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T W O T O O N E;

A COMIC OPERA.

Now performing, with universal Applause,

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL in the HAYMARKET.

Composed by

D.^R ARNOLD,

Organist & Composer to his Majesty.

FOR THE

VOICE, HARPSICHORD, AND VIOLIN.

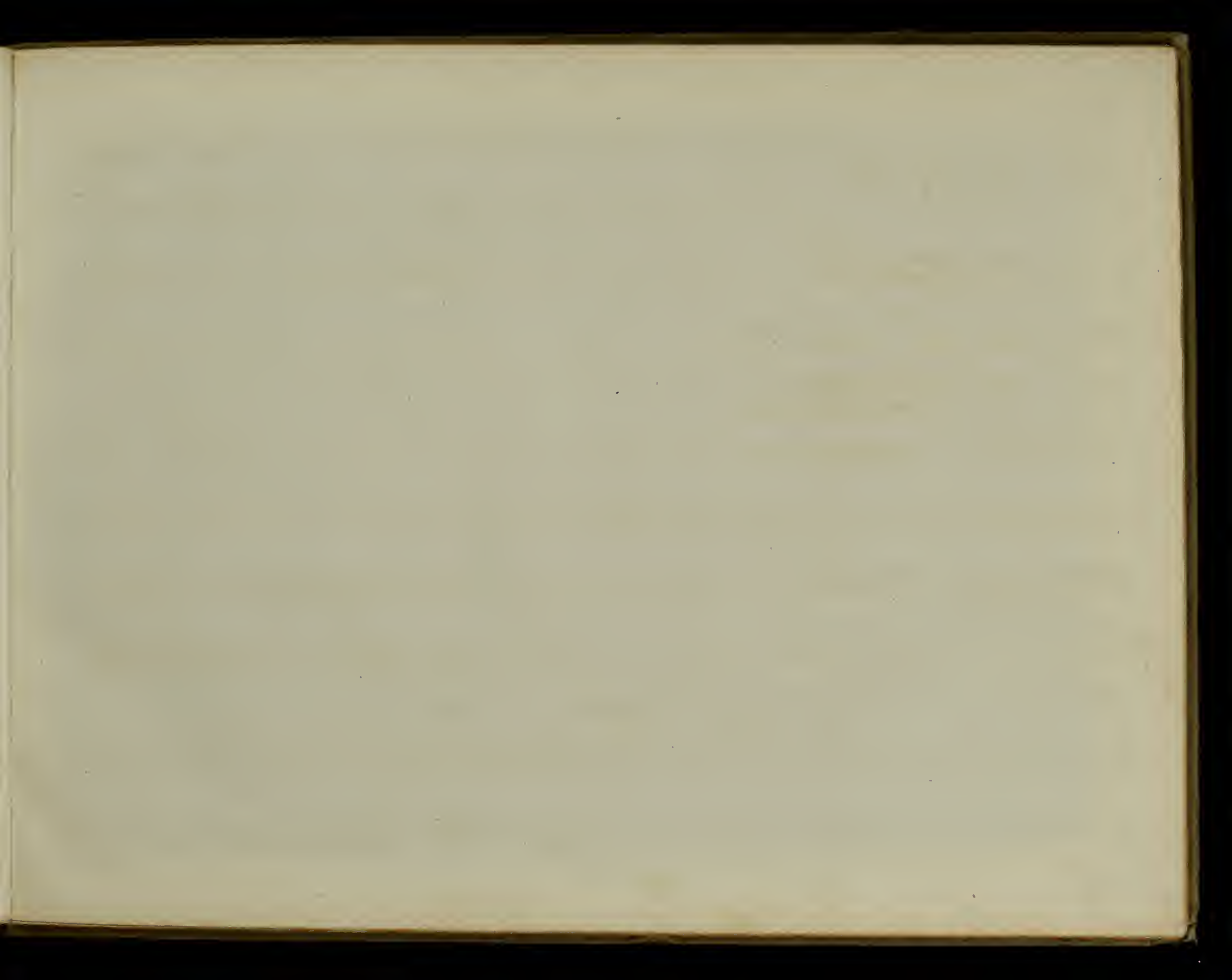
(Opera XXIV.)

L O N D O N:

Printed for Harrison & C^o N^o 18, Paternoster Row.

Published July. 5th 1784.





OVERTURE

D^R ARNOLD.

The musical score is written for a full orchestra, consisting of 12 staves. The first two staves are the Violin I and Violin II parts, both in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The next two staves are the Viola and Violoncello parts, both in alto clef with a key signature of one sharp. The final four staves are the Double Bass part, with the first two in bass clef and the last two in tenor clef. The score begins with a tempo marking of 'ALLEGRO' and a dynamic of 'For.' (Forzando). It features a variety of dynamic markings including 'Pia.' (Piano), 'For.' (Forzando), and hairpins (crescendo and decrescendo) to indicate changes in volume. The notation includes complex rhythmic patterns, such as sixteenth-note runs and triplet figures, characteristic of the Classical era.

This section contains the first 12 measures of the score. It features a complex texture with multiple staves. The upper staves contain rapid sixteenth-note passages. Dynamic markings include *Pia.* (Piano) and *For.* (Forzando). There are also markings for *hr* (harmonic) and *Dim.^{do}* (diminuendo).

ANDANTE.

This section contains measures 13 through 24, marked *ANDANTE.* It features a *Corni Solo* (Horn Solo) part with a *Sustenuto.* (Sustained) marking. The *Solo Hautboy* part is also present. The section concludes with *Tutti For.* (Tutti Forzando) markings.

Tutti M.F. Hautboy
 M.F. Bassoon
 For. M.F. F. M.F. F. M.F.
 Solo Corni
 Tutti
 For.
 P. F. P. F. P. Solo. Legate.
 ALLEGRO. Pia. For. Solo
 Tutti
 Hautboy. Tutti For. Soli.
 (30)

This page of a musical score contains eight systems of staves. The first system includes parts for Tutti M.F., Hautboy, Bassoon, and strings (For. M.F., F. M.F., F. M.F.). The second system features Solo Corni. The third system is marked Tutti and For. The fourth system includes dynamics P., F., P., F., P., Solo., and Legate. The fifth system is marked ALLEGRO and includes Pia., For., and Solo. The sixth system is marked Tutti. The seventh system includes Hautboy, Tutti For., and Soli. The eighth system is marked (30).

This musical score is for a string quartet, consisting of four staves: two violins (top two staves) and two violas (bottom two staves). The music is written in a key with one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The score is divided into several systems, each with dynamic markings. The first system includes markings for *Tutti For.*, *Solo.*, and *For.*. The second system includes *For.*, *Solo.*, *For.*, and *Pia.*. The third system includes *Pia.*, *For.*, *Pia.*, and *Tutti Pia.*. The fourth system includes *For. Tutti.*. The score concludes with a double bar line.

8 ACT I.

AIR I. MRS. BANNISTER.

D^R ARNOLD.

ACCOMPANYMENT.

ANDANTE AMOROSO.

Oboe Solo.
A Mezza Voce.

F.P. For.

