

THE
MOUTH OF THE NILE;

OR, THE

Glorious First of August,

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

BY T. DIBDIN.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE - ROYAL, COVENT - GARDEN.

THE SECOND EDITION.



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PROLOGUE.

Written by R. CUMBERLAND, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. H. JOHNSTON.

A GLORIOUS vict'ry, Britons, we record,
Vict'ry, the gift of heaven's almighty Lord ;
So the great Chief, with grateful transport says,
Who, to the God of battle gives the praise:
Warm at his heart he felt the quick'ning flame,
And own'd from whom the inspiration came :
Doom'd to redress the suffering world, he bore
England's avenging flag to Egypt's shore ;
There found his long fought foe in dread array,
Rang'd for the fight, the proud Armada lay ;
At once resolv'd, to conquer, or to die,
He bade his thund'ring cannon rend the sky.
Dauntless, amidst the battle's horror stood,
Waving Britannia's trident o'er the flood,
The air above, all fire, the sea below, all blood.

Now let our scene, from this, your native Isle,
Waft you in fancy to the shores of Nile :
In this gay moment, sure you'll not refuse
To hold short dalliance with a merry muse,
Who, by the tide of rapture, driy'n amain,
Chaunts forth her wild, enthusiastic strain,
A sailor's songstress she, and little grac'd
With the fine ornaments of polish'd taste ;
For ditties, form'd the rugged tar to cheer,
Must strike *Con brio* on the deafen'd ear.
And strong in lungs, should that bold Minstrel be,
Who sings in chorus with the roaring sea ;
Soft thrilling quavers cannot suit the throat,
Which Nelson tunes to triumph's loudest note.
If quavers are your taste, good folks, you'll meet
Enough of them, perchance, in t'other fleet ;
Whilst our brave tars struck up their fav'rite lay,
Of *Rule Britannia*, on that glorious day.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The flattering reception experienced by the following hasty attempt to celebrate the late glorious Victory, would leave the Author without excuse, were he to omit his acknowledgements to the Manager and Performers, whose exertions in its favour have proved so effectual; and however insignificant the Piece may be in itself, the subject on which it is written induces him to inscribe it, with sentiments of the highest ADMIRATION and GRATITUDE,

To the *TARS* of *OLD ENGLAND*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Jack Junk	- - - - -	Mr. TOWNSEND.
William	- - - - -	Mr. FAWCETT.
Pat	- - - - -	Mr. T. DIBDIN.
Michael (an Egyptian Peasant)	- - - - -	Mr. INCLEDON.
Old Peasant	- - - - -	Mr. SIMMONS.
French Officer	- - - - -	Mr. WILDE.
Sufan	- - - - -	Miss SIMS.
Adela	- - - - -	Miss WALCUP.

Peasants, Sailors, &c. Messrs. Thomson, Cranfield, Lewis, Rayner, Power, Platt, &c.

SCENE, that Part of the Egyptian Coast nearest the Island of Abouker.

* * * The Lines marked with inverted Commas were omitted in the Representation.

THE MOUTH OF THE NILE;

OR, THE

Glorious First of August.

SCENE I.

*An Egyptian Landscape—An old Peasant enters meeting
MICHAEL, ADELA, and a number of Egyptian Vil-
lagers.*

PEASANT.

AYE, aye, I knew how it wou'd be. It's all
over! It's all over.

Mich. All over! Why, what crotchet have you
got in your head now?

Peas. One that will make you quaver, my good
friend. D'ye see that fleet of Frenchmen off the
coast! a vessel from it has just put into yonder Bay;
a whole legion of red night-caps have landed, and
issued a proclamation to tell us we are all slaves,
and that they come to make us free whether we will
or no.

Mich. A proclamation. Well, tell us the par-
ticulars.

Peas. Here's a copy of it. I'll make it out if I
can.

CHAUNT.

By order of the chiefs of the grand deputation,
 Who bear the commands of the great Gallic Nation,
 We hereby proclaim, and ordain, and invite,
 That all the good folks of this Province unite,
 To make themselves free, of their chains we shall
 rid 'em,

And permit them to do—just whatever we bid 'em ;

“ We no consciences bind, no religion disown,

“ But take each as we find, having none of our own.”

