

1771. 25th Nov. 1771

The

BEGGARS OPERA,

as it is Perform'd at both

Theatres,

with the Additional Alterations by

D^r Arne,

for the

Voice

PIANO FORTE & VIOLIN,

The Basses entirely New,

Price 6^s

LONDON

Published by G. Walker at his Music Warehouse 106 St. Pauls Churchyard St.

INDEX TO THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

ACT I.

Overture	Page 1
Thro' all the employments	4
'Tis Woman that seduces	4
If any Wench Venus girdle wears	5
If love the Virgin's heart	6
A Maid is like the golden ore	6
Virgins are like the fair flow'r	7
Our Polly is a sad slut	8
Can love be controul'd	8
O Polly you might have toy'd	9
I like a Ship	9
O ponder well	10
The Turtle thus	10
Pretty Polly say	10
My heart is free	11
Were I laid on Greenland's Coast	11
O what pain it is to part	12
The Miser thus a Shilling sees	12

ACT II.

Fill every Glass	14
Let us take the road	14
If the heart of a man	15
Youth's the season	16
Before the Barn door crowing	17
The Gamesters and Lawyers	17
At the Tree I shall suffer	18
Man may escape	18
Thus when a good housewife	18
How cruel are the traitors	19
The first time at the looking glass	19
When you censure the age	19
Is then his fate decreed	20
You'll think ere many days	20
If you at an Office	20

Thus when the Swallow	21
How happy could I be with either	21
I m bubbled	21
Cease your funning	22
Why how now Madam flirt	22
No power on earth	23
I like the fox	23

ACT III.

When young at the bar	24
My love is all madness	24
The Modes of the Court	24
In the days of my youth	25
Im like a Skiff	26
When a Wife's in her pout	26
A curse attends	27
Among the men	27
Come sweet Lass	28
Hither dear husband	28
Which way shall I turn me	29
When my Hero in court	29
When he holds up his hand	30
The charge is prepar'd	30
Hornpipe	31
O cruel cruel case	31
Of all the friends	31
Since I must swing	32
But now again	32
But valor	32
If thus a man	32
So I drink off	32
But can I leave	33
Since Laws were made	33
Would I might be hang'd	34
Thus I stand	34

REV. J. W. GARDNER

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OVERTURE

TO THE BEGGARS' OPERA.

COMPOSED BY DR. ARNE.

Price 1^s.

LONDON. Printed for G. WALKER at his Music Warehouse 106 Great Portland Street.

The musical score is presented in five systems, each consisting of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The notation includes various note values, rests, and trills (marked 'tr'). The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 12/8 time signature. It features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns and several trills marked with 'tr'. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with eighth-note chords.

The second system continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff shows a continuation of the melodic line with trills and eighth-note runs. The lower staff maintains the accompaniment, with some notes beamed together for rhythmic flow.

The third system of musical notation features two staves. The upper staff includes trills and a melodic line that moves through various intervals. The lower staff provides a steady accompaniment with eighth-note chords.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff has a more complex melodic line with many beamed eighth notes and some trills. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with eighth-note chords.

The fifth system of musical notation has two staves. The upper staff features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns and some trills. The lower staff provides a consistent accompaniment with eighth-note chords.

The sixth and final system of musical notation on this page consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic development with eighth-note patterns and trills. The lower staff concludes the accompaniment with eighth-note chords.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a complex melodic line with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, including some beamed sixteenth-note pairs. The lower staff is in bass clef and features a more rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes. A fermata is placed over a note in the upper staff towards the end of the system.

The second system continues the piece. The upper staff shows a continuation of the intricate melodic texture. The lower staff provides a steady accompaniment. A fermata is present in the upper staff, and another is in the lower staff towards the end of the system.

The third system features a similar level of complexity. The upper staff has a dense melodic line with frequent sixteenth-note runs. The lower staff continues with a rhythmic accompaniment. A fermata is visible in the upper staff.