8^{vo} Credo
Unif.

CHARLOTTE.

Penfive I mourn my ab - - - sent fwain, with

F.P.

grief, with grief, e'en grief de - - ceive, the tears which flow from love - - sick pain that ve - ry pain, that

For. Pia. 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 For. Pia. For. Pia.

pain re - - lieve. Pen - - five I mourn my ab - - - sent fwain, with grief, with grief e'en grief de -

Ten.

ceive; the tears which flow from love - - sick pain, that ve - - ry pain that pain re-lieve - - - that

M.For. F.P. F.P. M.F. Pia.

very pain re - - lieve. Oboe. hr. For.

AIR II. MISS GEORGE. D^R ARNOLD.

Violino 2°

Violino 1° MINUETTO. hr.

TIPPET. If a coxcomb all starch, in a

Piano.

measure would march, walk a mi - nuet, or riga - doon If a coxcomb all starch, in a measure would.

M.F. P. Fc P.

march, walk a mi - nu et or riga - doon, To his steps so sub - lime, Ladies pulses keep time, And they

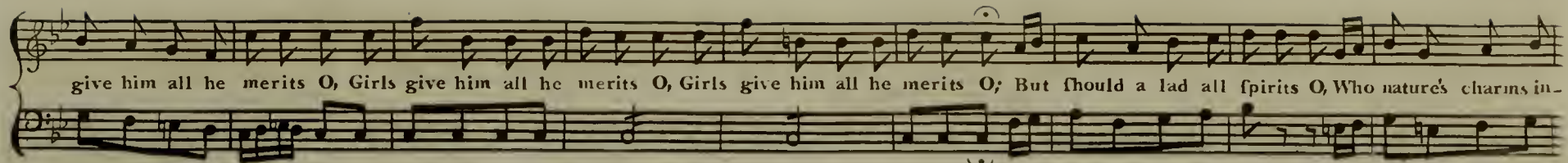
yawn, yawn, at the solemn ba - boon, To his steps so sub - lime, Ladies pulses keep time, And they yawn,

FP.

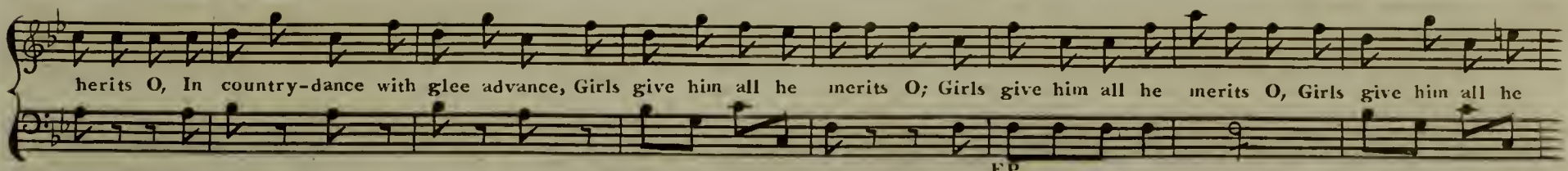
Con il voce,

VIVACE.

yawn, at the solemn ba - boon. But should a lad all spirits O! who nature's charms in-herits O, in-country-dance with glee advance, Girls

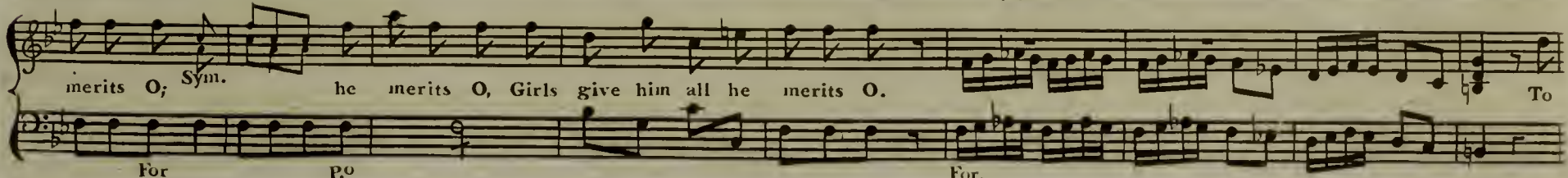


give him all he merits O, Girls give him all he merits O, Girls give him all he merits O; But should a lad all spirits O, Who nature's charms in-



herits O, In country-dance with glee advance, Girls give him all he merits O; Girls give him all he merits O, Girls give him all he

F.P.

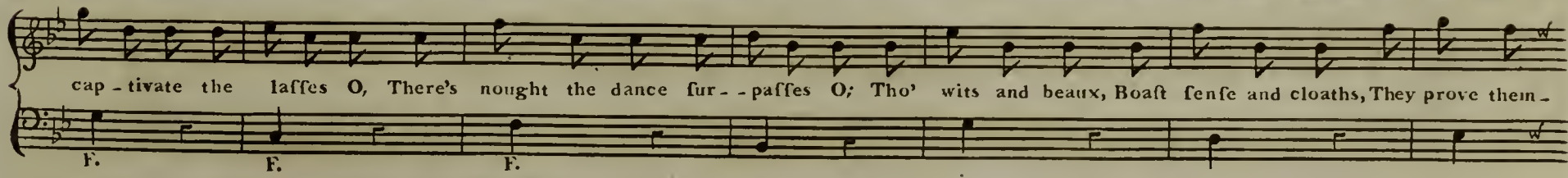


merits O; *Sym.* he merits O, Girls give him all he merits O. To

For

P.^o

For.

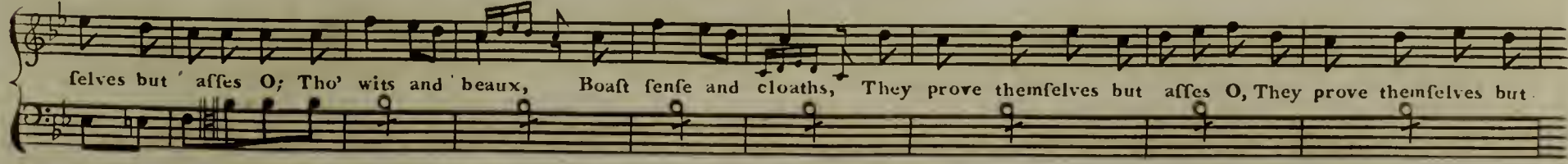


cap - tivate the lasses O, There's nought the dance fur - - paffes O; Tho' wits and beaux, Boast sense and cloaths, They prove them -

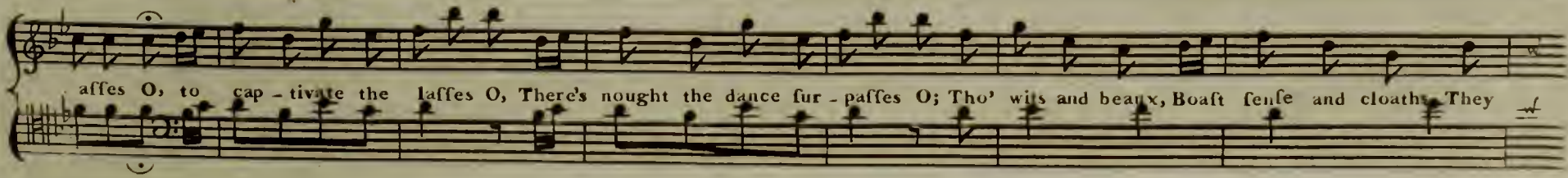
F.

