

*Hartford-Bridge:*  
*Or,*  
*The Skirts of the Camp.*  
An Operatic Farce in Two Acts.

Libretto by William Pearce  
Music composed and selected by William Shield.

Edited and with an Introduction by

Paul F. Rice

Copyright: P.F. Rice 2024

***Hartford-Bridge: or, The Skirts of the Camp:*  
Covent Garden's Entertainment for a Country on the Brink of War**

*Hartford-Bridge: or, The Skirts of the Camp* is a two-act operatic farce with a libretto by William Pearce (fl. 1778–96) and a musical score by William Shield (1748–1829).<sup>1</sup> The opera's premiere was at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on November 3, 1792. While Shield was an established composer at Covent Garden, the *Diary or Woodfall's Register* (November 5, 1792) records that *Hartford-Bridge* was Pearce's first dramatic venture. The work's subtitle may be a play on words, referring to the "outskirts" of the military camp at Bagshot, or the numerous women (some paid by the army) who followed encamped soldiers to act as cleaners and nurses. Pearce's afterpiece became immediately popular with audiences and enjoyed 48 performances between its premiere and May 20, 1800. It continued to be performed well into the Napoleonic era. The story behind its success, however, reveals the problems that the Covent Garden and Drury Lane theatres had in producing relevant, topical works, especially if they contained political content.

**Portraying the French Revolution on the London Stages**

Patent versus "Minor" Theatres

Following the restoration of the theatres in 1660, a taste for varied theatrical entertainments grew in London. Popular playhouses were established at Lincoln's Inn Fields and Goodman's Fields that presented topical and satirical works. John Gay's *The Beggar's Opera* (1729) satirized the upper class and members of Parliament, especially Sir Robert Walpole (1676–1745), then the First Lord of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons. The plays of Henry Fielding (1707–54) also caused alarm amongst those in power. Political satire was too dangerous to ignore, and laws were passed in 1737 as an amendment to the vagrancy law of 1714 that controlled what could be performed on the London stages. The king was given the power to grant letters of Patent for the running of playhouses that presented legitimate plays and operas. These theatres are usually referred to as the Patent theatres. At the same time, the position of theatrical censor was established in the Office of the Lord Chamberlain. All spoken dramas had to be submitted to the censor prior to performance. Works deemed to be seditious or political in nature were banned outright, and those which required alterations had to be re-submitted to the censor before being performed. The results of the 1737 licensing act were wide ranging. The playhouses at Lincoln's Inn Fields and Goodman's Fields were quickly silenced, and the Little Theatre in the Haymarket was left with no permanent company. Only the Theatres Royal at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and the King's Theatre (later the Italian opera house) remained to present spoken dramas, musical plays and operas.<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> A brief biography of Shield can be found elsewhere on this website.

<sup>2</sup> Calhoun Winston investigates this topic in "Dramatic Censorship," *London Theatre World: 1660–1800*, ed. Robert D. Hume (Carbondale and Edwardsville: Southern Illinois Press, 1980), 305–08.

While restrictive on some levels, the Licensing Act also legitimized the “minor” theatres as places of “publick Entertainment,” as long as a yearly burletta license was purchased from the local magistrates. These licenses permitted performances of music and dance, horsemanship, acrobatic displays, exhibits of swordsmanship, and other forms of popular entertainment.<sup>3</sup> By the end of the century, there were numerous “minor theatres” in and around London. The most significant were the Sadler=s Wells Theatre, the Royalty Theatre (located near the Tower of London), and the two hippodromes (Astley=s Amphitheatre, and the Royal Circus).<sup>4</sup> The managers of these theatres did not need to submit scripts to the theatrical censor for approval as long as any texts were sung. It was quickly discovered that short plays could be presented as an all-sung burletta.<sup>5</sup> Anyone caught speaking a text rather than singing it, however, was arrested as a vagrant, whether or not they had a home. Still, a work had already to be in performance before a complaint about it could be raised, and there was no way to check on the political content of offerings in advance of the performances. This played to the advantage of these theatres when it came to presenting aspects of the French Revolution on the London stage.

### Presenting the French Revolution on Stage

Britons were amazed by the destruction of infamous Bastille Prison on July 14, 1789. The Bastille had long served as a potent image of the power commanded by the absolute monarchy of France. Thus, the success of a grassroots uprising in Paris seemed incredible and the story cried out for theatrical performances. In his memoirs, Frederick Reynolds recorded that “the loyalist saw the revolution in one light, the democrat, in another; and even the theatrical manager had also his view of the subject. The *Bastille* [*sic*] must bring money; that’s a settled point; and a piece of that name must be written.”<sup>6</sup> No fewer than five London theatres set out to portray the destruction of the Bastille on stage, but only those works presented in the “minor” theatres reached the stage in versions that linked them directly to the uprising in Paris.

- 1) *Paris in an Uproar, or the Destruction of the Bastille* [Astley’s Amphitheatre, 3 August 1789; revised version: 17 August–29 October 1789]
- 2) *The Triumph of Liberty, or The Destruction of the Bastille* (published as *The Bastille*) [Royal Circus, prototype version 5 August 1789; revised version: 17 August–10 November 1789; revived: 29 June–31 September 1790]
- 3) *Gallic Freedom, or Vive La Liberté* [Sadler’s Wells Theatre, 31 August–8 October 1789]
- 4) *The Bastille* [Theatre Royal, Covent Garden; forbidden by the Lord Chamberlain’s Office]

---

<sup>3</sup> These theatres are investigated by Jane Moody, *Illegitimate Theatre in London: 1770-1840* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2000).

<sup>4</sup> For further information on the London hippodromes, see: A.H. Saxon, *Enter Foot and Horse: A History of Hippodrama in England and France* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1968).

<sup>5</sup> George Taylor, *The French Revolution and the London Stage: 1789-1805* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2001), 30.

<sup>6</sup> Frederick Reynolds, *The Life and Times of Frederick Reynolds. Written by Himself*, 2 vols. (London: 1827), 2: 54.