The fourth system shows a change in texture. The upper staff has a more chordal or block-like appearance with many beamed sixteenth notes. The lower staff continues with a rhythmic accompaniment. A fermata is present in the upper staff.

The fifth system continues with a similar texture to the fourth. The upper staff has a dense melodic line with many beamed sixteenth notes. The lower staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment. A fermata is present in the upper staff.

The sixth and final system on the page. The upper staff has a melodic line that concludes with a double bar line. The lower staff also concludes with a double bar line. A fermata is present in the upper staff.

PEACHUM.

Andante

Thro' all the Employments of Life: Each Neighbour a-buses his Brother, Wife &

6 7 5 # 6 7 #

Rogue they call Husband and Wife, All pro-fessions berogue one a-no-ther.

6 7 5 # 6 7 #

The Priest calls the Lawyer a Cheat, The Lawyer beknaves the Di-vine, And the

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 5

Statesman, because He's so Great, Thinks his Trade as Honest as mine.

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 7 #

FILCH.

Allegro

'Tis Woman that se-du-ces all Mankind, by Her we first were taught the

6 6 6 6 6 5 6 5 8 7 6 5

wheeling Arts, Her ve ry Eyes can cheat, when most shes kind. She tricks us of our Money

6 5 6 6 5 8 7 6 5 6 7

with our Hearts. For Her like wolves by night we roam for prey, And practice ev'ry Fraud to

7 6 4 6 5 # 6

bribe Her charms, For Suites of Love like Law are won by pay, And beauty must be feed in to our Arms.

6 7 5 2 6 5 7 6 4 7

M^{rs}. PEACHUM

Andante If any wench Venus gir-dle wear, Though She be ne-ver so Ug - - ly,

6 6 6 6 6 6 5 4 #

Lillies and Ro-ses will quickly ap-pear, and her face look wondrous smug-ly,

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 5 4 #

Be-neath the left Ear so fit for a Cord, A rope so charming a Zone is, The

6 5 6 6 6 6 7

Youth in his Cart hath the Air of a Lord, And we cry there dies an A-do - - nis

6 5 6 6 6 6 7 6 5 #

M^{RS} PEACHUM.

Andante

If love the Virgin's Heart in - - vade, how like a Moth the simple

Maid; Still plays a - bout the Flame! If soon - - she be not made a

Wife, her Honour's stain'd, and then for life; She's what I dare not name.

M^{RS} PEACHUM.

Allegro

A Maid is like the Golden Oar, Which hath Guineas in - trin - si - cal

in it, Whose worth is never known before it is try'd and impress in the Mint.

A Wife's like a Guinea in gold, Stamp't with the Name of her Spouse; Now

here, now there, is bought or is sold; And is currant in e - ve - ry House.

POLLY.

Andante
Affettuoso

Vir_gins are like the fair Flow'r in its lus_tre;

Which in the Garden e - - na - mels the Ground; Near it the

Bees in play flut - ter and clus - ter, And gau - dy Butterflies frolick a -

- round. But when once pluck'tis no lon - ger al - - lu - - ring, To Covent

Garden 'tis sent (as yet sweet) There fades, and shrinks and grows past all en -

- du - ring, Rots, stinks, and dies - - , and is trod un - - der Feet.

MIS PEACH:

Allegro
Assai

Our Polly is a sad Slut, nor heeds what we have taught her, I wonder a - ny

Man alive will ever rear a Daughter For She must have both Hoods and Gowns & Hoops to swell her

Pride with Scarfs and Stays, and Gloves and Lace, And Shell have Men be-side, And when Shes drest with

care and cost, all tempting fine and Gay As Men would serve a Cucumber She throws herself a way

POLLY

Larghetto

Can Love be con_trould by ad_vice, Will Cu_pid our Mo_thers o -

-bey, Tho' my Heart were as frozen as Ice, At his Suit would have melted a - way

When he Kist me, so closely he prest, 'Twas so sweet that I must have com - ply'd, So I

thought it both safest and best, To mar - ry for fear you shou'd chide

Fingerings: 6 6 # 6 6 # 6 6 5 4 #

MRS PEACH:
Andante
Allegro
 O Polly you mig't have toy'd and kist By keeping Men off you keep them on

Fingerings: 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 # 6

POLLY
 But he so 'teaz'd me and he so pleas'd me, what I did you must have done.