Our exploits all have heard, so I need'nt repeat,

How in Europe the devil and all we have beat,

“ How we've conquer'd the Pope, Church and Car-
 dinals too,

“ And intend, if you please, the same favour for
 you.”

How we mean Britain's Island to take when we *can*,

Tho' as yet, *entre nous*, we've not settled that plan ;

By philanthropy led, to no system confin'd,

We have burnt down whole towns to enlighten man-
 kind;

And we mean to extend our benign revolution,

Till the world is involv'd in one glorious confusion.

“ While we, still its masters, victorious ramble,

“ And pick up whatever we can in the scramble.”

And thus they conclude their grand gasconade,

Signed by Citizen Coup tête,

CHEF DE BRIGADE.

Mick.

Mich. Why, this is a proclamation to some tune i'faith.

Peas. Aye, and who's to pay the piper? They have put all our property in requisition, and the whole Province is to come voluntarily forward by mere compulsion. Mercy on us! here comes one of them. *[Drums and shouts heard.]*

Enter an Outré FRENCH OFFICER.

F. Off. Aha, dat is right. We are all safe arrived; we have done our duty, and the whole world is ver mosh make astonish.

Peas. At your impudence, hem! *(apart.)*

F. Off. Eh! vat you say? dat is ver pret girl, come here, ma dear, you can love a Frenchman? we are de plus grand nation. We make free all over de world.

Mich. *(apart.)* More free than welcome, I believe.

F. Off. To be sure we are welcome; you are in de right; we shall reform your government; you read de Proclamation; we are come to gain laurels by conquering de Beys; you have reason to shed tears of joy for our arrival. *[Goes up among the Women.]*

Peas. Aye, we shall have reason to shed tears, for my part, there's not a crocodile in the Nile shall out cry me.

F. Off. *(to Adela.)* You are very pret, my dear; vill you marry ma dear?

Mich. I hope so, or I shall go without a wife.

F. Off. Saar; vat you say? Don't speak a noise; I am de Representatif of de Grand Nation; you shou'd refuse us noting, for we come to give liberty.

Mich. Aye, and to take liberty too.

F. Off. Saar, we come to rescue you from oppression, to give you freedom of opinion, to untie your tongues, so if you speak anoder word, I knocke you down, aha! de French is de greatest Nation on de Earth; ah! my dear, vat you tink?

Adela. I thought, Sir, that Great Britain, of which we have heard so much, was excepted.

F. Off. Dat Great Britain is a stupid little Island; so stupid that we can make no impression upon it at all; no, dere is none great except ourselves; when dey speak of someting great in Europe, dey always except de French.

Peas. You take exception then upon occasions.

F. Off. Vous avez raison; you are in de right; the nations round us are all fools; and for dat scurvey English, I never vas see such fool people; dey are de greatest fool in all de World.

Mich. Except the French of course, you know, Sir.

F. Off. Eh! ventre bleu! vat you mean? vere is de Guard Nationale? I teach you manners; and for dis girl, she must come with me.

Mich. Is this the Liberty you promise us?

F. Off.

F. Off. O, as for dat liberty, we keep it safe. Come, I shall take care of your sweetheart.

Mich. Indeed! (*takes ADELA from him.*) Then, you had better take care of me too; for by the head of the Nile, I'll defend her with my life. [*Exit.*]

Enter JACK JUNK, PAT, and ENGLISH SAILORS.

Junk. And by the bowsprit of the Majestic, I swear to stand by you. So, sheer off, Mr. Yellow-Chops. There's an English Fleet bearing down upon you; and dam'me, but there'll be a warm day's work for somebody.

F. Off. De English Fleet! Dat is mal apropos; but no matter; I am quite happy; it is well for me.

Junk. What, that you're ashore you mean, I suppose—O! how I should like just now to be clearing the gangway of a few of you.

