle, will ſtartle to

f. Po f Po

fee that though other Laſſes, adore as He paſſes, adore as He paſſes,

Sy

f. 6 p mo 5 3 6 5 6 5 3 f.

though other Laſſes, adore as he paſſes, adore as he paſſes,

Sy

dear Sixty

6 6 6 f.

Five, is the Lover, the Lover for Me. the Lo - - - - -

6 7 4 5

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Sy Sy

Sy

- ver, the Lover for Me, the Lover for

Poco f. 6 P? 6 6 6 5 6 6 5 4 3 5 4 3

Sy

Me, the Lover for Me.

f. 6 6 5 5 4 3 f mo 6 6 5 4 3 6

6 6 6 5 6 6 6 5

4 4 3 4 3

Sung by Mr Mattocks

Po for Po for Po for

Po for Po for Sy

If I preſs to am'rous Play, ſwear You'll go, Po

Yet kindly ſtay, If my Paſſion riſe too high, Pat me thus, Pat me thus and ſay Oh

fie, Pat me thus and ſay Oh fie, Pat me thus and ſay Oh fie, Sy for

Po for

If that Iv'ry Neck I claim, ſweetly bluſh and cry for Shame, ſweetly bluſh, ſweetly bluſh, ſweetly

Pb

bluſh, and cry for Shame, While ſuch Joy in Folly lies, He's an Aſs that wou'd be wife, He's an

for Po

Aſs that wou'd be wife, while ſuch Joy in Folly lies, He's an Aſs that wou'd be wife, He's an

Poco for

Aſs that wou'd be wife.

for fortifs.

Duet) Sung by Mr Mattocks & Miss Brent

Ld Planwell. Flirtilla. Plan. Flir.

for Po

Flirtilla, My Lord, Permit me a Word, To teaze me forbear, your words are but

Plan.

Air, to teaze me for - - bear, your words are but Air, Yet fureyoumay

for Po

Flir.

hear me, Ah! ceace to endear me, your Arts and your Wiles, are Fruitleſs and Vain, Your

Plan.

Arts and your Wiles, are Fruitleſs and Vain, I live by your Smiles or die by dif--

Plan.

Ye Gods who of Mortals pretend, to the

Flir.

- - - dain, I live by your Smiles or die by difdain Ye Gods who of Mortals pretend, to the

Care, Or leffen my Pain or give Patience to bear, Or leffen my Pain - - - - my

Care, Or leffen my Pain or give Patience to bear, Or leffen my

for Po

Pain, Or give Patience to bear, give Patience to bear, Ye Gods who of Mortals pre - -

Pain, Or give Patience to bear, give Patience to bear, Ye Gods who of Mortals pre - -

for po

Sy

- - - tend to the Care, Or leffen my Pain, or give Patience to bear give Patience give

- - - tend to the Care, Or leffen my Pain, or give Patience to bear give Patience give

Patience to bear, Or leffen my Pain, or give Patience to bear, or give

Patience to bear, Or leffen my Pain, - - - my Pain, or give Patience to bear, or give

Poco for

Sy

fmo

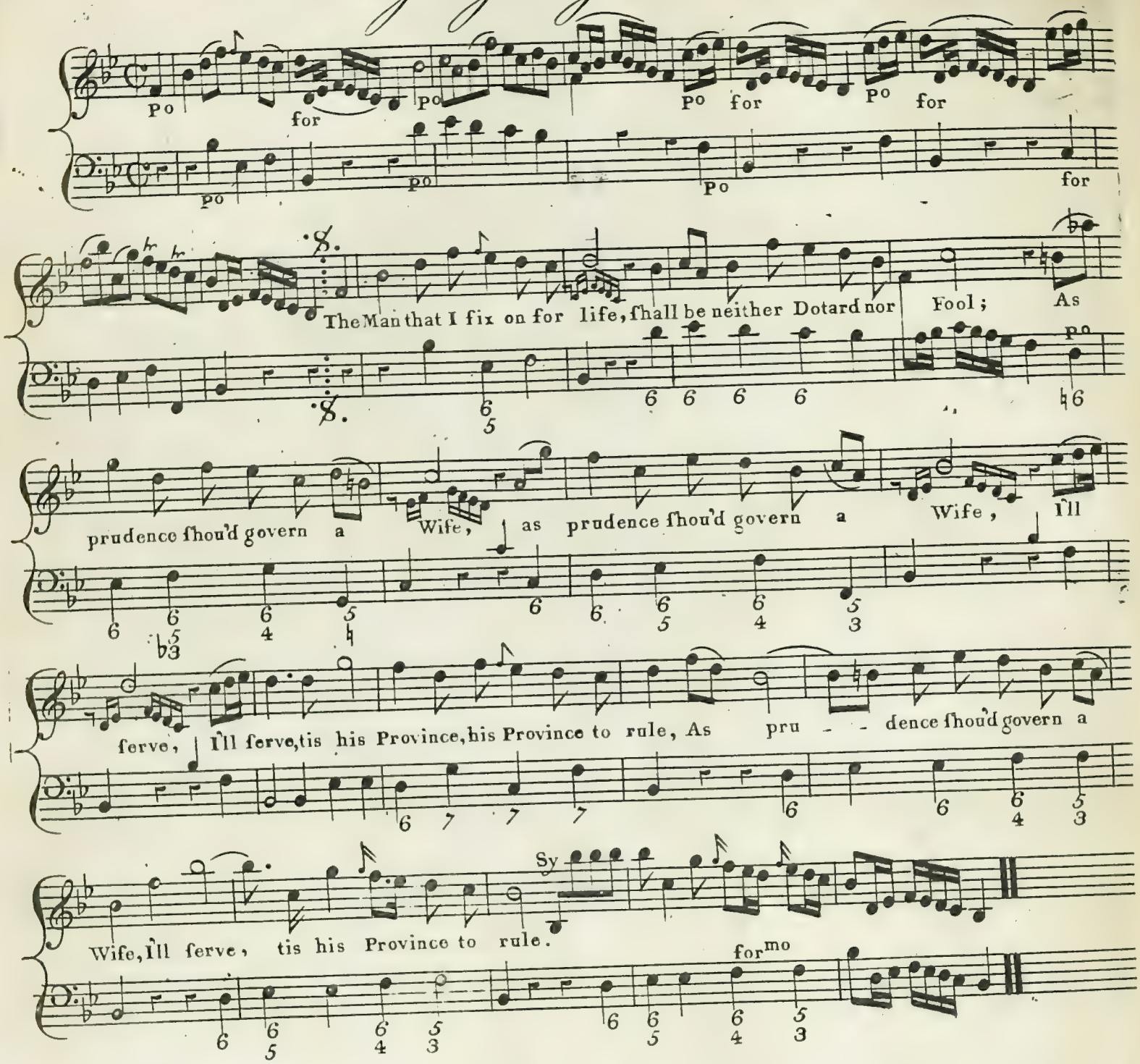
Patience to bear.

Sy

Patience to bear.

fmo

Sung by Miſs Brent



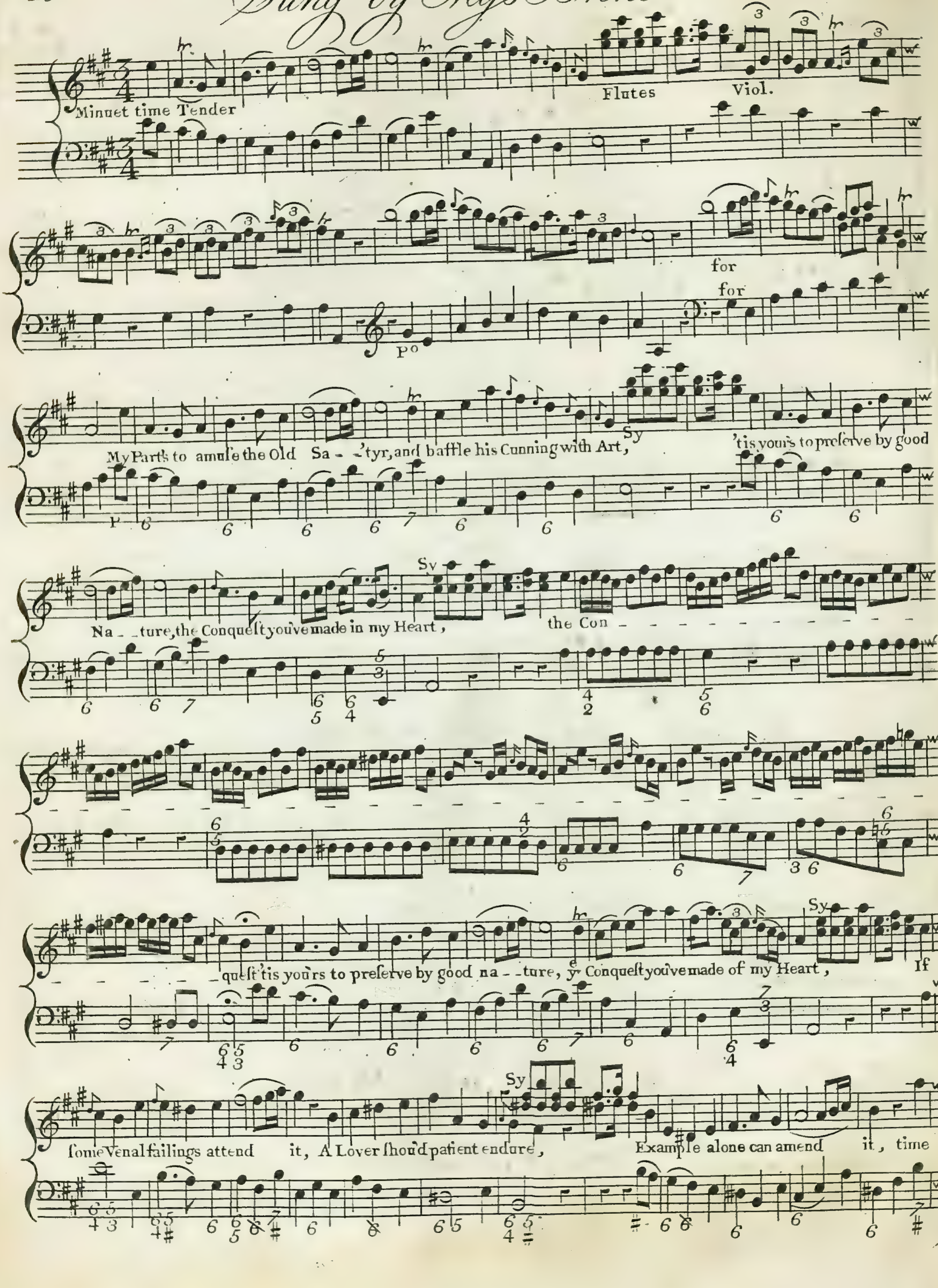
2

But when my dear Freedom's reſign'd,
Good nature my Heart muſt engage;
The Linnet, tho cloſely confin'd,
If cheriſh'd will ſing in the Cage.

3

Since now to th'extent of my Plan,
The Stars ſuch a Lover decree;
I'll wifely elect the dear Man,
A Guardian for ever to me.

Sung by Miſs Brent



only can perfect the Cure, Sy the Stream in its Courſe to the O__cean, To ſtain its fair Boſom inclines, Sy

But left to its Natural Mo__tion, flows on till it ſelf it refines, Sy flows on

the Stream in its Courſe to the Ocean, Sy To ſtain its fair Boſom inclines, Sy But

left to its Natural mo-tion, flows on till it ſelf it refines

Cre.

till it ſelf it refines, till it ſelf it refines.

f. P. for

P. fortifº

P. fortifº

Sung by Miss Hallam

Po

Po

for

Po

for

for

Po

for

Pleafing Tales in dear Ro = mances, thrilling Preſſures, Am = rous Glances,

Po

Sy

ev'= ry ten = der thought poſſeſs,

ev'ry ten = der Thought poſ =

Po

= ſeſs, ev'= = ry ten = der Thought poſſeſs, ev'= = ry ten = der

for

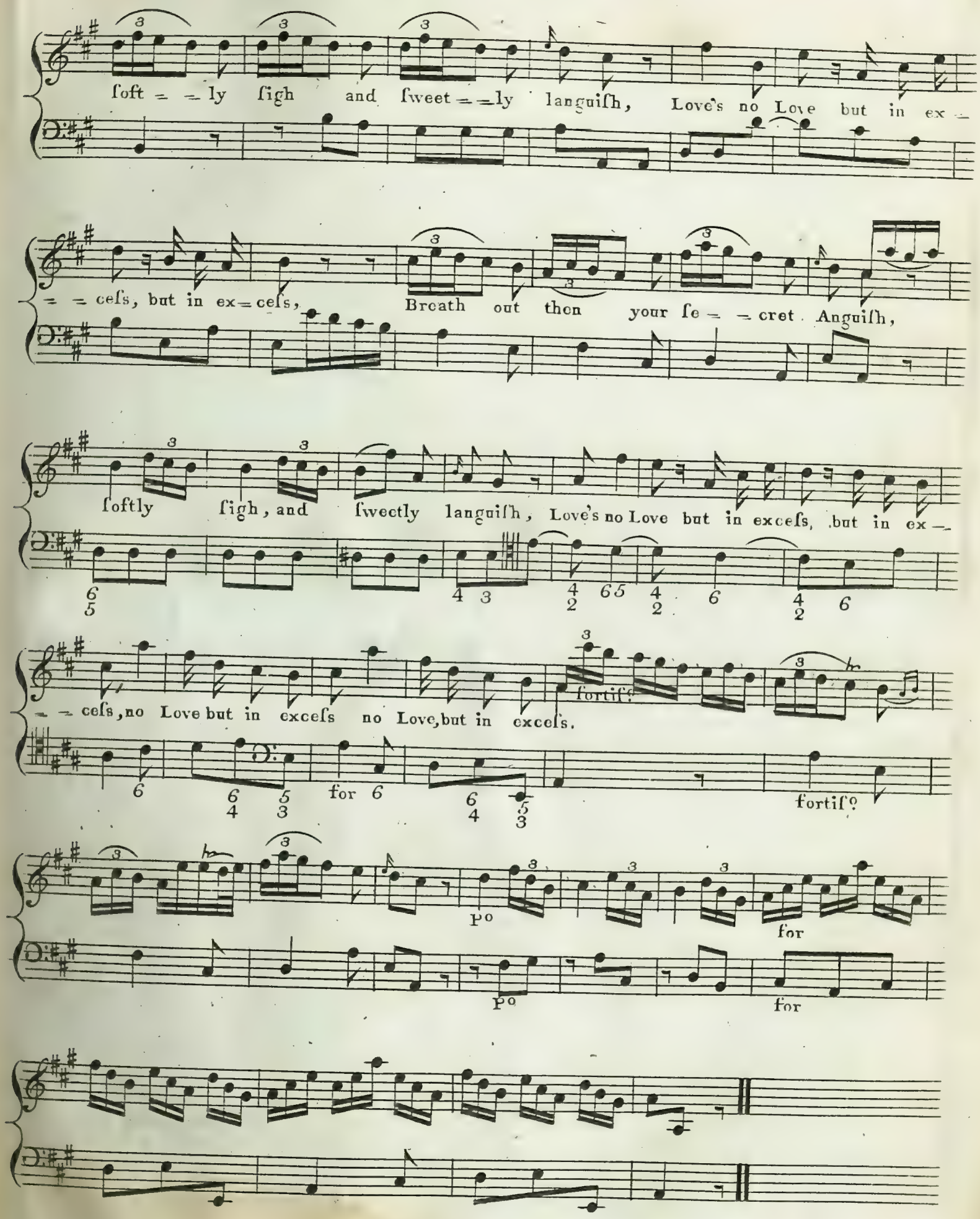
Po

for

Po

Thought poſ = = ſeſs, Breath out then your ſe = = = cret Anguiſh,

for


ſoft = = ly ſigh and ſweet = = ly languiſh, Love's no Love but in ex =
= = ceſs, but in ex = ceſs, Breath out then your ſe = = cret Anguiſh,
ſoftly ſigh, and ſweetly languiſh, Love's no Love but in exceſs, but in ex =
= = ceſs, no Love but in exceſs no Love, but in exceſs.

Sung by Mr. Beard

In

Women as in Gardens fair, but Weed the genrous Soil, the Blossom, Virtue will appear, to crowny genrous

Toil - - , to crowny genrous Toil, to crown - - - - - - - - - -

- - - the genrous Toil, the Blossom, Virtue will ap=pear, to crown the genrous

Toil - - - -, crowny genrous Toil, And when y charms of Flora yeild to

Time their rich Perfume, to Time their rich Perfume, fair Virtue then will brave the Field, in ne=ver fadeing

Bloom, will brave - - - - - - - - - - - Virtue then will brave y Field, in

for

never fadeing Bloom, in ne=ver fadeing Bloom,

for

Sung by Mr Dyer

Allegro

f.

f.

Women like Creditors base, Spread out a close woven Net, Run with a promising Face, A

World of Love in our Debt. Smile, Fawn, Lie, Puffing their honour and honesty, Then Shy, Fly,

Laughing to see how we're bit. Plague on your counterfeit Innocence, Prim double Face & mock Modesty,

f. P. f. P.

Worn but to cover your Impudence, Sureft Art to deceive; Find out some other Love Martyr's, For

f. P. f. P.

I'll come no more to your Quarters, The Devil provide you with Garters, To hang without a Reprieve.

f. P. f. P.

Sung by Miss Wainwright

Since Ro-ger in you flights the Heart he has won, And thinks on his

Vow as a Breath that is gone, Shou'd Wedlock confine him he'd ſhift from the Bands, The Eel tho' you

gripe it will ſlip thro' your Hands the Eel tho' you gripe it will ſlip thro' your Hands will ſlip will

ſlip will ſlip thro' your Hands. Sy Again ſhould he preſs me ſome kindneſs to

ſhow, I'll give my ſelf Airs give my ſelf Airs give my ſelf Airs, turn my back and ſay no.

no Fellow no as you came you may go you may go you may go as you came you may go Sy

But ſhou'd my true Lover in_treat for a Kiſs, I'll

like a good Girl like a good Girl like a good Girl turn my Face and ſay yes.

yes, my Love yes, you are welcome to Kiſs, you are welcome you are welcome you are welcome to

Kiſs yes, my Love yes, you are welcome to Kiſs, to Kiſs, to Kiſs, you are welcome to Kiſs. Sy

Sung by Miss Miller

Gavotta

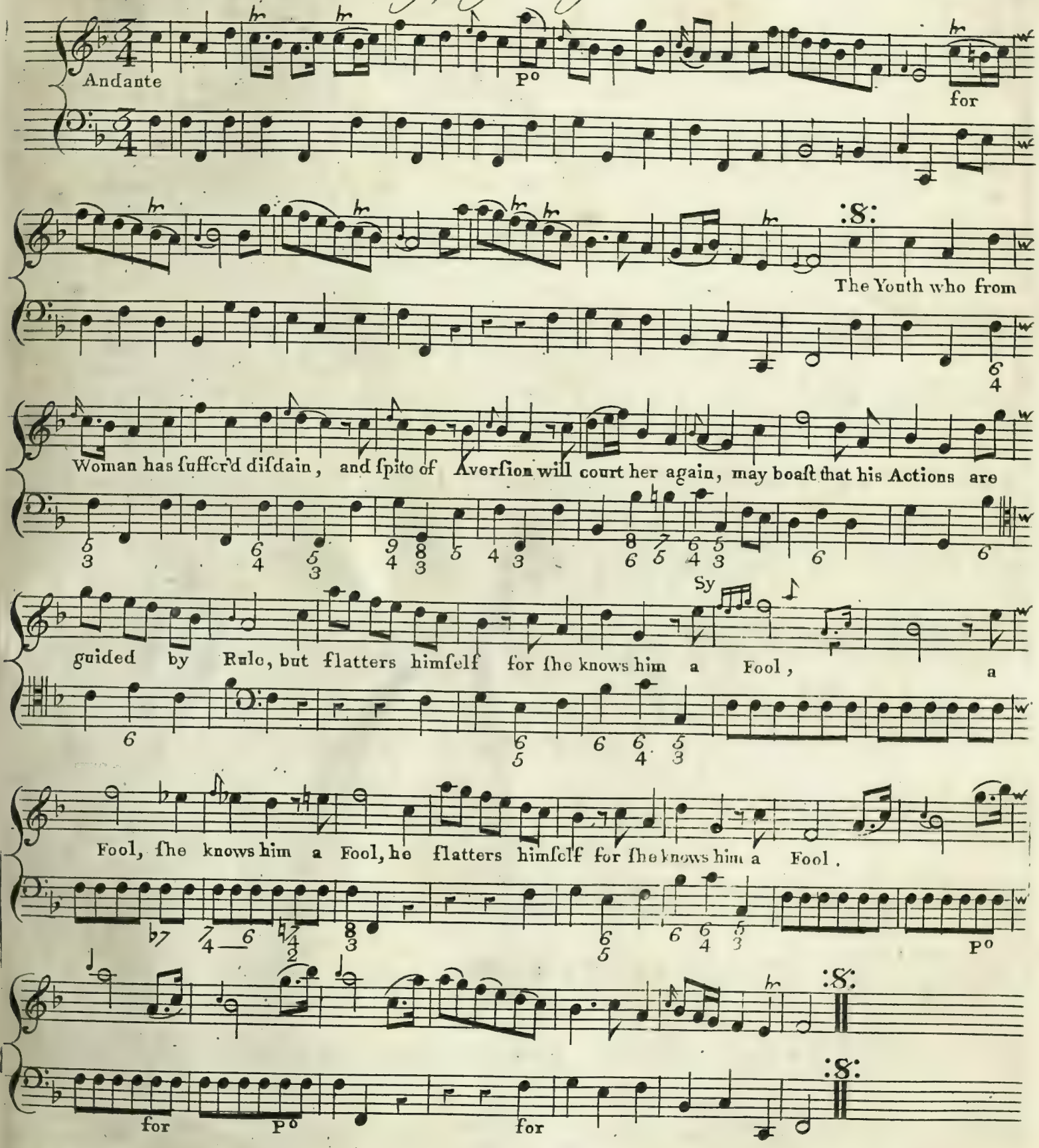
Tho' oft the Cock in Farmer's Yard to ev'ry She will rove, It only heightens his re-

-gard to th'object of his Love, to th'object of his Love.

