

SONGS,
DUETS, & CHORUSSES,

IN

WHAT A BLUNDER!

A COMIC OPERA,
IN THREE ACTS.

FIRST PERFORMED, AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, HAY-MARKET,
AUGUST 14th, 1800.

The OVERTURE, and the Whole of the MUSIC,
BY MR. DAVY.

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FR. NIC. MANSKOPFSCHES
MUSIKHISTORISCHES
MUSEUM. FRANKFURT A.M.

Sg handk. nos II 180/220

CHARACTERS.

Dashington	Mr. FAWCETT,
Sir Sturdy O'Tremor	Mr. JOHNSTONE,
Count Alphonso d'Esparza	Mr. C. KEMBLE,
Don Miguel de Lara	Mr. SUETT,
Lopez	Mr. FARLEY,
Juan	Mr. EMERY,
Patrick	Mr. CHIPPENDALE,
Captain of the Banditti	Mr. SAWYER,
1st Robber	Mr. CAULFIELD,
2nd ditto	Mr. I. PALMER,
1st Friar	Mr. ABBOT.
Angelina	Miss DE CAMP,
Leonora	Mrs. MOUNTAIN,
Jaquelina	Miss WHEATLY,
Viletta	Miss MENAGE.

SCENE VALENCIA.

Nuns, Friars, Banditti, Officers of Inquisition.

&c.

SONGS, &c.

ACT I.

GLEE and CHORUS of PEASANTS.

HAPPY is the peasant's lot,
If he know to prize it;
Comfort lodges in a cot,
Then let none despise it.
Wholesome toil, and fragrant air,
Sauce our homely rustic fare.
And you see
Poor peasantry,
Are merry and full of enjoyment—
While the great,
In all their state,
Are drooping for want of employment.

SONG, Sir STURDY O'TREMOR.

OH! what a great flutter is here at my heart,
And a queer sort of feel runs thro' ev'ry part,
With a heigho! dear me; well a day!

B

I fo shiver, that furely an ague I've got,
But 'tis fometimes a cold one, and fometimes a hot
 With a heigho! &c.
My nerves, all fo friskily caper and prance;
They're certainly learning St. Vitus's dance,
 With a heigho! &c.

With labour I force up each tremulous note;
For the words I would utter they ftick in my
 throat,

 With a heigho! &c.
As fure as I live, I'm in danger of death,
For no fign fo fure as a ftoppage of breath,
 With a heigho! &c.

My pulfe comes and goes too, fo ftangely, good
 lack!

I fear it will go, and will never come back,
 With a heigho! &c.

But when I my charmer fee,
 Quickly will vanifh all forrow and pain:
Oh! let her bright eyes beam on me,
 Then pleafure will tingle in ev'ry vein.

And once let me call her my own,
 Rapture will crown me by day and by night,
Joy then will fo mighty be grown;
 Oh, I fhall die with delight!

AIR JAQUELINA.

How sweetly glide her tranquil days,
 Who free from passions sway;
 No wish beyond these walls betrays,
 Nor wafts one sigh away:—
 Oh! then 'tis Heaven here to dwell,
 For seraphs cheer her lonely cell.

But pity her, whom cruel pow'r
 A victim here has brought,
 To pine away each ling'ring hour,
 While absent ev'ry thought.
 Oh! then 'tis horror here to dwell,
 For dæmons haunt her dismal cell.

FINALE.

DASHINGTON, JUAN, SIR STURDY, JAQUELINA,
 NUNS and FRIARS.

Dash. While the rose's sweet fragrance with
 pleasure's exhal'd
 With wine's rosy juice, let the taste be
 regal'd.

Juan. Agreed, and to prove my regard for the rose,
 I'll drink, 'till I've painted its tints on

Dasb. Now's your time—

Sir Stu. My noble fellow.

Dasb. (to *Juan*) Come, let's drink till we are mellow.

Juan. What a flavour! How delicious!

Sir Stu. (to *Jacquelina*) Quick, my love, the time is precious.

Dasb. Fill again ——— *Jacq.* Oh, how alarming!

Juan. By the mass, this wine is charming!

Sir Stu. Pause no more (to *Jacq.*)

Dasb. (to *Juan*) Nay, don't give over.

Jacq. Oh, I fear to trust my fate.