F. Off. Excuse me—I shall acquaint our General, you are arrive.

Junk. Hand me your arms first; and as for your General, he has heard of us by this time. In about three glasses and a-half, we shall attack the French Fleet, and bring it in under British colours--So, heave your red night-cap a head. Sheer off, you lubber. Come, my hearties, what cheer? I'll give you a toast—"Here's may the beautiful blue ocean,"—

[*takes out a case bottle.*]

Pat.

Pat. A bull, a bull, my dear jewel! The devil a bit of blue is there in the whole boiling of it—There's the Red Sea, and the Black Sea, and the White Sea; and the devil a one of them but is as green as a potatoe plant.

Junk. Why I say it *is* blue, and I'll tell you how it happened,

SONG.—JACK JUNK.

When the world first began, and some folks say before,
As old Neptune was quaffing his grog at the Nore,
He cried out, in his cups, as my land is the sea,
It's high time to consult what its colour shall be.

II.

“Amphitrite had been to drink tea at Sheerness,
“And had seen at the barracks, a captain's spruce
drefs;”

To her Husband she said, as she flirted her fan,
Let its colour be red, do now, that's a dear man.

III.

“Neptune shook his rough locks, at his wife gave a
frown,

“When his taylor call'd on us, with some patterns
from town;”

He still was in doubt, till he cast up his eye,
And resolv'd that the ocean should match the bright
sky.

IV.

IV.

Thus the sea, as philosophers know to be true,
As it wash'd our white cliffs, bore a fine azure hue,
'Till the laurel of Britain, victorious was seen,
To reflect on its surface, and change it to green.

V.

You may guess our opposers were sad at the fight !
As the sea grew more green, why Monsieur grew
more white :

And, they never behold it, but vex'd at the view,
They scold at poor Neptune, and cry out, *Mor bleu.*

VI.

May its colour remain, and good luck to the boys,
Who o'er its salt surface thro' danger and noise,
With *Howe, Duncan, St. Vincent, and Nelson* maintain,
That the tight little Island still governs the main.

[*End of the song, the English Fleet appears, heaving
in sight; guns fire.*

Enter more Sailors.

1st Sailor. Come, meffmates, bear a hand. We've
clapt the French garrison under hatches, and cast
lots who shou'd stay to keep guard over them. And
shiver me, but I'm glad I'm not one of the number,
for the Admiral has made signal for the line.

Junk.

Junk. And may he that disobey, get a line for his trouble. "So, heave a-head, d'ye mind?" [*Exit Junk.*

"*Pat.* What, a halter? Tho' I've sailed over Asia, Africa, and America; I should be sorry to die at the end of *Eu-rop*e. So, have with you, my honeys!"

[*Exit with Sailors.*

SCENE II.

A forward Landscape. A Cottage on one side.

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Why, we are worse off than ever. The English landed to protect our wives and property from the French—And, by heaven, there's a British Midshipman in the arms of Adela. She leaves him. S'death! she has the impudence to approach me.

Enter ADELA, *from Cottage.*

Adela. Ah! my dear Michael, I have just received the greatest satisfaction you can suppose. Guess what it may be.

Mich. I must dissemble, to expose her the more amply. You have been doing a generous action?

Adela. If you knew all, you'd say so.

Mich. Knew all! Ha! Speak—What all?

Adela. Why, what's the matter? Had you seen but now, yon lovely stranger.

Mich.

Mich. Lovely! Yes, traitrefs, I do know all. I saw him in your arms; but I'll be revenged.

Adela. Ha! ha! ha! What, jealous! Alas! poor Michael. Come, your fuspicions have wronged me. However, I forgive you---there's my hand.

Mich. Death and fury!

Adela. What, *wont* you, *wont* you, *wont* you take it?

Mich. Do not trifle with me---Who is that man in your cottage?

Adela. There's no man in the cottage.

Mich. Why, then, of course I may go in. I have here a pair of fine French pistols. I'll only just
— (*going.*)

Adela. (*holds him.*) Hold, on your life! it is a woman!