F.

F.



selves but asses O; Tho' wits and beaux, Boast sense and cloaths, They prove themselves but asses O, They prove themselves but



asses O, to cap - tivate the lasses O, There's nought the dance fur - paffes O; Tho' wits and beaux, Boast sense and cloath, They

prove themselves but affes O; Tho' wits and beaux Boast sense and cloaths, They prove themselves but affes O, They prove themselves but affes

O, They prove themselves but affes O, They prove themselves, They prove themselves but affes O; They prove themselves but affes

O, They prove themselves but affes O! Syn.

AIR III. MRS. BANNISTER.

D^R ARNOLD.

AFFET.^{SO}

CHARLOTTE.
Welcome, sweet fancy!

airy power, Thrice welcome, welcome, to my breast; An-ti--pate the future hour, And lull and lull my soul to rest. An-ti-ci-

pate the future hour, And lull, and lull my soul to rest! And lull, and lull my soul to rest!

F. P. F. P. F. P. Ten. f. P. Legato

and lull my soul to rest! E'en now, whilst doubtful is my doom, Methinks, methinks I.

Sym. For. P. o

hear thee say, Behold, thro' night's dull, dreary gloom, The chearing, chearing, streaks of day! Behold, thro' night's dull, dreary gloom, The

F. P. F. P.

chearing, chearing streaks of day! The chearing streaks of day. The chearing streaks of day!

Ten. f. P. F. P. For.

Welcome, sweet fancy! airy power; Thrice welcome, welcome, to my breast; An - ti - ci - pate the future hour, And lull, and

lull my soul to rest. An - ti - - ci - pate the fu - ture hour, And lull, and lull my soul to rest, And lull, and lull my soul to

F. P. F. P. F. P. F. P. F. P.

rest! And lull my soul to rest! Tho' sweetly flow the

Legati. For. P.

fleeting hours, When happy, happy with your swain; Sweet time! tho' gone, like transient flowers, Like flowers will bloom a-gain! Like

F. P. F. P. For P.

flowers will bloom a - - gain! Like flowers will bloom a - - gain! Like flowers will bloom a - - gain! Welcome, sweet fancy! airy

F. P. F. P.

power; Thrice welcome, welcome to my breast; An-ti-ci-pate the future hour, And lull and lull my soul to rest! And

ren.f.

lull, and lull my soul to rest! And lull my soul to rest.

For.

AIR IV. MISS GEORGE.

DR. ARNOLD. 15

TIPPET.

MODERATO.

Pia. For. Pia. For. Pia. For.

How

happy the woman, whose charms Gain sweethearts stuck all on a row! That if one should desert from her arms, - - She still has two

Pia. For. Pia. For. Pia.

strings to her bow! two strings to her bow! two strings to her bow! She still has two strings to her bow! two strings to her bow! two strings to her

M.F^o

bow!

For.

2.

Should Thomas prove false, could he rob
 My heart of its quiet? O no!
 For if Thomas is gone, there is Bob;
 I still have two strings to my bow!

3.

Then 'tis not so common a thing
 Can vex me, I'd have you to know!
 Since I have two beaux to my string,
 As well as two strings to my bow.

AIR V. MR. DAVIES.

PEGGY OF DERBY O!

VIVACE.

8. CRAPE.

There is a chambermaid lives in the

PIU.

fouth, So tight, fo light, fo neat, fo gay, fo handy O! Her breath is like the rose, and the pretty little mouth Of pretty little

Tippet is the dandy O!

2.



Never could I clasp the waist of Sukey, Sal or Peg,
Their arms so red, their ugly legs so handy — O!
But slim and taper is the waist; the neat and pretty leg
Of pretty little Tippet is the dandy — O!

3.



Tippet of the fouth, if she gives me but a smile,
Cheers the cockles of my skipping heart, like brandy — O!
Each part, each limb, each look, would any one beguile;
But take her all together, she's the dandy — O!

Second time.

{ Each part, each limb, each look, would any one beguile;
And Tippet's little total is the dandy — O!

AIR VI. MISS GEORGE.

17
DR. ARNOLD.

WITH SPIRIT.

Pia For

TIPPET.

Hang your humdrum loobies! Give me something clever; A fig for clownish

F. P. F. P. F. P.

boobies Jolly boys for ever! Hang your humdrum loobies! Give me something clever; A fig for clownish boobies,

Jolly boys for ever! Jolly boys, jolly boys, give me jolly boys for ever! jolly boys, jolly boys, give me jolly boys for

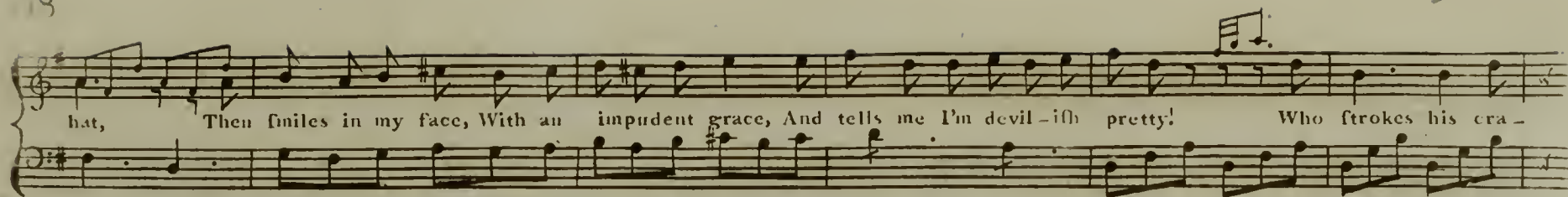
M.F. F. P. P.

e - - - - ver jolly boys for e - - - - ver! jolly boys for ever!

F. F.

VIVACE.