Sir Stu. Can you doubt your faithful lover?

Juan. Now I'll lock the garden gate.

Sir Stu. All is lost then! *Dasb.* (to *Juan*) No, not yet, man.

Sir Stu. Leap, or it will be too late.

Dasb. Sure the bottle you'll not quit man?

Juan. But I'll lock the garden gate.

Jacq. Spread your arms then to receive me.

Sir Stu. Boldly leap, and nothing fear.

Juan. What's that noise?—*Dasb.* There's none, believe me.

Juan. Hark! again a noise I hear.

Dasb. Poh! your brain with wine is heated.

Juan. Ha! a window open too!

Dasb. Psha! what folly!——*Juan.* Oh, I'm cheated.

Help! here, help! I'm trick'd by you.

Dash. Cease your bawling—now or never.
(to *Sir Sturdy*)

Sir Stu. } Friend, I'm bound to you for ever.

Jaq. } Sir, I'm bound to you for ever.

Dash. Fly, your safety lies in distance.

Juan. Help! oh, help here!—some assistance.

Dash. Silence, silence!—*Juan.* Murder! fire!

Dash. Will that curs'd tongue never tire?

Juan. I've caught you, my jolly friar.

CHORUS of NUNS and FRIARS.

Whence this noise?—Why thus alarm us?

Dash. Here am I a pris'ner fast.

Nuns. Did this man come here to harm us?

Juan. Yes; and there he's safe at last.

Dash. Ladies, I no harm e'er meant you;

I'm a sober, modest man.

CHORUS.

What but mischief here has sent you?

Juan. Now be jogging, if you can.

CHORUS.

A villainous design is clear—

No good, 'tis certain, brought him here.

Most sacreligious his intent;

And he shall meet due punishment.

DASHINGTON joining in the CHORUS.

No villainous design is clear ;
 That drunken rascal lock'd me here.
 Not sacrilegious my intent,
 And I defy your punishment.

A C T II.

SONG LEONORA.

THE hope which animates my heart,
 And makes me ev'ry fear dismiss—
 Deceitful joy can ne'er impart ;
 No, 'tis the harbinger of bliss.

So, when at eve, in tints of gold
 The radiant clouds adorn the skies,
 They thus prepare us to behold
 The morrow's sun in splendor rise.

Yes, I'll indulge the dear belief,
 That happy morrow's are in store,—
 And trust that voice which tells me grief,
 Shall never haunt my bosom more,
 The hope which animates, &c,

SONG DASHINGTON.

OH, what a most horrid sensation,
 I feel at this terrible minute!
 A curse on this flame loving nation,
 That I shou'd be ever caught in it!
 The bent of the mind,
 From its pleasures we find;
 And what is a Spaniard's delight?
 Why his great holiday,
 In an auto da fe.
 And its bonfire's the joy of his fight.
 Ah, shortly there'll be,
 A blaze made of me
 At some joyful event's celebration:
 On a festival night
 They'll set me a light
 To make part of a grand 'lumination.
 The national taste
 In horror is placed,
 Their Escorial's a symbol of malice,
 They plainly to prove
 For torture their love
 In a gridiron's shape built a palace.
 For a fault e'er so small,
 Or for no fault at all,
 Here a man dies the death of a finner.
 As gospel 'tis true,
 He'll be burn'd for a jew
 Who cannot eat pork for his dinner.

What an ideot was I
Dear England to fly.
Where good humour so justly is boasted;
Oh, curse on such folk
As can't take a joke,
Here must I for a frolic be roasted.

~~SONG. ANGELINA.~~

Pent within this cavern drear,
Captive of a ruffian crew ;
Startled at each sound I hear,
Shudd'ring at each face I view.]
In dread I pass the gloomy day,
And weep the sleepless night away. ||

E'er I mourned a fate so dire
Sorrow was an inmate here,
Still her beams of heavenly fire
Hope display'd my breast to cheer,
The gladd'ning ray she now denies ;
For dimm'd is hope when freedom dies.

TRIO AND CHORUS.

JAQUELINA, ANGELINA, and CAPTAIN of
ROBBERS.

Jaq. & Ang.

COMPASSION to our woes impart,
Nor vainly let us sue ;
~~The breast that owns a valiant heart,~~
Is still to pity true.

Capt.