With Joy he pecks the

yellow Grain, to give his fav'rite Hen, then quits the others with disdain to cherish her again, to che- - - - - -

- - - - - rish to cherish her a-gain, to cherish her a-gain.



While partial Conceit dims the sight of our Eyes,
We ne'er can aspire to the Title of Wise,
And spight of Experience that masterly School,
Each Mortal is — sometime or other — a Fool.

Sung by Mr Mattocks & Mr Beard

Larghetto

for Po for Po for Po for Po for Po

Cease long injur'd Fair to languish, let calm Peace thy

Cease long injur'd Fair to languish, let calm Peace thy

Bo = = som fill, thro' the thorny Gate of Anguish, Lo = = vers

Bo = = som fill, thro' the thorny Gate of Anguish, Lo = = vers

climb true Plea=ſures Hill, climb = = = = = = = = = = = =

climb true Plea=ſures Hill, climb = = = = = = = = = = = =

thro' the thorny Gate of

thro' the thorny Gate of

anguiſh, Lo=ver's climb true Plea=ſure's Hill, Lo= =vers climb = = = =

anguiſh, Lo=ver's climb true Plea=ſure's Hill, Lo= =vers climb = = = =

Cro Pin for

Sym

= =true Pleaſure's Hill.

Sym

= =true Pleaſure's Hill.

Sung by Miss Brent

Larghetto

P°

for

P°

Sil=ly Maids whose wanton Fancies, led thro Cupid's giddy giddy Dances,

P°

Circle ſtill the Fairy Ground, where the Young & Gay are found, where the Young and

for

Gay are found, leave th'alluring Scene of Pleaſure, ev'ry Joy by Prudence meaſure, who for Bliſs a —

— broad wou'd roam, when 'tis ſureſt found at home,

Sym

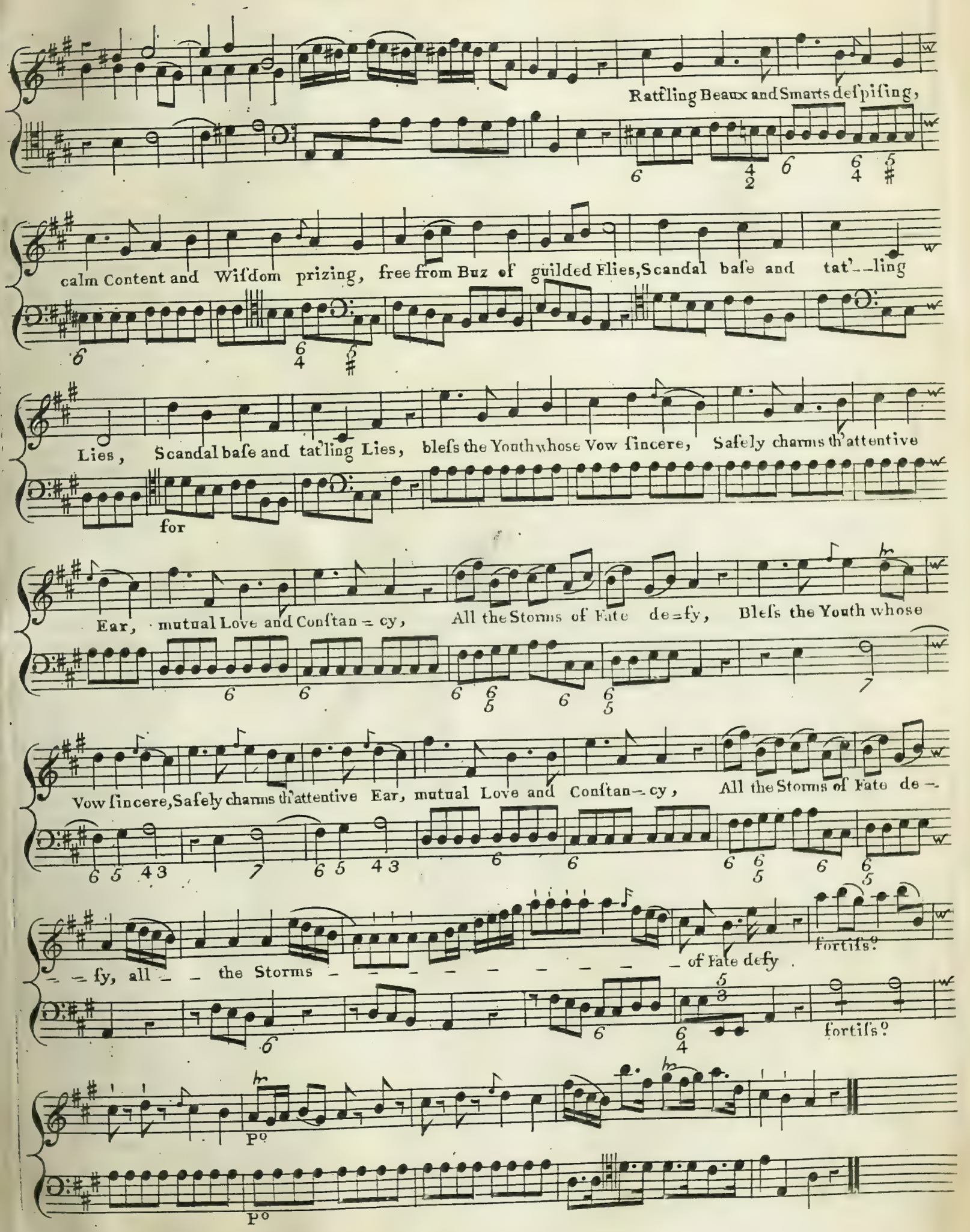
who for Bliſs a=broad wou'd roam,

when 'tis ſureſt ſu=reſt found

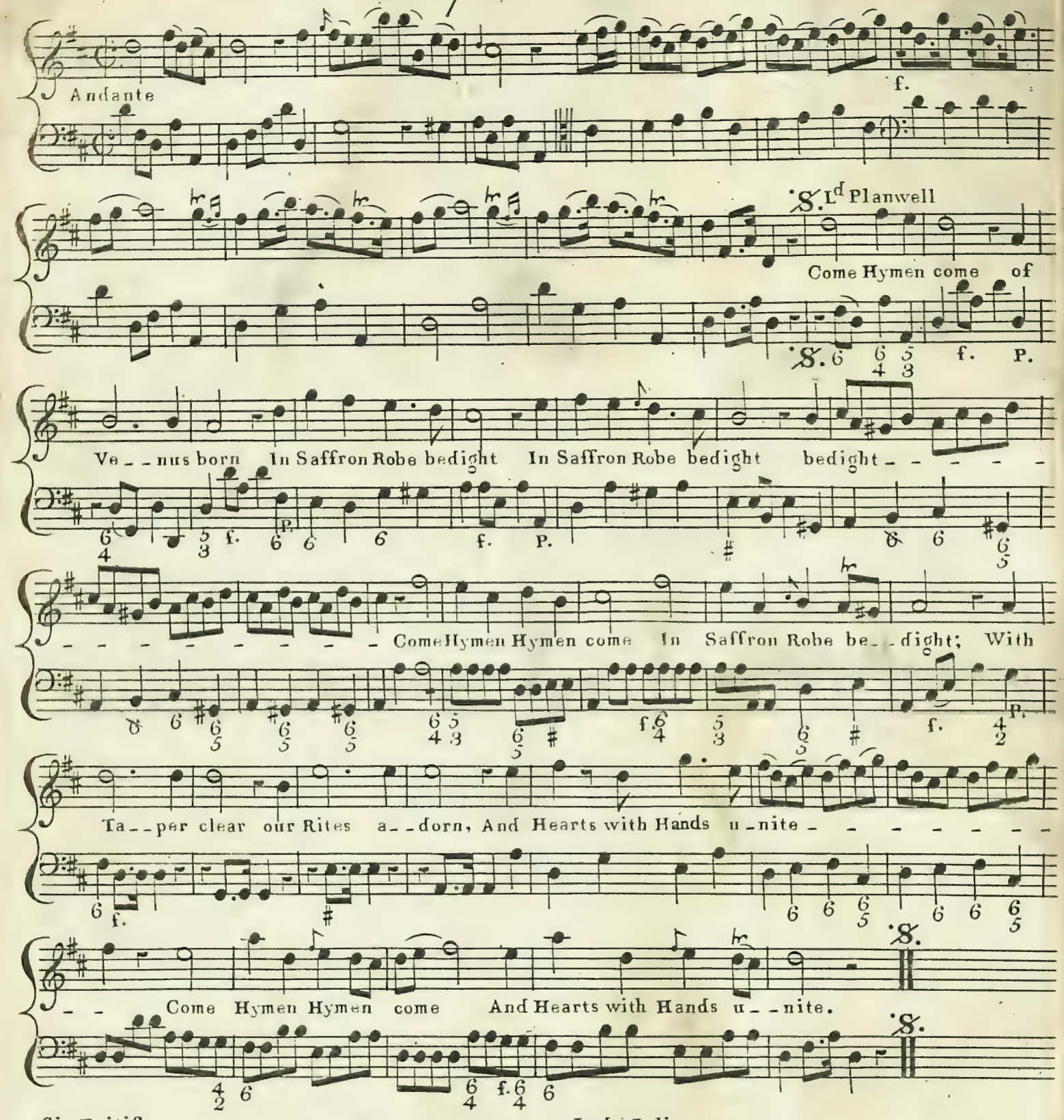
for

Sym

— at home,


Rattling Beaux and Smarts despising,
calm Content and Wisdom prizing, free from Buz of guilded Flies, Scandal base and tat'-ling
Lies, Scandal base and tat'ling Lies, bless the Youth whose Vow sincere, Safely charms th'attentive
for
Ear, mutual Love and Constan-cy, All the Storms of Fate de-fy, Bless the Youth whose
Vow sincere, Safely charms th'attentive Ear, mutual Love and Constan-cy, All the Storms of Fate de-
-fy, all the Storms of Fate defy
fortiss.o
fortiss.o
Po
Po

The Epithalamium



Sir Britiſh

Come Bacchus come, in temp'rate Fit,
Produce thy honeſt Face
Bring Wine and Mirth, and Joke and Wit
This feſtive Night to grace.

Lady Julia

Sweet Peace deſcend, in Snow white Veſt
With Branch of Olive green,
With us reſide and be confeſs'd
Of ev'ry Heart the Queen.

Flirtilla

The feeble Knot of Hymen parts
By fordid Wretches tied,
But that which binds two faithful Hearts
Death only can divide.

The Overture

TO

THE ITALIAN MONK.

Performed at the

Theatre Royal in the Hay Market,

Composed and Adapted for

THE PIANO FORTE and the HARPSICHORD

BY

SAMUEL ARNOLD, Mus. Doc. Oxon.

Op. 43. *Price 6s*

To be had of the Author, Duke Street, Westminster, and at all the Music Shops

2

Overture

All.o Moderato

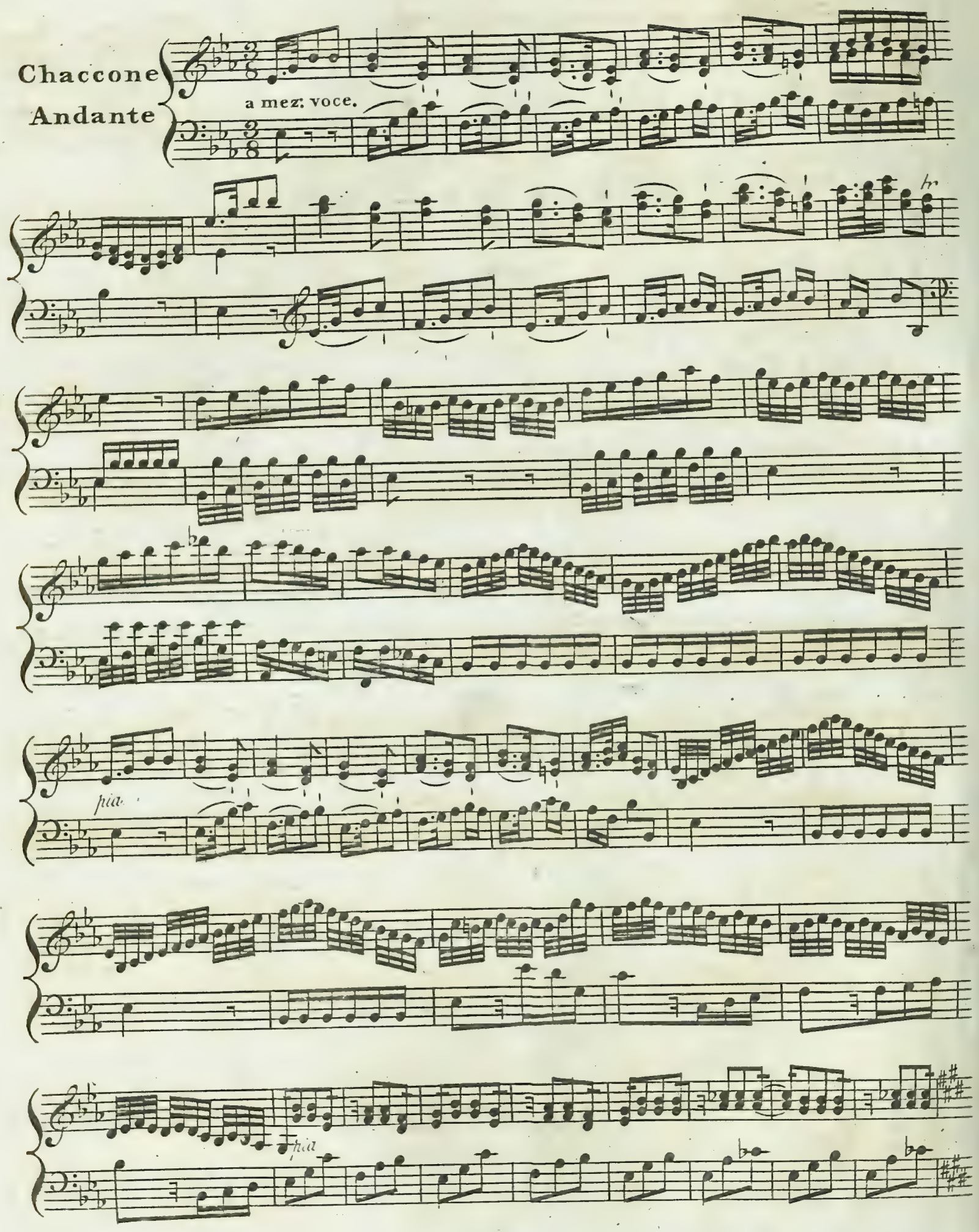
a mez: voce

fz fz fz fz

fmo

mez: voce.

fz fz


Chaccone
Andante
a mez: voce.
pia
pia

for

Rondo

Corni

for:

Tutti

for:

Corni

for:

pia:

for:

pia:

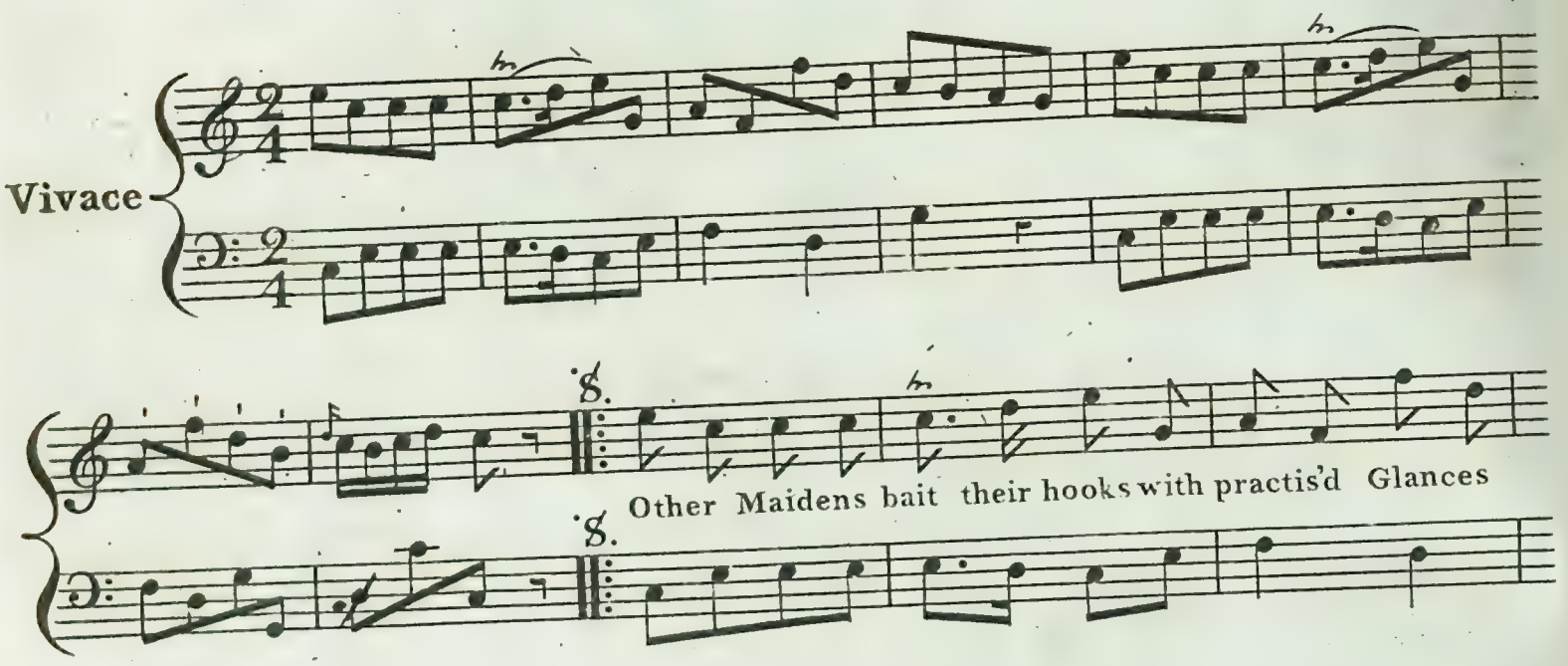
for:

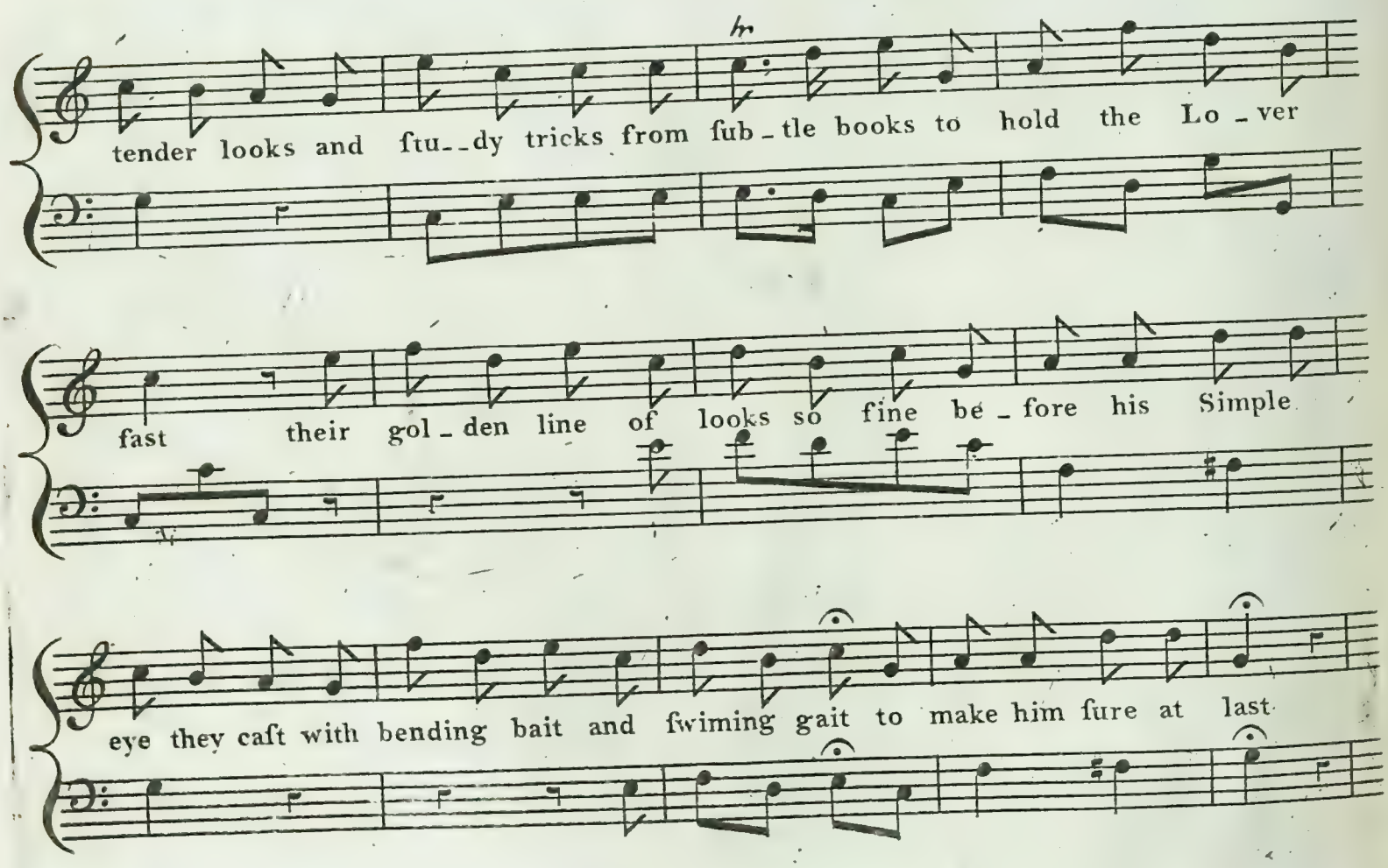
NONY, NONY.

