

NO SONG, NO SUPPER,

COMIC OPERA,

THE WORDS BY PRINCE HOARE.

THE MUSIC BY

STORACE,

THE TEXT REVISED BY JOHN OXENFORD,

WITH

NEW SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS

BY

J. L. HATTON.

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P R E F A C E.

THIS amusing opera was originally brought out at Drury Lane Theatre on the 16th of April, 1790, when some of the best vocal and histrionic talent of the day was employed on its execution. Its author, Prince Hoare, was the younger son of William Hoare, long a painter of some repute at Bath. He was educated at a Grammar school, and during the intervals between school-hours he was instructed in painting by his brother, and made considerable progress. At the age of seventeen he was sent to London, where he became a student of the Royal Academy, and distinguished himself by his assiduity. In 1776, in accordance with the practice of artists, he visited the continent, whence, after an absence of four years, he returned to England and settled in London. The bad state of his health caused him to relinquish a profession which he was pursuing with much success, and to withdraw to the sea-coast. Here, chiefly for his amusement, he attempted dramatic writing, and on departing for Lisbon, for the further benefit of his health, he presented a tragedy, entitled *Julia; or, Such Things are*, to the managers of the Bath Theatre, where it was produced in Jan., 1788. It was played eight times, and the author, while at the Portuguese capital, received intelligence of its success. In the same year he returned to England, and his health being much impaired, he was prevailed upon by Signor Storace, then eminent as a composer, to devote himself entirely to dramatic composition. At first the managers of London were slower to appreciate his talents than those of Bath, and consequently he was obliged to bring out his pieces for benefits only, deriving no profit whatever from the performance. It was for the benefit of Mr. Michael Kelly, the composer and singer, that *No Song, no Supper* was originally produced.

The following is the cast of 1790, at Drury Lane; to which we add two subsequent casts at Covent Garden:

	<i>Drury Lane.</i>	<i>Covent Garden.</i>	<i>Covent Garden</i>
	Original, April 16, 1790.	July 7, 1820.	1827.
<i>Ferdinand</i> ..	Mr. Kelly.	Mr. Pyne.	Mr. Sapio.
<i>Robin</i> ..	Mr. J. Bannister.	Mr. Fawcett.	Mr. Power.
<i>Crop</i> ..	Mr. Dignum.	Mr. Taylor.	Mr. Wood.
<i>Endless</i> ..	Mr. Suet.	Mr. Liston.	Mr. Meadows.
<i>William</i> ..	Mr. Sedgwick.	Mr. Comer.	Mr. Isaacs.
<i>Thomas</i> ..	Mr. Alfred.		Mr. Mears.
<i>Margaretta</i> ..	Signora Storace.	Miss Stephens.	Miss Stephens.
<i>Louisa</i> ..	Mrs. Crouch.	Miss Beaumont.	Miss Henry.
<i>Dorothy</i> ..	Miss Romanzini.	Mrs. Liston.	Miss Goward.
<i>Deborah</i> ..	Mrs. Dooth.		
<i>Nelly</i> ..	Miss Hagley.	Miss Green	Mrs. Daly.

Michael Kelly himself, the original Frederick, was one of the most noted persons of his day, and his "Reminiscences" published early in 1826, were perused with interest. A native of Ireland, he was instructed in music by a son of Dr. Arne, and at an early age was sent to Italy by his father, Master of the Ceremonies at Dublin Castle. After having performed as a vocalist at Rome, Prague, and Berlin, he made his London *debut* in 1787 at Drury Lane Theatre, where he appeared as Lionel in *Lionel and Clarissa*. It was he who first encouraged Storace to compose for the theatre.

The histories of Kelly and Stephen Storace, the composer of *No Song, no Supper*, are intermingled with each other. The Sister of the latter, Signora Storace, the original Margaretta, went very young to Italy, where she was instructed by Sacchini, and made her first appearance at Florence, where she was much applauded as a singer in serious operas. At Venice, where she was highly successful, she married a Dr. Fisher, from whom she was afterwards divorced, and she had resumed her maiden name, when in 1789 she made her first appearance in England at Drury Lane Theatre, where her performance contributed much to the success of the *Haunted Tower*, a comic opera. Her brother Stephen had accompanied her on her foreign tour, and it was on the continent that he made his acquaintance with Michael Kelly. His first success in London was at Drury Lane Theatre, where in 1788, he appear as the composer of the music to an operatic piece, by Mr. Cobb (a prolific author of the day), called the *Doctor and the Apothecary*. He continued to compose pieces belonging more or less to the same class, and died on the 25th of March, 1796. Those who take interest in coincidences, may like to be informed that the *Doctor and the Apothecary* was played on the night of his death.

Nearly every performer comprised in the original cast of *No Song, no Supper* was a celebrity, at the time of its production. Margaretta, the principal female character, was performed by Signora Storace herself; Messrs. J. Bannister (Robin) and Suett (Endless) were among the most noted comedians of the day, and though not precisely vocalists by profession, were able to take part in operas of that kind, which Storace and his contemporaries composed. It will be observed that when the piece was revived at Covent Garden in 1820, their places were supplied by Messrs. Fawcett and Liston. Miss Romanzini, the original Dorothy, is now better remembered as Mrs. Bland. Both her names will be found attached to popular songs contained in many an old music-book, and it may be mentioned that Mr. James Bland, who always figured as a king in Mr. Planché's burlesques, was her son. Mr. Dignum (Crop) was noted as a vocalist on the stage, and at public dinners. He first distinguished himself as a singer in a Catholic Chapel, and afterwards became the apprentice of Mr. Thomas Linley, a musical composer, who likewise held a share in Drury Lane Theatre, in conjunction with Mr. R. B. Sheridan, who afterwards became his son-in-law. At Drury Lane Mr. Dignum

PREFACE.

first appeared as Young Meadows in *Love in a Village*, and soon established himself as a principal vocal performer, with a salary, in his day considered handsome. Mr. Sedgwick, the representative of William, was a useful member of the Drury Lane Theatre, as a singer of small parts. The importance always attached to Margarett is characterised by the fact that in both the revivals of *No Song, no Supper*, at Covent Garden, she was represented by the celebrated Miss Stephens.

The coolness with which Prince Hoare was first noticed by the London managers was soon overcome by his great success, and in 1805 he was spoken of as one of the most fortunate living authors. Most of his pieces are now forgotten, and it may be fairly doubted whether a single person, now living, ever knew anything about the tragedy with which he commenced his career, and which was never published. But something like immortality attaches to *No Song, no Supper*, and its popularity was as much due to the "fun" of the author as to the music of the composer. Others of Prince Hoare's works, too, must be familiar to old-fashioned readers. We may mention *My Grandmother*, *Three and the Deuce*, the *Prize*, and *Lock and Key*, the last of which is still performed in the provinces.

There is a curious theatrical bye-law referring to *No Song, no Supper*, which is worth recording. When banquets are given on the stage, the viands are usually artificial, the work of the "property-man," but in this particular piece, the boiled leg of lamb *must* be real.

The following is the traditional costume of *No Song, no Supper*:

FREDERICK.—*First Dress*: White waistcoat and trousers—blue coat. *Second Dress*: A disguise—a large black gown long beard.

ROBIN.—Sailor's blue jacket and trousers—red waistcoat.

ENDLESS.—Old-fashioned black coat, waistcoat and breeches—silver knee-buckles—large powdered bush wig—small three-cornered hat—wove striped silk stockings—square-toed shoes—buckles.

CROP.—Light coat—flowered waistcoat—leather breeches—shoes and stockings.

WILLIAM.—Sailor's jacket and trousers—checked shirt.

THOMAS.—Old-fashioned gray livery.

MARGARETTA.—Cotton gown—stuff petticoat—white apron—red cloak—straw hat.

LOUISA.—White muslin dress—hat and feathers.

DOROTHY.—Flowered cotton gown—stuff petticoat—apron and cap.

NELLY.—Stuff gown and petticoat—coarse apron—cap.

DEBORAH.—Old-fashioned matron's dress.

OVERTURE.

Largo e maestoso.