Mich. A woman! Aye, egad it is! A beautiful, plump, delicate---Eh! I'm half in love with her already.

Adela. Indeed! Why then it's my turn to be jealous.

Mich. But who is she? and why in man's attire?

Adela. She has followed her sweetheart out of pure love, and she fainted on hearing there was like to be a battle. I fear there will be sad work, Michael.

[*Exit.*

Mich. Sad work indeed, my Adela.

SONG.—MICHAEL.

Ah! think when hostile fleets prepare,
 The dreadful line to form,
 When sullen murmurs thro' the air,
 Forebode the martial storm;
 See expectation hold her breath,
 And now the iron mouths of death,
 Prepare to open wide.

The word is giv'n—Hark! hark! they fire!
 See Ocean's self appall'd, retire;
 His sea-green robe, with purple badges dyed;
 At length 'tis done, the conflict o'er,
 Silent awhile, the Chiefs survey,
 The dreadful relicks of the fray;
 Till victory,
 With joyful cry,
 Proclaims her triumph to the neighb'ring shore.
 [Exit.

Enter SUSAN, from the Cottage, in Midshipman's dress.

Susan. Ah, woman, woman! how vainly you
 aspire above your sex. In love, for William, I have
 followed him unknown, to share his every danger.
 Yet, now the trial approaches, my heart sinks—It
 was foolish to faint tho'—Ah! here my William
 comes.

Enter

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Here, here's a squall for you—The boat going off, and I to be left behind. Shiver me! Why need we stay to guard the Frenchmen? Why not let them loose, and take them again when the job's over? There's the English and French Fleets in view of each other, and that with a British Tar, is equal to a victory—I wonder what makes the Mounseers so fond of this same land of Egypt—O! I suppose they have heard it was famous for frogs—they may get ashore here, but dam'me, if ever they get over the Wooden Walls of Old England.

SONG.—WILLIAM.

In the midst of the sea, like a tough man of war,
 Pull away, pull away, yo ho! there!
 Stands an Island, surpassing all others by far,
 If you doubt it, you've only to go there.
 By Neptune 'twas built upon freedom's firm base,
 And for ever 'twill last I've a notion;
 All the world I defy, to produce such a place,
 Pull away, pull away, pull, I say,
 As the snug bit of land in the Ocean.

II.

From the opposite shore, puff'd with arrogant pride,
Pull away, pull away, so clever,
They have oft' sworn as how they would come along
side,

And destroy the poor Island for ever.

But Britannia is made of such durable stuff,

And so tightly she's rigg'd I've a notion,

She'd soon give the saucy Invaders enough,

Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull I say,

If they touch'd at the land in the ocean.

III.

“ Not to mention the boys that in ages gone by,

“ Pull away, pull away, so neatly,

“ Have given the threats of proud Gallia the lie,

“ And her fleets have done up most completely.

“ For examples I'll stick to the war now in hand,

“ And you soon will confess I've a notion,

“ That if ever there was a complete lucky land,

Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull I say,

“ 'Tis the tight bit of land in the ocean.”

IV.

IV.

There was *Howe* ever bold in the glorious-cause,
 Pull away, pull away, so stout boys;
 Who gain'd on the first day of June such applause,
 And Mounseer he put to the rout boys.
 The next was *St. Vincent*, who kick'd up a dust,
 As the Spaniards can tell I've a notion;
 For they swore not to strike, says he, dam'me but
 you must,
 Pull away, pull away, &c.
 To the lads of the land in the Ocean,

V.

Adam Duncan came next, 'twas in Autumn you
 know,
 Pull away, pull away, so jolly,
 That he made big Mynheer strike his flag to a foe,
 Against whom all resistance was folly.
 And they sent, as you know, if you're not quite a
 dunce,
 But a *fad story* home, I've a notion,
 So *Duncan* he beat a whole *Winter* at once,
 Pull away, pull away, &c.
 What d'ye think of the land in the Ocean.

VI.

VI.

Now the Frenchmen again may come in for their
share,

Pull away, pull away, so hearty,
For *Nelson* will fet all the world in a stare,

And landlock e'en great *Buonaparté*.