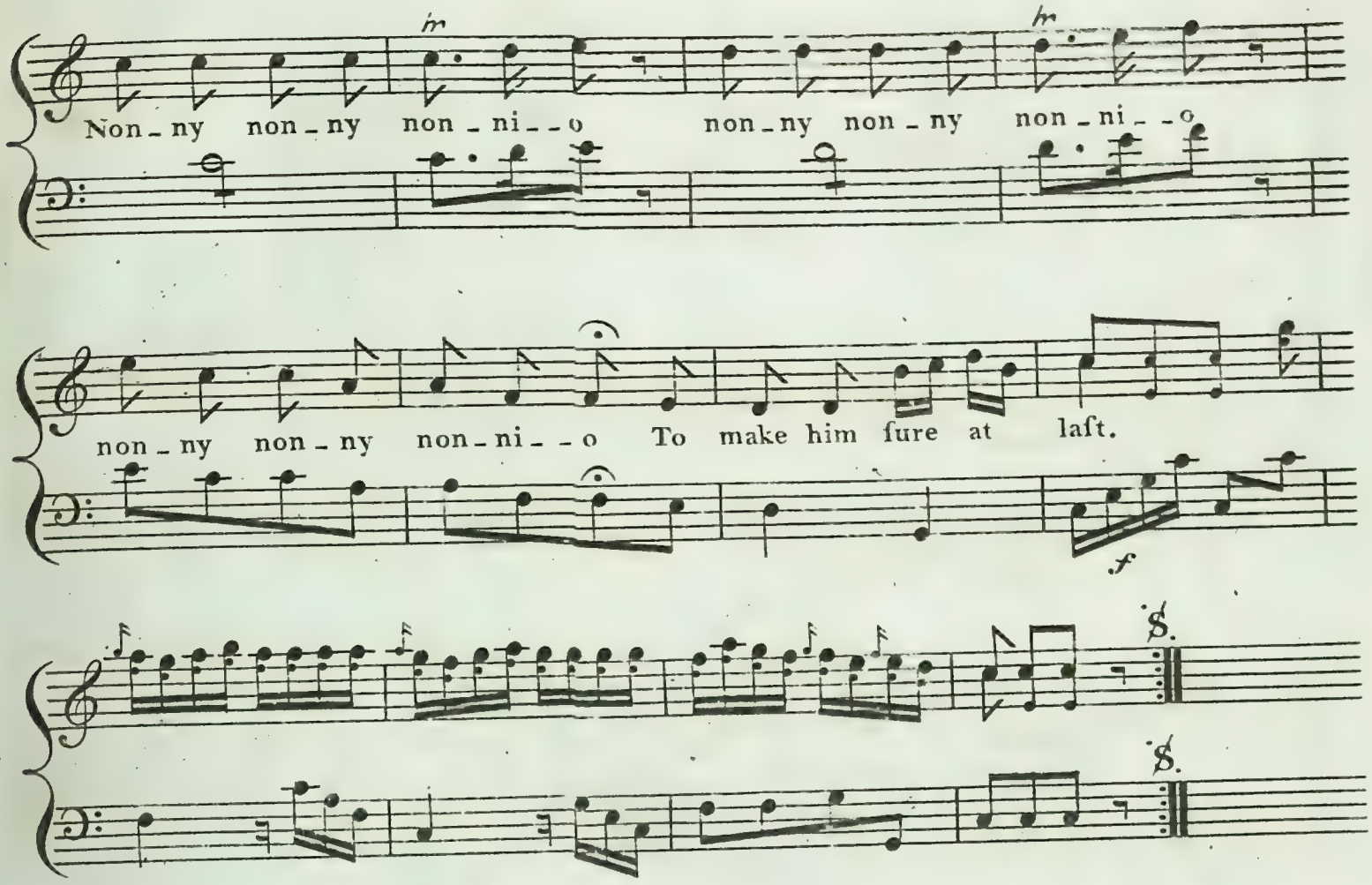
A favorite Song Sung by M.rs Bland in the ITALIAN MONK.

Price 1s

D.r Arnold.







When the Village youth woud bear
My Trinkets from the diſtant fair
However they were rich or rare
My Paullo's pleas'd me beſt
What tho' the work of coſtly art
They call'd for praiſe in ev'ry part
My Paullo with it gave his heart
And what was all the reſt
Nonny nonny &c.&c.
And what was all the reſt.

CHORUS of NUNS

as Performed in the ITALIAN MONK.

Price 1s.

1st Treble.

2d Treble.

Andante.

How calm her life who the vain world de – – ri – – ding,

How calm her life who the vain world de – – ri – – ding,

Here finds that peace it de – nied to her breaſt,

Here finds that peace it de – nied to her breaſt,

Care at the voice of her du – ty ſub – – ſi – – ding,

Care at the voice of her du – ty ſub – – ſi – – ding,

Viſions of rapture ſub - li - ming her reſt.

Viſions of rapture ſub - li - ming her reſt.

Fan - cy ex - erting her ai - ry do - mi - - nion, Rouſes the

Fan - cy ex - erting her ai - ry do - mi - - nion, Rouſes the

Nun at the break of day, Sleep flies diſperſd by the

Nun at the break of day, Sleep flies diſperſd by the

ruſtling pinions the wing of the Seraph who flutter'd a -

ruſtling pinions the wing of the Seraph who flutter'd a -

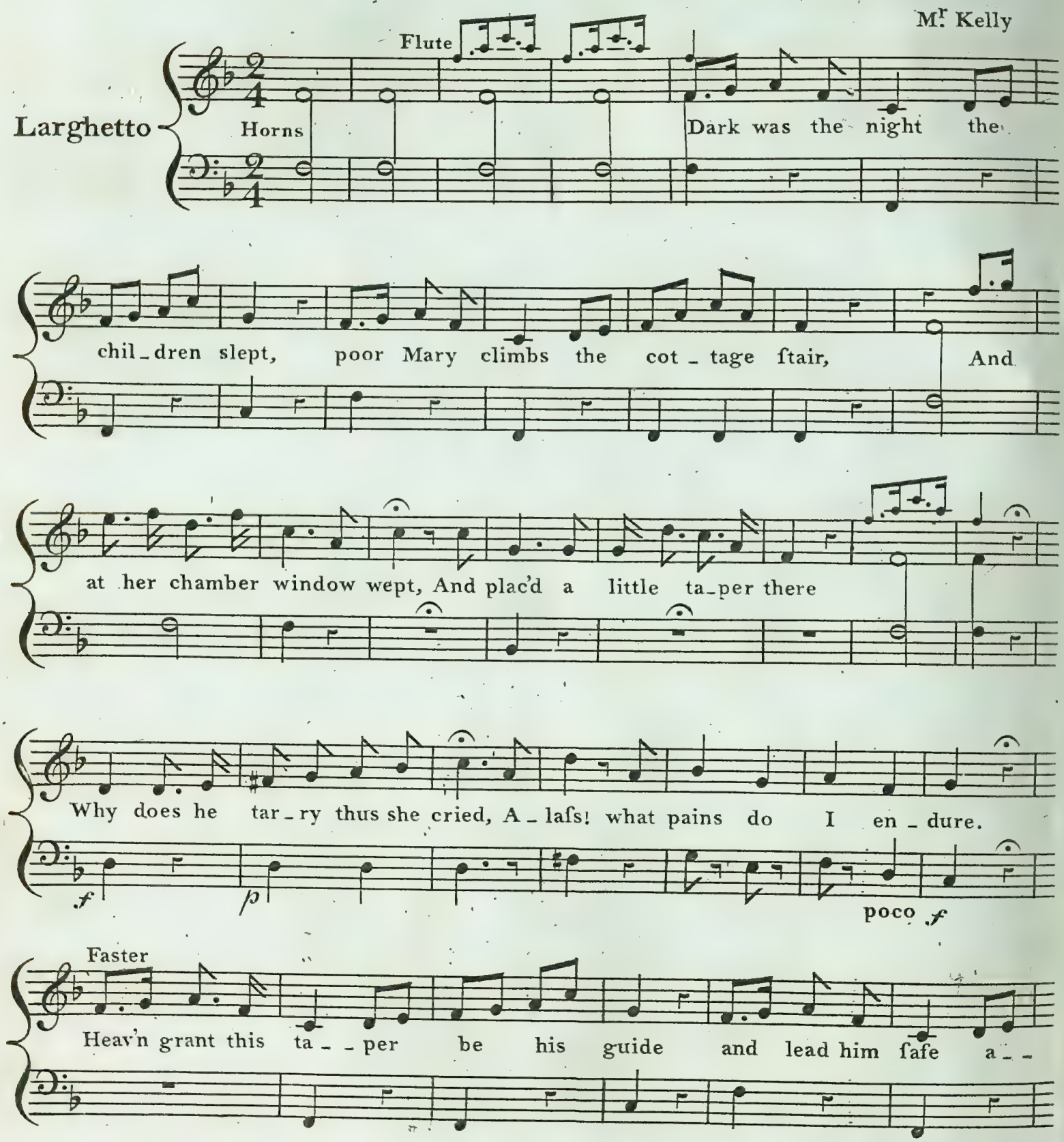
-way, the wing of the Seraph who flutter'd a - - way.

-way, the wing of the Seraph who flutter'd a - - way.

DARK WAS THE NIGHT.

A favorite Song Sung by M.rs Bland in the ITALIAN MONK.

Price 1.s



--croſs the moor At length his

for: *pia:*

well known ſteps she hears he comes my ter_rors to re_move,

my William comes to dry my tears and down she flies to

meet her Love; William all pale and bloo_dy

f *p*

ſtood, Sigh'd out a_laſs! no more we meet, I'm ſtabb'd by Robbers

in the wood and fell a Corps at Mary's feet.

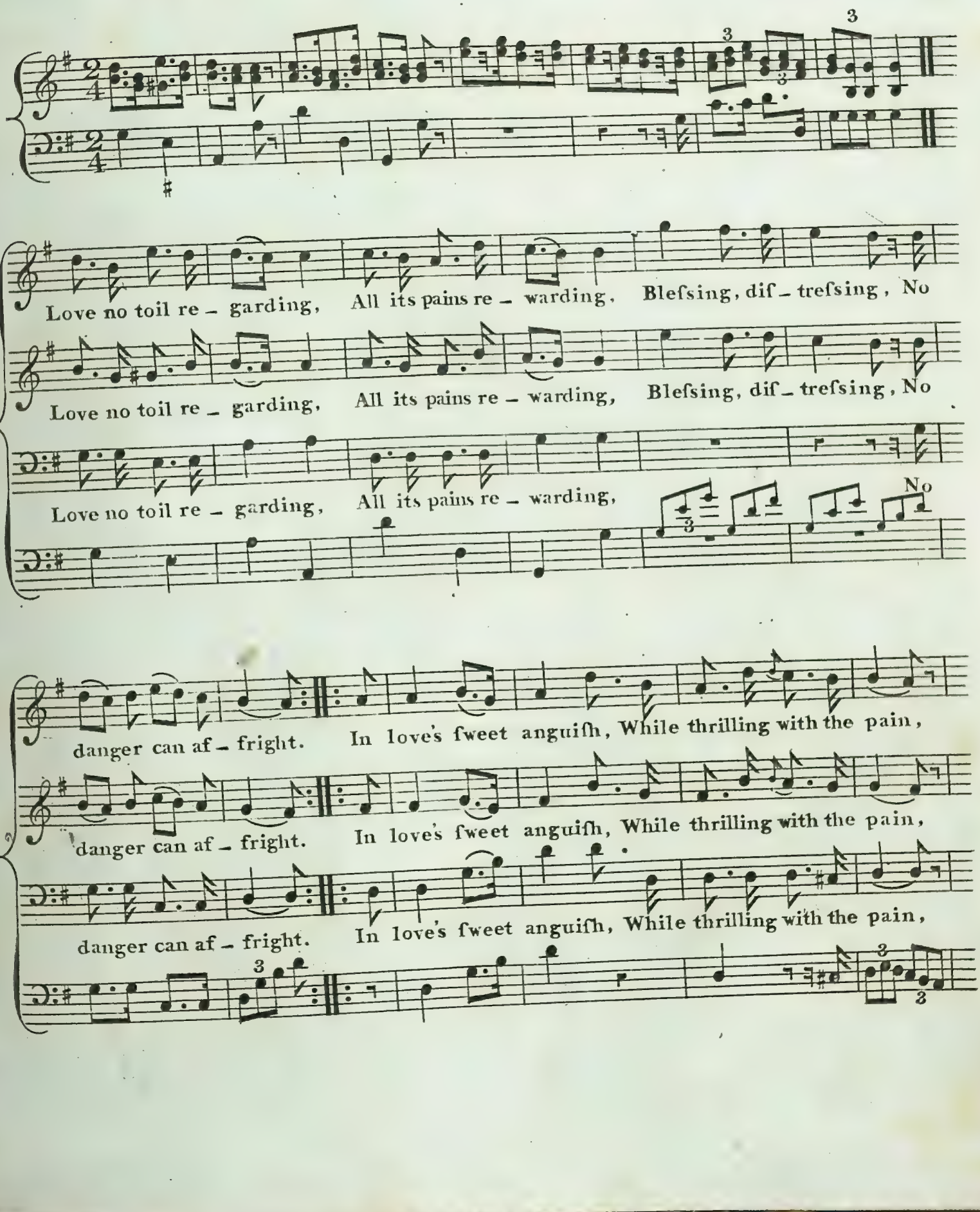
TRIO

Sung by Mrs Bland Mr Truman and Mr Suet

in the ITALIAN MONK.

Price 1s

Dr Arnold.



Who'd not willing languiſh, Who'd not willing languiſh, Who'd not willing

Who'd not willing languiſh, Who'd not willing

Who'd not willing languiſh, Who'd not willing languiſh,

languiſh, Nor think the ſuff'ring vain. Who'd not willing languiſh, Nor

languiſh, Nor think the ſuff'ring vain. Who'd not willing languiſh, Nor

Nor think the ſuff'ring vain. Nor

think the ſuff'ring vain.

think the ſuff'ring vain.

think the ſuff'ring vain.

Vivace.

Then let lovers think them bleſt, Then let lovers think them

Then let lovers think them

bleſt, Then let lovers think them bleſt, Nor re-pine at froward fate.

bleſt, Then let lovers think them bleſt, Nor re-pine at froward fate.

Then let lovers think them bleſt, Nor re-pine at froward fate.

In each others arms ca-reſt, their bliſs is perfect tho' 'tis late, In each

In each others arms ca-reſt, their bliſs is perfect tho' 'tis late, In each

In each others arms ca-reſt, their bliſs is perfect tho' 'tis late,

f *p* *f* *p*

others arms ca-reſt, their bliſs is perfect tho' 'tis late, tho' 'tis late, tho' 'tis late:

others arms ca-reſt, their bliſs is perfect tho' 'tis late, tho' 'tis late, tho' 'tis late:

is perfect tho' 'tis late, tho' 'tis late, tho' 'tis late:

Cres:

In each others arms ca- reſt, their bliſs is perfect tho' 'tis late.

In each others arms ca- reſt, their bliſs is perfect tho' 'tis late.

their bliſs is perfect tho' 'tis late.

tho' 'tis late, tho' 'tis late.

tho' 'tis late, tho' 'tis late.

tho' 'tis late, tho' 'tis late.

CAMBRO BRITONS.

an

HISTORICAL PLAY

as performed

with the utmost Applause

AT THE

Theatre Royal Haymarket;

THE MUSIC BY

Dr. Arnold.