PIANO.

f sf p

f p

Segue allegro.

Allegro ma non troppo.

PIANO.

p mf

p f cresc.

sf sf dolce.

R.H. cresc f

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It features a complex melodic line with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, including trills and grace notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

The second system continues the piece. The upper staff has dynamic markings of *sf* (sforzando) and accents. The lower staff also features *sf* markings and a steady accompaniment.The third system includes dynamic markings of *p* (piano), *cresc.* (crescendo), *f* (forte), and *dim.* (diminuendo). The lower staff has the instruction *il basso marcato.* written below it.The fourth system begins with the marking *dolce.* (dolce) above the upper staff and *p* (piano) below the lower staff. The upper staff has a more melodic, flowing line, while the lower staff has a rhythmic accompaniment.The fifth system features a trill (*tr*) in the upper staff. Dynamic markings of *cresc.*, *f*, *p*, and *f* are present across the system.The sixth system continues with dynamic markings of *p* and *f*. The piece concludes with a final cadence in both staves.

First system of musical notation. The right hand (treble clef) begins with a trill (tr) on a dotted quarter note, followed by a half note. The left hand (bass clef) plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *tr* and *tf*.

Second system of musical notation. The right hand continues with a series of chords and melodic fragments. The left hand maintains the eighth-note accompaniment with some rests. Dynamics include *tf*.

Third system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with a *dim.* marking and a *p* dynamic. The left hand continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *dim.* and *p*.

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand has a melodic line with a *rall. un poco.* marking and a *p* dynamic. The left hand continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *rall. un poco.* and *p*.

Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand has a melodic line with a trill (tr) and dynamics of *mf*, *p*, and *f*. The left hand continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *mf*, *p*, and *f*.

Sixth system of musical notation. The right hand has a melodic line with dynamics of *sf* and *sf*. The left hand continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *sf* and *sf*.

Musical score system 1. Treble clef, bass clef. Key signature: two flats. The right hand (R.H.) begins with a *dolce.* marking. The left hand has a *cresc.* marking. The right hand is labeled "R.H." below the staff.

Musical score system 2. Treble clef, bass clef. The right hand starts with a *f* dynamic, followed by a *p* dynamic. The left hand has a *p* dynamic.

Musical score system 3. Treble clef, bass clef. The right hand has a *f* dynamic. The left hand has a *cresc.* marking followed by a *dim.* marking.

Musical score system 4. Treble clef, bass clef. The right hand has a *dolce.* marking. The left hand has a *p* dynamic.

Musical score system 5. Treble clef, bass clef. The right hand has a *f* dynamic. The left hand has a *p* dynamic.

Musical score system 6. Treble clef, bass clef. The right hand has a *f* dynamic, followed by a *p* dynamic, and then a *f marcato.* marking. The left hand has a *p* dynamic.

First system of a piano score in B-flat major. The right hand features a melodic line with grace notes and a trill, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *sf* and *p*.

Second system of the piano score. The right hand continues with a melodic line, including a trill marked *tr*. The left hand accompaniment is consistent. A *cresc.* (crescendo) marking is present.

Third system of the piano score. The right hand has a dense texture with many sixteenth notes. The left hand accompaniment is marked *ff il basso ben marcato.* A *Sua...* vocal line is indicated by a dotted line.

Fourth system of the piano score. The right hand continues with a melodic line. The left hand accompaniment is marked *sf p* and *dolce.* A *Sua...* vocal line is indicated by a dotted line.

Fifth system of the piano score. The right hand has a melodic line with grace notes. The left hand accompaniment is marked *ff Ped.* and features a dense texture of sixteenth notes.

Sixth system of the piano score. The right hand has a melodic line. The left hand accompaniment is marked *sf* and *Ped.* with asterisks. The system concludes with a double bar line.

SCENE FIRST.—*A View of the Sea on the Coast of Cornwall.*

Enter FREDERICK from a part of the rocks, L.

FRED.—Cruel destiny! to be driven ashore on this spot, which I had resolved to fly from for ever! But all things conspire to counteract my designs: I had scarcely embarked, when a conspiracy was formed among the crew to deprive me of my life, which was happily preserved by the generosity of an English sailor, who, I fear, has perished, with all his honest companions.

ROBIN.—(*outside, R.*) Hillo!

FRED.—Robin!—What ho! Robin!

Enter ROBIN, R.

ROBIN.—(*L.*) What cheer, Master Frederick? Egad! I thought we should only have met in Davy Jones's locker!

FRED.—I assure you that I rejoice more for your safety than my own.

ROBIN.—Reef your compliments a little, and I'll believe you. Where are we, thank you?

FRED.—I am but too acquainted with this place. We are on the coast of Cornwall, not far from Penzance.

ROBIN.—Say you so? We could not have made a better port: I have friends here who will take care of us, if this storm has not carried them into the sea. I have a brother-in-law hard by, whom, indeed, I have not seen for some years, but he was alive when I last heard.

FRED.—What was his name?

ROBIN.—Crop—an honest farmer.

FRED.—(*aside.*) Good heaven!—My Louisa's father!

ROBIN.—He married a sister of mine when I was a boy: she died some years ago, and left him a daughter, who, they say, is grown a fine girl; and now he's spliced to another mate.

FRED.—Well, Robin, we shall have no occasion to trouble your brother at present. I have an estate in the neighbourhood, where you shall be welcome; for your generosity has twice preserved my life.

ROBIN.—Look ye, Master Frederick, I have been from my country these three years, but I haven't so far forgot Old England as not to stand by a man who fights against odds.

FRED.—Robin, I have a secret to entrust to you.

ROBIN.—Well, let it be a short one, then; for a long one always sets me asleep.

FRED.—You must know, Robin, that I quitted England on account of the fairest of women.

ROBIN.—Why, that is something of my case: a shark of a lawyer bore down upon me, and carried off some little property that I designed for my mistress; and I was not willing to make her a beggar, and so I went to sea again.

FRED.—Know, then, Robin, it was Louisa, your niece.

ROBIN.—My niece! Give me your hand, Master Frederick: if she is not married you shall have her to-morrow. But what the devil made you bear away, and leave her, though? Did you run foul of a lawyer, too? You seemed to have cash enough.

FRED.—Yes, Robin; but I was determined to prove her love for me, without acquainting her with my circumstances. I therefore gave out I was a poor student: this hadn't altogether the desired effect; for she, fearing to distress my friends by our union, refused me.

ROBIN.—That was talking to the long-boat when you might have been safe in the ship.

FRED.—I shall not immediately inform her of my circumstances; therefore, Robin, promise not to betray me.

ROBIN.—Nay, if it's your fancy; but, believe me, 'tis a foolish one. Well, if I had a thousand guineas, the greatest pleasure they could give me would be to count them into Margaretta's lap.

FRED.—You won't disclose my secret?

ROBIN.—What do you take me for? If this is all, step forward; I'll just give a look-out, and see if any part of our little wreck remains above water, and come up with you presently.

[*Exeunt ROBIN, R., FREDERICK, L.*]

SCENE SECOND.—*A Room in Crop's House.*

Enter CROP and DOROTHY, L.

CROP.—(*R.*) But I tell you, wife, you are wrong.

DORO.—(*L. C.*) Don't tell me, George; I'm sure it's your own fault.

CROP.—My own fault, Dorothy! Zounds! I wish the devil had the lawyer and the lawsuit together, for my part.

DORO.—Indeed, George, I can't guess the reason why you should be cross with me; I can't help it, you know, and yet you always quarrel with me.

GO, GEORGE, I CAN'T ENDURE YOU.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

The musical score is for a piano piece in 2/4 time, marked *Allegretto*. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble clef and a bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a dynamic marking of *p*. The second system also has a treble clef and a bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and dynamic markings of *cresc.*, *f*, *p*, and *cresc.*. The piece features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There is a trill (*tr*) in the treble clef of the second system.

ДОВОДНУ.

Go George, I can't en - dure you, You wrong me, I as -

p e leggiero.