5) *The Bastille* [Theatre Royal, Drury Lane; forbidden by the Lord Chamberlain's Office, and reworked as *The Isle of St. Marguerite*.]<sup>7</sup>

In 1789, the theatrical censor was John Larpent (1741–1824), a position he had held since 1778. Larpent took this job seriously and removed political references from scripts, as demonstrated in the surviving approval copies housed at the Huntington Library in San Mareno, California. Some works were banned outright, as was the case of both the Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres attempts to dramatize the fall of the Bastille. By contrast, the three “minor” theatres had not been required to submit their scripts to Larpent, because they were performed as sung burlettas. The managers of the Patent theatres—Thomas Harris (d. 1820) at the Covent Garden theatre, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751–1816) at Drury Lane—were left in untenable situations as rival theatres made money on a compelling and popular theatrical subject.

Harris attempted an end-run around the restrictions of the official censor when he mounted *The Picture of Paris, Taken in the Year 1790* on December 20, 1790.<sup>8</sup> The new work was meant to be a depiction of the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille in Paris called the *Champs de Mars*. Harris realized that great subtlety and even subterfuge would be necessary to obtain the appropriate approval. On December 11, 1790, the script for a two-act musical afterpiece was sent to John Larpent; he reviewed the script, but did not find it objectionable. His acceptance likely resulted from having only been sent one part of the entirety of the new piece. The *Picture of Paris* was part spoken drama, and part pantomime. The text for the spoken drama which Larpent reviewed contained only a tepid love story, with no real political content. Because the pantomime sections had no spoken text, the theatre was under no obligation to send the descriptions of these scenes to the censor. Of course, they were filled with satirical depictions of the National Assembly in Paris and other political content.

While Harris had managed to get a work on stage with political content, his victory over the censor's powers was pyrrhic, at best. The *Times* (December 21, 1790, likely reflecting “official” views) reported that the audience reactions had been strongly divided. The reviewer claimed that the theatre “ought ever to steer clear of politics” and suggested that the serious actors had been “degraded by the trash of the pantomime.” The critic appeared to be surprised that John Larpent had ever sanctioned the piece. On the same day, the *Public Advertiser* pronounced that “*Pantomime* is not a foil in which *Tragedy* can flourish.” After the royal family attended a performance on December 29, the *Times* printed a further damning review, calling the work an “incoherent jumble.” Such comments are, to a degree, understandable. Even when the descriptions of the pantomime sections are inserted into the spoken play, the piece does not appear to be especially coherent. Harris did not give up, however. The *Picture of Paris* was performed thirty-six times in the 1790–91 season, but the manager wisely never revived it.

#### The Production of *Hartford-Bridge*

By 1792, it was evident to many in Britain that war with France was inevitable. The military

---

<sup>7</sup> These productions are examined by Paul F. Rice, *British Music and the French Revolution* (Newcastle upon Tyne: Cambridge Scholars Publishing, 2010), 79–114.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, 135–61.



had been put on alert, and a new system of drills devised by Colonel David Dundas (1735–1820) was rehearsed publically during the summer months of 1792 at a military camp established in the area of Bagshot Heath.<sup>9</sup> The Sadler’s Wells Theatre and Astley’s Amphitheatre were quick to mount stage shows which depicted these exercises. Londoners, with the means to travel, flocked to Bagshot to view the military exercises in person. Given the continuing public interest, Thomas Harris decided to present a work that autumn at Covent Garden which, on the surface, was a typical romantic comedy, but which had sufficient military trappings for audiences to make the connection to the military exercises on Bagshot Heath. The proposed operatic farce was called *Hartford-Bridge: or, The Skirts of the Camp*, with a libretto by William Pearce. Little is known about Pearce who appears to have been active in the period of 1778 to 1796. His first known publication was the “Haunts of Shakespeare,” a poem published in 1778. He turned his attention to the theatre in 1792 with *Hartford-Bridge*. After a series of successful works, his name disappears in the theatres after 1796.

There are four sources which provide information on the work up to and following its premiere: the submission copy for John Larpent (1792), the published song texts (1792), the published vocal score (1792), and the published libretto (1793) as it was revised following the premiere.<sup>10</sup> The differences between these various sources will be discussed below. It is not known when the theatre submitted its copy of the text to John Larpent’s office because the application form has not survived. The submission copy [Larpent Manuscript No. 960] can be seen at the Huntington Library in San Marino, California, and the date when it was reviewed by Larpent can be ascertained from the diary of John Larpent’s wife, Anna Margaretta Larpent (1758–1832), which is also housed at the Huntington Library (HM31201).<sup>11</sup> The entry in her diary (October 31, 1792) records far more about this work than was her norm for afterpieces of this type. Approving the script appears to have been a family matter, with the proposed libretto being read aloud to the family by her sister Clara. This reading took place only four days before the premiere, and may indicate the theatre’s tardiness in its submission of the approval script.

The work’s title refers to a town some nine miles south-east of Reading, and about five miles west of the present-day site of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. The choice of this location may have been made to deflect Larpent’s critical view of political content. In truth, none

---

<sup>9</sup> J.A. Houlding, *Fit for service: The Training of the British Army, 1715–1795* (Oxford Clarendon Press, 1981), 337–39.

<sup>10</sup> Submission examination libretto [Larpent Manuscript No. 960], (Huntington Library, San Marino, CA).

[ Song texts] *Songs, Duets, Choruses, &c. in the Operatic Farce of Hartford-Bridge; or, The Skirts of the Camp . . .* (London: W. Woodfall, 1792).

[Vocal Score] William Shield, *Hartford-Bridge; or, The Skirts of the Camp . . .* (London: Longman & Broderip, [1792]; date confirmed in *Star and Evening Advertiser*, December 4, 1792).

[Revised Libretto] William Pearce, *Hartford-Bridge; or, The Skirts of the Camp . . .* (London, T.N. Longman, 1793).

<sup>11</sup> Also published as: *A Woman’s View of Drama, 1790-1830: The Diaries of Anna Margaretta Larpent at the Huntington Library*. (Marlborough, Wiltshire, UK: Adam Matthew Publications, 1995).

of the military exercises would have been visible from the picturesque town on the banks of the River Hart. Pearce's choice of setting thus avoided direct military associations while at the same time retaining an authentic location. Since all but two scenes are set inside various rooms at the White Lion Inn, the distance from Bagshot Heath does not pose any dramatic problem. That the work refers to the Bagshot Heath manoeuvres is seen in Act II/iii where the character, Peter, declares "do you all stand to it so much in earnest . . . at Bagshot, when you fight in jest?" Surprisingly, John Larpent did not cut the passage, but elsewhere the approval copy reveals just how touchy he could be about military matters and the mention of royalty: two references to the regiment being encamped are crossed out, as is the mention of the Abyssinian King by the character, Peregrine Forrester. Presumably, it was permissible to mention the military, but to describe an actual encampment had political implications which were not acceptable.