Fingerings: 3 4 6 6 6 6 6 6 7

POLLY
Allegro
 I like a Ship in storms was tost, Yet a-fraid to put in to Land, For

Fingerings: 6 6 5 6 5 6

seiz'd in the Port the Ves - sels lost, whose trea - sure is con - tre - band The

Fingerings: 6 5 6 8 7

waves are laid, My du - ty's paid, O joy beyond Ex - pression, Thus safe ashore, I

Fingerings: 6 6 # 6 6 6 4 5 3 6

ask no more, My all is in my possession, possession, My all is in my pos - session

Fingerings: 5 # 6 4 6 5 8 7 6 6 8 7

POLLY

Largo

oh Ponder well, be not severe; so save a wretched Wife! For

on the Rope that Hangs my dear, De-pends poor Polly's Life.

NE This Song is repeated first to the Mother & then the Father

POLLY

Allegro

The Turtle thus with plain-tive crying, her Lo-ver dy-ing,

The Tur-tle thus with plain-tive cry-ing, la-ments her Dove. Down she

drops quite spent with sigh-ing, pair'd in Death as pair'd in Love.

Allegro Moderato

MACH:

Pretty Polly say when I was a-way, did your fancy never stray to some newer

POLLY

Lo-ver. with out disguise heaving sighs doating Eyes, My con-stant Heart dis-

MACH:

- co-ver, Fond-ly let me loll Fond-ly let me loll O pretty pretty Poll.

MACH

Allegro

My Heart was so free, It rovd like the Bee, Till Polly my passion re-

- quited, I sipt each Flowr I chang'd ev' ry Hour, I

sipt each Flower, I chang'd ev'ry Hour, But here ev'ry Flowers u-ni-ted.

MACH

Allegro

were I laid on Greenlands Coast And in my Arms embrac'd my Lass, warm amidst e-

-ter-nal Frost, too soon the half years Night wou'd pass, Were I sold on

POLLY

In-dian soil, soon as the bur-ning Day was clos'd I could mock the

MACH:

sultry toil when on my charmers Breast re_pos'd, And I wou'd love you all the Day.

POLLY

MACH:

POLLY

Ev'ry night wou'd, kiss and Play, if with me you'd fon-dly stray, O-ver the Hills and far a-way.

POLLY

Andante
Affett^{SO}

O what Pain it is to part, can I leave thee can I leave thee,

O what Pain it is to part, Can thy Pol - ly e - ver leave - - thee

But least Death my Love shoud thwart, and bring thee to the fa - - tal Cart, thus I

tear thee from my bleeding Heart, Fly hence and let me leave thee

MACH:

Andante

The Mi - ser thus a Shil - ling see's Which he's O - - blig'd to

Pay, With sighs re-signs it by de-grees, and fears 'tis gone for

6 6 4 5 3 2 6 6

POLLY

aye, The Boy thus when his Sparrows flown, The Bird in si-lence eyes, But

6 5 6 6 6 6

4 3

soon as out of sight 'tis gone, Whines whim-pers sobs and cries.

6 6 5 2 6 6 5

4 3

DUETTO
POLLY

The Boy thus when his Spar-rows flown, the Bird in si-lence eyes, But

MACH:

The Boy thus when his Spar-rows flown, the Bird in si-lence eyes, But

6 6 6 6 6 6

soon as out of sight 'tis gone, Whines whimpers sobs and cries.

soon as out of sight 'tis gone, Whines whimpers sobs and cries.