- sure you, I won - der why I love you, why I love you still! Are

wo - men for no use meant, But mere - ly man's a - muse - ment? To

tease and tor - ture as he will? No, if you lov'd me

true, you'd o - ther means pur - sue, No, that you don't, 'tis plain, I

tell you so a - gain, No, no, no, no, no, no, you ne'er could

stacc. *sempre stacc.*

bear to use me so, No, no, no, no, no, no, you ne'er could

bear to use me so.....

f

What see you, pray, a - bout me, Thus still to scold and

p e leggiero.

flout me? Such treatment yet was nev - er heard, was nev - er heard;

ne'er must speak, (good gra-cious! I'm sure 'tis quite vex - a - tious) - I nev - er,

now, must speak a word. No, if you lov'd me true, you'd o - ther means pur -

- sue, No, that you don't, 'tis plain - I tell you so a - gain. No, no, no, no, no,

stacc.

no! you ne'er could bear to hear me so, No, no, no, no, no, no! you ne'er could

sempre stacc. *cresc.*

ad lib.

bear to use me so.....

colla sf voce.

CROP.—Why, isn't it enough to make one cross, to be kept dilly-dally so long after what's my right? I am sure I wish I had never disputed about it, though it is my right.
DORO.—What! you wish to give up the legacy, do you, though Mr. Endless assures you it will be settled next week?

CROP.—Ay, so he has said this long time past. I have had plague enough about it, and now I must neglect my work to go in search of Grist, the miller, to answer for my character; he must be brought up, forsooth, fooling, to Mr. Endless!

HOW HAPPILY MY LIFE I LED.

Andante. **CROP.**

How

PIANO.

hap - pi - ly my life I led, With - out a day of sor - row; To

plough and sow, To reap and mow, No care be - yond the mor - row, No

care be - yond the morrow. *p*

In

heat or cold, In wet or dry, I nev - er grum - bled—no, not I. My

wife, 'tis true, Loves words a few; My wife, 'tis true, Loves

words a few; What then— I let her prate..... What

then— I let her prate..... For some - times smooth, and some - times rough, I

found my - self still rich e-nough, In the joys of an hum - ble state— In the

ad lib. *f tempo.*

joys of an hum - ble state. For some - times smooth, and some - times rough, I

colla voce. *mf*

ad lib.

found my - self still rich e - nough, In the joys of an hum - ble

colla voce.

state.....

p

But when with law I craz'd my head, I lost both peace and plea - sure: Long

p

saws to hear, to search and swear, And plague be - ynd all mea - sure, And

ad lib.

plague be - yond all mea - sure, *p*
One

colla voce. *mf*

griev - ance brought a - no - ther on, My debts in - creas'd, my stock is gone. My

p *f* *p* *f* *p*

wife, she says, Our means 'twill raise; My wife, she says, Our

means 'twill raise; What then, 'tis i - dle prate— what

cresc. *cresc.* *f*

then— 'tis i - dle prate..... For some - times smooth, and some - times rough. I

cresc. *p*

found my - self still rich e - nough, In the joys of an hum - ble state— In the

ad lib. *f tempo.*
 joys of an hum - ble state. For some - times smooth, and some - times rough, I

culla voce. *mf*

ad lib.
 found my - self still rich e - nough, In the joys of an hum - ble

culla voce.

state.....

f *p*

DORO.—(crying.) Ah, George, you don't care anything about me! There's farmer Trotman's wife can have a silk cloak and a dimity petticoat, and go dressed like a lady—ay, and have a joint of meat every day; and I'm sure we haven't a joint above once a month, that we haven't.

CROP.—Well, wife, don't be so uneasy: things have gone badly of late, to be sure, but have a good heart. When I have gained my lawsuit, I'll live like a gentleman; I'll never have any small beer in my house; I'll drink nothing but wine and ale, and we'll have a joint of roast pork for dinner every Sunday.

DORO.—I don't like pork—I say it shall be lamb.

CROP.—But I say it shall be pork.

DORO.—I hate pork—I'll have lamb.

CROP.—Pork, I tell you.

DORO.—I say, lamb—you don't know what's good.

CROP.—Zounds! it shan't be lamb—I will have pork.

Enter LOUISA, L.

LOUISA.—(C.) For ever contending!—Will you never be at peace?

DORO.—(L. C.) What's that to you?—Why do you interfere with what does not concern you? Leave your father and me to settle matters.

LOUISA.—I only spoke because I wished you to have comfort.

DORO.—Comfort, indeed!—Why, when you see everybody happy in the house, you go moping and pining about like a sick turkey-poult. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to let your head be running on a young man, you ought!

CROP.—(R. C.) Fie, fie, wife!—Ain't you contented to have forced her to leave the house, but you must always be tormenting her? Come, Louisa, I am going to your cottage, and will walk with you. I shall be back presently.

LOUISA.—Alas! why should you accuse me of loving Frederick, when you know I only refused him, because I would not add one to a poor family who hadn't the means to support them?

Exit LOUISA and CROP. R.

DORO.—A trumpery saucy baggage! (calling.) Nelly?

Enter NELLY, L., with a ladle.

NELLY.—Here I be, missis.

DORO.—You heard what George said, Nelly?

NELLY.—Yes; I heard him say he would be back again presently.

DORO.—It is not dark yet?

NELLY.—No, it be not near night yet.

DORO.—Don't you know what I mean, Nelly?

NELLY.—Yes; you expect Muster Endless to see you.

DORO.—Yes; I hope George won't meet him, because, as he don't know of Mr. Endless's coming, he might be angry. The supper will be in time, Nelly?

NELLY.—Yes; I shall take care to have the leg of lamb ready; and you know there be a nice cake, that we baked yesterday, will do after supper; but what shall we do for summit to drink?

Exit NELLY, L.

DORO.—Oh, Mr. Endless promised to send some wine; he is a charming man, and talks so prettily! "My sweet Dorothy," he calls me. I wish George would learn manners from him; but I declare he drives me about like his sheep and oxen, and I haven't had the last word not once this week.

Enter CROP, R., with a large basket hanging on a stick over his shoulder—he puts it on the table.

DORO.—So, George, you're come back: where have you been?

CROP.—Why, about my business, and heartily tired I am. (*brings a chair forward, and sits, c.*)

DORO.—Well, but where have you been?

CROP.—Go and shut the door, which I perceive I've left open, and I'll tell you.

DORO.—Not I, indeed; I go and shut the door! No! go and shut the door yourself; why did you leave it open?

CROP.—Because my hands were full.

DORO.—So, you want to give me the trouble to shut the door, because your hands were full! Indeed! I shall not. (*brings a chair forward, and sits down, L. C., near CROP.*)

CROP.—Now, wife, go, shut the door, and don't be obstinate.

DORO.—I obstinate!—Upon my word! I obstinate, indeed! I don't choose to shut it, sir.

CROP.—Why, then, let it stand open.

DORO.—With all my heart—so it may.

CROP.—Now, why can't you go and shut it?

DORO.—I don't choose it, and there's an end on't.

CROP.—Come, I'll make a bargain with you, wife: whoever speaks the first word shall go and shut the door.

DORO.—Agreed.

I THINK I'LL VENTURE TO SURMISE.

DUET.

DOROTHY AND CROP.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

CROP.

I think I'll ven-ture to surmise, I

dim. *p*

DOROTHY.

You think, no doubt, you're wond-'rous wise, be -
 know who'll speak the first.

sf *p*

- fore I speak, I'll burst! De - pend up - on't! De - pend up -
 De - pend up - on't! De - pend up -

f

- on't! you'll have the worst. Yes:
 - on't you'll have the worst. Can you your tongue keep in?

dim. *p* *sf*

when shall we be - gin?
 When I hold up my thumb— when

p *sf* *p*

ad lib. cresc. *f* A - greed— a - greed!— And now take heed,
 I hold up my thumb. . A - greed— a - greed!— And now take heed, When

culla voce. *f*

dim. *p*
 A-greed! a-greed! I'm

dim. *p*
 I hold up my thumb. A - greed! a - greed!

p *ad lib.* *pp*

p
 si - lent. Mum! mum! mum! mum! mum!