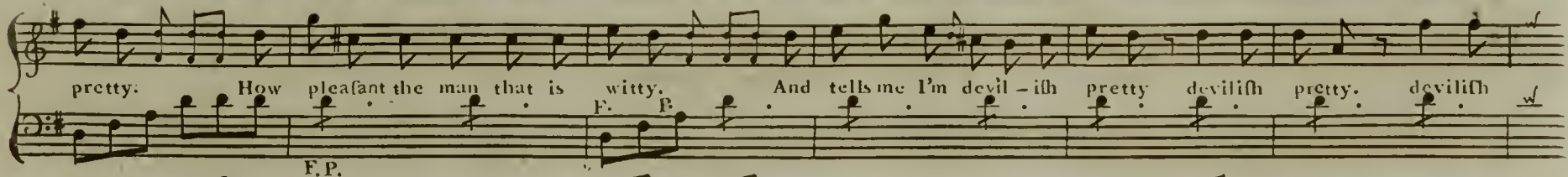
How pleafant the man that is witty! How pleafant the man that is witty! Who strokes his cravat, Looks fly, cocks his



hat, Then smiles in my face, With an impudent grace, And tells me I'm devil-ish pretty! Who strokes his cra -

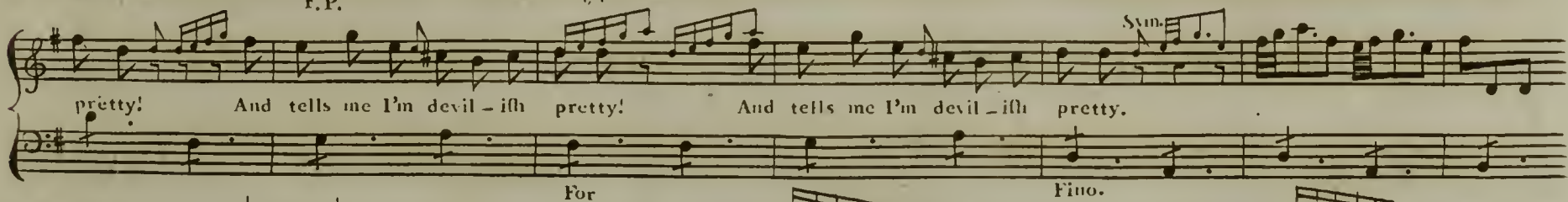


vat, Looks fly, cocks his hat, Then smiles in my face, With an impudent grace, And tells me I'm devil-ish



pretty: How pleasant the man that is witty. And tells me I'm devil-ish pretty devilish pretty. devilish

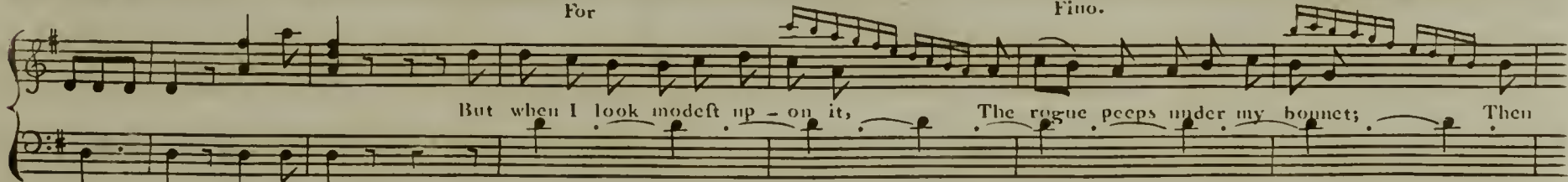
F.P.



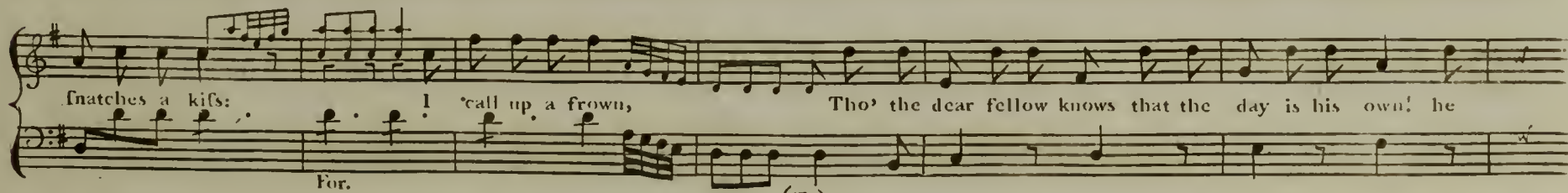
pretty! And tells me I'm devil-ish pretty! And tells me I'm devil-ish pretty.

For

Fino.



But when I look modest up - on it, The rogue peeps under my bonnet; Then



snatches a kiss; I call up a frown, Tho' the dear fellow knows that the day is his own! he

For.

knows that the day is his own! But when I look modest up - on it, The rogue peeps under my bonnet, he

For. F.P. For. F.P. For. Pia.

snatches a kiss, I call up a frown, Tho' the dear fellow knows that the day is his own! he

For. Pia. Pia.

knows that the day is his own!

he knows that the day is his own! he knows that the day is his

F. P.

own! he knows that the day is his own!

DUET. MISS GEORGE and MR. DAVIES.

HERRING and SALT.

CRAPE. Pia. TIPPET. CRAPE. For.

Come, little Tippet, and tip me a kifs! Say can you love me? tell me. No! Then little Tippet, I take it anifs; And the

devil may fetch you for ferving me fo! CRAPE.

I am a buck, I am a beau; Then could you

TIPPET. CRAPE. TIPPET. CRAPE. Syn.

love me! tell me. No! - Yes, yes. No, no! Ho, ho, ho! And the devil may fetch you for ferving me fo!

TIPPET. CRAPE. For. TIPPET.

Pray, Mifter Crape, could you love for a week? Aufwer me truly; tell me. Yes. I'll love you for e-ver. Lord,

Pia. Syn.

what a strange freak! The devil may take such a ninny as this. For.

You are a beau, but

I am a-belfe; Then could you love me! No, no! Lord, what an odd fish! The devil may take such a gabey as this. The devil may take such a

Vastly well! Yes, yes! The devil may take such a

M.F.

Sym. **SEGUE.**

gabey as this.

gabey as this. The bargain is struck, and so give

F.P. F.P.

The bargain's not struck, I'll not give you a kifs. The bargain's not

me a kifs. The bargain is struck, and so give me a kifs.

F.P. F.P. F.P. F.P.

struck, I'll not give you a kifs. The devil may take such a gabey as this! The devil may take such a

The devil may take such a gabey as this! The devil may take such a

gabey as this, fuch a gabey as this! fuch a gabey as this.

gabey as this, fuch a gabey as this! fuch a gabey as this.

For.

ACT II.

AIR I. MR. BANNISTER.

DR. ARNOLD.

BOLD and with SPIRIT.

Talk not of your dirty acres, Arts plebeian sink the mind; Tal-low - chandlers, butchers,

Pia.

bakers, Are to real glory blind. Are to real glory blind.

M.F. For.

In a tide of golden guineas, Like Pactolus, tho' you roll, Trade - got wealth disease and sin is, The yellow jaundice of the

p° F.P.

foul! Trade-got wealth disease and sin is, The yellow jaundice of the foul! the yellow jaundice of the

7 7 For. Pia. M.F. P. M.F. P. M.F. P.

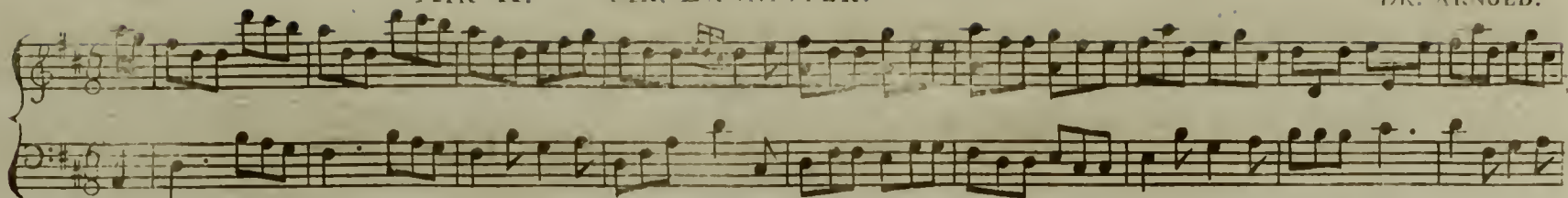
foul!

hr

2.