The matter of the duet "Summon'd to the angry battle" in Act 2, scene 3, is less clear. Although the text contains an overt military theme, it was printed in the publication of song texts released by W. Woodfall and the vocal score published by Longman & Broderip (both 1792). But when the complete libretto was published in 1793 by T.N. Longman, the text of the duet is printed, but marked "Omitted in the Representation." It is possible that the revised libretto was still too long, and that this duet became a casualty. Pearce appears to have been warned to restrict himself to a general military atmosphere in his libretto, rather than any specific mention of an impending war. To this end, the 1793 libretto relates that the theatre dispatched a Mr. Wigstead to the area who "collected every Locality, that could embellish the Subject." While the staging appeared to be authentic, the characters were removed from the actual military exercises by the titular Hartford-Bridge and the river it spans.

#### Plot:

Sir Gregory Forester has a large estate which is entailed and was to have passed to his son, an Army captain in India. Unfortunately, reports had been received which related that Captain Forester died in the line of duty. The next in line was a distant relative named Peregrine Forester, someone whom Sir Gregory has never met. Sir Gregory proposes to marry off his only surviving child, a daughter named Clara, to Peregrine Forester to keep the family home close at hand. A meeting between the parties is planned at Hartford-Bridge, near where the army had begun training exercises. Clara, however, is enamoured of Captain Fieldair, and has no desire to marry Peregrine. Fieldair and Clara contrive to meet in secret at the White Lion Inn in Hartford-Bridge. There, Cartridge (Fieldair's servant) and Susan, (Clara's servant) dupe both Sir Gregory and Peregrine Forester, and a general confusion reigns. Sir Gregory is suspicious of the person claiming to be his kin on account of Peregrine's wild boastings about his travels, and concludes that Peregrine is a confederate of Cartridge. A *deus ex machina* ending is given when the presumed-dead Captain Forester shows up, and the family name and lands are made safe. Given that his life had been saved because of the arrangements made for him by Fieldair, Sir Gregory is now only too pleased to let love take its course between his daughter and the Army Captain.

\*\*\*\*

Given the theatre's previous attempt at staging a work with political content, it is not surprising that the *Times* (November 5, 1792) complained about perceived political references in the new work: "The introduction of some political allusions to Count Macleod and Tippoo Saib,

became in those parts objectionable. No doubt the good sense of the author will bring the part within a narrow compass.” The reviewer was, in general, positive about the libretto and praised the invention of the eccentric traveller Peregrine Forester, although he found the part drawn out excessively, suggesting it be curtailed in future performances. The long and detailed review in the *Star and Evening Advertiser* (December 4, 1792) had already written that the part of Peregrine was “over-laboured” and the entire work was too long. Pearce took the criticisms to heart. The *Diary* (November 6, 1792) reported that, for the second performance, Pearce made some “most judicious transpositions, curtailments and alterations which operated like a charm.” Given the discrepancies in the surviving documentation (see below), it would appear that these revisions were substantial and resulted in the loss of some music. Still, the revised text is hardly a model of brevity, and it contains maudlin sentiments in some of the song lyrics.

Pearce’s libretto may have been longwinded, but his ability to create striking characters appealed to audiences. Furthermore, his understanding of the changing social situations in late eighteenth-century Britain can be seen in the creation of the servants. In particular, Cartridge, a Figaro-like creature, manages to get the things done which his “betters” cannot. While there is no proof to support an assumption that Pearce was influenced by Beaumarchais’ play *La Folle Journée, ou le Mariage de Figaro* (1778), Pearce could very easily have known its English translation which had been performed at Covent Garden as *The Follies of a Day; or, the Marriage of Figaro*. This text was published in London in 1785.<sup>12</sup> Similar to Beaumarchais’ countess, the two lovers (Fieldair and Clara) are largely unable to help themselves and are reliant on the efforts of their servants to bring a resolution to their love story. The choice of the name of Susan for the female servant may also be a reference to Beaumarchais’ Suzanne.

One character who has no antecedent in Beaumarchais is the eccentric traveller Peregrine Forrester whose wild bragging caught public attention. For Peregrine, Pearce likely drew on a real explorer for his inspiration. Mrs. Larpent’s journal comments on this character when she writes “a very pretty musical piece with a clever satire on Bruce.” James Bruce (1730–94), the quarrelsome Scottish explorer claimed to have discovered the source of the Blue Nile in 1770. His assertions were accepted by the French, but rejected in England. His five-volume *Travels to Discover the Source of the Nile in the Years 1768-73* (published in 1790) proved popular with the general public, however.<sup>13</sup> Bruce had retired to his home in Scotland by the time *Hartford-Bridge*, but was still sufficiently remembered by Mrs. Larpent to make the association. The other characters in Pearce’s farce are of less interest. Both Sir Gregory and his son Captain Forester are presented as models of traditional English rectitude, but are otherwise two dimensional.

## Music

The four primary sources for the production score (mentioned above) disagree on some

---

<sup>12</sup> *The Follies of a Day; or, the Marriage of Figaro. A Comedy*, as it is now performing at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden. From the French of M. de Beaumarchais by Thomas Holcroft (London: G.G. and J.J. Robinson, 1785).

<sup>13</sup> Bruce’s career is documented in earlier editions of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* such as the 11<sup>th</sup> edition from 1910.

important points, likely pointing to significant revisions to the libretto after the premiere. It may be that the Woodfall publication is the earliest to have been released since it contains the text for a duet between Clara and Peregrine, “Love, thy servant pleads most fervent.” This is not found in the other sources and was likely cut from the production early during the rehearsal period. The vocal score published by Longman & Broderip indicates that first act ended with an aria, recitative and glee for Fieldair and a party of officers (“O with my dearest Clara/Ere you pass”). This text is not found in the 1793 libretto where the act ends with the duet for Clara and Fieldair, “One short moment I embrace.” Since the music for the original ending to the act does not fit into the revised libretto, it has been placed in an appendix in this edition.