Op. 45

T. King. Sc. 451 Strand

Ent.d Stat.rs Hall

PRICE. 8.S

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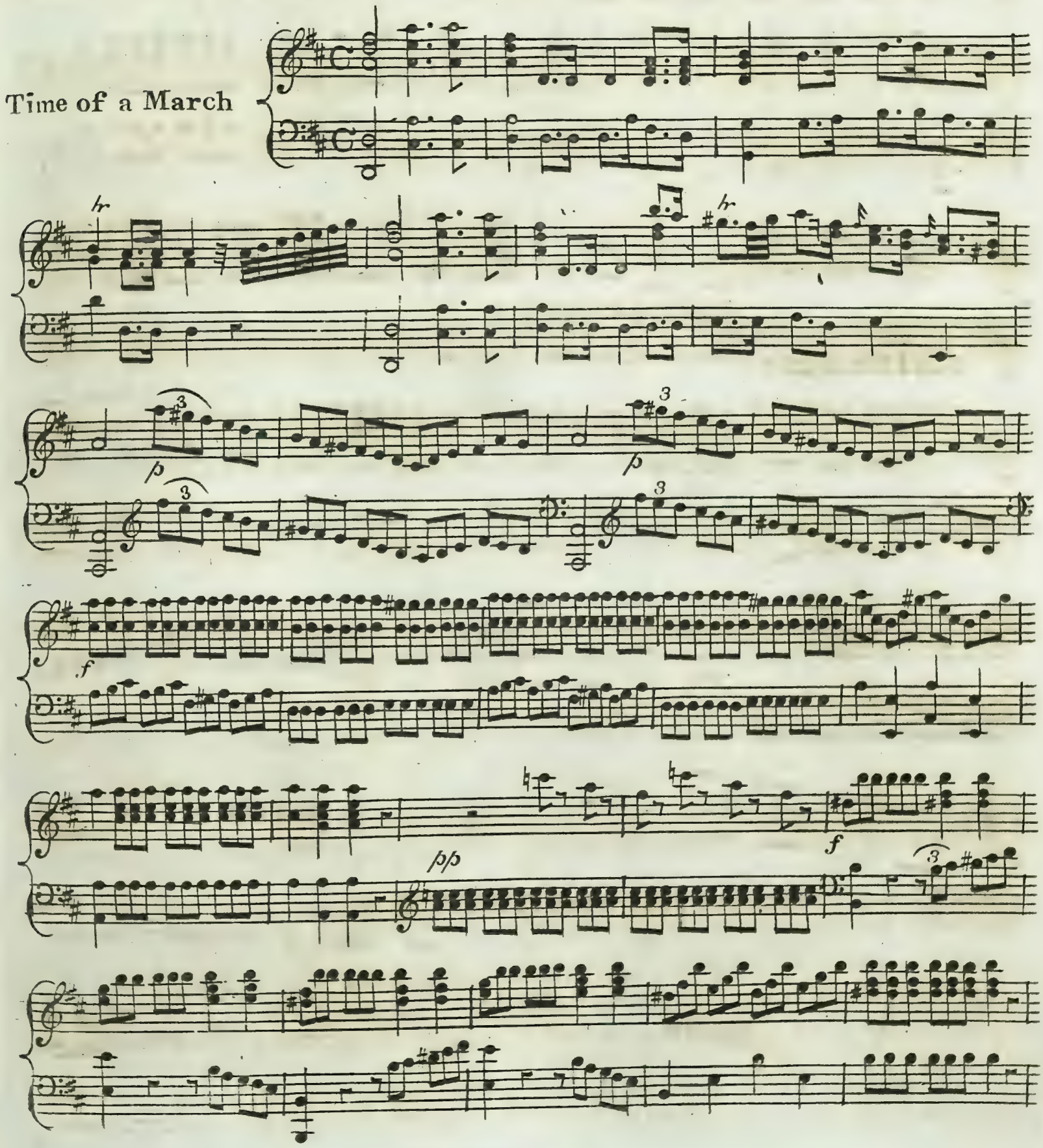
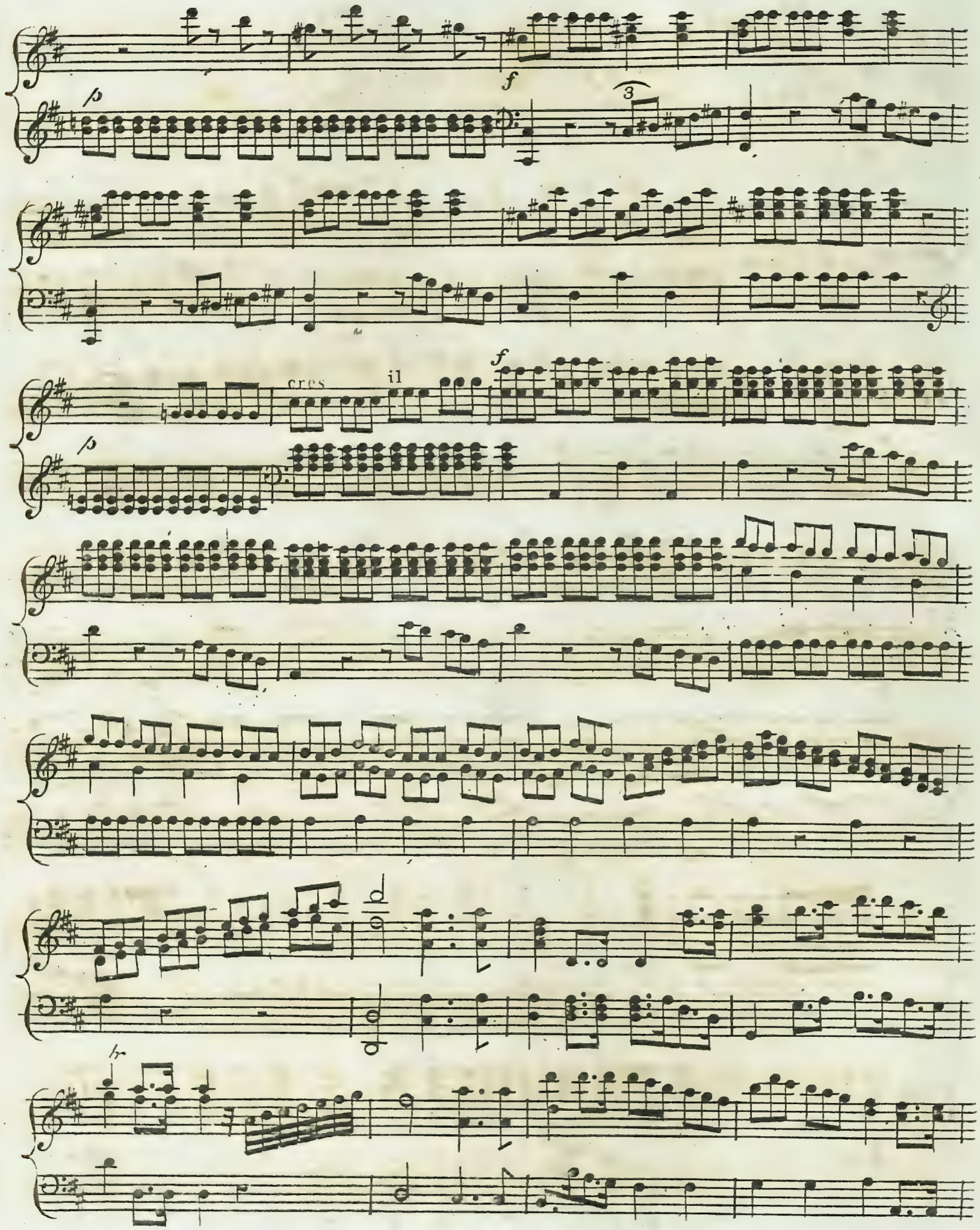
OVERTURE to CAMBRO-BRITONS

Composed, and adapted to the Piano Forte

By Dr. ARNOLD




p
f
3
cres
il
f
p
tr

p *f* *p*

f

Trumpets Tutti

Trumpets Tutti Trumpets

Tutti

NB. Two Harps or Two Piano Fortes.

Andante

HARP

HARP

ralentando

ralentando

f *p*

f *p*

f

f

ad lib.m

Andante

Union Pipes.

Harp.

p

tutti

unis

tutti *f*

Union Pipes

Harp

1st

2d

tutti

f

Rondo Allegro

Harp

Tutti

Harp

Tutti

f

Harp Soli

Harp Soli

Harps unison and tutti

union pipe

pp

Harp

Harp p

tutti

tutti

Harps Soli

tutti *f*

Sung by Mr. Bland

Waltz

Triangle and Tambourin.

Germ: Flute.

Voice.

Harp.

When the rude voice of war I no longer shall hear, and my Cadwall's restor'd to the

arms of his dear to the harp I will sing at our Cottage turf'd door, and my

f

Cadwall shall leave his fond Winny no more.

To our Parent to good Shenkin the blythe Ballad I'll trole, 'twill be thankfull 'twill be

p

gratefull oh! 'twill flow from the Soul, There's no Peasant there's no Monarch can than

me be more blest, By good Shenkin protected By my Cadwall'Carest - - - - - -

When the rude voice of war I no longer shall hear, and my Cadwall's restor'd to the arms of his

dear, to the harp I will sing at our Cottage turf'd door, and my Cadwall shall leave his fond Winny no

more and my Cadwall shall leave his fond Winny no more.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone

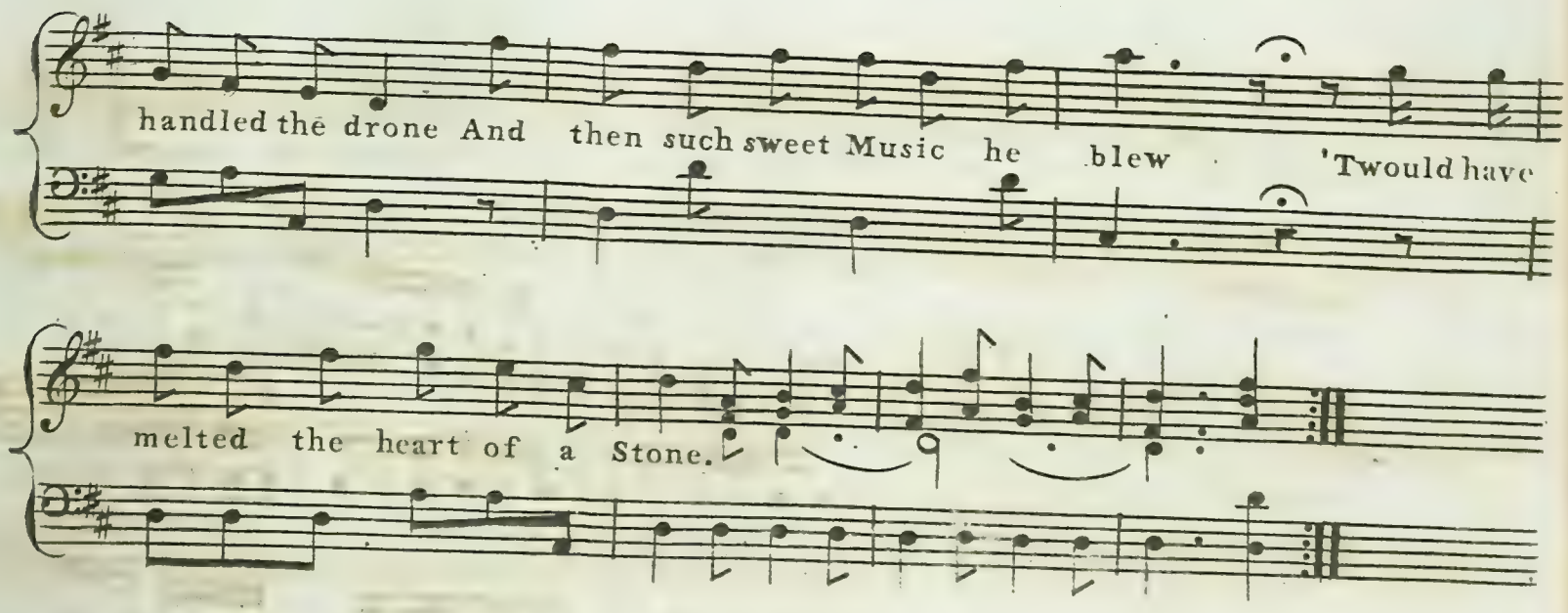
Irish Melody.

Vivace

When I was a Boy in my

father's mud E--difice, Tender and bare as a Pig in a ſtye,

Out at the door as I look'd with a fteady phiz, Who but Pat Murphy the
Piper came by! Says Paddy, but few play this
music; can you play? Says I, I can't tell for I never did try: He
told me that he had a charm To make the Pipes pretti--ly fpeak, So he
fqueez'd a bag under his arm, And fweetly-- they fet up a
fqueak; Wid a fa ra la la ra la loo; Och hone, how he



2

Your pipe, says I, Paddy, so neatly comes over me,
Naked I'll wander where ever it blows;
And if my father should try to recover me,
Sure it won't be by describing my cloaths:
The music I hear now, takes hold of my ear now,
And leads me all over the world by the nose.
So I followed the Bag-pipe so sweet,
And sung, as I leap'd like a frog;
Adieu, to my family seat,
So pleasantly plac'd in a bog:
With my faralla laralla loo; how sweetly he handled the drone,
And then such sweet music he blew, 'twould have melted the heart of a stone.

3

Full five years I follow'd him, nothing could sunder us,
Till he one morning had taken a sup;
And slip'd from a bridge in a river just under us,
Souse to the bottom just like a blind pup:
I roar'd and I bawl'd out, and lustily call'd out,
O Paddy my friend don't you mean to come up.
He was dead as a nail in a door,
Poor Paddy was laid on the shelf;
So I took up his pipes on the shore,
And now I've set up for myself:
With my faralla laralla loo, to be sure I have not got the nack,
To play faralla laralla loo, ay and buberoo didaroo whack.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone

Moderato

sf p f

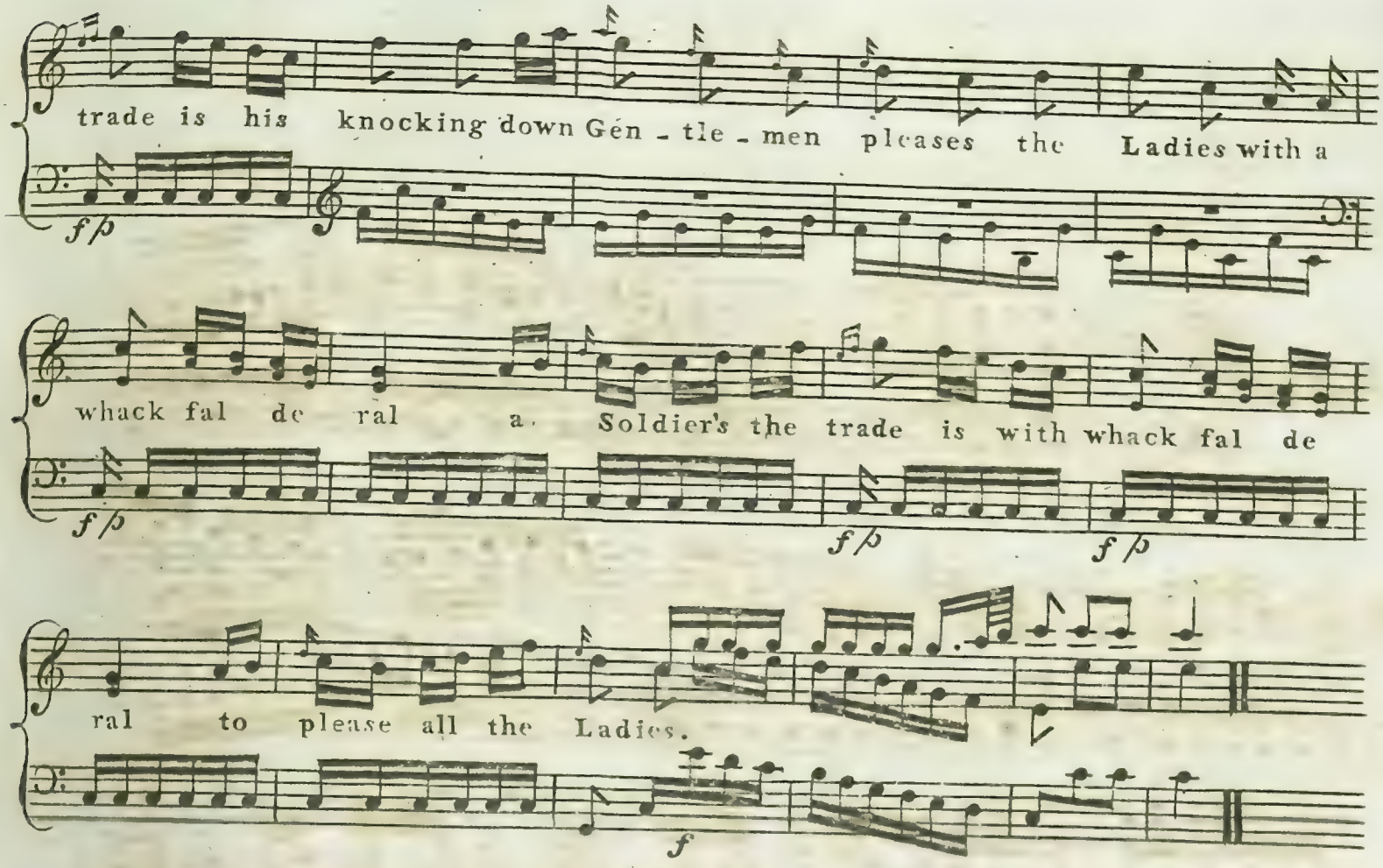
sf p f

To win all the fair ones a Sol - dier's the

f p

trade is to win all the fair ones a Sol - dier's the

f p



2

Where we slay all their foes, Women then must be willing,
Where we slay all their foes, Women then must be willing,
At least they must own that our manners are killing.
With a whack &c.

3

The dear creatures are charm'd with a Captain, done fighting
The dear creatures are charm'd with a Captain, done fighting
For thump'd black and blue, he must look so inviting.
With a whack &c.

4

Then in Friendship and Love may he ne'er meet vexation
Then in Friendship and Love may he ne'er meet vexation
Who fights in the Cause of his King and the Nation.
With a whack &c.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Suett & Mrs. Bland

Accompanied with the Harps

Bold

Turloch

King Arthur kept at merry Carlisle Christmas with princely

Cheer, To him repair'd full many a Knight that came both far and near And

when they were at Dinner set, and Cups went freely round, Be-fore them came a

fair Damsel and knelt up-on the ground, be-fore them came a fair Damsel and

knelt up-on the ground.

Piz.

Winifred

Cor. Flute with the Voice 8va

A Boon a boon O King Arthur I beg a boon of thee Avenge me of a

Piz.

Churlish Knight who wrongs my Love and me This Baron grim 'twas

our hard hap but yester-noon to see, when to his bow'r he

Chos

bore my Love and sore mis-u-sed me when to his bow'r he

bore my Love and sore misu-sed me.

Gwyn.

Up started then good King Arthur and fwore by hill and dale He

ne'er wou'd quit that Ba-ron grim 'till he had made him quail Though

Ma-gic rear'd his Cas-tle strong fenc'd round with many a Spell And

not a Knight cou'd en-ter there, but straight his Courage fell and

not a Knight cou'd en--ter there but straight his Courage fell.

Chorus of Angels

G. Flute 1.
G. Flute 2.
Bafsoon
Flute 1.
Flute 2.
1st Soprano
2d Soprano
Bafsoon

Andante

Dear is the incense that Re-

Dear is the incense that Re-

-pentance flings, And Cherubs waft it heav'n ward with their wings, Grateful the

-pentance flings, And Che-rubs waft it heav'n ward with their wings, Grateful the

voice that bids your hatred cease, A Mother's mandate of fra-ter-nal peace.

voice that bids your hatred cease, A Mother's mandate of fra-ter-nal peace.