Let not me possess a guilling!
 To make me rich, no riches give!
 Fill my coffers; as you're filling,
 They shall empty like a sieve.
 I, if money burns my pocket,
 Will sit in a glorious fire;
 You keep winking in the socket,
 And in smoke and stink expire.

MODERATO.



The study intense, Of pounds shillings and pence, I leave to the purse-squeezing scraper; A draft I ne'er wrote Never yet gave my

Pia *Fe Po*

note, For you know it is only waste-paper, waste-paper; you know it is only waste-paper. 'Tis my maxim no debts To settle but bets, And gaming's a

For. *Pia.*

sacred transaction; For who can refuse, When a gentleman sues, To offer him full satisfaction? For who can refuse, When a gentleman sues, To

offer him full satisfaction?

For.

2.
 With shopkeepers tongues,
 And tradesmen's loud lungs
 My hall's a mere Tower of Babel;
 Yet still I persist,
 Play at hazard or whist,
 But look at no bill but a play-bill.

3.
 Thus a character won,
 Of being undone,
 Your life will glide glibly away;
 For, the deeper you get,
 And the more you're in debt,
 The less you're expected to pay.

AIR III. MR. EDWIN.

LITTLE BINGO.

2^d VIOLIN.

1st VIOLIN.

VIVACE.

Pia. For. DICKY DITTO.
Pia. For. A Mercer I am in a very good
Pia.

ftile, Neat and pretty, by jingo! A Mercer I am in a very good ftile, Neat and pretty, by jingo! I bow and smirk, I noddle and jerk, Then
F.P. F.P.

prink up and perk, And fimper and fmile; With my hey dong, ding dong, dingo! Lord, I'm quite the thing. With my hey dong, ding dong, dingo!
F.P. F.P. Ad Lib.^m 2. For.

At Bagnigge Wells sometimes I sip tea,
At Islington sup good stingo.
I shut up my shop,
And out of town pop,
Then dance at a hop;
He! he! he! he! he!
With my hey dong, ding dong, dingo!
A'n't I quite the thing?
With my hey dong, ding dong, dingo!

VIVACE.

Adzooks, old Crufty.

why so rusty, stupid, queer, and mumpy! E - gad, if you don't mend your manners, Somebody will lump you.

Lumpy, thumpy, thwack and bump, Pummel you, and bump - O! Humpy, stumpy, make you mump, Kick a-bout your rump - O!

2.

Did little Dicky
Ever trick ye?
No — I'm always civil;
Then why should you, for my politeness,
With me at the devil?
Crufty, rusty, flout and pout,
Did I ever trick ye?
Fusty, musty, turn me out?
Oh, poor, civil Dicky!

3.

A receipt I'll give,
But as I live,
'I'd rather give him blows, Sir.
At St. Giles's he was bred,
Altho' he wears good cloaths, Sir,
Noodle, doodle, ugly minus,
Here's a pretty rig, Sir.
Daggers, pistols, swords, and guns,
Oh! I'll hop the twig, Sir.

AIR V. MRS. BANNISTER.

DR. ARNOLD.

VIOLINO 2.

VIOLINO 1.

MODERATO.

Softenuato.

Pia.

For.

CHARLOTTE.

Un - certainty, with chequer'd crew, Vain

For.

Pia.

Un - certainty, with

hopes, and caufeless fears, Sinks, like a vision, from the view, When once my love ap - - pears!

For. Pia.

F. P.

F. P.

F. P.

chequer'd crew, Vain hopes, Vain hopes, and caufeless fears, Sinks, like a vision, from the view, When once my love ap - -

F.P. F.P.

Sinks, like a vision, from the view, When once my love ap - - - pears. When once my

For. Pia. F. P. F. P. F. P.

F.P. F.P. F.P.

love ap - - - pears! When once my love ap - - - pears. Thus to the sick-ly,

For. F.P.

F. P. F. P. F. P. F. P. F. P.

vapour'd sight, I--deal forms a - - - rife; Whilst by the taper's glimmering light Pale spectres fright the

F. P. F. P. F. P. F. P. F. P.

Pia.

eyes! But with re - turning dawn of day, Cheerful to minds ac - - curs'd, Each

M.F. Pia.

For. Oboi.

night-born ter--ror dies a-way, Each phantom is dif-pers'd. But with returning dawn of day, Cheerful to minds to minds ac-

For. F. P. F.

F. P. F. P. Oboi.

curs'd, Each night-born terror dies a-way, Each phantom is dif-pers'd. ----- Each night-born

F. P.

F. P. F. P. F. P. F. P.

terror dies away, Each phantom is dif--pers'd, Each phantom is dif--pers'd, Each phantom is dif-

F. P. F. P. F. P.

pers'd.

AIR VI. MISS GEORGE.

DUNCAN GRAY.

BRISK. TIPPET.

John tripp'd up the stairs by night,

Heigh ho! to Betty got; John tripp'd up the stairs by night, Heigh ho! to Betty got;

stairs by night, Slyly without candle-light. Cries Bett, Who's there! 'Tis I, my dear. Johnny with his shoulder-knot.

Legati.

2.

What did foolish Betty do?
 Heigh ho! she knew not what!
 What did foolish Betty do?
 Lifts the latch --- and in he flew!
 When he kiss'd,
 Could she resist
 Johnny with his shoulder-knot?

3.

Madam Maudlin soon found out,
 Heigh ho! poor Betty's lot.
 Madam Maudlin soon found out ---
 "What's this, says she, you've been about?"
 Betty cries,
 And wipes her eyes,
 "The deuce was in his shoulder-knot!"

AIR VII. MRS. BANNISTER.

VIVACE.

Two staves of piano introduction music in 2/4 time, marked VIVACE. The music features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

CHARLOTTE.

Smile, kindest Fortune, smile, and soothe my anguish! Can hope sup - port me? for certainty I

P.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first vocal entry. The vocal line begins with a fermata on the first note. The piano accompaniment is marked P.

anguish! Smile, kindest Fortune, smile, and soothe my anguish! All life is vain, If living still in pain, in pain, If

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second vocal entry. The piano accompaniment includes a chord change to b7 and 6/5 b7.

living still in pain, still in pain, still in pain.

M.F. For.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third vocal entry. The piano accompaniment is marked M.F. and includes a fermata on the vocal line.

Doubt brings nought but sorrow! Anxious for to - - morrow, What

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the final vocal entry. The piano accompaniment is marked M.F. and includes a fermata on the vocal line.

bofom oan o--bey The pleasures of to--day? What bofom can o--bey -- The pleasures of to - day? What bofom can o -

bey The pleasures of to -- day? ----- Smile, kindeft Fortune, fmile, and foothe my

anguifh! Can hope fup - port me? for certainty I languifh. Smile, kindeft Fortune, fmile, and foothe my anguifh.