The published score gives all of the musical set pieces in a keyboard reduction, but does not include other musical cues that might have been used in the production. It might be conjectured that several hands were involved in the creation of the piano reduction, so different are the approaches in its various sections. Some, such as “Amidst the illusions,” are so complete that creating string parts from the reduction is comparatively easy. In other cases, especially “Hark, hark the Drum,” the results are far less complete. In the latter case, the reduction is so bare that it is difficult to even discern the intended harmonies. Although the published score runs to forty-nine pages, the actual ratio of music to text in *Hartford-Bridge* is heavily weighted to spoken dialogue. The vocal score must have been prepared prior to the premiere and certainly before the revision to the libretto because the publication includes music which was deleted after the first performance. The following lists all of the pieces in the published vocal score, with the page numbers on the left side:

- pp. 2-5, Preludio,
- pp. 6-10, [March, Dialogue song, & Chorus (Cartridge, Soldiers & Women): “Hark, hark the Drum,”
- pp. 11-13, Aria (Clara): “Amidst the illusions that o’er the mind flutters,”
- pp. 14-17, Duetto (Fieldair & Clara): “One, one short moment,”
- pp. 18-22, Song (Peregrine): “Thro France ‘thro all the German regions,”
- pp. 23-29, Aria, Recitative & Glee (Fieldair and chorus): “O with my dearest Clara,” “Ere you pass,”
- pp. 30-31, Song (G. Forester): “Girls shy appear when men first leer,”
- pp. 32-33, Song (Susan): “*The Pack Horse Bells*, A Ballad,”
- pp. 34-37, Aria (Clara): “Tho’ by the tempest the bark rudely driven,”
- pp. 38-43, Dialogue Song (Cartridge & Peter): “Summon’d to the angry battle,”
- pp. 44-45, Song (Fieldair): “*The Heaving of the Lead*, A Ballad,”
- pp. 46-49, *FINALE*, “The hour with disaster and sorrow o’ercast,”<sup>14</sup>

---

<sup>14</sup> Four examples from the score have been recorded on the CD *Great Britain triumphant!* (Centaur CRC 3073): the overture, “Amidst the Illusions” (sung by Stefanie True), “One short Moment” (sung by Caroline Schiller and Zoltán Megyesi) and “Tho’ by the Tempest” (sung by Stefanie True). Orchestrations of the keyboard score were made by Paul Rice and Mary Térey-Smith. The Capella Savaria was conducted by Mary Térey-Smith. Furthermore, the ballad “The Heaving of the Lead” is found on *Jane Austen’s Songbook* (Albany Records TROY722), performed by Anthony Boutté, tenor, and Karen Flint, piano.

Pastiche scores were common in the London theatres and Shield's score contains both original and music "selected" by him. Unlike other published scores by Shield, this one does not state the sources of the borrowings. Many of the London newspapers reported that music by Sacchini and Haydn had been used, without naming individual works. Other borrowings come from folk traditions and would likely have been known to the audience. The chorus, "In rain and in sunshine," is set to the tune, "O say, bonny lass," and the second part of the overture is a variation of "The Ash Grove."<sup>15</sup> The score was much praised by the *London Chronicle* (November 6, 1792): "it does Mr. Shield the highest credit. The overture is a capital composition, and the airs are selected with infinite taste, and the accompaniments far beyond the style of accompaniment attained by several modern masters." The *Morning Chronicle* (November 5 1792) stated that "in the original airs Mr. Shield has been as successful as happy in his adaptation of the compositions of his coadjutors. Several of them were encored by the unanimous call of the audience, particularly Quick's *Dancing Song*, which has much characteristic merit, and Incedon's *Heaving of the Lead*."

The jolly overture successfully captures the mood of the opera by creating an appropriately martial atmosphere, but without giving any sense of the danger of war. The published score contains indications for martial instruments, such as the fife and drum. Shield was likely encouraged in their use by Pearce who even indicates the effects of such sounds on the populace. In Act I/i, the potential recruit, Peter, exclaims, "How sweet are their voices!—the drum and the fife! For music so rare I could venture my life!" Such comments reinforce the military atmosphere, as do characters who return from the Heath in military costume. Furthermore, Shield was given opportunities in each act to compose music of an overt martial nature. Originally, both acts have an ensemble scene of considerable proportions ["Hark, the drum" in Act I, and "Summon'd to the angry Battle" in Act II], as well as two shorter musical numbers [Glee: "Ere you Pass" in Act I, and the ballad, "The Heaving of the Lead" in Act II]. This plan would have resulted in a balanced structure, but the omission of "Summon'd to the angry Battle" and "Ere you pass" in the revised libretto reduces the number of references in both acts. The music for "Summon'd to the angry Battle" is included in the main part of this edition because its texts remained in the published libretto.

Shield's choice of musical styles in the vocal pieces is largely, although not exactly, divided along class lines, with the servants singing music in the popular ballad style, and those of a higher social class singing music of greater complexity. Both of the virtuoso arias given to Clara Forester have influences from the world of Italian opera and the references to Sacchini for Shield's sources appear likely. Mrs. Elizabeth Clendinning (1767–99), a student of Venanzio Rauzzini (1746–1810), made her first appearance at Covent Garden with this afterpiece. She would have been trained to have the requisite flexibility for "Tho' by the tempest the bark rudely driven." Although "Amidst the illusions that o'er the mind flutter" has no passage work, there are testing staccato notes up to a high B. The newspapers of the day report that her arias were regularly encored. If Shield was to have followed with his social class designations, Clara's father Sir Gregory Forester should have been given operatic music. Here, the composer might have been constrained by the limitations of the actor chosen to play the part. John Quick

---

<sup>15</sup> The music is discussed by Roger Fiske, *English Theatre Music in the Eighteenth Century*, rev. ed. (London: Oxford University Press, 1986), 550-51.

(1748–1831) was a comic actor who made his first appearance at Covent Garden in 1772. He began his acting career playing comic characters, clowns and rustics, but later moved into principal roles. He was not primarily a singer, however, and his only solo song (“Girls shy appear when men first leer”) poses few technical demands.