Mum! mum! mum! mum!

mum! mum!

mum! mum!

(they turn their backs to each other, and sit mute.)
ROBIN.—(without.) Yo ho! messmates!—What, doors open at this time of night?

Enter **ROBIN**, R.

ROBIN.—Ha, brother Crop! I'm heartily glad to see you. (shakes hands with **CROP**, who seems pleased with him.) I've a few friends hard by, who come to beg a night's lodging of you; we have been cast away, and saved nothing but our lives; I have promised them a hearty welcome, my boy! (looks at **CROP** for an answer.) What, are you deaf? Why, don't you know me? I never took you for one that would be dumb to a friend in distress. What the devil's the matter? Have you lost your speech since I saw you? That's a precious bad job. (crosses to **DOROTHY**.) Pray, how long has poor brother Crop been on the doctor's list? What! a dumb wife, too? I wish you joy, brother Crop! Which quarter is the wind in now?

Enter **FREDEBICK**, R.

FRED.—So, friend Crop, where's your daughter? Why don't you answer me?

ROBIN.—It's all in vain—not a breath stirring.

FRED.—Why do you shake your head? Why don't you speak, Crop?

ROBIN.—There's an embargo laid on words, and you see the port is shut.

FRED.—Answer me, I beg. Where's Louisa?

ROBIN.—Speak to him in the foreign lingo, Master Frederick, for he seems to have forgot the use of his own tongue—he has lost his English. (to **DOROTHY**.) Do you always discourse together in this manner?

FRED.—I suppose this is some new quarrel.

ROBIN.—No, it must be an old one; for they have had no words of late.

FRED.—I'll go and seek an answer elsewhere.

[Exit, R.]

ROBIN.—A quarrel would never produce such a dead calm: How the devil shall I get an answer? What's the matter with you both? (bawling.) Damme! he's as deaf as the mainmast! I might as well talk to the Gorgon's head under our bowsprit. Can you hear or not? (**CROP** nods.) Can you speak? (**CROP** nods.) Will you speak? (**CROP** shakes his head.) Damme! but if we had you aboard the Gorgon, we would send your tongue afloat! A good ducking at the yard-arm and a round dozen would put your jawing-tacks aboard, and be well employed on you; wouldn't it, mistress?

DORO.—(very eagerly.) Ay, that it would! Oh, dear, I forgot!

CROP.—(laughing.) Ha! ha! ha! Now, Dorothy, go and shut the door. [Exit **DOROTHY**, R.]

ROBIN.—Shut the door!

CROP.—Ay; she spoke first.

ROBIN.—Why, you hadn't quarrelled about shutting the door, had you? A good joke, o' my conscience! Well, George, now your door's shut and mouth open, let me know if you can give us a night's lodging.

CROP.—Ay, and welcome; but I fear I can't be your host to-night, for I must go as far as Grist's, the miller, on some business.

ROBIN.—I'll go with you, and look after my messmates. [Exeunt **CROP** and **ROBIN**, R.]

SCENE THIRD.—The outside of **CROP**'s house.

Enter **MARGARETTA**, with a basket of tapes, ribbons, and ballads.

WITH LONELY SUIT AND PLAINTIVE DITTY.

Andante con espresso.

PIANO.

MARGARETTA.

ditty, ... I call the ten-der mind to pity, ... I call the

dolce. *sosten.* *pp*

ten-der mind to pity; ... My friends are gone, My heart is beat-ing, And chill-ing

po-ver-ty's my lot; From passing stran-gers aid entreat-ing, ... I wan-der

cresc. *dim.*

thus . a-lone, for-got . Re-lieve my woes, my wants dis-tress-ing, And Heav'n re-

pp *colla voce.* *mf* *p*

- ward you with its bless-ing!

f *marcato.* *dim.*

cresc.

Here's tales of love, and maids for - saken ; . . . Of bat - tles fought, and cap - tives

f taken ; . . . The jo - vial tar . . . so bold - ly sail - ing, Or cast up - on some de - sert

dim.

p shore ; - The hap - less bride his loss be - wailing, - And fear - ing ne'er . . . to see him

ad lib.

dim. *pp*

more, Re - lieve my woes, my wants dis - tress - ing, And Heav'n re - ward you with its

mf *p* *colla voce.*

blessing ! . . .

f *marcato.* *dim.*

MARG.—(c.) My father little thinks where I am.—
 Ecod! it's all his own fault; for, if he would have
 let me marry Robin, I should not have run away.
 But he wanted me to marry a stupid old fogey like
 himself, only because he was rich; but what are
 riches when compared to love! I hated him, and
 wouldn't have had him if his skin had been stuffed
 with diamonds.—Besides, I knew it was on his
 account the law-suit was commenced against Robin,
 which made him leave me. If I was fond of riches,
 I might have been rich long ago. Haven't I re-

fused a great many good offers? Ay, and would
 again; for I love nobody but Robin; and to love
 him, I'd run away from fifty fathers! I think no
 one can know me in this disguise: however, I'll
 lay by my ballad-singing dress now, and seek some
 honest service, till I hear of Robin's return. But
 my basket is empty, and 'tis high time to look out
 for a night's lodging. Here's a cottage—that's
 fortunate; I'll try here. (*knocks at the door of the
 cottage.*)

KNOCKING AT THIS HOUR OF DAY.

TRIO.

MARGARETTA, DOROTHY, AND NELLY.

Allegra ma non troppo.

PIANO.

con espressime.

(Enter NELLY, door, r.)

p a stacc.

NELLY.

Knock-ing at this hour of day! What's your bus-ness, Mis - tress, pray?

p e sostenuto.

cresc. f

What's your bus-ness, Mis - tress, pray? What's your

MARGARETTA.

A stran - ger, at your

bus - 'ness, Mis - tress, pray?

dolce.

friend - ly..... door, I shel - ter from the

night.. im - plore.

NELLY.

This beg-ging is a sor-ry trade; I fear you'll

sostenuto.

find but lit - tle aid; But stay, I'll ax,

MARGARETTA.

A - las! too sure, I

(goes to cottage door.)

But stay—I'll ax, and let you know.

sostenuto.

fear.. 'tis.... true: A beg - gar finds a

p

beg - gar's due. Tho' oft un - feign'd the... tale... of

woe, A beg - gar... finds a... beg - gar's due; Tho'

oft un - feign'd the... tale... of woe,
 (enter DOROTHY, door R.) DOROTHY
 You must be gone, we're left a -

cresc. *f* *p*

- lone, And har - bour here can give you none. *dolce.*

My ach - ing....

feet no more, no more suf - fice; A lit - tle straw is

all, is all I crave.
DOROTHY.

Not two miles hence the vil - lage lies. I won - der
NELLY.

Not two miles hence the vil - lage lies. I won - der

cresc. f

what the wench would have, I won - der what the wench would have.

what the wench would have, I won - der what the wench would have.

sf dim.

Hap - less lot! must I go hence?

Go, get your packing, gip - sy, hence!

I won - der at your im - pu -

p

Pi - ty me, and let me stay;

We told you that you could not stay.

- dence. Begone, you baggage, march a -

DOROTHY.