ad lib.m

Sung by Mrs. Bland

Andante

p tenute

p

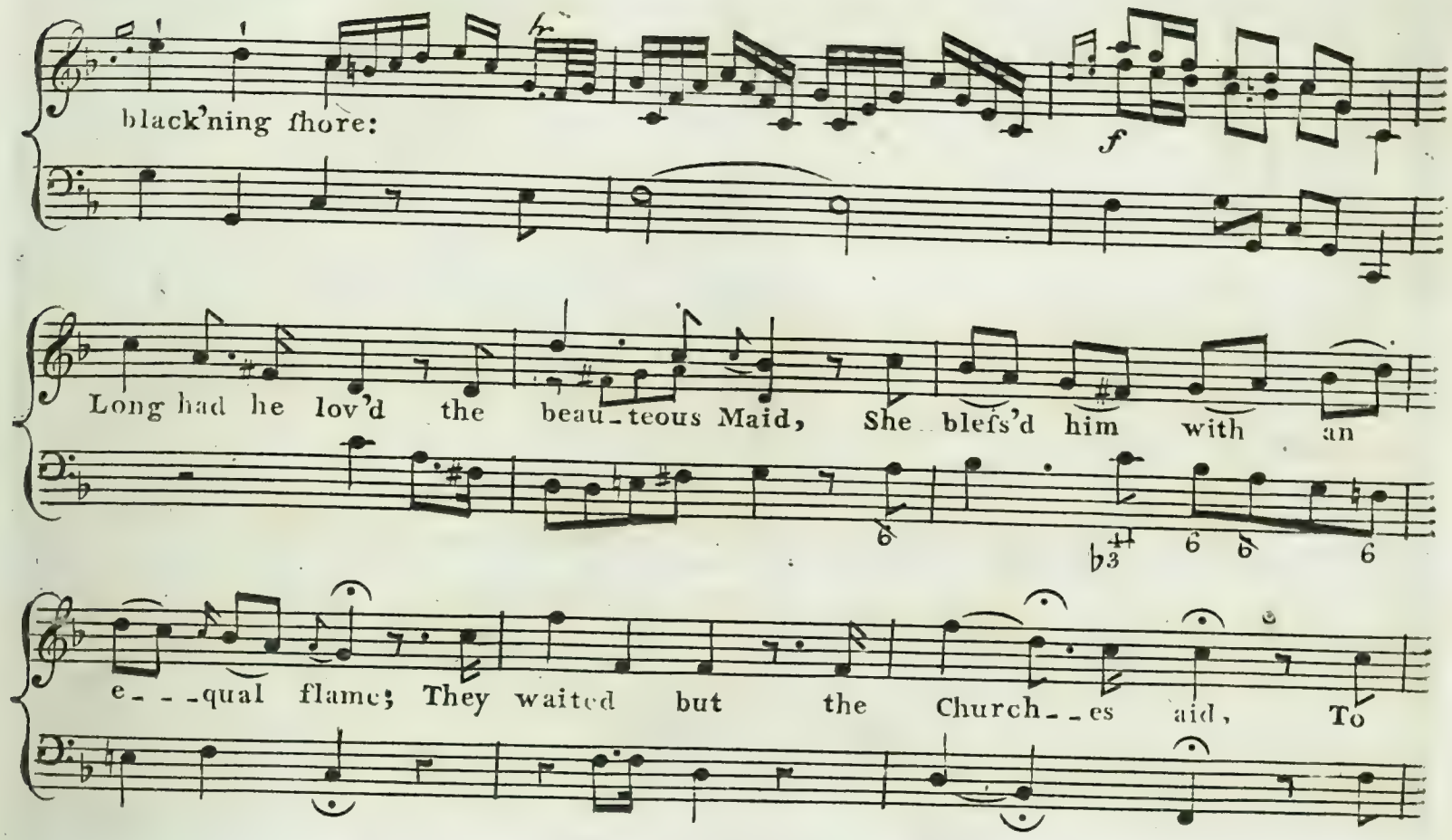
f

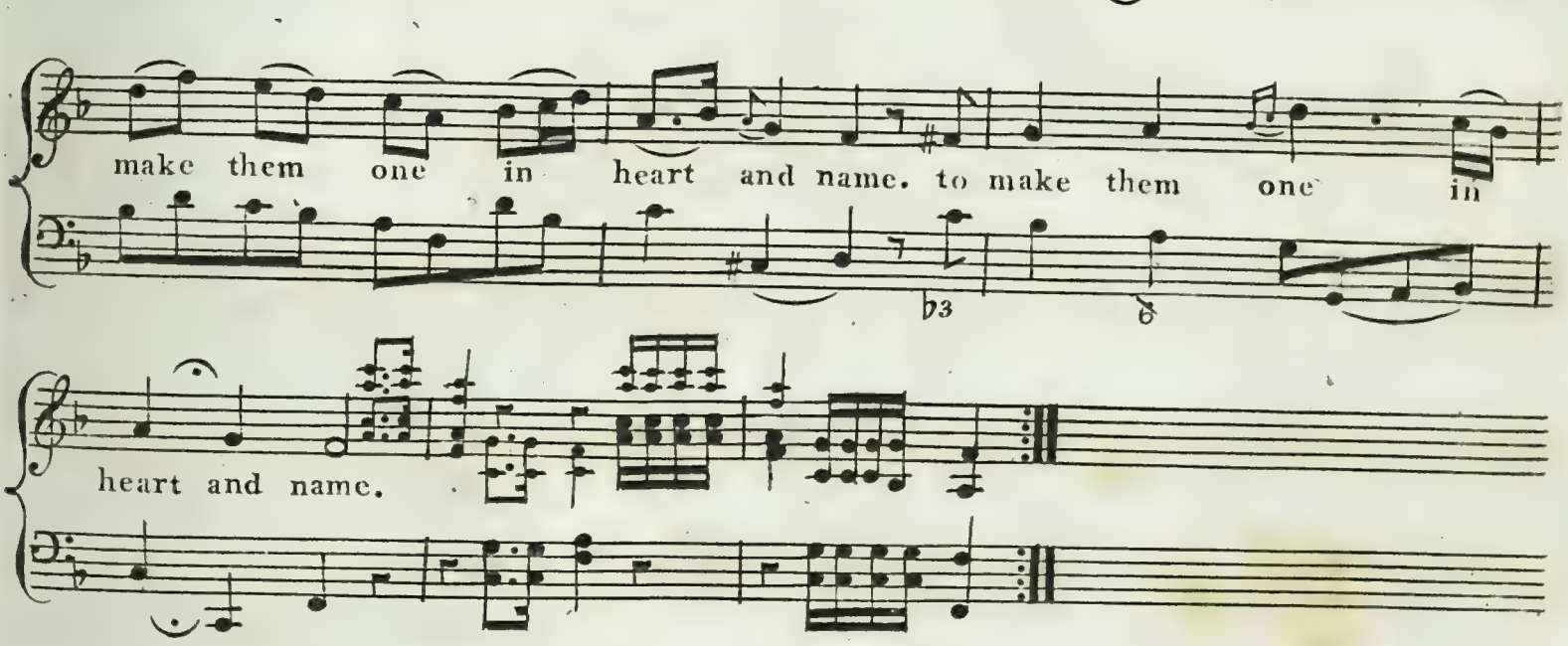
The Sun was set, the

night was dark, When Gwy--nith, at the Cot-tage door, Saw

p tenute

How--el push the Boat--- away, And Slowly leave the





2

At morrow dawn ſhe ſought the Coaſt,
She ran, ſhe climb'd a ſtranded Wreck:
She ſhrunk at what ſhe might have loſt,
And ſunk upon the ſlippery deck.
She call'd him in his wat'ry grave,
An anſwering cry her ſoul alarms;
A Sailor ſtruggled through the wave,
And Howel caught her in his arms.

MARCH

Drum

Trumpets

Octave Flute

V 1
V 2

Viol: 1

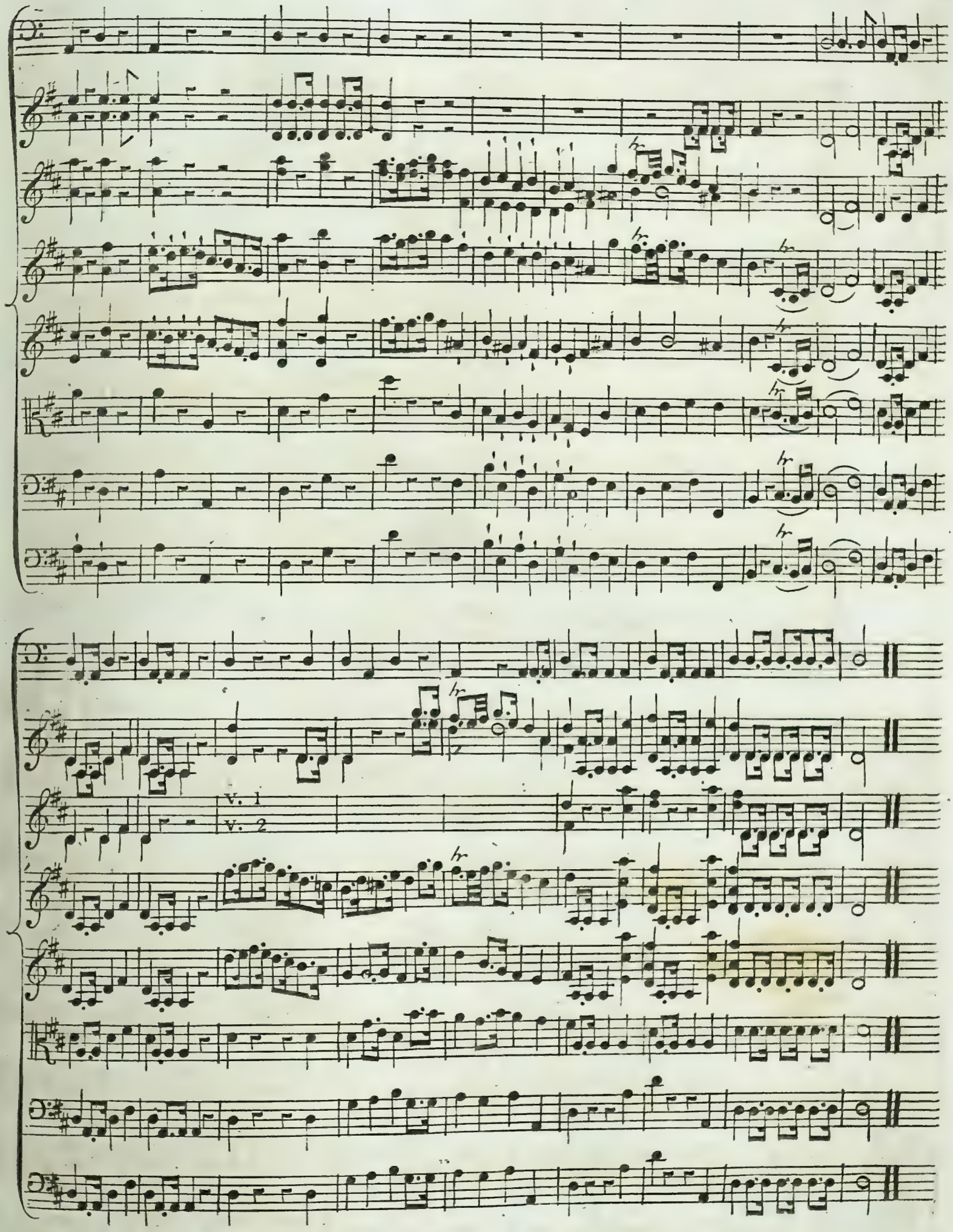
Viol: 2

Viola

Bafsoons

Bafsi

V. 1
V. 2


V. 1
V. 2

Chorus of Bards

1st. Harp

2d. Harp

Ruin, ruin seize thee ruthlefs ruthlefs

Ruin, ruin seize thee ruthlefs ruthlefs

Ruin, ruin seize thee ruthlefs ruthlefs

Violoncello

King ruin seize thee ruthlefs King havock choke thy furious way havock choke thy furious

King ruin seize thee ruthlefs King havock choke thy furious way havock choke thy furious

King ruin seize thee ruthlefs King havock choke thy furious way havock choke thy furious

way thy furious way thy furious way Deso_lations raven

way thy furious way thy furious way Deso_lations raven

way thy furious way thy furious way Deso_lations raven

ff

wing fweep thee from the eye of day deso_lations raven wing fweep thee from the eye of

wing fweep thee from the eye of day deso_lations raven wing fweep thee from the eye of

wing fweep thee from the eye of day deso_lations raven wing fweep thee from the eye of

day, ru - in seize thee ruthleſs King havoc̆k choke thy furious way de - - ſo -

day, ru - in seize thee ruthleſs King havock choke thy furious way de - - ſo -

day, ru - in seize thee ruthleſs King havock choke thy furious way de - - ſo -

-lations raven wing ſweep thee from the eye of day ſweep thee from the eye of

-lations raven wing ſweep thee from the eye of day ſweep thee from the eye of

-lations raven wing ſweep thee from the eye of day ſweep thee from the eye of

day fweep thee from the eye of day fweep thee from the eye of day.

day fweep thee from the eye of day fweep thee from the eye of day.

day fweep thee from the eye of day fweep thee from the eye of day.

After some speaking by the principal Bard.

Ruin ruin seize thee ruthlefs ruthlefs

Ruin ruin seize thee ruthlefs ruthlefs

Ruin ruin seize thee ruthlefs ruthlefs

King ru_ _in seize thee ruthlefs King.

King ru_ _in seize thee ruthlefs King.

King ru_ _in seize thee ruthlefs King.

FINALE

Pastorale

p

f

f

p

Hither from our cloud topt Mountains hither from their Chrystal

Hither from our cloud topt Mountains hither from their Chrystal

Fountains Ev'ry Nymph with Spirits clear and bring your best of blefsings here Crown her

Fountains Ev'ry Nymph with Spirits clear and bring your best of blefsings here Crown her

truth with wreaths of Honor be the fruitful blifs up-on her crown her truth with wreaths of

truth with wreaths of Honor be the fruitful blifs up-on her crown her truth with wreaths of

Cho: of Soprano's

honor be the fruitful blifs up-on her Hither from our cloud topt Mountains hither

honor be the fruitful blifs up-on her Hither from our cloud topt Mountains hither

f

from their chrystal Fountains Ev'ry Nymph with Spirits clear and bring your best of Blefsings

from their chrystal Fountains Ev'ry Nymph with Spirits clear and bring your best of Blefsings

here Crown her truth with wreaths of honor be the fruitful blifs up-on her Crown her

here Crown her truth with wreaths of honor be the fruitful blifs up-on her Crown her

Violins.

truth with wreaths of honor be the fruitful blifs up-on her.

truth with wreaths of honor be the fruitful blifs up-on her.

Accompt.

Treble — May he ever mighty flourish Glory's darling Sons to nourish, Time whose

Alto — May he ever mighty flourish Glory's darling Sons to nourish, Time whose

Tenor — May he ever mighty flourish Glory's darling Sons to nourish, Time whose

Bafs — May he ever mighty flourish Glory's darling Sons to nourish, Time whose

ravning Tooth de-vours richest Fanes and loftiest Tow'rs, may he e--ver mighty

ravning Tooth de-vours richest Fanes and loftiest Tow'rs, may he e--ver mighty

ravning Tooth de-vours richest Fanes and loftiest Tow'rs, may he e--ver mighty

flourish grory's darling Sons to nourish Time whose ravning tooth de--vours richest

flourish grory's darling Sons to nourish Time whose ravning tooth de--vours richest

flourish grory's darling Sons to nourish Time whose ravning tooth de--vours richest

flourish grory's darling Sons to nourish Time whose ravning tooth de--vours richest

Fanes and loftiest Tow'rs, Spare as fly the circling years the Shrine a grateful Country rears, Spare as

Fanes and loftiest Tow'rs,

Fanes and loftiest Tow'rs,

Fanes and loftiest Tow'rs,

fly the circling years the Shrine a grateful Country rears. May he e_ver mighty flourish Glory's

May he e_ver mighty flourish Glory's

May he e_ver mighty flourish Glory's

May he e_ver mighty flourish Glory's

darling Sons to nourish Time whose rav'ning tooth de_ _vours Richest Fanes and loftiest

darling Sons to nourish Time whose rav'ning tooth de_ _vours Richest Fanes and loftiest

darling Sons to nourish Time whose rav'ning tooth de_ _vours Richest Fanes and loftiest

darling Sons to nourish Time whose rav'ning tooth de_ _vours Richest Fanes and loftiest

Tow'rs Spare as fly the circling years the Shrine a grateful Country rears Spare as

Tow'rs Spare as fly the circling years the Shrine a grateful Country rears Spare as

Tow'rs Spare as fly the circling years the Shrine a grateful Country rears Spare as

Tow'rs Spare as fly the circling years the Shrine a grateful Country rears Spare as

fly the circling years the Shrine a grateful Country rears the Shrine a grateful grateful

fly the circling years the Shrine a grateful Country rears the Shrine a grateful grateful

fly the circling years the Shrine a grateful Country rears the Shrine a grateful grateful

Coun - - - - - - - - - try rears.

Coun - - - - - - - - - try rears.

Coun - - - - - try rears.

Coun - - - - - try rears.

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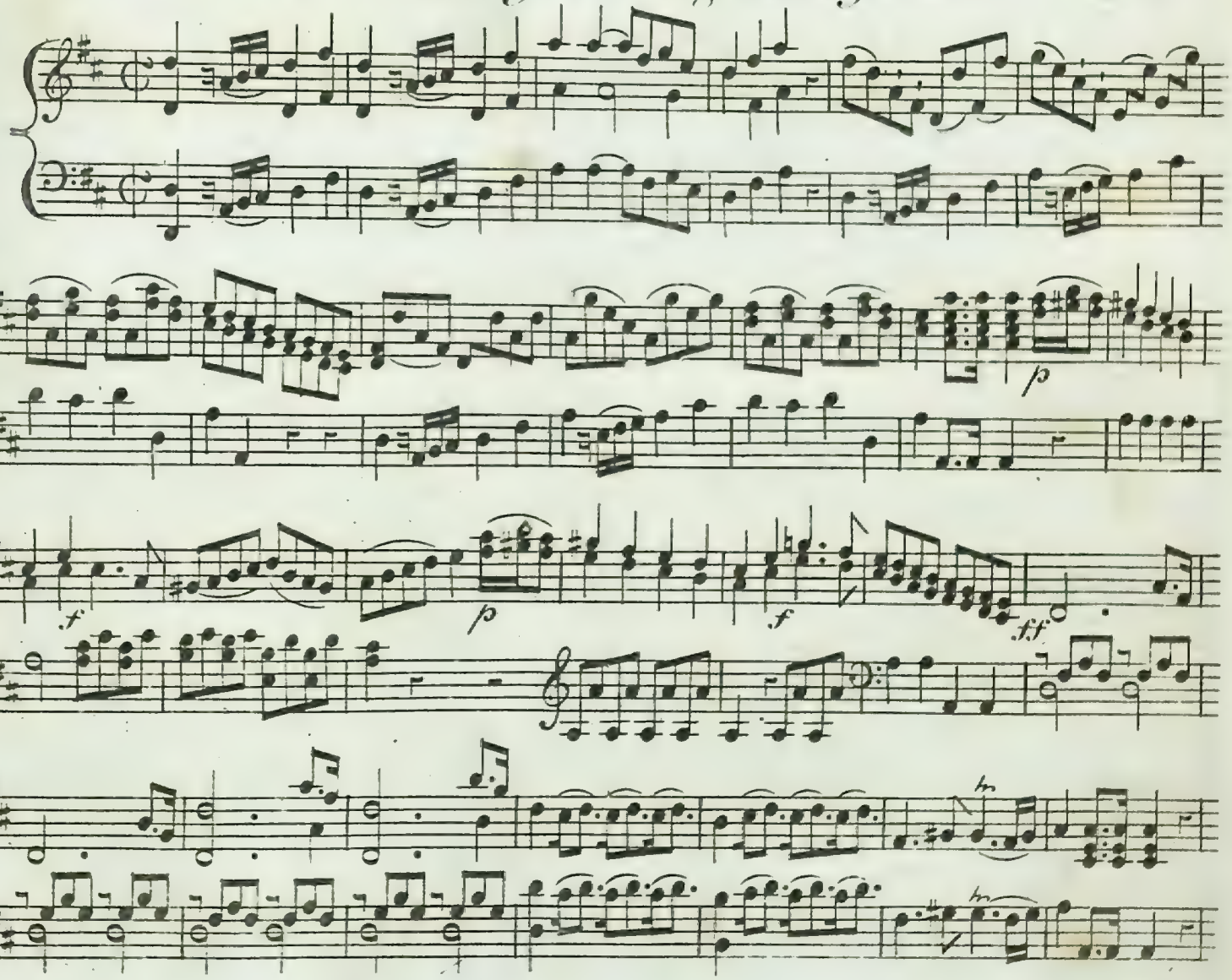

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2

Oboe Soli

Fagg.

Fag.Soli

Fag:Soli

Obo:Soli

dolce

pp

f

Flutes Soli

8

f

Corni

f

4

March

f

hr

p

f

hr

p

hr

Cres:

f

Coda

hr

5

Spirituoso

Corni

Oboes

Violino

Violino

Viola

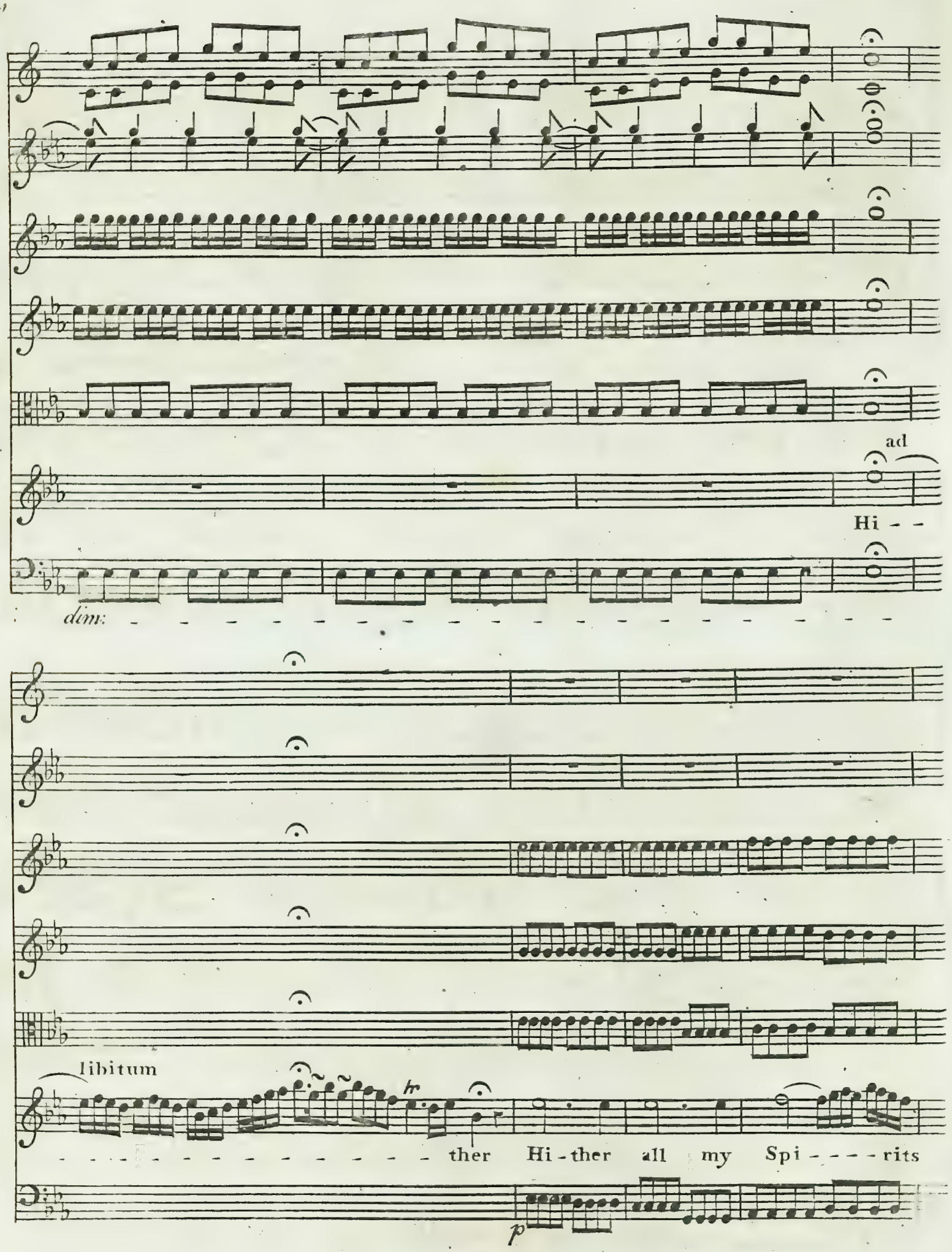
Voce

Basso

fp *fp* *fp* *fp* *fp*

Cres:

f


ad
Hi - -
dim:
libitum
ther Hi - ther all my Spi - - - - rits
p

bend, With your Magick Art, with your Magick Art at - - - tend,

Chase the Mists that Cloud his Mind - - - - - - - - - - -

8

- - - Chace the Mists that Cloud his

rinf *p*

Mind, Chace - - - the Mists - - that Cloud his

f p *Cres:*

Mind, Cha -

f *p*

se the Mists that Cloud his Mi - - - - - - - - - -

10

- - - nd that Cloud his Mind.