And we'd beat them again should their stomachs
incline,

But they're all pretty sick I've a notion,

Then may Victory's sword to the Olive resign,

Pull away, pull away, &c.

And Peace crown the land in the Ocean.

So unlucky now, to think that I——

Susan. What's the matter messmate? you seem
uneasy.

Will. What then? if it had been my good for-
tune to be ordered aboard, I had not ha' been
sculking behind mahap; look ye here now, I'll give
you my share of the prize money we are going to
earn, and my allowance of grog for a month, if you
will but change births.

Susan. What, all your prize money? but that
with a sailor is no sacrifice; there is a favour which
if you would but grant, you should go and welcome.

Will. Well, stow away your palaver, what is it,
bear a hand.

Susan.

Susan. Give up your pretensions, to your old sweetheart, Sue?

Will. And who are you that dare to ask it of me?

Susan. Who? why, I'll tell you.

S O N G.

I'm as smart a lad as you'd wish to see,
 I love all the girls, for they all love me,
 And between you and I—but it's all very well,
 For you know it isn't fair to kiss and tell,
 Or else, why, lud, no lads in town,
 Or dark, or fair, or black, or brown,
 But wou'd take my hand, indeed 'tis true,
 And give me a kiss, when she'd laugh at you,
 I'm a pretty fellow, see and believe now,
 I'm a merry little lad, nay, besides I vow,
 That, tho' praised by the lasses, great and small,
 I'm lov'd by your Susan best of all.

II.

Nay, nay, good Sir, ne'er look so bluff,
 The reason why, is plain enough.
 I dance, I fence; ha! ha! see there,
 And cock my hat en militaire:
 Yet, if you're vex'd about your Sue,
 Tho' she loves me as well as she can love you,

Why,

Why, sooner than plant in your breast a dart,
I'll give up her hand with all my heart.

I'm a pretty, &c.

Will. Hark'ye, my tight one; when I come back, for I will go, at all hazards, I'll teach you what it is to insult a seaman; rob a tar of his mistress, why you might as well turn him adrift without rudder, or compass, and I'd no more yield an inch of ground in my Susan's heart, than I'd go out of the way of a Frenchman, or haul down my colours without a broadside.

Susan. You are a brave fellow, and shall have my birth. Look at me Shipmate, don't you remember an old acquaintance?

Will. What, eh! zounds, can it be Susan?

Susan. Your own Susan, who tho' her heart shrinks from the danger you are about to encounter, is more than repaid by your constancy, and proud to have the power of conducting you to glory.

Will. Tol lol de rol, my dear, dear girl, and must I fall in with you, to part company directly? why damn it! but never mind, I'll fight like a devil to help to get done the sooner, and be back to you like a shot from a swivel; and did you really grieve for my absence?

Susan. Did I? ah William!

DUET.

DUET.

Susan.

When my William was gone, oft by sorrow oppress'd,
The thoughts of your danger wou'd banish my rest,
Yet should conquest be yours, ah! what pleasure
 twou'd bring,
While blest with my William, I'd dance and I'd
 sing.

William.

Many be the merry days that we may pass together,
Happy may we stem the tide with fairest wind and
 weather;

Both, Dancing.

Every moment blest and blessing,
Every smile of love possessing,
Many be the merry days that we may pass together.

Susan.

“ In the moments of absence, those moments of grief,
“ My companions so kind, to afford me relief,
“ To their sports wou'd intreat me, alas! 'twas in
 vain,
“ For pleasure without you would only be pain.”

Both,

Both, Dancing.

“ For there’s nae luck about the house,

“ There’s nae luck at a’

“ There’s little pleasure in the house,

“ When { William’s } far awa’.
 { Susan’s }

Susan.

On the beach as I stray’d to your memory dear,

Oft I’ve offer’d to Cupid and Neptune a tear,

While cross the wide ocean I cast a sad eye,

And answer’d each gale as it blew, with a sigh.

But now to grief adieu,

For William, long with you

May Susan happy prove.