Go, get you pack - ing, gip - sy, hence! We told you that you could not stay. I won - der at your im - pu -

- way! I won - der at your im - pu -

p

Hap - less lot! must I go
 - dence, Be-gone, you bag-gage, march a - way! Go, get you pack-ing, gip - sy,
 - dence, Be-gone, you bag-gage, march a - way! Go, get you pack-ing, gip - sy,

dim. *p*

hence, must I go hence? Pi - - ty
 hence! We told you that you could not stay, We told you that you could not stay.
 hence! We told you that you could not stay, We told you that you could not stay.

sf

me, and let me stay, and let me stay.
 I won-der at your im - pu - dence, Begone, you baggage, march a - way, Be-gone, you baggage, march a -
 I won-der at your im - pu - dence, Begone, you baggage, march a - way, Be-gone, you baggage, march a -

cresc. *f*
cresc. *f*
cresc. *mf*

Po - ver - ty is no of - fence, 'Tis too late to
 - way, Go, get you pack - ing, gip - sy, hence! Be - gone, you
 - way, Go, get you pack - ing, gip - sy, hence! Be - gone, you

f sf sf sf p f

find the way, oh! hap - less lot! must I go hence? oh!
 bag - gage, march a - way! Go, get you pack - ing, hence! You know you can - not
 bag - gage, march a - way! Go, get you pack - ing, hence! You know you can - not

p sf sf sf p

pi - ty me! and let me stay; For po - ver -
 stay, What matchless im - pu - dence! You baggage, march a - way, Go, get you pack - ing, gip - sy,
 stay, What matchless im - pu - dence! You baggage, march a - way, Go, get you pack - ing, gip - sy,

cresc. cresc. cresc. cresc.

mf *f*

- ty is no of - fence, 'Tis too late to find the

mf *f*

hence, We told you that you could not stay, We told you that you could not

mf *f*

hence, We told you that you could not stay, We told you that you could not

p *cresc.* *f*

way, 'Tis too

p *cresc.* *f*

stay, I won-der at your im-pu-dence! Be-gone, you baggage, march a - way! Begone, you

p *cresc.* *f*

stay, I won-der at your im-pu-dence! Be-gone, you baggage, march a - way! Begone, you

cresc. *molto.*

late to find the way, too late, too late to find the

bag - gage, march a - way, be - gone, be - gone, and march a -

bag - gage, march a - way, be - gone, be - gone, and march a -

ff *sf* *sf*

way, Too late, too late to find the way! Too
 - way! be-gone, be-gone, and march a-way! Be-gone, be-gone, be-
 - way! be-gone, be-gone, and march a-way! Be-gone, be-gone, be-

late to find the way, Too late to find the
 - gone, and march a-way! Be-gone, be-gone, be-gone, and march a-
 - gone, and march a-way! Be-gone, be-gone, be-gone, and march a-

way!
 - way!
 - way!

ff sf sf sf sf sf sf sf

[NELLY and DOROTHY go into the house, R.]

MARG.—Now, as I'm a woman, here's some mischief a-foot: two women left alone, and refuse the company of a third, only for the sake of being alone! Oh, impossible! I'll find it out before I go. Who comes here? Some man.—I'll step aside, and see if they are so uncharitable to coat and waistcoat as they are to petticoats. [Retires, L. U. E.]

Enter THOMAS, with a basket, L., and knocks at the cottage door.

THOMAS.—(sings.) The night invites to love;
Then tarry not above;
But, Nelly, Nelly, Nelly, come down to me.
Mrs. Nelly! Mrs. Nelly!

Re-enter NELLY from the house.

NELLY.—Well, Tummas, what do you want?

THOMAS.—My master has sent the wine, and—

NELLY.—Hush! speak softly, Tummas.

THOMAS.—My master will be here himself presently.

NELLY.—Oh, very well. Do 'e come and see what we have got ready for he.

[Exeunt into the house, c., door in flat.]

MARG.—(coming forward.) So, as I suspected. But let me see. (looks in at the door.) One, two, three, four, bottles of wine. Well said; very pretty provision, indeed! The cake in the closet is for after supper, I suppose; the boiled lamb is the gentleman's choice, I imagine. Oh, Mr. Thomas seems coming out: I'll step aside again, for I'll see the end o' t, I'm determined. [Retires, L. U. E.]

THOMAS comes from the house.

(sings.) Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Nelly:
She is the darling of my heart—
Because she fills my belly.

[Exit THOMAS, L.]

MARG.—(coming forward.) Egad! Thomas said true enough, for here his master comes, I believe. I shall see more.

Enter ENDLESS, r

ENDLESS.—(L. c.) Egad! this was sweetly contrived: whilst the lawsuit of mine turns my simple farmer out of his house, I turn in.—A good turn, faith! Ha! one good turn deserves another.

MARG.—(r. c.—aside.) Sure, I should know that face and voice!

ENDLESS.—This dress, I think, cannot fail of attracting Dorothea's heart; but the best of the joke is, she fancies I am in love with her.—Ha! ha! ha!—A monstrous good joke, faith—ha! ha! I doubt whether I shine most in carrying on a sham action or a counterfeit passion. I am Marti quam Mercurio.

MARG.—(aside.) As I live, it is that wicked rogue Endless, who commenced an action against Robin,

took from him all he had, and drove him to sea!

ENDLESS.—If I can but compass my suit, and prevail on her to consent to my wishes, for she has always refused me hitherto—

MARG.—(aside.) I must plague him a little. But hold! I had best decamp; for, if he should know me, he'd certainly carry me back to my father, and have me married. I'll not venture that. (crosses, singing the last line of her song, looking at ENDLESS.)

[Exit, L. 2 E.]

ENDLESS.—This is unlucky.—That girl is watching me. I daren't go into the cottage. I'll turn back again till she is out of sight, that I will.

[Exit ENDLESS, L.]

Enter CROP, ROBIN, WILLIAM, and FREDERICK, from the house, who begin the *Finale*: in the course of which, enter MARGARETTA, L., DOROTHY and NELLY from the house. The *Stage dark*.

FINALE FIRST ACT.

Andante,
con moto.

PIANO.

p

f

CROP.

How of-ten thus I'm forc'd to trudge! I own, this

dim. *p.*

ROBIN.

Cheer

use - less toil I grudge. How of - ten thus I'm forc'd to trudge!

f marcato.

up, and let your heart be light!

CROP.

Tho' long and tiresome is the way,... I must be

sf *p.*

ROBIN.

Your gain the

back by break of day— I must be back by break of day.

FREDERICK.

la - bour shall re - quite. I'll think on what you

dolce.

said.

CROP.

Ay, ay, be care - ful, Fred.

p *mf*

MARGARETTA.

Lost in the dark, per-plex'd I

tr. *dim.* *p*

rove, And know not where I stray; Some kind - ly star, a

friend to love, Di - rect me on my way.

DOROTHY.

I'll see if

yet the coast be clear. Hold! hold! not yet; they still are here.

FREDERICK.

But, if at
CROP.

But, if at

ROBIN.

last, my suit should fail,.. 'Psha!' nev-er stand to quake and quail.

last, my suit should fail,..

WILLIAM.

'Psha!' nev-er stand to quake and quail.

sf *cresc.* *f* *p* *mol. c.*

FREDERICK.

First system of the musical score. It consists of three vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "To-night good for - tune be our guide; We'll take the best that may be -". The piano part features dynamic markings of *mf* and *p*.

Second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are: "- tide, To-night good for - tune be our guide; We'll take the". The piano part includes dynamic markings of *p* and *f*.

Third system of the musical score. It concludes the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are: "best that may be - tide.....". The piano part includes dynamic markings of *dim.* and *ad lib.*

Andantino.
MARGARETTA.

p
Hope, a dis - tant joy dis - clos - ing, Bal - - my

DOROTHY.
p
Hope, a dis - tant joy..... dis - clos - ing, Bal - - my

FREDERICK.
p
Hope, a dis - tant joy..... dis - clos - ing, Bal - - my

CROP.
p
Hope, a dis - tant joy..... dis - clos - ing, Bal - - my

WILLIAM.
p
Hope, a dis - tant joy..... dis - clos - ing, Bal - - my

com - fort can im - part;... *tr* *pp* Anx - ious doubt in

com - fort can im - port;... *tr* *pp* Anx - ious doubt in

com - fort can im - part;... *pp* Anx - ious doubt in

com - fort can im - part;... *pp* Anx - ious doubt in

com - fort can im - part;... *pp* Anx - ious doubt in

hope re - pos - ing, Fan - cy calms.. the tor - tur'd *tr*

hope..... re - pos - ing, Fan - cy calms.. the tor - tur'd *tr*

hope..... re - pos - ing, Fan - cy calms.. the tor - tur'd

hope..... re - pos - ing, Fan - cy calms.. the tor - tur'd

hope..... re - pos - ing, Fan - cy calms the tor - tur'd

heart. My wea - ry toil..... suc - cess re - pay,.... And *cresc.*

heart. My wea - ry toil..... suc - cess re - pay,.... And *cresc.*

heart. My wea - ry toil..... suc - cess.... re - pay, And *cresc.*

heart. My wea - ry toil..... suc - cess.... re - pay,.... And *cresc.*

heart. My wea - ry toil..... suc - cess re - pay, And

for - tune guide ... us on..... our way, And for - tune

for - tune guide.... us on.... our way,.....

for - tune guide us on..... our way, And for - tune

for - tune guide us on our way, And for - tune

for - tune guide us on our way, And for - tune

mf *cresc.* *f*

guide, and for tune guide us on..... our way.....