Musick Melt the

11

frozen Boy, raise his Soul to Love & Joy,

p

Dullness makes the Heart un - - kind, Dull - ness makes the

12

Heart un - - - kind.

Cres: f

· Hither · all my · Spi - - rits · bend with your Magick

p f f p

13

p

p

Art at-tend at- - -tend Chase the Mists that Cloud his Mind,

fp

Mu-sick Melt the Frozen Boy, Raise his Soul to Love & Joy

p Cres:

14

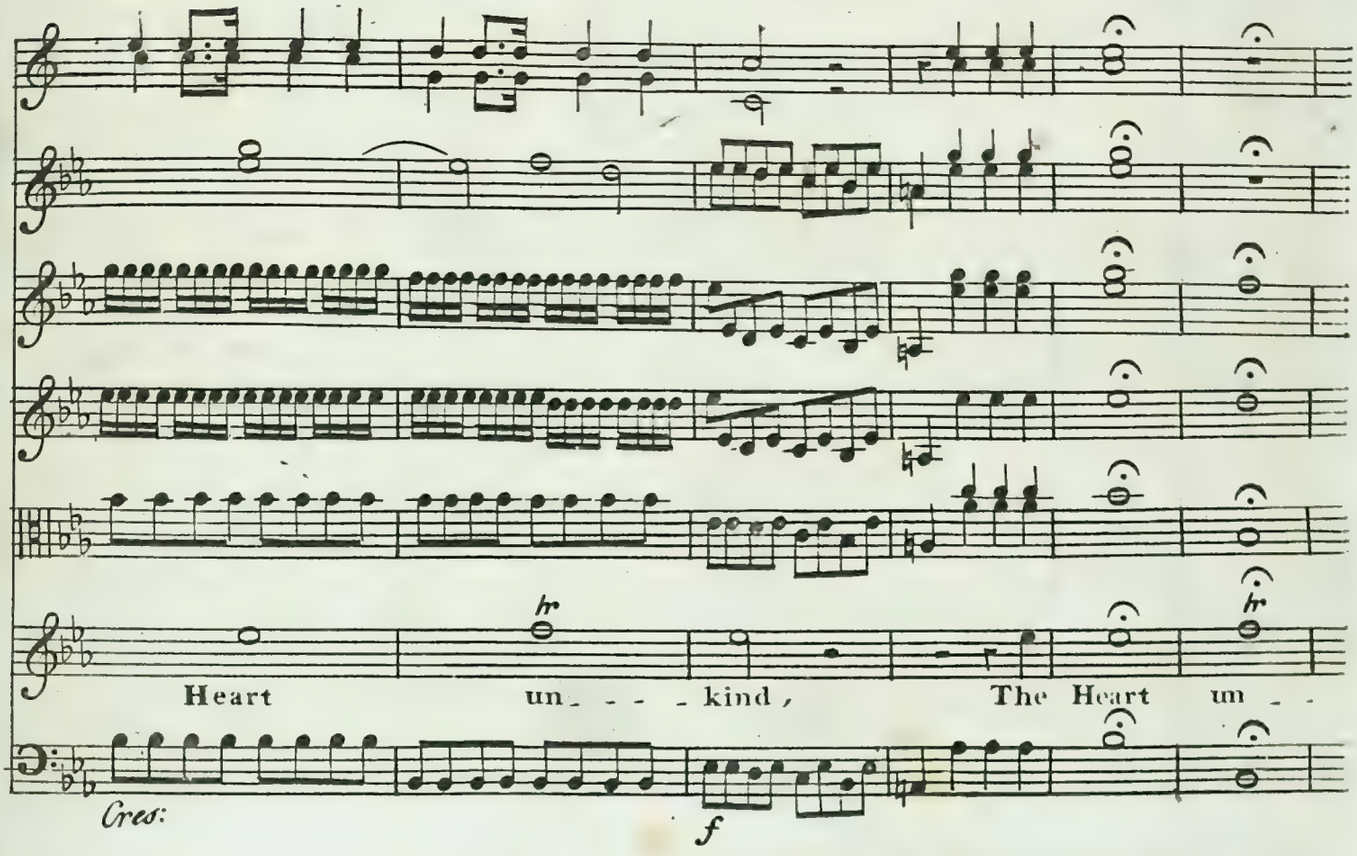
f

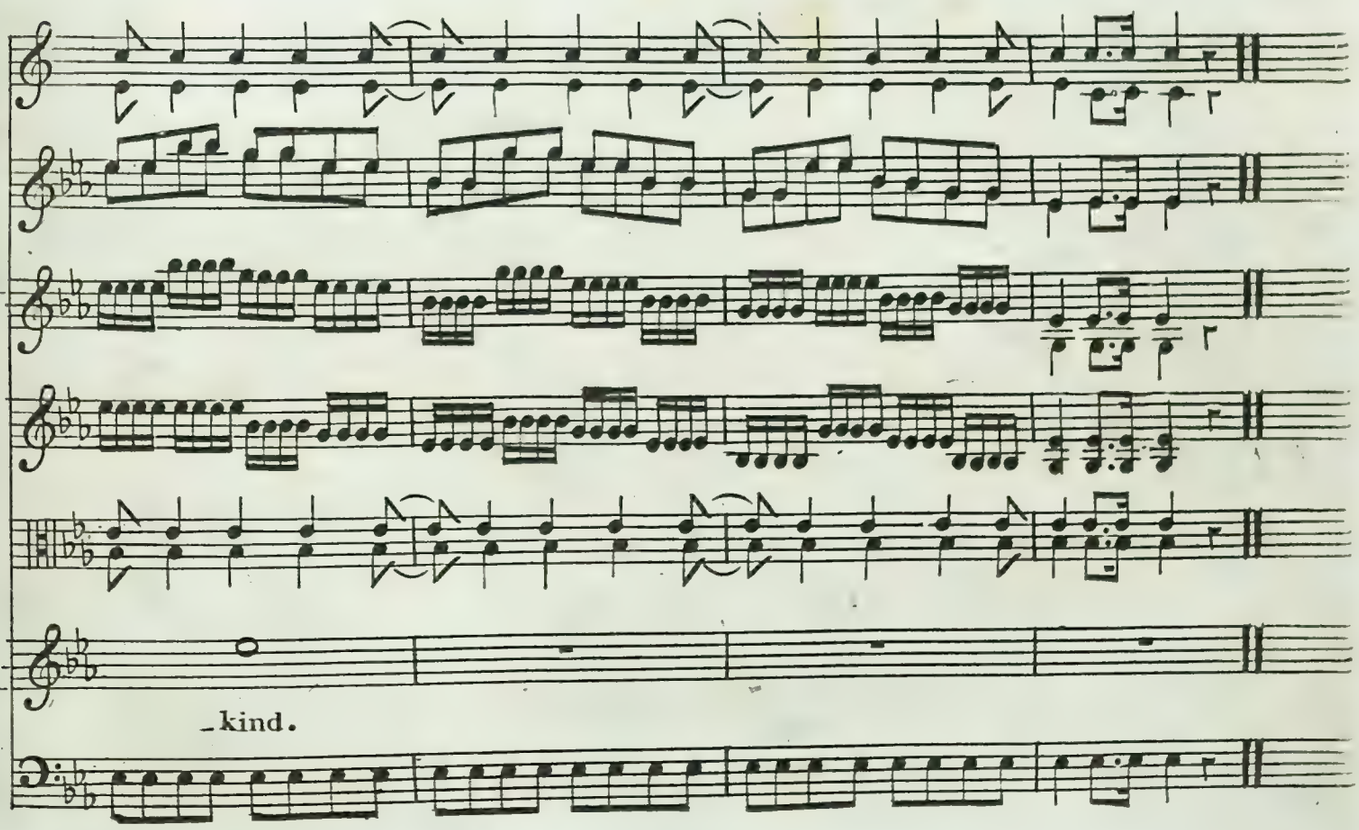
raisehissoultoLove & Joy, Dull - - ness makes the

f *fp*

Heart un - - - kind, Dull - - - ness makes the

fp


Heart un - - - - kind, The Heart um - -
Cres:
f


- kind.

16

Marches in the Procession

Trombe in D

Corni in D

Oboes — Col Violini

Violino 1°

Violino 2°

Viola

Basso

Tympany in D

Flauto 1º.

Flauto 2º.

Flauto 3ª.

Col Violini

Flauto

Violino 1º.

Violino 2º.

Viola

Basso

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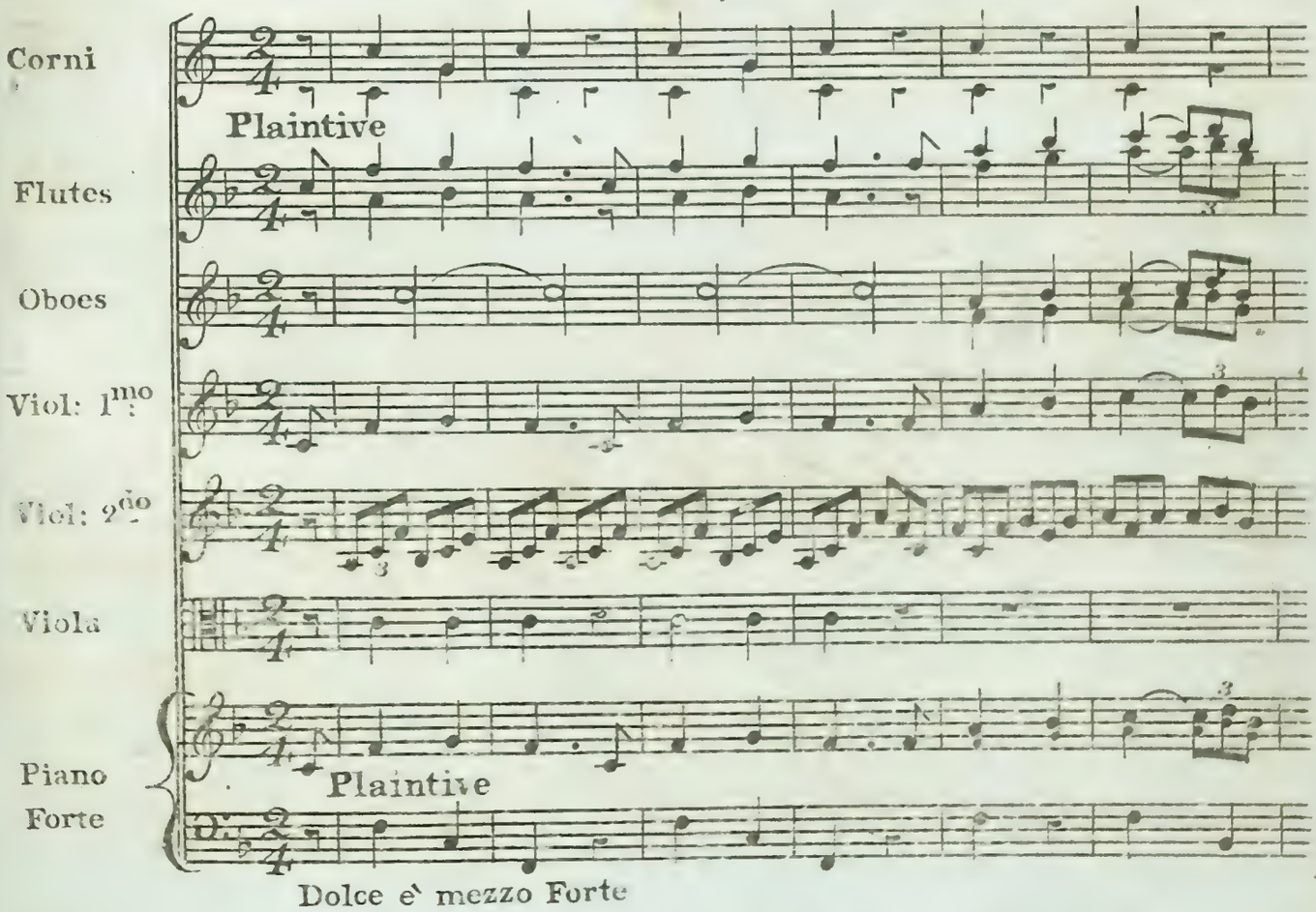


2

hr

3

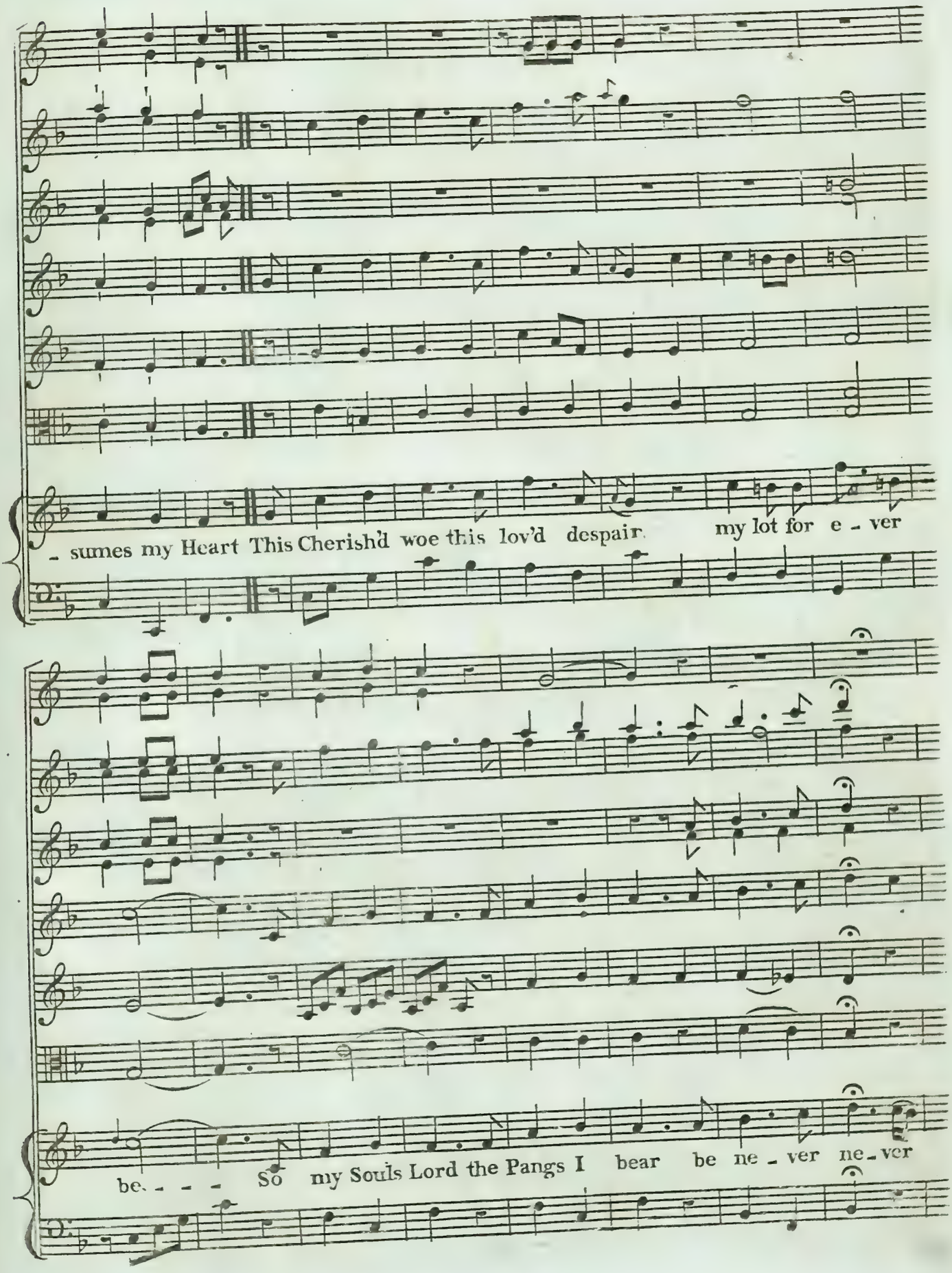
hr

I have a si - lent Sorrow here. A Grief I'll ne'er im -

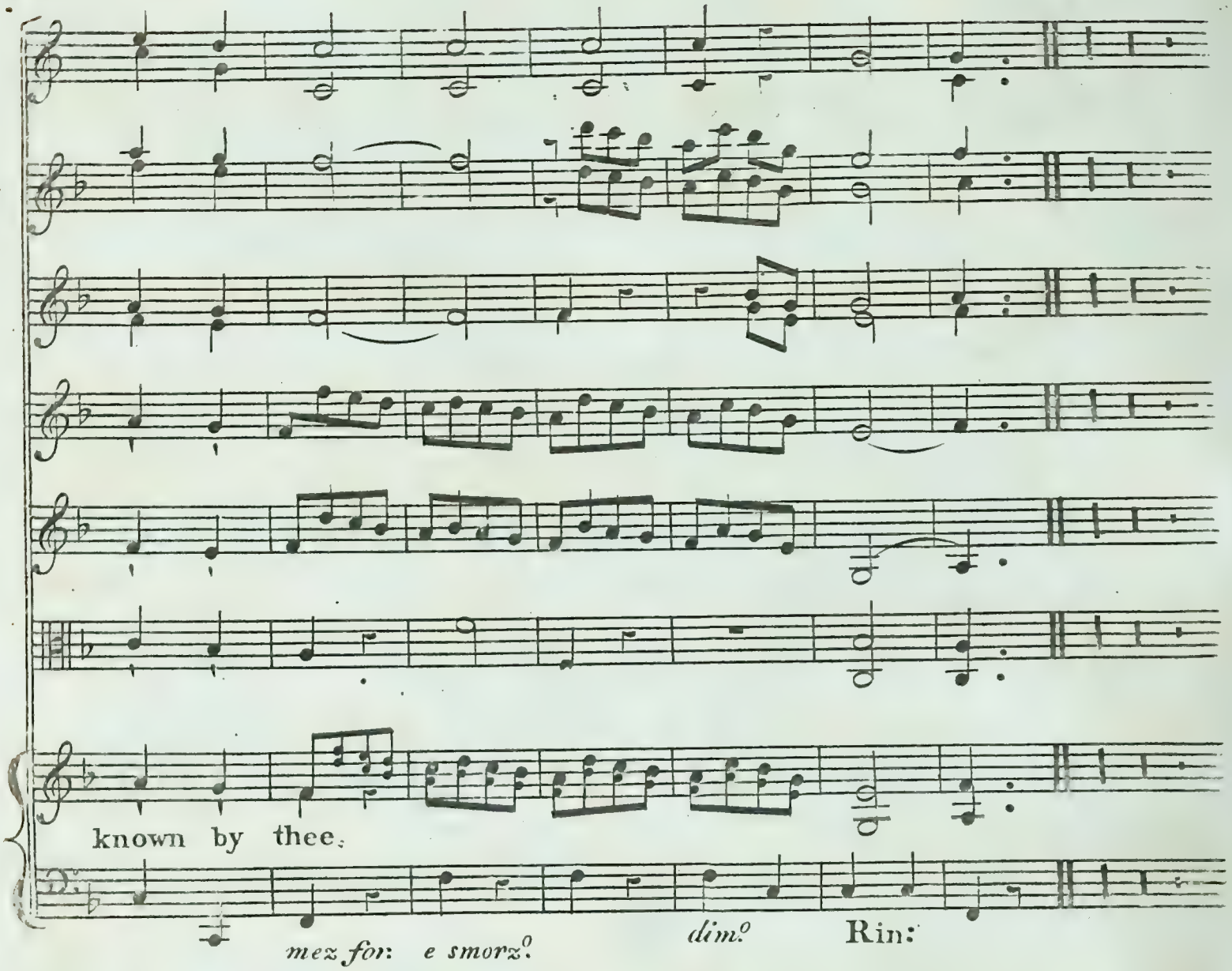
fin.

smorz

-- part- - - - It breathes no Sigh it sheds no Tear. - But it con -


- sumes my Heart This Cherish'd woe this lov'd despair my lot for e - ver
be - - - So my Souls Lord the Pangs I bear be ne - ver ne - ver

1.