Captain Fieldair, sung by Charles Incledon (1763–1826), might not be from a higher social class, although it was common for the younger sons of the gentry to enter military life. If so, Captain Fieldair was likely a career military man, having served two years as a subaltern before gaining the rank of captain. Incledon was another student of Venanzio Rauzzini and capable of singing the difficult music of the duet “One, one short moment.” Incledon was best known, however, for his performance of ballads, having made a reputation in that area at the summer concerts of the Vauxhall Gardens. Shield gave the singer the most popular piece in the score, the ballad “The Heaving of the Lead.” So popular was this song that Jane Austen is known to have copied the music into her personal music collection. As a sea song, it is incongruous to the plot, but Pearce gave an apology in the printed libretto for assigning a “Sea-Song to a Military Character,” claiming that Incledon’s performance of it had made audiences forgive the error. Only three verses for this ballad can be found in the sources, but later publications often contain a fourth:

Now to the birth the ship draws nigh,  
We take in sails she feels the ride,  
Stand clear the cable is the cry  
The anchor gone we safely ride,  
The watch is set and thro’ the night,  
We hear the seamen with delight,  
Proclaim ALL’s WELL

The other ballad, “The Pack Horse Bells,” was assigned to the servant Susan. This three-verse setting is attractive enough with its bell effects, but is otherwise decorative to the plot. It, too, enjoyed a separate publication life.

The character of Peregrine, the world traveller, gave Shield an opportunity to make use of borrowings from different parts of the world. “Thro France, thro’ all the German regions,” is a pastiche that borrows the Fandango first heard in Gluck’s *Don Juan*, “Nel cor più” from Paisiello’s *La molinara* and a Russian folk song. The song mixes recitative passages (marked “Chaunt”) with air, and the entire sequence of music is held together with a recurring theme heard over an extended drone. The borrowed tunes give local colour, but they do not overwhelm the music. The brief Paisiello quotation (with Italian text), for example, introduces the Italian locale, but the following music is original. Throughout, the changes of metre are frequent and provide much variety to the air.<sup>16</sup> Although the score is a pastiche, Shield’s ability to use contrasted materials to illustrate the plot effectively makes the score of considerable interest. In this edition, the published libretto has been chosen since this appears to represent the revised version of the text immediately following the premiere. The existing music is inserted at the

---

<sup>16</sup> This impressive air is more than just the “medley of quotations” described by Roger Fiske. *English Theatre Music*, 550-51.

appropriate parts and the original ending to Act 1 is given in the appendix. As for the music, I have attempted to provide a diplomatic facsimile of the original publication. Editorial interventions are few: editorial slurs are indicated with broken lines and a few pitch corrections are put in square brackets. I have maintained the original beaming as this often indicates phrasing choices.

With *Hartford-Bridge*, Pearce and Shield created an opera which entertained audiences as late as 1809. If the libretto published that year by Longman, Hurst, Rees and Orme is an accurate portrayal of the stage performances at that time, it appears that only minor cuts had been undertaken in the libretto during the subsequent revivals. Given the threat that Napoléon Bonaparte posed to the British public until his defeat in 1815, the libretto for *Hartford-Bridge* remained relevant to the political situation, but in ways that were reassuring and entertaining.

Paul F. Rice  
Memorial University of Newfoundland

*Hartford-Bridge:*  
*Or,*  
*The Skirts of the Camp.*  
An Operatic Farce in Two Acts.

Libretto by William Pearce

Music composed and selected by William Shield.

*DRAMATIST PERSONÆ*

Sir Gregory Forester, Mr. Quick  
Peregrine Forester, Mr. Munden  
Captain Fieldair, Mr. Incledon  
Captain Forester, Mr. Macready  
Cartridge, Mr. Fawcett  
Peter, Mr. Blanchard  
Waiter, Mr. Farley  
Clara Forester, Mrs. Clendinning  
Susan, Mrs. Harlowe  
Bar-Maid, Mrs. Cross.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of Hartford Bridge, will long recollect with Pride the generous Reception it experienced from the Public. –To the able Support of the Theatre, he owes every Acknowledgement:–Nothing could have been more effective, than the comic Exertions of Mr. QUICK, or the Delineation given by Mr. MUNDEN to the excentric Traveller. If by a personal Mention of other Performers, he could assist the Testimony of general Approbation, he would not omit such Tributes.

He begs to off his sincere thanks to M. SHIELD; whose Composition of the Song on the “Heaving of the Lead” will be admired when the Writer’s Praises of his Talents are forgotten. –The Ballad in question was written on Ship-board a few Years since, and given to Mr. SHIELD previous to his late Visit to Italy; and if the Author has violated Exactness, in assigning a Sea-Song to a Military Character, those who have heard the astonishing Powers of Mr. INCLEDON, in delivering it, will readily pardon the Error.

For some of the Scenery the Writer must avow his Obligation, to the friendly Assistance of Mr. WIGSTEAD; who very politely visited the Place of Action, and collected every Locality, that could embellish the Subject.

To THOMAS HARRIS, Esq;

Dear Sir,

ALLOW me to dedicate to your Name, a little Drama, which under your friendly Patronage, derived its Popularity from the decorative Aid, and animating Powers of the Theatre.–Abstracted from this Consideration, if such an offering could confer a Compliment, a Retrospect to FAVOURS, which will always awaken my liveliest Sensibility, would dictate your Claim to that Mark of Respect.

I have the honour to be,  
Dear Sir,  
With sincere attachment,  
Your very obedient,  
And most humble servant,  
W. PEARCE,

April 18, 1793.

# Preludio to Hartford Bridge

William Shield

Maestoso Risoluto

Marcia

4

8

12

16

20

*f*

*pp*

*f*

*p*

*f*

*expressivo*

24

Musical score for measures 24-28. Treble clef has chords and eighth notes. Bass clef has eighth notes and rests.

29

Musical score for measures 29-32. Treble clef has sixteenth-note chords. Bass clef has eighth notes.

33

Musical score for measures 33-37. Treble clef has chords and eighth notes. Bass clef has eighth notes.

38

Musical score for measures 38-41. Treble clef has eighth notes. Bass clef has chords. Dynamics *p* and *f*.

42

Musical score for measures 42-45. Treble clef has eighth notes. Bass clef has eighth notes. Dynamic *p*.