..... guide us on..... our way,

guide, and for tune guide us on our way.

guide, and for-tune guide us on..... our way.

guide, and for tune guide us on our way.

dim.

sf sf sf sf sf *dim.*

pp
Anx - ious doubt in hope re - pos - ing, Fan - cy

#pp
Anx - ious doubt in hope..... re - pos - ing, Fan - cy

#pp
Anx - ious doubt in hope.... re - pos - ing, Fan - cy

#pp
Anx - ious doubt in hope..... re - pos - ing, Fan - cy

pp
Anx - ious doubt in hope..... re - pos - ing, Fan - cy

pp *sempre pp*

calms... the tor - tur'd heart. For-tune guide us, for-tune

tr *f* *p*

calms.... the tor - tur'd heart. For-tune guide us, for-tune

tr *f* *p*

calms... the tor - tur'd heart. For-tune guide us, for-tune guide us, for-tune

f *p*

calms... the tor - tur'd heart. For-tune guide us, for-tune guide us, for-tune

f *p*

calms the tor - tur'd heart. For-tune guide us, for-tune

guide us on our way, For - tune guide us, for - tune guide us, For - tune
 guide us on our way, For - tune guide us, for - tune guide us, For - tune
 guide us on our way. For - tune guide us, For - tune
 guide us on our way. For - tune guide us, For - tune
 guide us on our way. For - tune guide us, For - tune

f *p* *f* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p*

guide us on our way.
 guide us on our way.
 guide us on our way.
 guide us on our way.
 guide us on our way.

pp *f* *p*

sempre p *dim.* *rall.*

*Evant DOROTHY and NELLY into the house, ROBIN, WILLIAM,
 and FRUBBICK, L, MARGARETTA, L.*

ACT SECOND.

SCENE FIRST.—*A Wood.*

Enter MARGARETTA, R.

MARG.—(c.) Oh, dear! what will become of me? I

am quite benighted. I have led the lawyer a fine dance, faith! he may now follow his own schemes as much as he likes, so he does not spoil mine.

A MISER BID TO HAVE AND HOLD ME.

GRETRY.

Allegro.

PIANO.

MARGARETTA.

A mi - ser

bid to have and hold me, And gree - dy pa - rents would have sold me—

A hus - band was e - nough for me, No mat - ter, ug - ly, lame, or

old:

..... There was no harm that they could see, So all his bags were full of

gold..... No, Ro - bin, no, you need not fear, You nev - er were in dan - ger

here, Should such a hus-band have or hold..... No, Ro-bin, no, you need not

fear, You nev-er were in dan-ger here, You nev-er were in dan-ger

here.....

MARG.—Hey! as I live, here's a man coming this way. I am frightened out of my wits! there are so many paths that I am at a loss to know which takes me to the village.

Enter CROP, L.

CROP.—(L. C.) 'Egad! it's well I happened to meet with my neighbour Trotman, or I should have had a long walk to no purpose; for he informs me poor Grist is dead. Poor fellow! well, death can neither be seen nor prevented, so there's an end of that. (sees MARGARETTA.) Who goes there!

MARG.—A poor girl, sir, who wants a night's lodging, and has lost her way.

CROP.—Where did you want to go to, my girl?

MARG.—To the next village, sir.

CROP.—You are out of the way, indeed; however, come with me, I'll provide you with a night's lodging.

MARG.—Lord, sir, I hope you don't intend me any harm.

CROP.—Harm, indeed! no, not I, my girl. Do you see yonder cottage, where the smoke rises thro the trees? I am the owner of it, and I trust its doors were never shut to charity.

MARG.—Are you the owner of that cottage?

CROP.—I am: there's an honest housewife that will use you kindly, who is melancholy enough, poor soul! I dare say, at being left alone.

MARG.—(aside.) Very melancholy, indeed. Well, some of you men are really good creatures, and I could find in my heart to do you a piece of service, honest farmer.

CROP.—Come, my girl, don't be afraid, I'll take care of you.

MARG.—Heaven bless you for your kindness! I think I shall have it in my power to reward you, or I am very much mistaken.

[Exit MARGARETTA and CROP, R.]

SCENE SECOND.—A Room in Crop's house.

ENDLESS and DOROTHY discovered at a table, with the cloth laid for supper—at the back of the stage are several sacks, which appear full.

DORO.—Indeed, Mr. Endless, I wouldn't do such a thing for the world.

ENDLESS.—I have carried on this action too precipitately. (aside.) But, my dear Dorothea, let us reason this affair together.

DORO.—(rises.) But what signifies our reasoning about a thing which I know to be wrong.

ENDLESS.—Now, I say, what signifies our knowing a thing to be wrong, when nobody else knows anything about the matter. A blot is no blot, till it's hit.

DORO.—Ay! but is there no such thing as conscience?

ENDLESS.—But conscience can't be brought into court; I never heard of a man's conscience being subpoenaed on a trial; if that was the case, there would be an end of our profession at once. Oh, it would be all Dicky with us.

Enter NELLY with a leg of boiled lamb, which she puts on the table, and exits, R.

ENDLESS.—But, as Nelly seems to have been so busy for us, let us sit down and finish the subject after supper. (they sit down.)

DORO.—I needn't ask you to make free, I hope, Mr. Endless, as all you see on the table is your own.

ENDLESS.—Don't mortify me, my sweet Dorothea, by calling it mine, you know it is all yours—at least, if your husband's money can make it so. (aside.)

DORO.—Oh, dear! you are so obliging, I fear we shall never have it in our power to return your kindness, at least, till George has gained his law-suit.

ENDLESS.—I'll take care not to wait till then. (aside.) Don't mention any reward to me, I am sufficiently repaid in the happiness of—(rises and offers to kiss her, a loud knocking at the door.) What the

devil's that! Do you expect anybody here to-night? Oh, Lord! the supper will be spoiled!

DORO.—Nelly! Nelly! (NELLY enters, L.) Run, Nelly, see who's at the door; if it's George, I'm undone.

[Exit NELLY, R., and re-enters in a great fright.]
NELLY.—Oh, dear! it be measter, as I hope to be married.

ENDLESS.—The 'devil it is!

DORO.—Oh, dear! what shall we do with Mr. Endless?

ENDLESS.—Ay, there will be an end of Mr. Endless.

CROP.—(without, R.) Why, wife! Dorothy! Dorothy! ENDLESS.—Zounds! put me anywhere—have you no closet, or snug corner I can creep into?

DORO.—No; but here, I have it; creep into this sack.

ENDLESS.—A sack!

DORO.—Yes; I'll get my husband to bed presently, and then I'll come and let you out.

ENDLESS.—Creep into a sack?—the thing's impossible! my new suit, here, will be totally spoiled.

DORO.—No, no, it has only had flour in it, and that will easily brush off.

ENDLESS.—Dam me, but I wish I could brush off.

DORO.—Come, Nelly, help me to put it over him.

ENDLESS.—Well, don't you let the cat out of the bag.

CROP.—(without.) Why, Nelly, Dorothy, why don't you open the door?

DOROTHY and NELLY pull a sack over ENDLESS, leaving the opening at his feet, and place him among the other sacks—they then hurriedly remove the supper, and NELLY then goes off R., and returns followed by CROP and MARGARETTA, R.

CROP.—Why, wife, one would have thought, by your keeping us at the door so long, you had been fast asleep; what were you dreaming of?

DORO.—(aside.) I am sure we never dreamed of you.