And when pale characters of Death.
Shall mark this alter'd Cheek;
When my poor wasted trembling breath
My Life's last hope would speak:——

I shall not raise my Eyes to Heav'n,
Nor mercy ask for me;
My Soul despairs to be forgiv'n
Unpardon'd, Love, by thee.

TO

WELCOME MIRTH & HARMLESS GLEE

The favorite Duett

Sung by *Mrs. BLAND* and *MISS LEAK*

In the Play of the

STRANGER

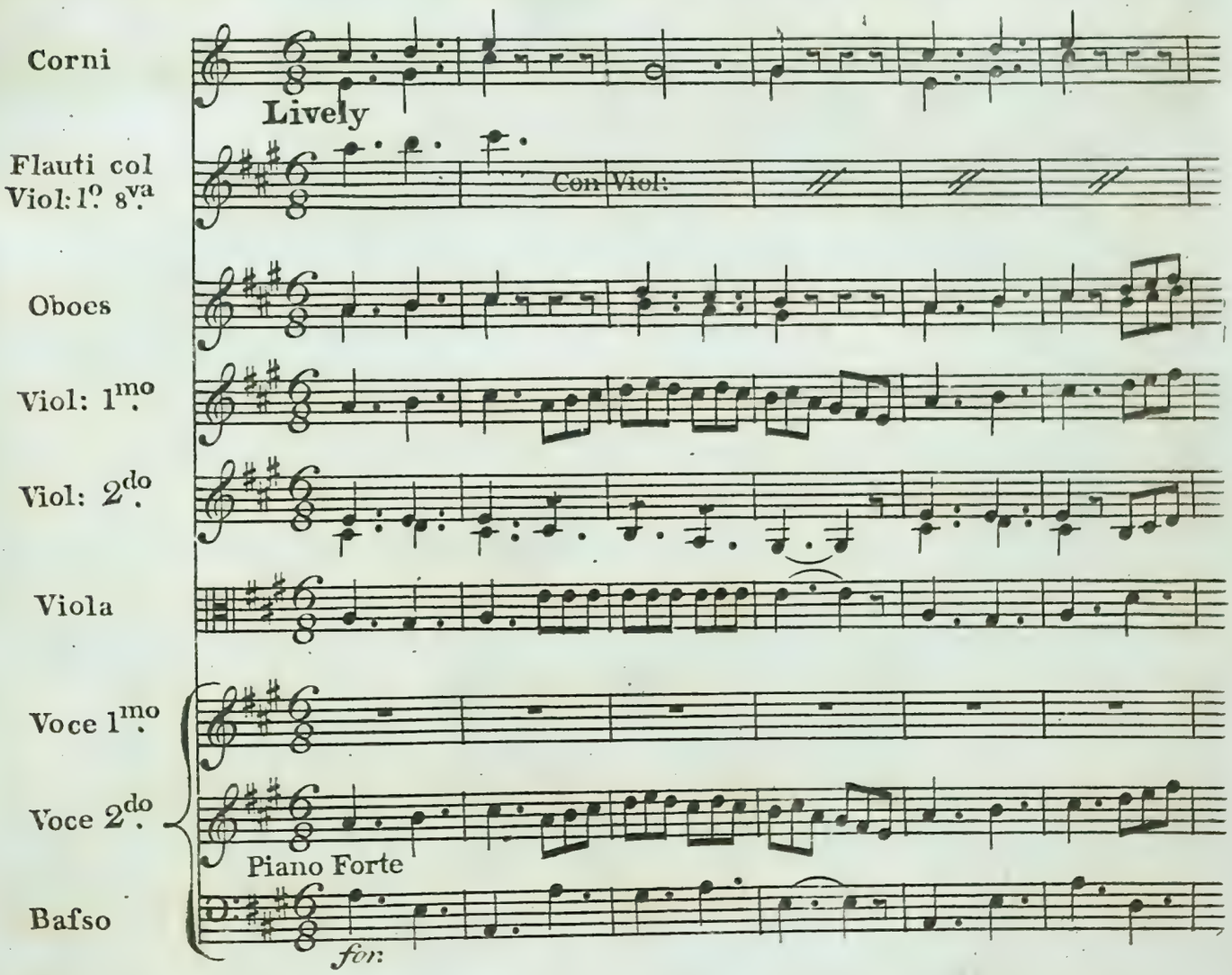
Composed by

Tho.s Shaw

The Words by John Grubb Esq.r

Entered at Stationers Hall

Printed by LONGMAN and BRODERIP N.o 26 Cheapside and N.o 13 Haymarket



6

bis

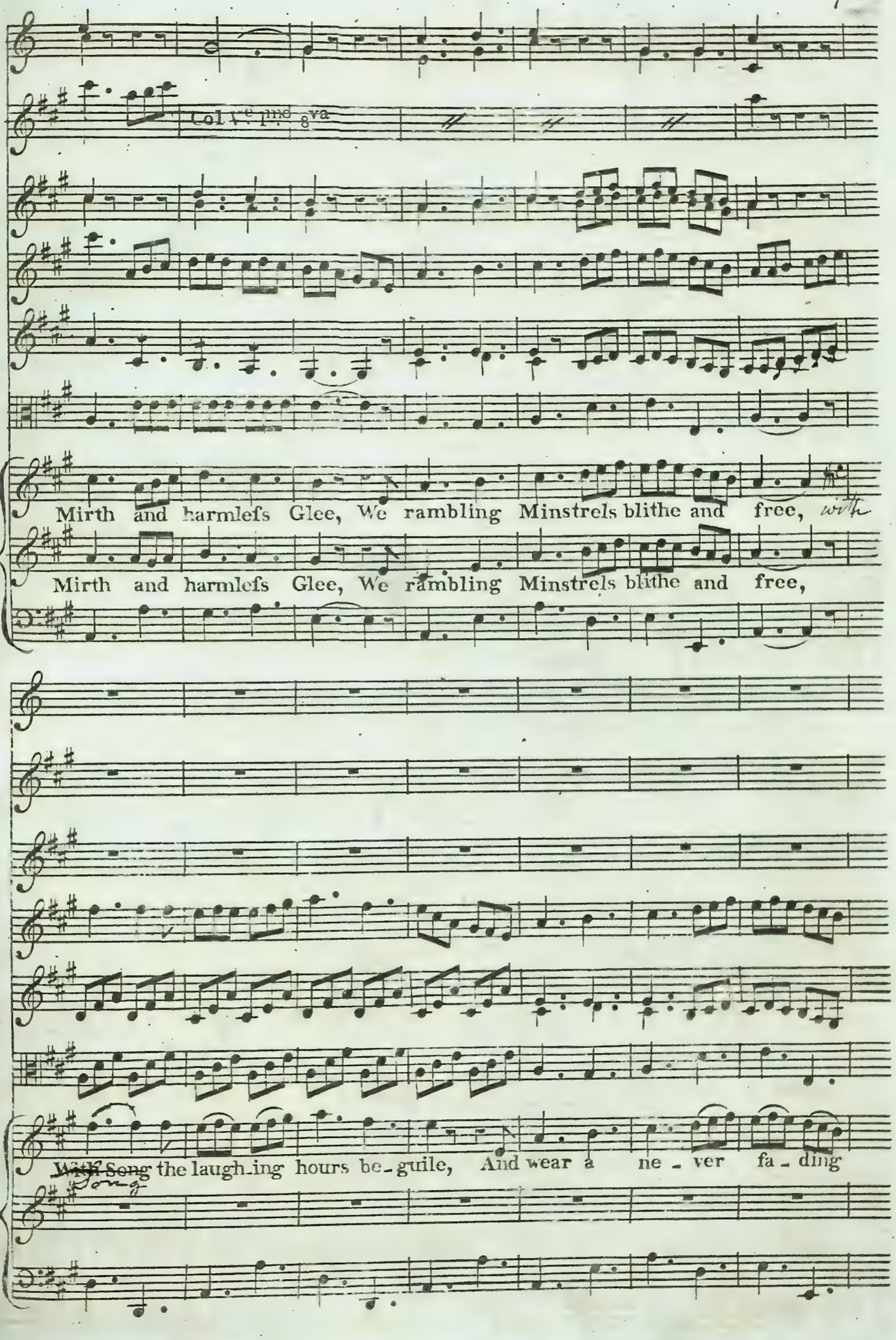
To Welcome Mirth and

bis

fria.

harmleſs Glee, We rambling Min_ſtrels blithe and free, To Welcome

To Welcome


Col 1.e 1mo 8va
Mirth and harmlefs Glee, We rambling Minstrels blithe and free, with
Mirth and harmlefs Glee, We rambling Minstrels blithe and free,
~~With~~ Song the laugh_ing hours be_guile, And wear a ne_ver fa_ding
Song

Con Voce 1mo & 3a

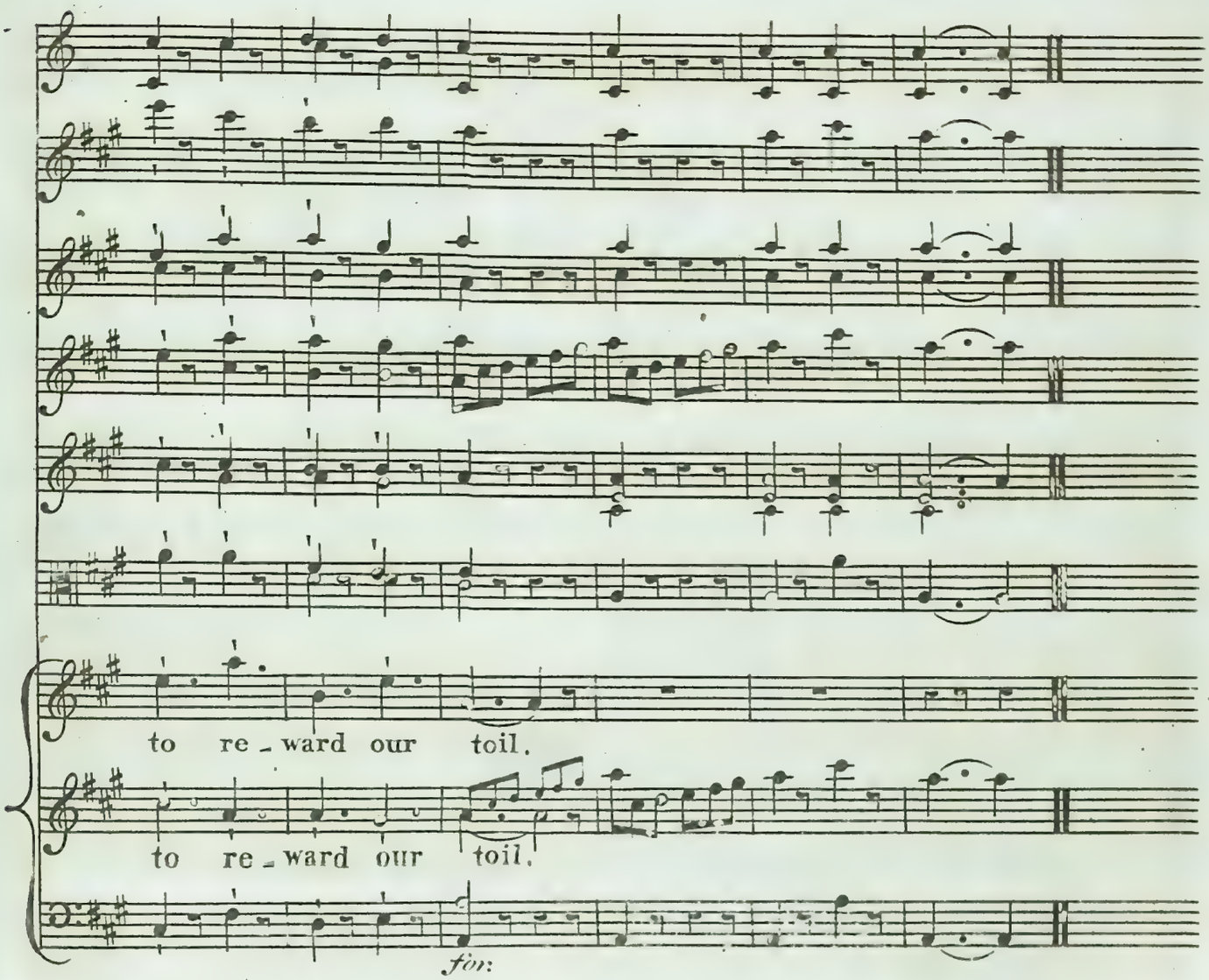
Smile; With Song the laugh_ing hours be - guile And wear a ne - ver

With Song the laugh_ing hours be - guile And wear a ne - ver

fa - ding Smile, Where-e'er we roam we find a home And greeting

fa - ding Smile, Where-e'er we roam we find a home, And greeting

mezzo for: fiu. for:



2d.

We sing of Love, its Hopes, its Fears,
Of perjur'd Swains, and Damsel's Tears;
Of Eyes that speak the Heart's warm glow,
And Sighs, that tell the Bosom's Woe;
O'er Hills and Plains,
We breathe our Strains,
Through Summer's Heat, and Winter's Snow.

3d.

No anxious Griefs disturb our Rest,
Nor busy Cares annoy the Breast;
Fearless we sink in soft repose,
While Night her sable Mantle throws,
With grateful Lay,
Hail rising Day
That rosy Health, and Peace bestows.

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A New Duett,

Introduced in the

MERCHANT OF VENICE,

At the Theatre Royal Drury Lane,

Performed by Mr. Dignum, & Mrs. Mountain,

Inscribed to J. P. Kemble, Esqr.

By THOMAS SHAW.

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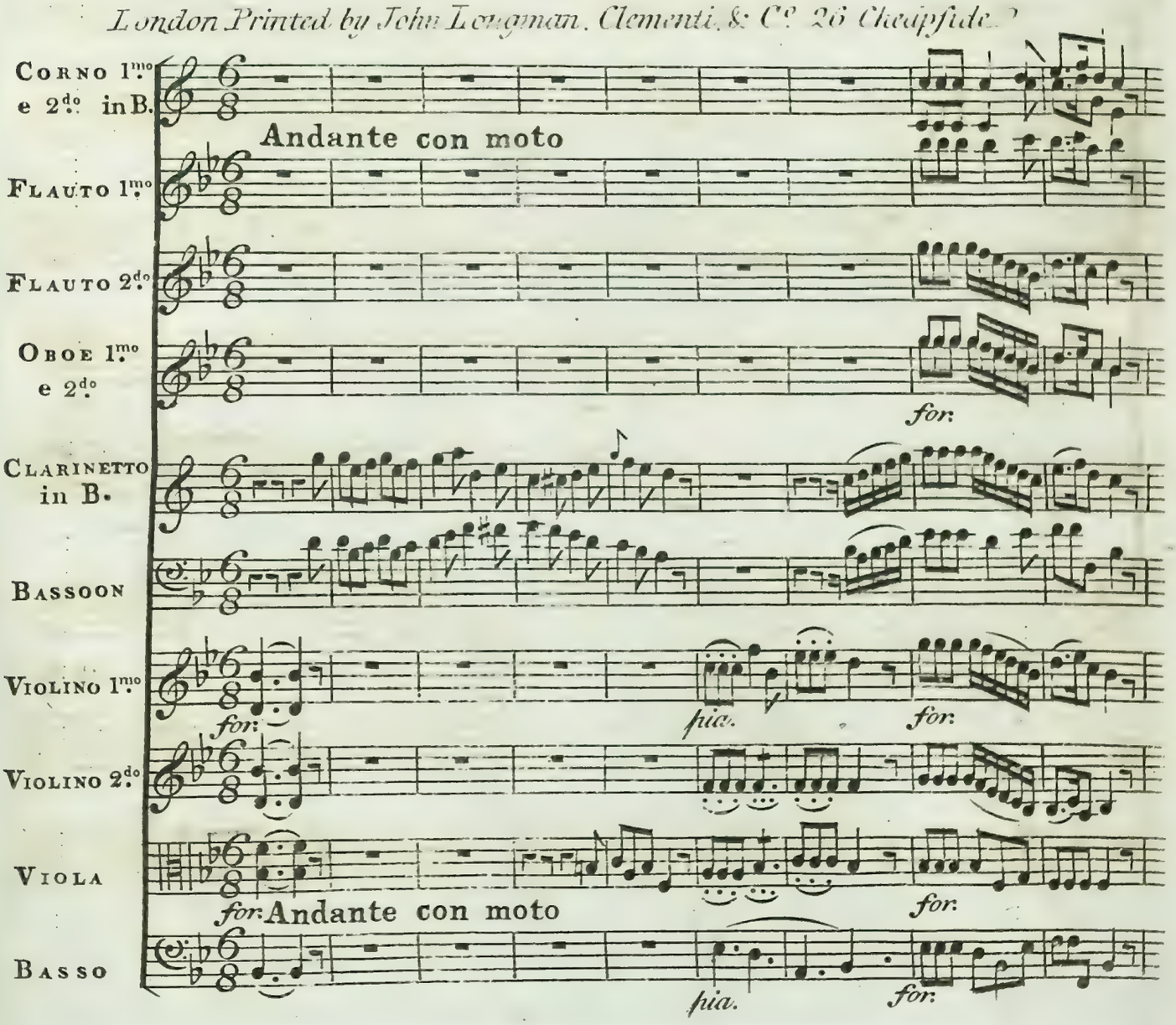