6 6 5 2 6 6 6 5 6 5 4 3

4 3

MACH

Vivace

Fill ev'ry Glass for Wine in-spires us and Fires us with Cou rage Love and

6 5 4 3 6 6 6 7 6 6 4 3 4 3

Joy Women and Wine shoud Life em - ploy Is there ought else on Earth de-si - rous

6 6 6 6 5 4 3 6 6

Fill evry Glass for Wine in-spires us and Fires us with Courage Love and Joy Al Segno in Full Chos

6 7 4 6 6 6 4 3 6 7 6 4 3

MAT o'th MINT

Andante

Let us take the Road hark I hear the sound of Coaches The hour of attack ap-

6 6 6 6 6

-proaches To your Arms brave Boys and load See the Ball I hold Let the Chymists toil like

6 6 6 6 6 4 2 6

Asses our Fire their Fire sur-pas-ses and turns all our lead to Gold.

6 4 3 6 4 3 6 6 4 3 5 4 3

MACH:

Allegro
Moderato

If the Heart of a Man is de - prest with care, The

mist is dispell'd when a Woman appears, Like the Notes of a Fid - dle She

sweet - ly sweet - ly, Rai - ses the spi - rits and charms our Ears.

Ro - ses and Lillies her cheeks disclose. But her ripe lips are more

sweet than those, Press her ca - ress her with Bliss - ses her Kis - ses dis -

- solve us in Plea - sure, and soft re - pose.

MACH:

Allegro

Youth's the Season made for joys, Love is then our Du-ty, She alone who

that employs, Well deserves her Beau-ty, Lets be gay, While we may, Beautys a Flower des-

-pis'd in decay, Youth's the Season made for joys, Love is then our Du-ty, Let us drink and

sport to Day, Ours is not to mor - row, Love with Youth flies swift a - way,

Age is nought but Sor- row, Dance and Sing, Times on the wing, Life never knows the re-

-turn of Spring, Let us Drink and Sport to Day, Ours is not to mor- row

JENNY DIVER

Allegro

Be fore the Barn door crowing, The Cock by Hens at tended, His eyes around him

6 6 4 7 # 6 4 3 6 6 4

throwing, Stands for a while sus pen ded, Then one he singles from the Crew And

6 6 4 5

cheers the hap py Hen, with how d you do and how d you do and how d you do a gain.

87 6 #6 5 4 7

JENNY DIVER

Allegro Moderato

The Gamesters and Lawyers are Jugglers alike, If they meddle your all is in

6

danger Like Gypsies if once they can Finger a Souse, Your Pockets they pick and they

6 6 5

pilfer your House And give your Estate to a Stran ger.

6 2

MACH:

Vivace

At the Tree I shall suffer with Pleasure: Let me

go where I will In all kinds of Ill I shall find no such Furies as these are.

MACH:

Poco Largo

Man may escape from Rope and Gun, Nay some have out-liv'd the Doctors Pill, who

takes a Woman must be undone, That Ba-si-lisk is sure to kill, The Fly that sips Treacle is

lost in the sweets, So he that tastes Woman, Woman, Woman, He that tastes Woman Ru-in meets.

LUCY

Allegro

Thus when a good Housewife sees a Rat in her Trap in the Morning ta-ken

with pleasure her heart goes pit a pat In re-venge for her loss of Bacon, Then she

throws him to the Dog or Cat, To be wor-ried crush'd and sha-ken.

LUCY

Siciliano

How cruel are the Traytors, who lie and swear in jest, To cheat unguarded

creatures, Of Virtue Fame and Rest. Who-e-ver steals a shilling, Thro'

shame the Guilt con-ceals; In Love the perjurd Villian with boasts the Theft reveals.