CROP.—Poor Grist is dead, which made me come back to-night; and, on my way, I met this young woman, who had lost her road; you must give her a night's lodging and a bit of supper.

MARG.—(aside, after feeling the sacks.) Oh, you are there, are you, Mr. Lawyer?

CROP.—Hang it! I'm sorry there's nothing for supper, for I expect Robin here, presently.

MARG.—(aside.) What do I hear? Robin expected here?

CROP.—He's only gone to the sea-shore to see if anything has been flung up by the tide.

ROBIN.—(without, R.) Hallo! Hallo!

CROP.—Egad, here he is! I'll go and bring out one of our cheeses; I dare say he's hungry; he always had a good appetite. *[Exit, L.]*

Enter ROBIN, with a keg under his arm, R.

ROBIN.—Huza, my boys! Robin's his own man again; with these fruits of honest industry will I moor for life; and, when I hear the wind rattle, I'll heave a sigh for all poor brother tars.

MARG.—(aside.) I hope he hasn't forgotten poor Margaretta. He has not said a word of me yet.

Enter CROP, with a cheese, L.

CROP.—To think I should have nothing for supper but cheese—a plague on this ill-luck.

ROBIN.—I'm so happy, I could dance a hornpipe on the head of a scupper-nail.

CROP.—What makes you so merry, Robin?

ROBIN.—Why, George, I have now recovered my spirits.

CROP.—What, in that keg, I suppose?

ROBIN.—Ay, the finest in the world, drawn from all parts of the globe—you shall taste them.

CROP.—With all my heart. Give us a glass, Nelly.

ROBIN.—A glass, indeed! Lord love you lubberly head, give me a hammer. (CROP gives a hammer—ROBIN unhoops the keg, and takes out a handful of gold.)

THREE YEARS A SAILOR'S LIFE I LED.

DR. HARRINGTON.

PIANO.



Allegretto.
f *p* *f*

The piano introduction consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a time signature of 6/8. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music is marked *Allegretto* and features dynamic markings of *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *f* (forte).

ROBIN.



Three years a sai - lor's

The first vocal line for Robin is on a single treble clef staff. The piano accompaniment continues on the grand staff below. The lyrics "Three years a sai - lor's" are written under the vocal line. The piano part includes a trill (*tr*) and dynamic markings of *p* (piano).



life I led, And plough'd the roar - ing sea; For why her foes should

The second vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings of *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).



Eng - land dread, Whilst all her sons are free? From France to Spain I

The third vocal line concludes the phrase. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings of *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano).

ad lib.

earn'd my bread. I thought it fair, d'ye see; And if a shot had

colla voce.

mf p

ta'en my head, Why there's an end of me.....

f

A med' - cine sure for grief and care, I

p

steer'd my course to find; Hence-forth an ea - sy sail to bear, And

f p

run be-fore the wind. Their con-juring skill let doc-tors boast, And

mf *p*

nos-trums of their shop, Wher-e'er we search from coast to coast, There's

mf *p* *colla voce.*

none like the gold-en drop.

f *tr*

For gold we sail the world a-round, And dare the tem-pest's

p

rage, For when the spark - lers once are found, They ev - 'ry ill as -

- suage. Twixt Jew and Chris - tian not a fig Of diff - rence here we

find: The Jew no loath - ing has to pig, If 'tis of the Gui - nea

kind!.....

MARG.—(*aside.*) I'm afraid, now he's so rich, he'll marry a lady.
 ROBIN.—Here, Crop, you may want a few guineas, and, as the keg is open, here, take a handful, and when you've recovered your law-suit, pay me; and now with the rest—
 CROP.—Ay, Robin, what will you do with the rest?
 ROBIN.—Carry it to Margaretta, and, if she is still in the same mind, marry her directly, and live happy all the rest of my life.
 MARG.—(*aside.*) My charming Robin!
 ROBIN.—If I could but see her now—
 MARG.—(*coming forward.*) Ay, if you did, I fear you would change your note.
 ROBIN.—Margaretta! (*runs and kisses her.*)
 MARG.—I little thought of meeting you here, Robin.
 ROBIN.—And how came you here? I forgot to ask that.
 MARG.—Oh, that's too long a story to tell you now.
 ROBIN.—Well, then, let's hear it another time. Oh, dear Margaretta! I say—that—I say—you—that—Oh, lord! (*runs and hugs her very eagerly.*) Come, let's now to supper, and be merry. But where is the supper? What have you got in the house, brother Crop?

CROP.—Why, I never knew anything happen so unlucky—we have got nothing in the house, and I'm as hungry as a lion myself.
 DORO.—Why, what a fuss you make about supper—we are not all so rich as Mr. Robin.
 CROP.—But what use are his riches now? We can't eat and drink riches.
 ROBIN.—Egad! if you can you shall have it.
 CROP.—Faith! Robin, I can give you nothing but bread and cheese.
 ROBIN.—Well, bread and cheese and kisses; hey, Margaretta? sit down, my girl. (*ROBIN and CROP sit.*)
 MARG.—Presently, Robin. Now let me see if I can't furnish the table better. I smell the lamb yet. (*aside.*)
 ROBIN.—Come, Madge, give the landlord and I one of the songs you used to sing, if you haven't forgot them. You don't know what a good pipe she has.
 MARG.—I'll sing you one that I heard this morning, which is quite new.
 ROBIN.—Ay, let's hear it.
 MARG.—The person who taught it me said it should never be sung before a poor meal, but you shall judge if he was right.
 CROP.—Well, begin, my girl.

ACROSS THE DOWNS THIS MORNING.

MARGARETTA.

The musical score for 'Across the Downs This Morning' is presented in two systems. The first system shows the vocal line for Margaretta and the piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 2/4 time, and begins with a whole rest. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 2/4 time, and begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The tempo is marked *Andantino*. The second system shows the vocal line with the lyrics: '- cross the downs this morn - ing, As be - times I chanc'd to go, . . . A'. The piano accompaniment continues with a *dim.* dynamic marking.

The second system of the musical score shows the vocal line with the lyrics: '- cross the downs this morn - ing, As be - times I chanc'd to go, . . . A'. The piano accompaniment continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

shep-herd led his flock a - broad, All white as driv - en snow. But

one was most the shep-herd's care, A lamb, so sleek, so plump, so fair,— It's

won-drous beau - ties in a word, To let you fair - ly know,..... 'Twas

p e legato.

such as Nel - ly from the fire Took off not long a - go!

p e leggiero.

CROP.—Hold! hold! my girl. If I heard you right, I think you said, such as Nelly took off the fire not long ago.

MARG.—'Tis part of my song, sir.

ROBIN.—Ay, 'tis part of her song.

CROP.—Well, but is it in joke or earnest? Have you any lamb in the house, Nelly?

ROBIN.—Come, Nell, let's overhaul your lockers.

CROP.—Come, come, wife, I see how this is; you had a mind to surprise me agreeably.

DORO.—Why, that was the case, indeed, George. I knew you were very fond of lamb; so as it was

only a small joint, I meant to give it you when you were alone.

CROP.—I thought so; but bring it here, Nelly; I am one that don't like to see my guests fare worse than myself.

ROBIN.—Come, bear a hand, Nell, stretch along the lamb halyards, and a knife or two. (*Exit NELLY. L., and returns with lamb, &c.*) Egad! Madge, it was lucky you happened to fall in with the sheep.

CROP.—Ay, so it was. Come, let's hear the rest of the song.

2ND VERSE.
MARGARETTA.

This lamb so blithe as Mid-sum-mer, His fro - lic gam-bol's play'd: And

now, of all the flock a - head The pret - ty wan - ton stray'd. A

wolf that watch'd with gree - dy eyes, Rush'd forth and seiz'd the ten - der prize: The

shep - herd saw, and rais'd a stone, So round, so large, I vow;..... 'Twas

p e legato.

like the cake that Nel - ly laid Up - on the shelf just now!

p e leggero.

CROP.—Stop, my dear!—Didn't you say like the cake Nelly laid on the shelf just now? Why, Nell, is there a cake in the house?