While we sing a little,

And laugh a little,

William.

And kiss a little,

And toy a little,

Both.

Be merry a little, and foot it a little,

Still true to you and love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

The open Sea.

The two fleets are seen preparing for battle. The Engagement commences, and having terminated in the destruction of the French Fleet, the crews land and are met and congratulated by the Egyptian Peasantry, with whom Susan enters and runs into William's arms.

Will. Huzza! Nelson and Victory; dam'me, but we've pepper'd 'em; I knew we shou'd.

Pat. You may say that. We've made another notch in the Calendar of Victory; and now if you look from January to December, you'll find a leathering for the foes of Old England in every mother's month of them.

Will. O, how I should like to be the bearer of the news to Little England. It will be two months before they can know of it; what a pity that a man could'nt be launch'd out of a mortar with a letter in his mouth.

Pat. And why not leave him to tell the story with his own mouth, and make a talking telegraph of him at once.

Will. Well, my girl, now we've fairly beat the French, I woud'nt care if we were snug in our hammocks at home, for England's the place, after all.

Junk. I say, we shall come in for our share of pretty girls here, my hearties.

Pat. Yes, yes, there's corn in Egypt.

Junk. We'll light up the whole coast. Huzza! for a *general* illumination.

Pat. Avast there, it's a naval victory, and deserves an *admiral* illumination. O, what Mounseer Liberty, are you there with yourself. Why, you look as if you never intended to look so again my jewel. Why you've steer'd by the wrong chart this voyage.

Junk. Come, come, no hitting a man when he's down. Give us your hand, Mounseer, and I wish with all my heart, that the work of our brave Admiral to-day may lay the foundation of a general shaking hands throughout Europe.

F. Off. You are right, it will make all de hands in my country shake.

Will. Well, don't be uneasy; it will soon be impossible for us to take any more of your ships; for you'll have none left to be taken; so, while we drink God bless the King, and his Navy and Army, let us hope no Briton will withhold his approbation from Nelson and the glorious First of August.

S O N G.

Now listen, my honeys, awhile if you please,
And a comical story I'll tell soon,
Of a tight little fellow well known on the seas,
And his name it was Admiral Nelson.

I'm sure you have all of you heard of his fame,
How he fought like the devil wherever he came,
Spoken. And may be the Dutch, Spaniards and
French won't, well, then they won't,
Have plenty of cause to remember the name
Of my tight little Admiral Nelson.

CHORUS. They'll have plenty, &c.

II.

His arm having lost at that damn'd Teneriffe,
Neyer mind, says he, I shall get well soon;
I shall catch 'em one day, as you see, lads, and if
They escape me, blame Admiral Nelson.
To doubt what I promise were mighty absurd,
For I've left 'em my hand as a pledge of my word;
Spoken. And so he did, faith, arm and all, and good
security it was, for you know, the old proverb
says,

That one hand in the bush is worth two in the bird,
So, success to brave Admiral Nelson.

CHORUS. That one hand, &c.

III.

At length, by my faith, it wou'd make the dead smile
Just to hear what Sir Horace besel soon,
The French took a trip to the Banks of the Nile,
To make work for brave Admiral Nelson.

Arrah

Arrah, faith, he fell in with them close by the land,
And he stuck in their skirts as you'll soon understand;
Spoken. And, faith, the Devil himself would have
laugh'd,

To see how he lather'd the French with one hand,
O! the world for brave Admiral Nelson!

CHORUS. To see, &c.

IV.

On the First of sweet August you know that's the
day,

As the boatmen of London can tell soon,
When for coats and for badges they all row'd away,
Little thinking of Admiral Nelson.

Who then won a badge of so brilliant a cast,
That its mem'ry with Britons will never go past.

Spoken. And every First of August, while the health
of Nelson floats on the glass, the liquor shall
be enrich'd with a tear, to the memory of the
brave fellows who fell on the occasion, and
come as many First of Augusts as there will.

There's no First of August can e'er beat the last,
When the French struck to Admiral Nelson.

CHORUS. There's no First, &c.

F I N I S.