Allegro

The first Time at the Lookingglass The Mother, sets her Daughter, The Image strikes the

smiling Lass With self love e-ver af-ter Each time she looks she's fonder grown, Thinks

ev'ry Charm grows stronger, But a-las! vain Maid, all Eyes but your own, Can see you are not Younger.

LOCKIT.

Allegro Moderato.

when you censure the Age, be cautious and Sage, Lest the Courtiers offended should

be: If you mention Vice or Bribe, Tis so pat to all the Tribe, Each cries That was levell'd at me.

Lucy

Sym:

Moderato

Is then his Fate de_creed Sir Such a Man can I think of

quitting When first we met so moves me yet, O see how my Heart is splitting.

LOCKIT

Andante

You'll think e'er ma_ny Days en_sue, This sentence not se_vere: I hang your

Husband, Child, 'tis true, But with him hang your Care. Twang dang dillo dee.

MACH:

Vivace

If you at an Office so_licit your Due, And would not have Matters neg lec_ted You must

quicken the Clerk with the Perquisite too, To do what his Du-ty di-rect _ ed Or

would you the Frowns of a La-dy prevent, She too has this paLpa-ble fai _ ling, The

Perquisite softens her into Consent; That Reason with all is pre - vai - ling.

POLLY

Larghetto

Thus when the swallow seek - ing Prey, with - - in the

sash is close - ly pent; His Con - sort with be - moan - ing Lay, With -

out sits pining for th'E - vent: Her chattring Lo - vers all a -

round her skim, she heeds them not (poor Bird) her soul's with him.

S. MACH:

Moderato

How hap - py could I be with either, were t'other dear Charmer away! But

while you thus tease me to - gether, To neither a word will I say; But tol de rol &c.

POLLY

LUCY

POLLY

LUCY

POLLY

Allegro

im bubbled. im bubbled. Oh how I am troubled. Bamboused and bit. My Distresses are doubled!

LUCY

When you come to the Tree, should the Hangman refuse, These Fingers with Pleasure, could fasten the Noose.

CEASE YOUR FUNNING.

WHY HOW NOW MADAM FLIRT.

NO POWER ON EARTH.

I LIKE THE FOX SHALL GRIEVE.

Price 1^s

LONDON. Printed for G. WALKER at his Music Warehouse 106 Great Portland Street

POLLY.

Andantino

Cease your Funning, Force or Cunning, Never shall my Heart trapan,

All these Sallies, are but Malice, To seduce my constant Man. Tis most certain,

By their flirting; Women oft have En - vy shewn; Pleas'd to ru - in,

O - thers wooing, Never hap - py in their own.

LUCY.

Allegro

Why, how now, Madam Flirt, if you thus much chatter; And

are for flinging Dir - t, Lets try who best can spat - ter, Madam Flirt.

POLLY.

Why, how now, saucy Jade; Sure the Wench is Topsy. How can you seem ma

de The scoff of such a Gipsey, Saucy Jade.

POLLY.

Largo

No Pow'r on Earth can e'er divide The Knot that sacred Love hath ty'd; When

Parents draw against our Mind, The true love's Knot they faster bind. Hoo hora in ambora,

Hoo an hoo derry, Hi an hi derry, Hoo hoo derry derry derry derry am - bo - ra - -

LUCY.

Andante

I like the Fox shall grieve, Whose Mate hath left her side, Whom

Hounds from Morn to Eve, Chase o'er the Country wide. Where can my Lo-ver

hide? where cheat the wa-ry pack? If Love be not his guide, He never will come back!

LUCY

Affettuoso

When Young at the Bar you first taught me to score, and bid me be free of my Lips and no

more, I was kissd by the Parson, the Spuire, and the Sot, when the Guest was departed, the kiss was for-

got, But his kiss was so sweet, and so closely He prest, that I languishd and pind till I granted the Rest.