46

Musical score for measures 46-51. Treble clef has chords. Bass clef has eighth notes. Dynamics *morendo*, *ten.*, and *p*. Section title **Quick Step**.

52

Musical score for measures 52-55. Treble clef has eighth notes. Bass clef has eighth notes. Dynamic *sf*.

61

Musical score for measures 61-69. The system consists of a grand staff with a treble clef and a bass clef. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is 4/4. The music features a piano accompaniment with a steady eighth-note bass line and a treble line with chords and melodic fragments. Dynamic markings include *sf* (sforzando) and *f* (forte).

70

Horns

Musical score for measures 70-79. The system consists of a grand staff. The key signature is two sharps. The time signature is 4/4. The music features a piano accompaniment and a horn part. The horn part begins in measure 70 with a melodic line. Dynamic markings include *p* (piano).

81

Trumpets

Tutti

Musical score for measures 81-90. The system consists of a grand staff. The key signature is two sharps. The time signature is 4/4. The music features a piano accompaniment and a trumpet part. The trumpet part begins in measure 81 with a melodic line. Dynamic markings include *f* (forte).

93

Fife

Musical score for measures 93-101. The system consists of a grand staff. The key signature is two sharps. The time signature is 4/4. The music features a piano accompaniment and a fife part. The fife part begins in measure 93 with a melodic line. Dynamic markings include *p* (piano) and *tr* (trill).

102

Musical score for measures 102-108. The system consists of a grand staff. The key signature is two sharps. The time signature is 4/4. The music features a piano accompaniment and a melodic line in the treble clef. Dynamic markings include *tr* (trill).

109

Musical score for measures 109-117. The system consists of a grand staff. The key signature is two sharps. The time signature is 4/4. The music features a piano accompaniment and a melodic line in the treble clef. Dynamic markings include *tr* (trill).

118

Musical score for measures 118-124. The system consists of a grand staff. The key signature is two sharps. The time signature is 4/4. The music features a piano accompaniment and a melodic line in the treble clef.

127 Oboe [Tutti] *p*

Musical score for measures 127-133. The system shows a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and a more active melody in the treble. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present. Above the staff, "Oboe" and "[Tutti]" are indicated.

134 *ff*

Musical score for measures 134-141. The system shows a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and a more active melody in the treble. A dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) is present.

142

Musical score for measures 142-147. The system shows a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and a more active melody in the treble.

148

Musical score for measures 148-153. The system shows a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and a more active melody in the treble.

**Act 1, scene 1: The Yard of the White Lion Inn, at Hartford Bridge. Barmaid, Waiters & Straggling Soldiers and Travellers passing and repassing—Knapsacks lying about, and Arms piled.**

Barmaid: Nobody to answer the bells—Luke! Harry! Where are you? —wait on the post chariot.

Waiter: They want fresh horses to the Heath.

Barmaid: See who has been set down by the Exeter Dilly. —Law—who'd be a Barmaid!

Waiter: A Methodist preacher, and a poet.

Barmaid: Then pray have an eye to the silver spoons—and here, Dick carry this cup of cool tankard to the party at high words in No. 2. —More company!

Waiter: A chaise and four on the Basingstoke.

Barmaid: Somebody running away from his wife or creditors—Get a fresh chaise ready—

Waiter: John, Hostler! Coming, coming!

Barmaid: Mercy what a crash! Look what it is.—

Waiter: Salisbury coach, in driving furiously up—

Barmaid: Overturn'd I suppose.—

Enter PASSENGERS limping.

1st Passenger: A cursed rogue—he wou'd try to beat the mail coach.

2nd Passenger: Yes, he has been at his *tantarums* for the last fifteen miles.

Barmaid: Lawyers, I see, returning from the assizes— (aside).

3rd Passenger: I wonder how the poor devils on the roof escaped!

1st Passenger: I have two of my clients among them.

2nd Passenger: And I a witness—a never-failing hand in cases of *nice* evidence.

Barmaid: Shew a room.

3rd Passenger: Yes, we shall remain here to-night, just to take a peep at the camp.

Barmaid: We have no beds for the outside people.

Hostler: No, we ha'n't—Can't litter down, for the gentlefolks, above a dozen more beds in the stables; and they will be wanted, towards morning—as the horses come off their jobs.

1st Passenger: With all our hearts—the outside travellers, may be outside lodgers, for what we care.

3rd Passenger: Yes, they may—they have preferred the open air hitherto, and the nights are not very long.

Waiter: This way, gentlemen. [*Exit Passengers.*]

Enter TRAVELLER.

Traveller: Bring my portmanteau<sup>1</sup> this way—I purpose stopping here to-night. —Have you a bed?

---

<sup>1</sup> During the eighteenth century, a portmanteau was a cylindrical carrying case designed to fit behind the saddle of a horse. When opened, the portmanteau formed two equal halves of the cylinder. They were usually made of leather so as to be waterproof. To maximize space in the case, most items were rolled before placing them inside.

Waiter: I believe we have *one*, sir—such as it is.

Traveller: Well, well—one will do: —I do not usually sleep in *two* beds at a time. [*Exit.*]

Barmaid: Another chaise drives up: —people to the camp, I suppose.

Enter FIELDAIR and CARTRIDGE.

Fieldair: The carriage, I perceive, of Sir Gregory Forester—I must not be seen! —Remember your instructions.

Cartridge: Yonder is Sir Gregory, I guess, in the white wig.

Fieldair: Yes; and the lady he is handing out is Miss Clara: —be sure and watch occasion to deliver my letter: —it will explain to her, that professional duty obliges me to be absent.

[FIELDAIR *withdraws.*]

Cartridge: Step aside, sir; —here they come.

Barmaid: O, this is the party who, a week since, engaged the pavilion that overlooks the Heath —Shew them in.

Enter SIR GREGORY, CLARA, and PETER.

Sir Gregory: Well, here we are at last: —A tent to command a view of the Heath, has been pitched I hope, as I desired?

Barmaid: The tent, sir, is ready—it is placed in the enclosed plantation just across the bridge; and is quite retired.

Clara: That will be pleasant.

Sir Gregory: Peter, see to the trunks.

Peter: Eod, Peter do every thing! —I thought I should have a fine time on't!