All life is vain, If living ftill in pain, in pain, If living ftill in pain, ftill in pain, ftill in

pain. Doubt brings nought but

forrow. Anxious for to -- morrow, What bofom can o -- bey The pleasures of to--day? -----

Smile, kindest Fortune, smile, and soothe my

M.F.

anguish! Can hope -- sup -- port me? for certain -- ty I languish! Smile, kindest For -- tune,

smile, and soothe my anguish! All life -- is vain, If living still in pain -- in pain -- If

b7 6/3 b7

living still in pain, still in pain, still in pain.

M.F.

AIR VIII. MR. WILSON.

As Roger came tapping at Dolly's Window.

DUPELY.

Once on a time, de - - ny it who can,

Pia.

Up and down, round a-bout, bluff! I fell in-to love, on a conical plan; Up and down, round a-bout, gruff! I

For. Pia. For. Pia.

posted a - way, without being a - fraid, Up and down, round about, bump! My head full of love, full of flesh was the maid;

For. Pia.

Up and down, round about, plump:

For.

2.

The weather was cold, my bosom was hot,
 Up and down, round about, skip!
 My heart in a gallop — my mare in a trot;
 Up and down, round about — whip!
 When I came to the door, I stood lumpish and dumb,
 Up and down, round about, stock!
 The rapper I held with my finger and thumb;
 Up and down, round about — knock!

3.

Tat goes the knocker, and Nan shews her chin,
 Up and down, round about, hop.
 She chuckled and duck'd — I bow'd and walk'd in;
 Up and down, round about — pop.
 I gave her a look, as I pull'd off my hat,
 Up and down, round about, rum!
 I squeez'd her, I press'd her, I buff'd, and all that;
 Up and down, round about — mum!

TRIO. MR. WILSON, MISS GEORGE, and MRS. BANNISTER.

ALLEGRO MAESTOSO.

DUPELY.
Then come in a-doors to make love, The

air will destroy your fine feeling: Don't talk of the powers a-bove, Love thrives the best under a cieling. Love thrives the best under a cieling.

Chilly mortals, cold and stupid! What have they to do with Cupid? Chilly mortals, cold and

CHARLOTTE.
Chilly mortals, cold and stupid! What have they to do with Cupid? What have they, what have they, what have

TIPPET.
stupid! What have they to do with Cupid? Chilly mortals, cold and stupid! What have they to do with Cupid? What have they, what have they, what have

Solo CHARLOTTE.

they to do with Cupid? What have they to do with Cupid?

they to do with Cupid? What have they to do with Cupid?

they to do with Cupid? What have they to do with Cupid?

Love a pleasing warmth imparts, Cupid
MODERATO.

fires us with his darts; Hymen (hail his sacred name!) Lights his torch, and feeds the flame. Hymen (hail his sacred name!) Lights his torch, and

feeds the flame. Can we then be cold and stupid, Hymen now unites with Cupid? Hymen

now, Hymen now, Hymen now unites with Cupid? Can we then be cold and stupid, Hymen now unites with Cupid? Hymen now, Hymen now, Hymen

Can we then be cold and stupid, Hymen now unites with Cupid? Hymen now, Hymen now, Hymen

Can we then be cold and stupid, Hymen now unites with Cupid? Hymen now, Hymen now, Hymen

For.

now unites with Cupid? Hymen now unites with Cupid?

now unites with Cupid? Hymen now unites with Cupid?

now unites with Cupid? Hymen now unites with Cupid?

Solo TIPPET.

This talk is so fine, Of people divine, 'Tis

not for a servant's digestion! What are powers a - bove? Give me good solid love, And leave the gods, leave the gods out

For. F. P. F. p. F. P. F. P. For.

of the question! What are powers a - bove! Give me good solid love, And leave the gods leave the gods

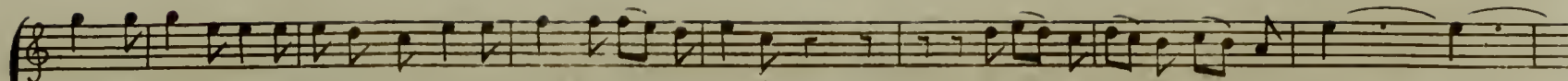
For. Pia. F. P. F.

out of the question! Sighing lovers, oh, how stupid!

P. M.F. F. Pia. Tenute.

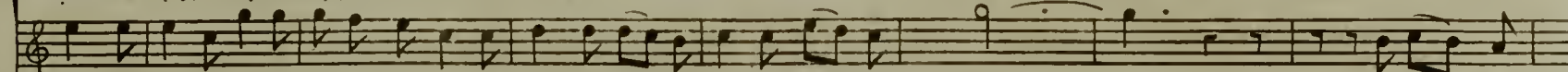
wasting time to talk of Cupid! wasting time, wasting time, wasting time to talk of Cupid!

CHARLOTTE.



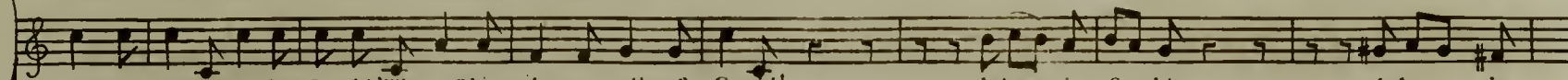
Come a-way, delay is stupid; 'Tis wasting time to talk of Cupid! delay is stupid; come a - - way - - - - -

TIPPET.

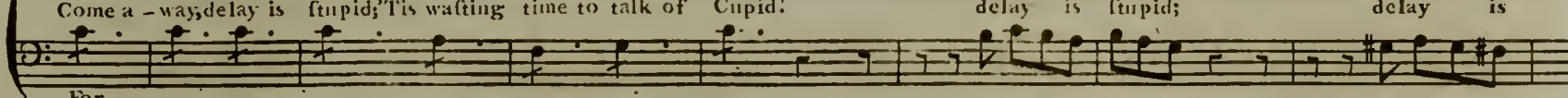


Come a - way, delay is stupid; 'Tis wasting time to talk of Cupid! Come a - - - way - - - - - delay is

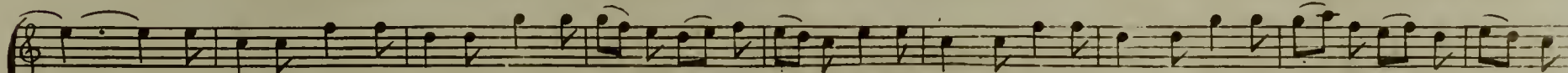
DUPELY.