LUCY

Allegro

My love is all Madness and Folly a-lone I lie toss tumble and cry what a happy Creature is

Polly was e'er such a wretch as I With Rage I redden like Scarlet; that my dear Inconstant Varlet, stark

blind to my Charms, is lost in the Arms of that Jilt that inveigling Harlot, stark blind to my Charms, is

lost in the Arms of that Jilt, that inveigling Harlot, this, this my Resentment a - Tarns.

MACH

Moderato

The Modes of the Court so common are grown, That a true Friend can hardly be met;

Friendship for Int' rest is but a Loan, which they let out for what they can get:

Tis true, you find some Friends so kind, who'll give you good Counsel themselves to defend, In

sorrowful ditty they promise they Pity But shift you for Money from Friend to Friend

MR^S DIANA TRAPES.

Allegro

In the Days of my Youth I could bill like a Dove, Fa, la, la, la, la lal da riddle laddy In the

Days of my Youth I could bill like a Dove, Like a Sparrow at all times was ready for Love, Fal da riddle laddy

tal da riddle laddy Fa la la la lala tal lal laddy. The Life of all Mortals in kissing should pass, Fa la la la &c.

The Life of all Mortals in kissing should pass, Lip to Lip while you're Young; then the

Lip to the Glass. Fal &c.

LUCY

Allegro

in like a skiff on the Ocean tost, Now high, Now low, with each

Billow borne, with her Rudder broke and her Anchor lost, De-ser-ted and all for

lorn. While thus I lye rolling and tossing all Night, That Polly lies spor-ting on

Seas of De-light, Re-venge Re-venge Re-venge shall ap-pease my restless Spite.

LUCY

Allegro

when a Wife's in her Pout, as she's some time no doubt; The good Husband as meek as a

Lamb. Her vapours to still, first grants her, her will, and the quiet-ing Draught is a

Dram, Poor Man! - - And the quiet-ing Draught is a Dram.

POLLY

Andante
Allegro

A curse at - tends that Wo - man's Love, who al - ways would be

LUCY

pleasing, The pertness of the billing Dove Like thick - ling is but tea - zing.

POLLY

LUCY

What then the Love can Wo - man do! If we grow fond they

POLLY

LUCY

shun us, And when we fly them they Pur - sue; But leave us when they've won us.

POLLY

Moderato

Among the Men Co - quets we find, who court by turns all Wo - - men

kind And we grant all their Hearts de - sird, when they are flat - terd,

when they are flat - terd when they are flat - - terd and Ad - mird.