ROBIN.—Ay, that there is! (*puts his hand on CROP's head*)

CROP.—Come, bring it out, Nell.

[*Exit NELLY, and returns with cake, l.*

ROBIN.—What! still the same madcap as ever, Margaretta? (*they eat the supper.*)

CROP.—Egad, this is a most excellent song.

MARG.—Will you hear the rest of it, sir?

CROP.—By all means; and if the latter part of it is as good as the former, it will be by much the best song I ever heard.

ROBIN.—Egad! brother Crop, "No Song, no Supper!"

3RD VERSE.
MARGARETTA.

This mon-strous stone the shep-herd flung, And well his aim he took;.. Yet

scarce the sav-age crea-ture deign'd A-round to cast a look; But

fled so swift, with foot-steps light, As he who brought the wine to-night. I

tried to stop the thief, but he Turn'd round in rage, good lack!..... So

mad the law - yer scarce can be That's hid in you - der sack!

p e legato.

p e leggiero.

CROP.—(*rises.*) A lawyer hid in the sack! Zounds! what is all this?

ROBIN.—(*goes to the sacks.*) Oh, impossible! these are all full of corn. (*beats the sacks.*) Yes, faith! here's one seems to be heaving anchor. (*ENDLESS moves, and comes down to the front of the stage.*) 'Ecod! if they should all rise, you'll have a fine field of standing corn, brother Crop. (*beats ENDLESS, who offers to go.*) Hold! hold! no exportation without inspection. (*pulls off the sack, and discovers ENDLESS, who is covered with flour.*)

CROP.—Endless!—Oh, the devil!

ENDLESS.—Assault me, if you dare! If you strike me, it's actionable in court, as I was not found in any overt act.

CROP.—No, but you were found in a very rascally one, though.

ENDLESS.—I don't care for that.

CROP.—If these are your tricks, I know how to suit you.

ENDLESS.—And you know how to nonsuit me, I find.

CROP.—To think I should entrust you to manage my affairs—

ROBIN.—You might have had a young crop before you looked for it.

ENDLESS.—I beg you wouldn't mention it.

CROP.—I have a great mind to knock your head off.

ENDLESS.—Don't mention it—pray don't!

ROBIN.—You deserve to be beat like a sack.

ENDLESS.—Don't mention it—pray don't! I move for a *habeas corpus* out of this court; but take care

how you insult a limb of the law, or you may chance to bring down the vengeance of the whole body. [*Exit, R.*]

ROBIN.—If such limbs were lopped off, it would do the constitution good.

Re-enter ENDLESS, R.

ENDLESS.—I beg your pardon, I am afraid I have a little of your property, which I beg to return. (*throws a lot of flour over them and runs out, R.*)

CROP.—(*to DOROTHY*) What have you to say for yourself, eh! you jade? So, the lamb was for Mr. Endless.

MARG.—I should but half repay your kindness if I didn't tell you that your wife has ever refused to listen to his addresses; this, I assure you, he said himself, when he little thought anyone overheard him.

CROP.—Say you so? Then, wife, give me your hand, and let us for the future endeavour to live happy together; and the best way to do so, is to forget and forgive.

ROBIN.—So it is, brother Crop.

Enter FREDERICK and LOUISA, R.

ROBIN.—Master Frederick, I wish you joy! and d'ye see, Louisa, make him a good wife. This storm to-night has blown back your lover; but, remember, the gentle gales of moderate weather must keep the husband within hail of you!

FINALE.

Vivace.
 PIANO. *p* *f*

MARGARETTA.
 Let shep-herd lads and maids ad-vance, And
 DOROTHY.
 Let shep-herd lads and maids ad-vance, And
 CROP.
 Let shep-herd lads and maids ad-vance, And

neat - ly trim be seen; To - night we'll lead the mer - ry dance, In cir - cles o'er the
 neat - ly trim be seen; To - night we'll lead the mer - ry dance, In cir - cles o'er the
 neat - ly trim be seen; To - night we'll lead the mer - ry dance, In cir - cles o'er the

CHORUS.

green.... Let shep-herd lads and maids advance, And neat - ly trim be seen; To

CHORUS. 2nd Treble.

green.... Let shep-herd lads and maids advance, And neat - ly trim be seen; To

CHORUS.

green.... Let shep-herd lads and maids advance, And neat - ly trim be seen; To

- night we'll lead the mer - ry dance, In cir - cles o'er the green.

- night we'll lead the mer - ry dance In cir - cles o'er the green.

- night we'll lead the mer - ry dance, In cir - cles o'er the green.

LOUISA.

Be - yond our hopes by for - tune crown'd, Here all our trou - bles cease; Each

FREDERICK.

Be - yond our hopes by for - tune crown'd, Here all our trou - bles cease; Each

year.... that takes,... that takes its jo-cund round, Shall bring..... con-tent,...

year.... that takes,... that takes its jo-cund round, Shall bring con-

..... shall bring, shall bring..... con-tent and peace,... Let

-tent, shall bring, shall bring. con-tent and peace.... Let

WILLIAM.

Let

CHORUS.

shep-herd lads and maids advance, And neat-ly trim be seen:.. To-night we'll lead the

CHORUS. 2nd Treble.

shep-herd lads and maids advance, And neat-ly trim be seen:.. To-night we'll lead the

CHORUS.

shepherd lads and maids advance, And neat-ly trim be seen:.. To-night we'll lead the

mer - ry dance, In cir - cles o'er the green.

mer - ry dance, In cir - cles o'er the green.

mer - ry dance, In cir - cles o'er the green.

MARGARETTA.

And whilst we sport, and dance, and play, The ta - bor blithe shall

sound, . . . The ta - bor blithe, the ta - bor blithe,

We'll laugh, and chant our ca - rols gay, We'll chant our

ca - rols gay, While mer - ry bells ring round.....

Ped. p e leggiero.

..... Now mirth and glee, and pas-times light, The fro - lic hours shall
 ДОРОГНУ.

Now mirth and glee, and pastimes light, The fro - lic hours shall
 ЧОРОП.

Now mirth and glee, and pas-times light, The fro - lic hours shall

mf

share; And spark-ling eyes shall wake the night; To - mor-row's time for care And
Soprano 2do.

share; And spark-ling eyes shall wake to-night; To - mor-row's time for care. And
Tenor.

share; And spark-ling eyes shall wake to-night; To - mor-row's time for care. And
Bass.

And

ff

whilst we sport, and dance, and play, The ta - bor blithe shall sound; We'll laugh, and chant our

whilst we sport, and dance, and play, The ta - bor blithe shall sound; We'll laugh, and chant our

whilst we sport, and dance, and play, The ta - bor blithe shall sound; We'll laugh, and chant our

whilst we sport, and dance, and play, The ta - bor blithe shall sound; We'll laugh, and chant our

ca - rols gay, While mer - ry bells go round.

ca - rols gay, While mer - ry bells go round, And whilst we sport, and dance and play, The

ca - rols gay, While mer - ry bells go round, And whilst we sport, and dance and play, The

ca - rols gay, While mer - ry bells go round. And whilst we sport, and

We'll laugh, and chant our ca - rols gay, While mer - ry bells ring

ta - bor blithe shall sound. We'll laugh, and chant our ca - rols gay, While mer - ry bells ring

ta - bor blithe shall sound. We'll laugh, and chant our ca - rols gay, While mer - ry bells ring

dance, and play. We'll laugh, and chant our ca - rols gay, While mer - ry bells ring

round,... While mer - ry bells..... ring round, While bells ring

round,... While mer - ry bells..... ring round, While bells ring

round,... While mer - ry bells..... ring round, While bells ring

round,... While mer - ry bells..... ring round, While bells ring

The first system consists of four vocal staves and two piano staves. The vocal parts are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are: "round,... While mer - ry bells..... ring round, While bells ring".

round.....

round.....

round.....

round.....

Ped. * *sf sf*

The second system continues the musical score with four vocal staves and two piano staves. The vocal parts end with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment continues with a pedaling instruction (*Ped.*) and dynamic markings (** sf sf*). The lyrics are: "round.....".

END OF OPERETTA.