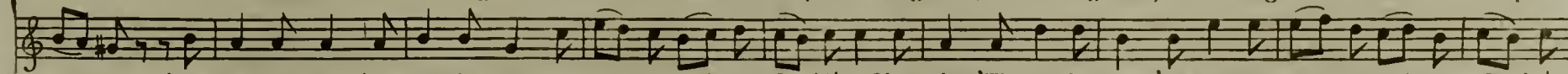
Come a - way, delay is stupid; 'Tis wasting time to talk of Cupid! delay is stupid; delay is



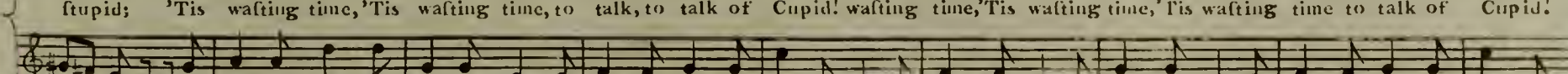
For



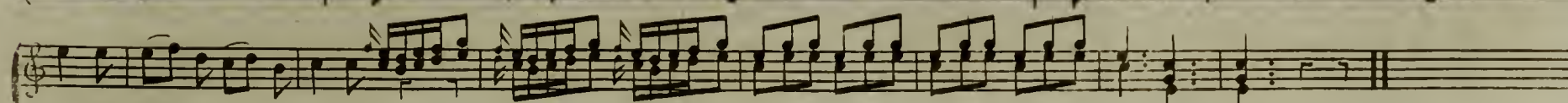
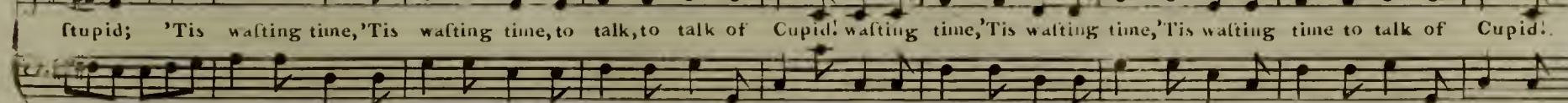
- - - - 'Tis wasting time, 'Tis wasting time, to talk, to talk of Cupid! wasting time, 'Tis wasting time, 'Tis wasting time to talk of Cupid!



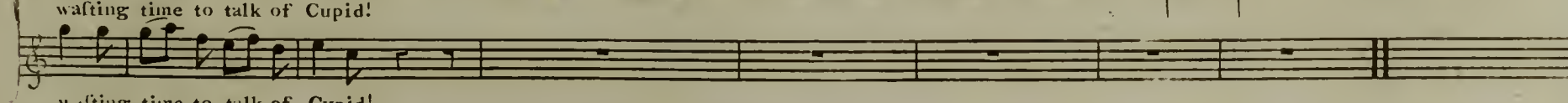
stupid; 'Tis wasting time, 'Tis wasting time, to talk, to talk of Cupid! wasting time, 'Tis wasting time, 'Tis wasting time to talk of Cupid!



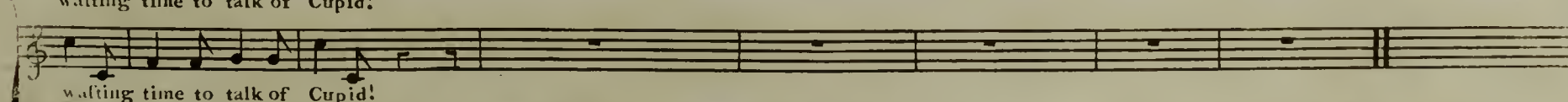
stupid; 'Tis wasting time, 'Tis wasting time, to talk, to talk of Cupid! wasting time, 'Tis wasting time, 'Tis wasting time to talk of Cupid!



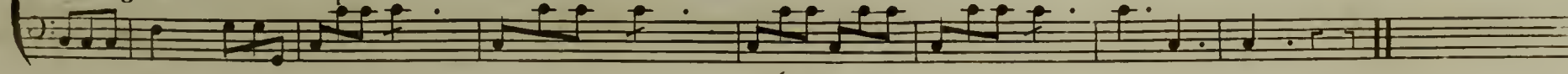
wasting time to talk of Cupid!



wasting time to talk of Cupid!



wasting time to talk of Cupid!



ACT III.
AIR I. MISS GEORGE.

39

MAGGIE LAUDER.
TIPPET.

VIVACE.

London Ladies

2.

When at Christmas in the hall
The men and maids are hopping,
If by chance I hear 'em bawl,
Amongst 'em quick I pop in.
When all the men, Jen, John, and Joe,
Cry, "What good luck has sent ye?"
And kiss beneath the mistletoe
The girl not turn'd of twenty.

3.

One winter's night, at blindman's buff,
A game that's most bewitching!
As Jack (and Jack was blind enough)
Was poking round the kitchen,
A spat I gave him on the back;
Says I, "Will that content ye?"
He snatch'd and catch'd me — "Ah, cries Jack,
"My girl not turn'd of twenty!"

4.

In the dance I trip along,
Like me no female skipper;
No game can ever happen wrong,
Hot Cuckles! Hunt the Slipper!
Can ye, town ladies, tho' so fair,
And coxcombs compliment ye,
For joy and sport with me compare,
The girl not turn'd of twenty?

AIR II. MISS GEORGE.

VENETIAN BALLAD.

VIOLIN 2.^{do}

VIOLIN 1.^{mo}

VIVACE

At an Inn so merry, Young and sharp as sherry, Liv'd little Pol-ly, A pretty chamber- maid; Airy and

Pia

brisk, So full of fun and frisk, She'd nod, and smile, and leer; 'Twas pretty Poll's trade.

M.F. For.

Cavalieroes crusty, Old, and rusty - - ful - ty, Would sometimes de - - fire To kiss the chamber - - maid;

Pia.

A musical staff in treble clef containing a series of notes and rests, likely representing the vocal line for the first part of the piece.

A musical staff with lyrics: "Poll then would squeak, Look coy, and turn her cheek, And leer, and fulk, and pout; 'Twas pretty Poll's trade. But when a pretty". Below the staff, the word "For" is written.

A musical staff with dynamics markings: "for. Pia. pmo".

A musical staff with lyrics: "fel . . low, Tight and vastly well . . O, Sharply wheel'd a - - bout To storm the chamber - - - maid;".

A musical staff in bass clef containing notes and rests, likely representing the bass line.

A musical staff in treble clef containing notes and rests, likely representing the vocal line for the second part of the piece.

A musical staff with lyrics: "Then Poll was pleas'd, And cried, I won't be teaz'd! She'd laugh and wink; then run, And follow her trade. M.F. For".

A musical staff in treble clef containing notes and rests, likely representing the vocal line for the third part of the piece.

A musical staff in treble clef containing notes and rests, likely representing the vocal line for the fourth part of the piece.

A musical staff in bass clef containing notes and rests, likely representing the bass line.

AIR III. MRS. BANNISTER.

DR. P. HAYES.

MODERATO.

CHARLOTTE.
When cru-el parents frown, And
Pia.
loud complaints and chidings stun me, I cry, A-las! if I'm un-done, 'Tis love, dear love! that has un-done, me.
Oh how happy, happy, e'en in ruin. What pleasure, flows from my un-doing! My parents, friends, were all forgot, When
once my true love came a wooing.
For.

2.