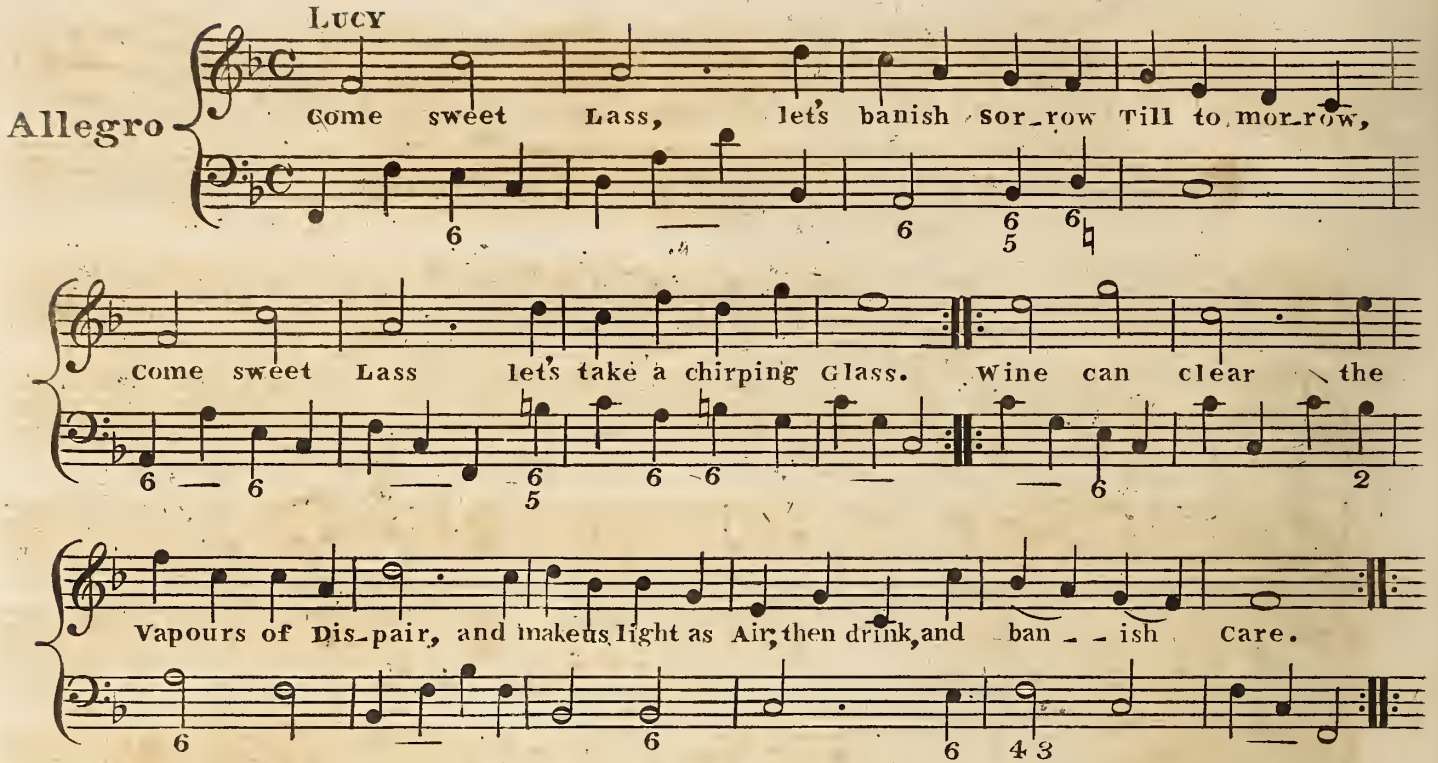
Allegro

LUCY

Come sweet Lass, let's banish sor-row Till to mor-row,

Come sweet Lass let's take a chirping Glass. Wine can clear the

Vapours of Dis-pair, and makes Light as Air; then drink, and ban-ish Care.



Andante Affettuoso

POLLY LUCY POLLY

Hi-ther dear Husband, turn your Eyes, Be-stow one Glance to cheer me; Think

LUCY POLLY

with that Look thy Pol-ly dies O shun me not; but hear me Tis

LUCY POLLY LUCY

Pol-ly sues Tis Lu-cy speaks is thus true Love re-qui-ted: My

POLLY LUCY POLLY

Heart is bursting Mine too breaks Must I Must I be slight-ed



MACH:

Allegro

which way shall I turn me, How can I de-cide. Wives, the Day of our

Death, are as fond as a Bride: one Wife is too much for most Husbands to

hear, but two at a Time there's no Mortal can bear: This way, and that way, and

which way I will, what wou'd comfort the One, to'ther Wife wou'd take ill.

POLLY

Siciliano

When my He-ro in Court appears, And stands arraign'd for his Life; Then think of poor Polly's

Tears; For ah! Poor Polly's his Wife: Like the Sailor he holds up his Hand, Distrest on the dashing

Wave. To die a dry Death at Land, Is as bad as a Watry Grave, And a-las, Poor Polly! A-

-lack and awell a-day! Be-fore I was in Love, Oh ev-ry Month was May.

LUCY

Andante

When he holds up his Hand, ar-raign'd for his Life, O think of your Daughter, and

think I'm his Wife! What are Cannons, or Bombs, or clashing of Swords. For Death is more certain by

Witnesses Words. Then nail up their Lips; That dread Thunder al-lay; And each

Month of my Life, And each Month of my Life will here af-ter be May.