Cartridge: Mr. Peter, let me assist.

Peter: Hey! —so thee shalt—I have enow to do, when at home. [*Exit Cartridge with boxes.*]

Clara: Susan, take care of the hat boxes.

Enter SUSAN.

Susan: Law, ma'am. I can scarcely take care of myself —the officer-gentlemen are so comical, I cou'd hardly get past them.

Clara: That's odd indeed! —They are wond'rous rude!

Sir Gregory: Is it to be wondered at? —Did she not begin with them first?

Susan: Dear me, I only stop'd to hear the little fifer play "Poor Jack," while they were taking the things of the *chay*.

Peter: Ecod, what's the fifer to the drummer in the kitchen! —what a marvellous *genus* he must be! —how he twirls the sticks about!

Sir Gregory: I wish, rascal, I had *one*, this moment, to beat a tattoo upon your sconce! Go, see that the horses are taken care of —and let us have some tea in the best room —Come, Clara.

[*Exeunt SIR GREGORY and CLARA*]

Susan: I declare I like the place of all thing —I have been so leer'd at! —though I'm not in the least surprised at it; for I look uncommonly well to-day! —[*Exit following CLARA*]

Peter: I thought I was to have a little rest while travelling; but instead of that, I find I am to be still moving about. —Ah! —I wish I was as well off as these soldier boys—I met one of them

just now, with a couple of girls to his own share. —O they lead rare lives. —But mercy!  
(*drums and fifes at a distance*) —what clatter is this? —which way shall I run?—

Enter CARTRIDGE (stopping PETER, who attempts to depart)

Air, DUET, CHORUS, &c:

Cartridge: Hark! Hark! The drum!

Peter: Sure enough they come! I'll away—I'll away!

Cartridge: Prithce stay—prithce stay!

Peter: I must go!

Cartridge: no, no, no!

*Enter a Party of SOLDIERS, with WOMEN*

Soldiers and Women: In rain and in sunshine, and each change of weather,

By beauty up-chear'd we keep firmly together:

And since, in our march, we to-day have beat Sorrow,

Let's hope he won't find where our tents are to-morrow.

Cartridge: But give young Peter welcome, pray,

You will not on a summer's day,

Find out a lad who's braver;

Farewell!—we soon shall meet again!

Women: We'll strive your friend to entertain.

Cartridge: He seems a curious shaver! [*Exit* CARTRIDGE]

Peter: How sweet are their voice! —the drum and the fife!

For music so rare I could venture my life!

Soldiers: Sometimes upon a coast unknown!

By fate of war we're sudden thrown!

Women: Still with you o'er the seas we go;

The clime, the dreary country bear;

And only deem that hardship woe,

In which we're not allow'd to share!

All: In rain and in sunshine, and each change of weather,

By beauty up-chear'd we keep firmly together:

And since, in our march, we to-day have beat Sorrow,

Let's hope he won't find where our tents are to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]



Enter Cartridge, Peter and a Party of Soldiers, after a March attended by Women.

**Allegro con Spirito**

Fife and Drum

Musical score for Fife and Drum, measures 1-6. The piece is in G major and 2/4 time. The upper staff (treble clef) features a melody of eighth notes, starting with a dynamic marking of *[mp]*. The lower staff (bass clef) provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Musical score for Oboe and Fife and Drum, measures 7-12. The Oboe part (upper staff) begins at measure 7 with a melodic line, marked with a dynamic of *f*. The Fife and Drum part (lower staff) continues with its accompaniment. A fermata is placed over the Oboe part at measure 10.

Musical score for Fife and Drum, measures 13-18. The upper staff continues the melodic line, and the lower staff continues the accompaniment. A fermata is placed over the upper staff at measure 14.

Musical score for Fife and Drum, measures 19-21. The upper staff continues the melodic line, and the lower staff continues the accompaniment.

Musical score for Fife and Drum, measures 22-24. The upper staff continues the melodic line, and the lower staff continues the accompaniment. A fermata is placed over the upper staff at measure 23.

25 Cartridge:

Hark! Hark! Hark! the

Drum

31

Drum...

Peter: Sure e -

35

nough they come, sure e-nough they come, I'll a-way, I'll a-way,

41 Cartridge: Peter: Cartridge: Peter:

Pri-thee, pri-thee stay, I'll a-way. Pri-thee stay, Pri-thee stay, pri - thee, pri - thee stay. I

47 Cartridge: Peter: Cartridge: **Allegro** Chorus:

must go. No, no, no. I must go. No, no, no. In Rain and in Sun-shine and each change of

53

wea-ther, by Beau-ty up- cheer'd, we\_ keep firm - ly to - ge- ther; And since in our March we to - day have beat

61 Symphony:

Sor-row, Let's hope he won't find where our Tents are To-mor-row.

68 **Tempo Primo**

But give young Pe-ter wel-come pray, But give young Pe-ter wel-come pray, You

74

will not on a sum-mer's day find out a Lad who's bra-ver. bra-ver. bra-ver, find out a Lad who's

81

bra-ver. Fare-well, fare-well, we soon shall meet a-gain. We'll strive your friends to

We'll

87

en-ter-tain, we'll strive your friends to en-ter-tain, He seems a cur-ious Sha-ver!

strive your friends to en-ter-tain, to en-ter-tain,

94 **Fife and Drum:**

He seems a cur-ious Sha-ver!

**Allegretto**

101

Peter:  
How sweet are their Voi-ces, the

108

Drum and the Fife! With mu-sic so rare I cou'd ven-ture my life, How sweet are their Voices, the Drum and the Fife!

113

With mu-sic so rare, I cou'd ven-ture my life, with mu-sic so rare I cou'd

119

ven-ture my life!

Trumpets:  
Soldiers:  
Some - times u-pon a Coast un -  
Some - times u-pon a Coast un -

125

known, By fate of War, by fate of War we're sud - den thrown, Some - times u-pon a Coast un -  
known, By fate of War, by fate of War we're sud - den thrown, Some - times u-pon a Coast un -

129  
 known, By fate of War we're sud-den thrown. Still with you o'er the Seas we go, the  
 known, By fate of War we're sud-den thrown. Still with you o'er the Seas we go, the

134  
 clime, the drea-ry Coun-try bear, and on-ly deem that hard-ship woe, In which we're not al-  
 clime, the drea-ry Coun-try bear, and on-ly deem that hard-ship woe, In which we're not al-

139  
 -low'd to share. In- Rain and in Sun-shine and each change of wea-ther, By Beau-ty up cheer'd, we keep  
 low'd to share.