No terrors from the world I see,
No fear of babblers I discover,
Talk on, gay world! the world to me
Is my dear, constant, constant lover!
Oh how happy, happy &c.

3.

Can ye, ye old, refuse consent?
Oh let not rigid rules entrap ye!
For what means prudence, but content?
Or what content, but to be happy!
Oh how happy, happy, &c.

AIR IV. MR. BANNISTER.

DR. ARNOLD. 43

MAESTOSO.

CAPT. DUPELY.

How clumsy the airs of a

Pia.

cit, Pre - - tending to frolick and fun! Is he for extravagance fit, Who is striving, od's curse! To ape one of US, But

For. Pia. For. Pia.

never, no never, can brush off a dun? But never, no never, can brush off a dun? How clumsy, how clumsy the airs of a

For. Pia.

cit, Pretending pretending to frolick and fun! Is he for ex - travagance fit, Who is striving, od's curse! To ape one of US, But never, no

never, can brush off a dun? no never, can brush off a dun? no never, can brush off a dun? never, brush off a

For. Pia.

(33)

For. Pia.

M.F.

dim? never brush off a dun? The charger, when switching his tail, Can

For. M.F. Fc P.^o

sweep the flies off from his rump; But should they a dray-horse af- - fail, But should they a dray-horse af- - fail, He forgets that he's

For. Pia. For. F. P. For. Pia.

cropt, Of all dignity lopt, And keeps wagging, in vain, a bit of a stump! keeps wagging, in vain, a bit of a stump! keeps wagging, in vain, a bit of a

stump! The charger, when switching his tail, Can sweep the flies off from his rump; But should they a dray-horse af- fail, He for-

F. P. For. For. Pia. P.^o

gets that he's cropt, Of all dignity lopt, And keeps wagging, in vain, a bit of a stump! keeps wagging, in vain, a bit of a stump! keeps wagging, in vain, a

M.F.

bit of a stump! keeps wag-ging, in vain, a bit of a stump!

M.F. (3,3) For. F^{no}

AIR V. MR. WILSON.

The auld wife ayont the fire.

45

DUPELY.

VIVACE.

When a lover's
in the wind, Tho' Miss is coy, we always find At last she turns out wond'rous kind, Nor thinks a man so shocking;
woman's frowns are but a jest, She's angry on-ly to be prest, And then she grants her friend's request, To let them throw the stocking.

2.
While Pudding-sleeves unites their hands,
And fetters both in marriage bands,
John grins, and Molly foolish stands,
To see the neighbours flock in;
But after supper John is led,
With love and liquor in his head,
Tuck'd with his Molly into bed,
Then hey, to throw the stocking!

3.
The night soon past, the morning come,
The couple looking queer and rump;
He says but little, she is dumb,
The chamber door unlocking.
But Molly, who was once so coy,
No longer now conceals her joy;
She vows all day—for her dear boy
She'd trudge without a stocking!

FINALE. MR. WILSON, MR. BANNISTER, MRS. BANNISTER, and MISS GEORGE.

Fy, let us a' to the Bridal.

ALLEGRO.

DUPELY.

Bobbing about to the fiddle, Let's

foot away squabbles and strife! The wedding has turn'd out a riddle, Yet, what but a riddle is life? Since thus we have botch'd up a marriage, Ex-

ample must now be your guide: The fathers have had a mis--carriage, So prithee take care of the bride! And

Chorus.

bobbing about to the fiddle, Let's foot a..way squabble and strife! The wedding has turn'd out a riddle, Yet,

For.

what but a riddle is life?

CAPT. DUPELY.

When a wedding once stol'n we discover, A

mere round of cards is the same; Tho' no King of Diamonds the Lover, The Father's trick'd out of the game. Mill's, a

gav Queen of Hearts, and the Parson, A plump Knave of Clubs; whilst the face Of Pa - pa, whom they put such a farce on, With

Chorus.

choler looks like a Red Ace. Then bobbing about to the fiddle, Let's foot a - way squabbles and strife! The

For.

wedding has turn'd out a riddle, Yet, what but a riddle is life? Sy.

CHARLOTTE.

Love is a lady's profession: Her heart is so tender - ly cast, Like wax, it will take an impres - sion, But

then the impres - sion will last. True love never varies its fashion, Cease, cease, cruel parents, to blame! How

Chorus.

trivial and haf - ty your pas - sion; Our pas - sion is al - ways the same. And bobbing a - - bout to the fiddle, Let's

foot away squabbles and strife! The wedding has turn'd out a riddle, Yet, what but a riddle is life?

TIPPET.

Let a chambermaid join in the ditty, Who laughs at the name of a wife! What woman that ever was pretty, Would

think of one lover for life? Should numbers prefer their petition, And now I have numbers in sight, Re-member I give you permission To

Chorus.

visit me every night. Then bobbing about to the fiddle, Let's foot a-way squabbles and strife! The wedding has turn'd out a riddle, Yet,

what but a riddle is life? Then bobbing about to the fiddle, Let's foot a-way squabbles and strife! The wedding has turn'd out a riddle, Yet,

what but a riddle is life?

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUPELY, - - - - -	Mr. WILSON.
CAPTAIN DUPELY, - - - - -	Mr. BANNISTER.
SIR THOMAS TCWNLY, - - - - -	Mr. BADDELEY.
YOUNG TOWNLY, - - - - -	Mr. PALMER.
BEAUFORT, - - - - -	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
DICKY DITTO, - - - - -	Mr. EDWIN.
CRAPE, - - - - -	Mr. DAVIES.
WAITER, - - - - -	Mr. SWORDS.
POST-BOY, - - - - -	Mr. BARRETT.
SERVANT, - - - - -	Mr. LEDGER.
CHARLOTTE, - - - - -	Mrs. BANNISTER.
TIPPET, - - - - -	Mrs. GEORGE.

C O N T E N T S.

A C T I.

	OVERTURE.	4.
AIR I.	Pensive I mourn my absent swain,	8.
II.	If a coxcomb, all starch,	9.
III.	Welcome sweet Fancy, airy pow'r!	12.
IV.	How happy the woman, whose charms,	15.
V.	There is a chambermaid lives in the south,	16.
VI.	Hang your humdrum loobies!	17.
DUET.	Come, little Tippet, and tip me a kiss!	20.

A C T II.

	AIR I. Talk not of your dirty acres!	22.
II.	The study intense,	24.
III.	A Mercer I am in a very good stile,	25.
IV.	Adzooks, old Crusty! who so rusty,	26.
V.	Uncertainty with chequer'd crew,	27.
VI.	John tripp'd up the stairs by night,	30.
VII.	Smile, kindest Fortune, smile, and sooth my anguish!	31.
VIII.	Once on a time, deny it who can,	34.
TRIO.	Then come in a-doors to make love,	35.

A C T III.

	AIR I. London Ladies stalk the streets,	39.
II.	At an Inn so merry,	40.
III.	When cruel parents sullen frown;	41.
IV.	How clumsy the airs of a cit,	42.
V.	When a lover's in the wind,	45.
FINALE.	Bobbing about to the fiddle,	45.