MACH

Larghetto

The Charge is prepar'd, the Lawyers are met, The Judges all rang'd a terrible show. I

go, undismay'd, For Death is a Debt, a Debt on demand. so take what I owe: Then

farewell, my Love; dear Charmers A-dieu! Con-tented I die, 'tis the bet-ter for You, here

ends all dis-pute the rest of our Lives. For this Way at once I please all my Wives.

Hornpipe

MACH:

Largo

O cruel, cruel, cruel Case, Must I suffer this Disgrace.

Allegro

Of all the Friends in time of Grief, When threatening Death looks grimmer -

Drinks

mer, Not one so sure can bring re-lief, As this best Friend, a Brim - mer.

Andante

since I must swing I scorn, I scorn to wince or wine. Rises

Moderato

But now a-gain my spi_rits sink, I'll raise them high with Wine. Drinks a glass of Wine

Allegro

But Valour the stronger grows, The stronger Liquor we're drinking, And

how can we feel our woes, when we've lost the trou-ble of thinking. Drinks

Largo

If thus a Man can die much bol-der with Brandy. Pours out a Bumper of Brandy

Allegro

so I drink off this Bumper, and now I can stand the Test, - - And my

comrades shall see that I die as brave as the best. Drinks

Affettuoso

But can I leave my pretty Hussies, without one Tear, or tender sigh.

Andante

Their Eyes, their Lips, their Bus -

ses re - call my Love Ah must I die!

Allegro

MACH:

since Laws were made for ev'ry Degree, To curb Vice in o - thers as

well as me, I wonder we han't better com - pa - ny up - on Ty - burn Tree.

But Gold from Law can take out the sting, And if rich Men like us, were to swing, T'woud'

thin the Land, such Numbers to string up - on Ty - burn Tree!

LUCY **POLLY** **LUCY** **POLLY**

Largo

Would I might be hang'd! And I would so too! To be hang'd with you; my

6 6 5

MACH

Dear with you. O leave me to Thought! I fear! I doubt! I tremble! I droop! see, my

6 6 5

POLLY **MACH: turns up the** **LUCY** **POLLY** **LUCY**

Turns up the empty Bottle. empty Pot.

Courage is out. No to-ken of Love. See, my Courage is out. No token of Love A-dieu, Fare-

4 3 6 3 6 5

POLLY **LUCY** **MACH**

-well. No to-ken of Love A-dieu Farewell But hark! I hear the Toll of the Bell.

6 6 6 6 6 5

No to-ken of Love. A-dieu, Fare-well. But hark! I hear the Toll of the Bell.

No to-ken of Love. A-dieu, Fare-well. But hark! I hear the Toll of the Bell.

No to-ken of Love. A-dieu, Fare-well. But hark. I hear the Toll of the Bell.

6 5 6 6 6 4 6 5 6 6 4 3

MACH:

Andante **Allegro**

Thus I stand like the Turk with his Doxies around; From all sides their Glances his

6 6 6 6 6

Passion confound, For Black, Brown, and Fair, his Inconstancy burns, and the different Beauties sub-

6 5 6 6 6 6 #

due him by turns ^{sy:}

6 6 6 4 2 6 4 6 5

Each calls forth her Charms to provoke his de_sires, Tho'

6 5 6 # 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

willing to all with but one he re_tires, But think of this Maxim and put off all sorrow, The

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

Wretch of to Day may be happy to Morrow.

6 # 6 6 6 6

6 6 6 6 #

Each calls forth her charms to pro_voke his de_sires, Tho'

6 6 6 6 6 6

CHO:
willing to all with but one he re_tires, Then think of this Max_im and

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

put of all sorrow, The Wretch of to Day may be happy to Morrow.

6 6 6 6 # 6

FINIS