2

pp

pp

pp

fsia. *mf*

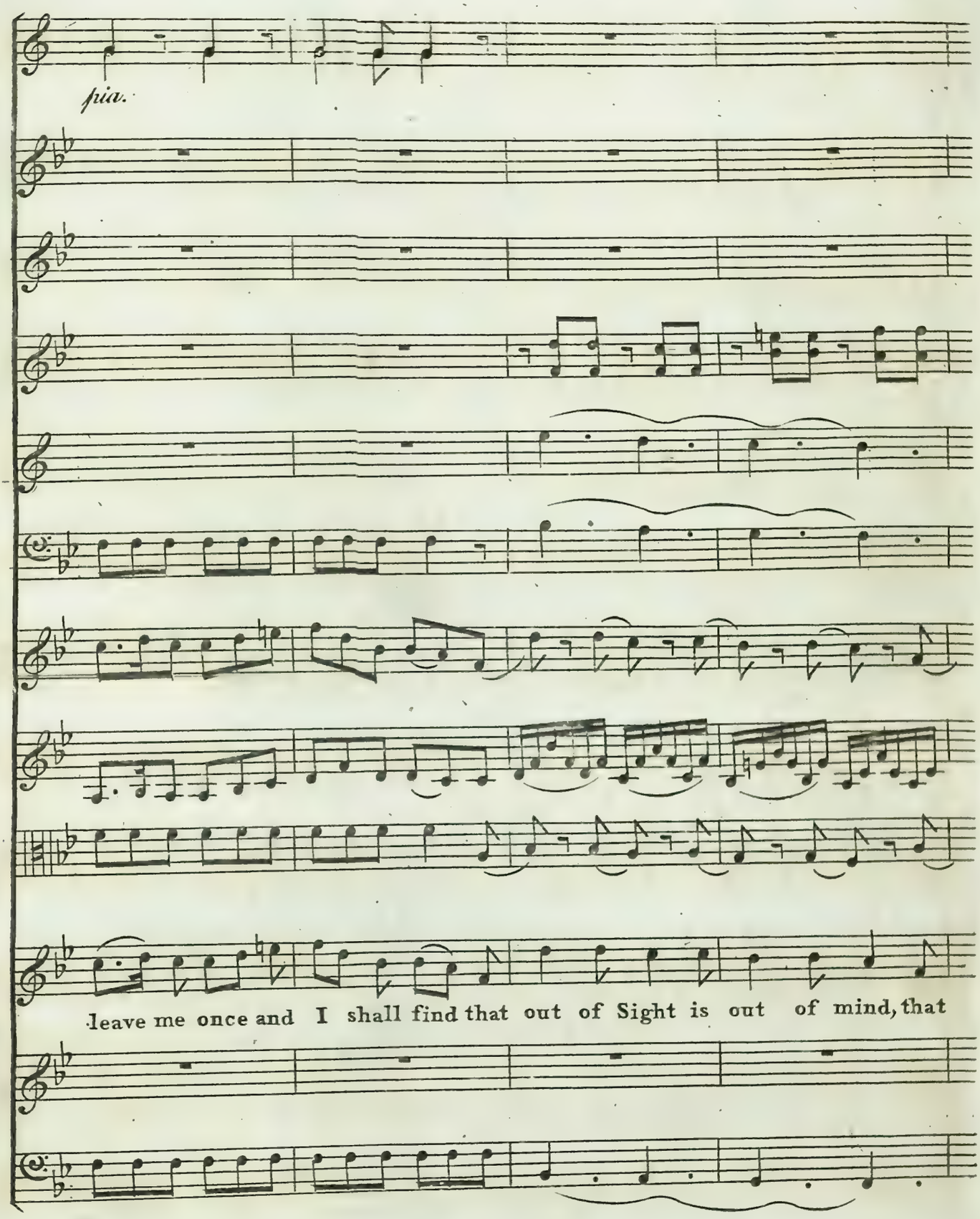
pp

pp

JESSICA

In vows of e-ver-lasting truth you waste your Idle hours fond Youth But

pp *fsia.*

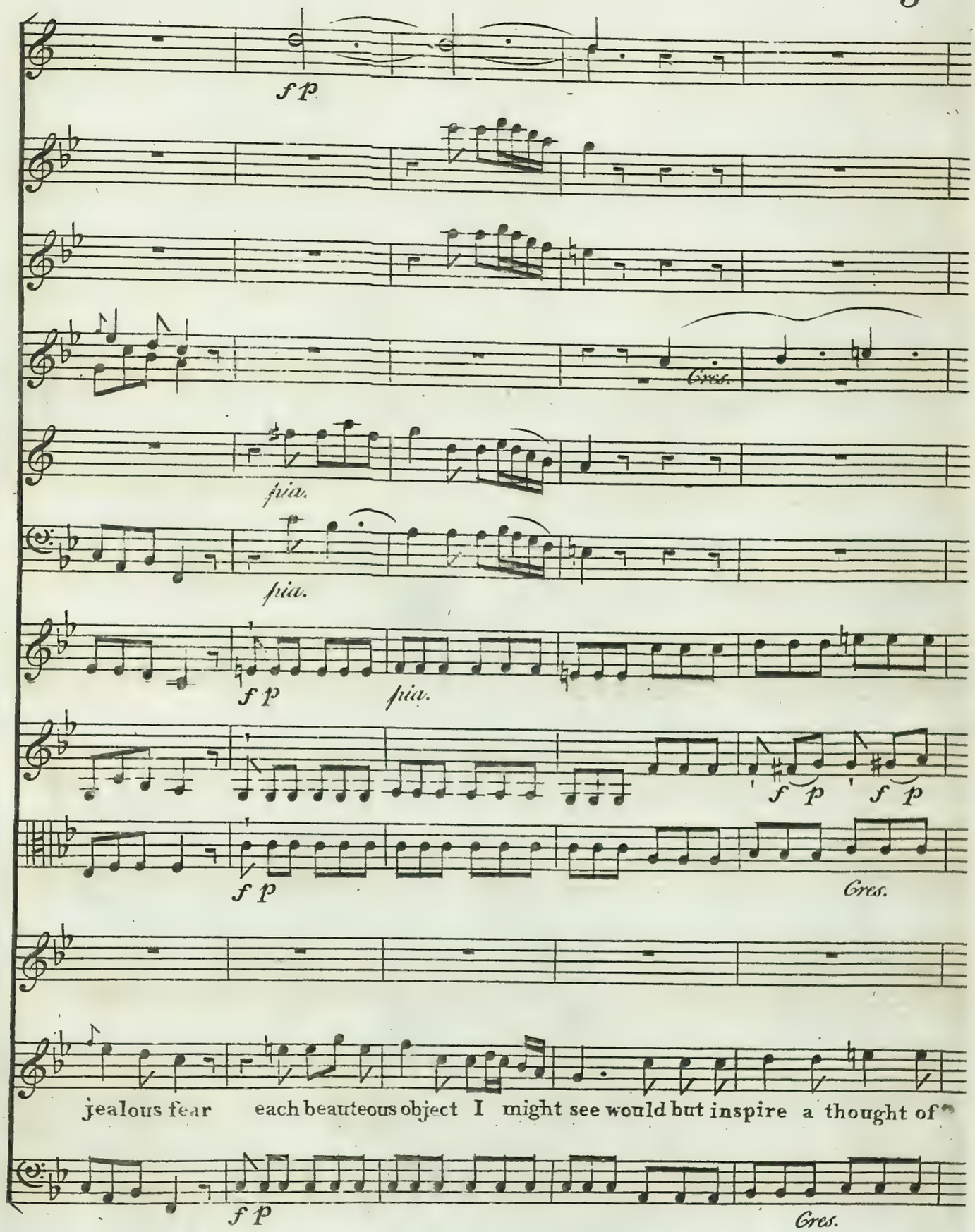

pia.
leave me once and I shall find that out of Sight is out of mind, that

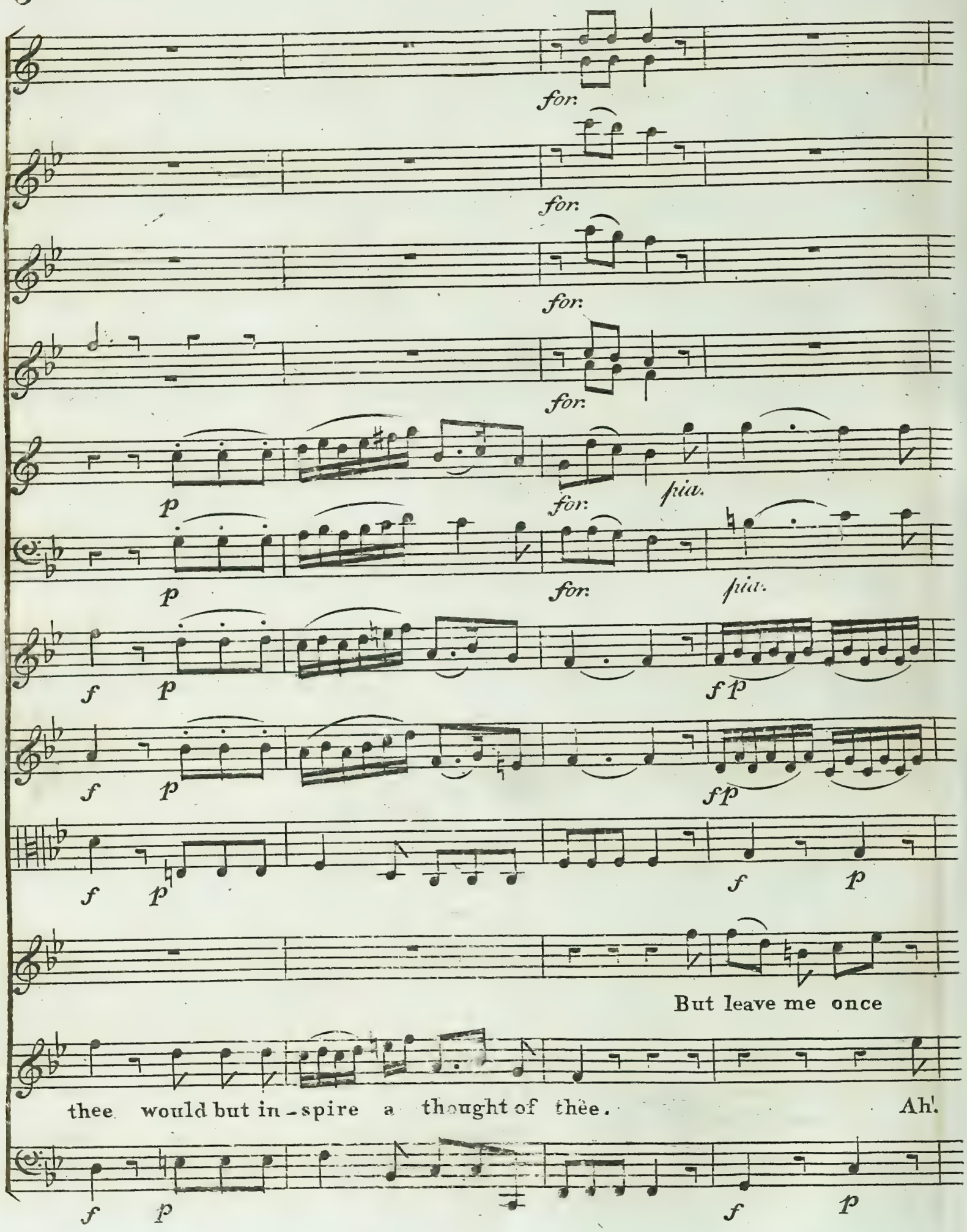
4

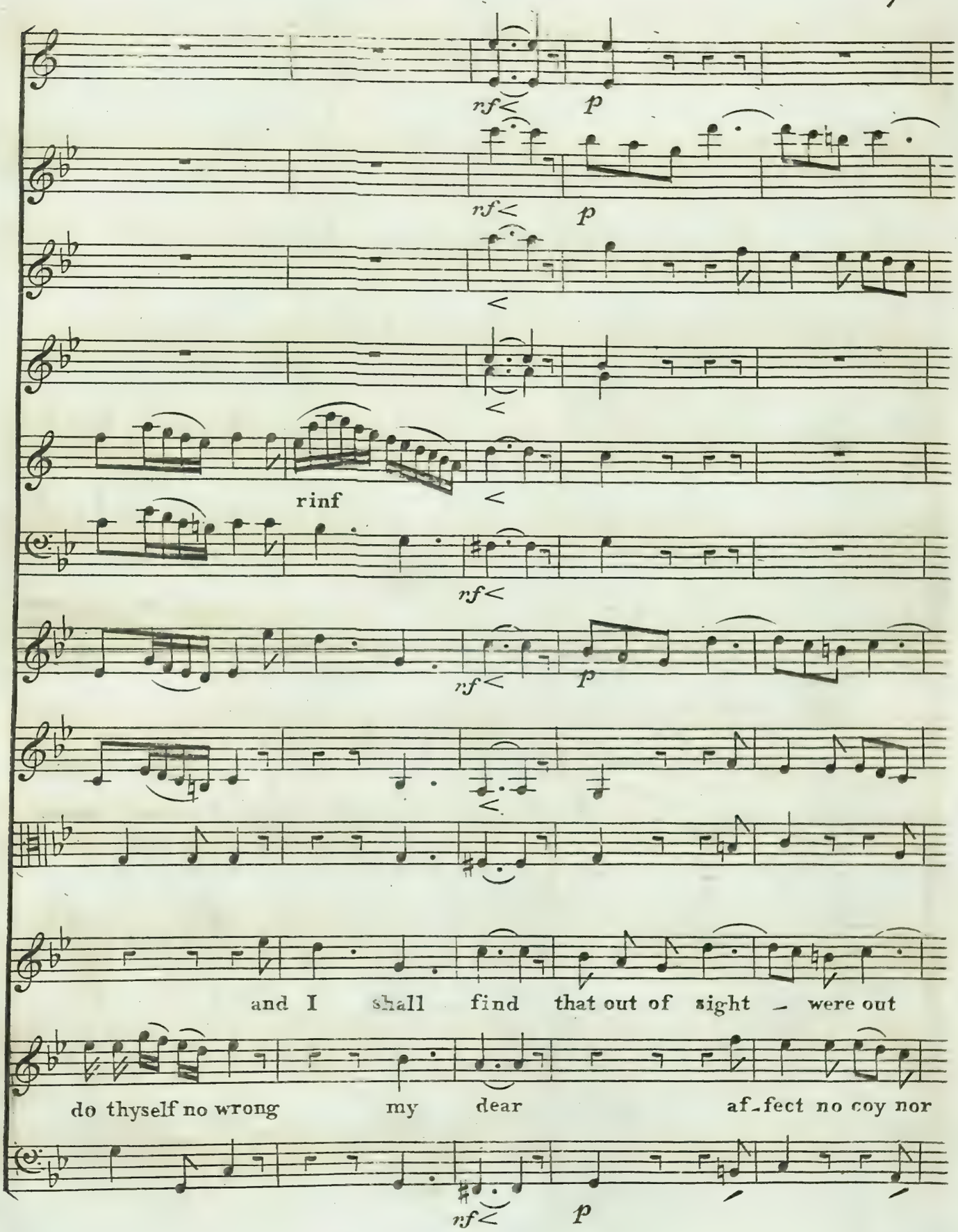
out of sight is out of mind.

LORENSO

Ah! do thyself no wrong my dear affect no coy nor


f p
Cres.
fria.
fria.
f p
fria.
f p
f p
f p
Cres.
jealous fear each beauteous object I might see would but inspire a thought of
f p
Cres.


for:
for:
for:
for:
p
for:
pia.
p
for:
pia.
f
p
fp
f
p
fp
f
p
f
p
But leave me once
thee would but in-spire a thought of thee.
Ah!
f
p
f
p


rinf
and I shall find that out of sight – were out
do thyself no wrong my dear af-fect no coy nor

8

for.

for.

tr *for.* *pia.*

tr *for.* *pia.*

tr

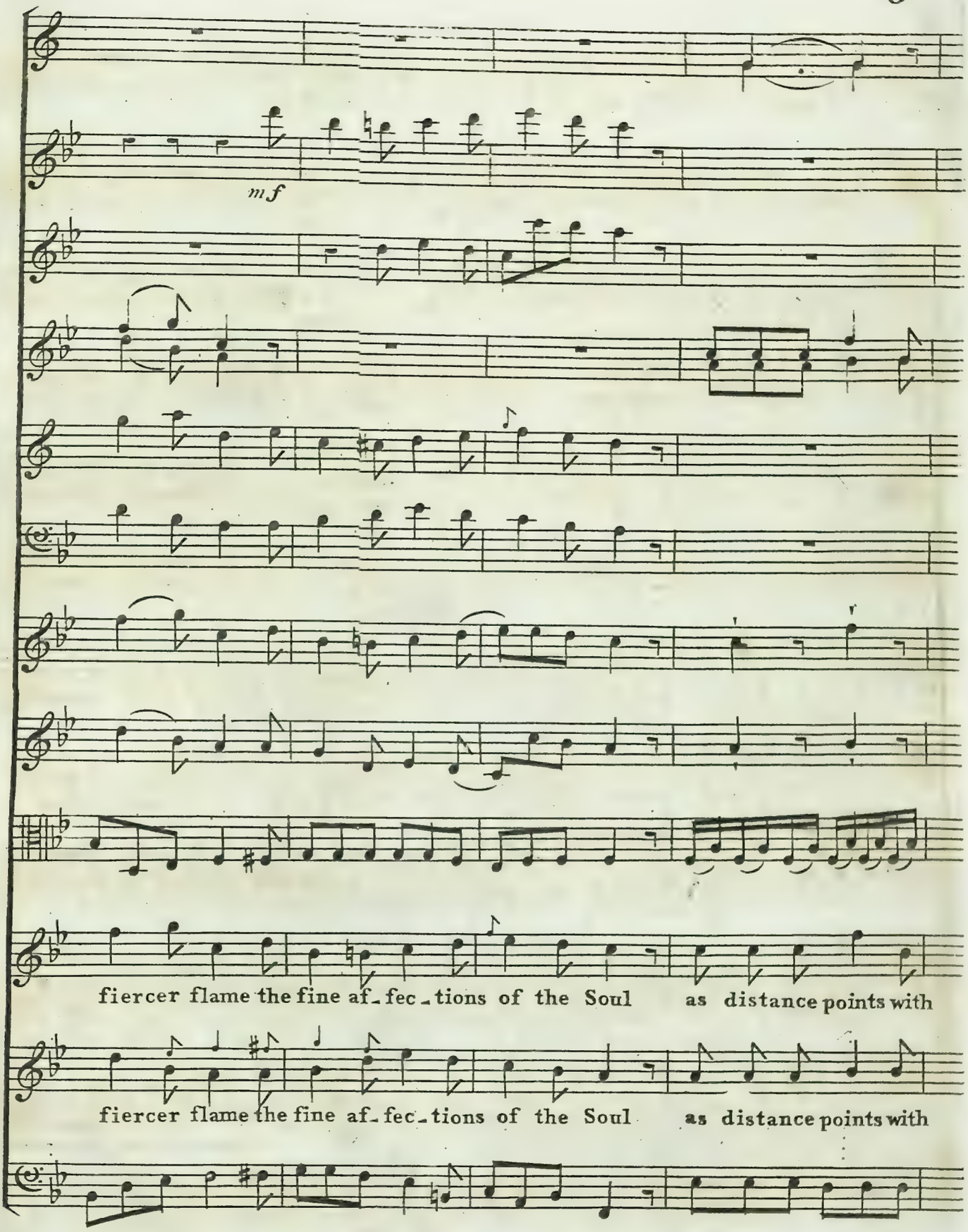
tr

- - - of mind were out of mind Thus absence warms the

tr

jealous fear nor jealous fear Thus absence warms the

Cres. *for.* *pia.*


mf
fiercer flame the fine af_fec_tions of the Soul as distance points with
fiercer flame the fine af_fec_tions of the Soul as distance points with

10

fia.

mf

fia.

mf

mf

d

mf

mf

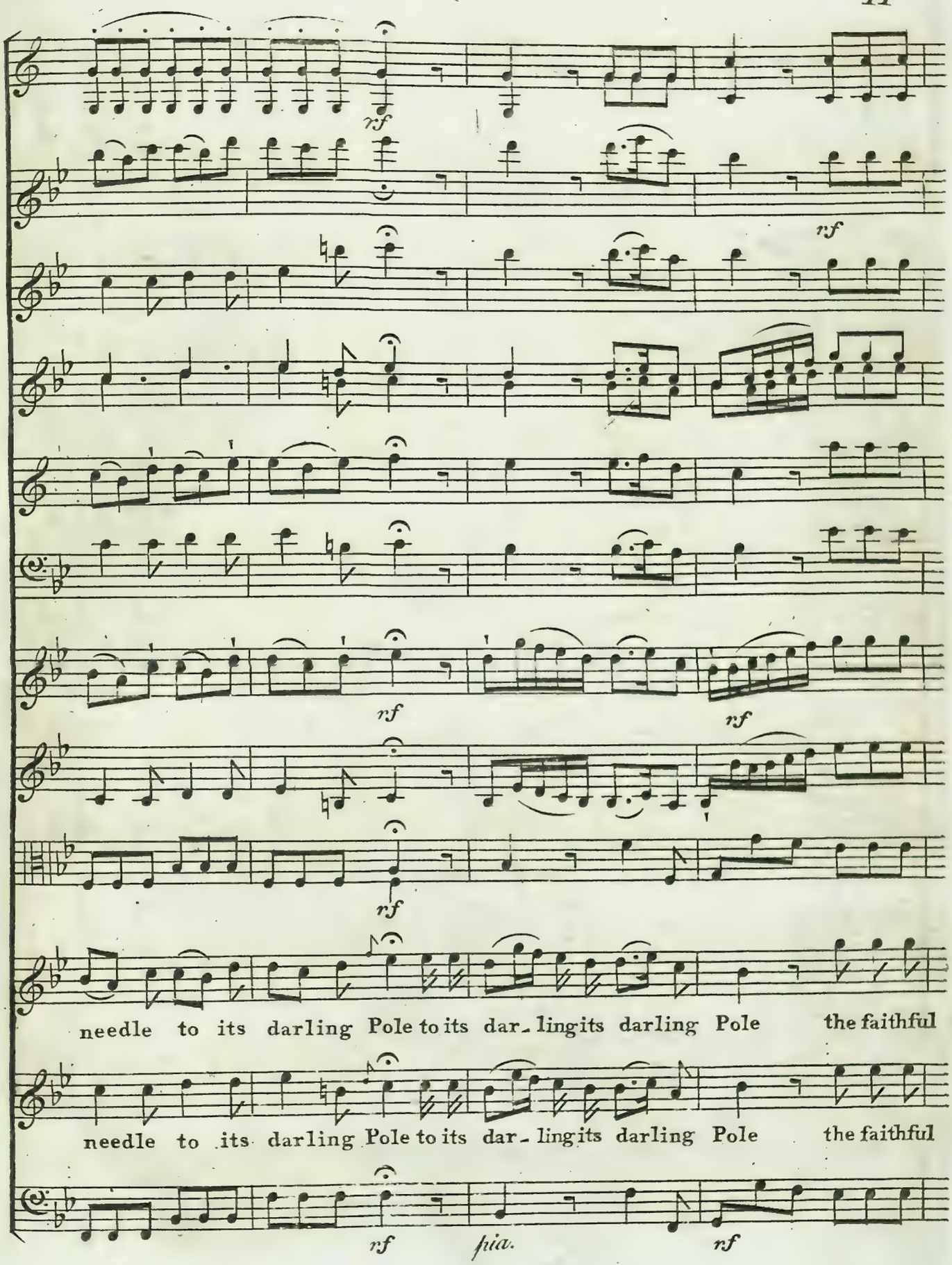
for:

su-rer aim as distance points with su--rer aim The faithful

su-rer aim as distance points with su--rer aim The faithful

mf

for: *pp*


rf
rf
rf
rf
rf
rf
needle to its darling Pole to its dar_lingits darling Pole the faithful
needle to its darling Pole to its dar_lingits darling Pole the faithful
rf
pia.
rf

12

for: *dim.º* *for:*

for: *for:*

for: *dim.º*

for:

for: *dim.º*

for:

for: *dim.º* *for:*

for: *dim.º* *for:*

needle to its dar_ling Pole.

needle to its dar_ling Pole.

pia. *for:* *dim.º* *for:*