Try no more this useless wailing,
Think not that my ears affailing,
You my rugged heart can move.

Jaq. and Ang.

Kindly grant us freedom's blessing,

Capt.

Vain is all this earnest pressing,

Jaq. and Ang.

Joys that flow from mercy prove.

Capt.

Ne'er such weakness will I prove,
Learn that I draw my infant breath ;
Within the robbers' cave, —
And when too young to deal out death,
I dug the dead man's grave.

Then think you that a woman's tear
Can make this bosom feel?
I'm dead to pity as to fear,
My heart is cas'd with steel.

CHORUS OF ROBBERS.

Then think you that a woman's tear
Can make our bosoms feel?
~~We're dead to pity as to fear,~~
Our hearts are cas'd with steel.

Jaq. and Ang.

Be softened by a woman's tear,
And for our sorrows feel;
To pity wake, tho' dead to fear,
Nor case your heart with steel.

AIR. LEONORA.

Again my absent love to meet,
Severest toil with joy I'd greet;
At noon thro' Afric's sands I'd go,
At midnight pace the realms of snow:
When found, such rapture would be mine,
As words can ne'er reveal;
For ah! the bliss of love divine,
The heart can only feel.

TRIO LEONORA, DASHINGTON & DON MIGUEL.

Don M. From my sight this moment bear him.

Dash. Now I fear I'm quite undone.

Leon. You intended, Sir, to spare him.

Don M. What the man who kill'd my son!

Dash. Sir, my nature is not bloody.

Don M. Take away that tyger whelp.

Dash. He pok'd me quite thro' the body.

Leon. What he did, he could not help.

Dash. Bless me, Sir, you're vastly cruel,

Don M. To revenge a murder'd son!

Dash. } He fell fairly in a duel,

Leon. } Which he would not let { me
him } shun.

Don M. How can you plead for the villain?

Leon. Sir, I plead for justice' sake.

Don M. If I die your son for killing,
Let it not be at the stake.

Leon. You shall die my son for killing,
And it shall be at the stake.

Leon. Hear me plead for justice' sake.

Dash. Wedded to my country's fashion,
I wou'd rather far be hang'd.

Don M. Zounds, you but increase my passion!
I'll no longer be harrangu'd.

Leon. Sir, let mercy temper passion,
And with patience be harrangu'd.

End of Act Two.

ACT III.

DUET. DON MIGUEL and JUAN.

Juan. Shew some pity to me pray, Sir!

Don Mig. Here you certainly shall stay, Sir!

Juan. Oh, my Lord! 'twill be my death.

Don Mig. Shall a dolt, like you, deceive me?

Juan. What I've said, is true, believe me.

Don Mig. You as well may spare your breath.

Don Mig. I'll shew you, you knave, how I punish deceit:

Let him here be lock'd up, and have nothing to eat.

Juan. To be kept without food, will not punish me much;

I'm in too great a fright, Sir, one morsel to touch.

Don Mig. As the pris'ner you say.

Was by fiends borne away;

You shall wait 'till they bring him again.

Juan. But suppose it their whim,

To take me to him,

Think what will become of me then.

Don Mig. (to Officers) Let no one come here,

As my vengeance you fear,

'Till I, myself open the door.

Juan. Then poor I shall be found,
 Dead with fright on the ground,
 If I'm not whisk'd away long before.

CHORUS. OFFICERS of the INQUISITION.
 No one shall come here,
 (We to duty adhere)
 'Tis you, yourself open the door.

SONG JAQUELINA:

Oh, shou'd I escape from this place of woe,
 And joyful presages arise in my breast,
 Such transport I then shall be fated to know,
 That sure I shall be of all mortals most blest.

Can pleasure be pictur'd, their joys to exceed,
 Who freedom's dear blessing securely retain?
 Yes, sweeter their bliss, who from bondage are
 freed,
 And liberty, lost to them, welcome again.

FINALE.

From sorrow and perils tormenting,
Since now we are happily free,
Our pleasure in harmony venting,
Let's pour forth the numbers of glee.

So merrily, merrily ringing;
Let joy's sprightly sound
Be wafted around.

While the bells are so merrily ringing.

What transport ! misfortunes ideal,
And springing from error to find !
And those transports will all become real,
If you to our errors prove kind.

Then merrily, merrily, &c.

FINIS.