146  
 firm-ly to- geth-er, And since in our march we to-day have beat Sor-row, Let's hope he won't

153  
 find where our Tents are to-mor-row.

**Act 1, scene 2: An apartment at the Inn.**

SIR GREGORY, CLARA, and CARTRIDGE.

Sir Gregory: An odd sort of garb your's for a waiter!

Cartridge: Yes, sir, merely in compliment to the camp—devilish observing—(*aside*)—You know, sir, at a Free Mason's Lodge, the waiter must always be a sort of Brother!

Sir Gregory: True; and so you have lived a great while at the Inn?

Cartridge: A great while sir; I may be considered, your honour, as a *fixture* here.

Clara: Have the officers given any balls yet?

Sir Gregory: Poh! Rot the balls. —Le me question the man about supper before we walk towards the Heath?

Enter WAITER.

Waiter: The bill of fare, sir.

Cartridge: Give it to me—I'll bring the orders to the bar; —and harkye, Sir Gregory, my master, is very particular that nobody should wait upon him but *me* —so don't be officiously pressing forward on all occasions. [*Aside—and pushing him out.*]

Waiter: O very well—I understand— [*Exit WAITER*]

Cartridge: Then pray decamp—I beg pardon, Sir Gregory, but I was desiring my fellow-servant to keep himself sober an hour beyond his usual time.

Clara: I can't take any supper.

Sir Gregory: Let me see—(*looking over the bill.*)

Cartridge: Do, madam, just glance your eye over, (*giving her the letter*) you may see something you have a fancy for.

Clara: Good heavens!—

Sir Gregory: I have no great appetite—your's is a bad country for trout—smelts in savoury jelly will do—a grilled pullet with mushrooms is no bad thing—I do not see the least objection to the venison a-la-braise—the macaroni may come in with the pigeons and peas; as for the rest, as I said before, I have not great appetite; so I'll go take a peep at the larder.

Cartridge: This way, sir—the larder is the part of the premises with which I am anxious to be better acquainted —(*Aside*). [*Exit SIR GREGORY and CARTRIDGE.*]

Clara: So Fieldair's regiment is encamp'd here! —That is propitious! —All the attentions promised from the gallantries of the camp, lose their value in the recollection of his merits.

Air

I.

Amidst the illusions that o'er the mind flutter,  
I *will* not forget my true object of love;  
At parting the fondest concern did he utter,  
I left him;—but yet shall this heart never rove!  
No—no—this heart shall never rove!

II.

He bade me farewell!—and my fancy repeated  
His tender expressions for many a day;  
And I think, were I now unperceiv'd near him seated,  
That homage to love from his lips still wou'd stray.

**Alegretto**

Clara:

A - midst the il - lu - sions that

6

o'er the mind flut - ters, I will not for - get my true ob - ject of Love. At

10

par - ting the fond - est con - cern did he ut - ter, I left him, but yet this heart ne - ver shall rove, no

14

ne - ver shall rove, no no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, this heart ne'er shall rove, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. It

17

ne-ver shall rove; A - midst the il - lu - sions that o'er the mind flut - ter, I

21

will not for - get my true Ob - ject of Love. At part - ing the fond - est Con -

25  
 cern did he ut - ter; I left him but yet this heart ne-ver shall rove,

*sf*

29  
 O no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, this heart ne'er shall rove

32  
 O no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, this heart n'er shall rove, — this heart ne-ver shall — no — ne-ver shall rove.

*f*

36  
 He bade me fare-well and my Fan-cy re-peat-ed his ten-der ex-pres sions for

*p* *sf*

41  
 ma-ny a day. My fan - cy re - peat - ed, And I

*p* *p* *sf* *p*

45  
 think were I now un - per - ceiv'd near him seat - ed, From his Lips I — should still — hear the



48  
 soft— hom-mage stray. *p* A - midst the il - lu-sions that o'er the mind flut-ter I will not\_ for - get my true

52  
 ob- ject of Love; At part - ing the fond - est con - cern did he ut - ter;

56  
 I left him but yet this heart ne-ver shall rove, O no, no, no, no,

60  
 no, no, no, no, no, this heart n'er shall rove. O no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no this

63  
 heart ne'er shall rove, this heart ne-ver shall no\_ ne-ver shall rove.

Enter SUSAN, (*impatiently.*)

Susan: Your bed-chamber, ma'am, is very pleasant indeed—you may see from it all the officer-gentlemen strut about, —and they tell me, when we walk out in the cool of the evening, we shall hear the band play “the Plough Boy whistling,” and “Little Baron on my Knee.” —Oh! —and a duel was fought this morning;— “Damme, sir!” —says one of the gentlemen—No—no—the other began first— “Sir, (says he,) I must insist—”

Clara: How the creature's tongue goes!

Susan: Law, ma'am, I've a great deal to tell you, and if I don't talk fast, I shall never get through—"I must insist—" says he—

Clara: Peace for the present—this letter is from Captain Fieldair—

Susan: Dear me—that's comforting—I thought you seemed in a *flutter*.

Clara: He informs me, after waiting in suspense till our chaise came in view, he was obliged to repair to quarters for orders relative to the movement of the troops to-morrow.

Susan: It's charming, however, that he has found us out—

Clara: He expresses strong alarms that my father will persist in his design of marrying me to a distant relative, who, in consequence of our family name, will possess a principal part of its property.

Susan: Good me, that's very hard!

Clara: You must know, during my summer excursion, two years since, to my cousin's in Ireland, I had the misfortune to be too captivating to this more remote branch of kindred.

Susan: Ah, ma'am, its neither in your power nor mine to help being pretty.

Clara: But that my fate should be ruled by the combination of half a dozen letters!—a name!

Susan: Yes, I have always been told that your father is monstrous proud of his name!

Enter SIR GREGORY.

Sir Gregory: "Proud of his name!" —aye, and with reason: —Was there not, even in the present reign, a Forester among the Welch judges?"

Susan: Law! —what signifies such surly mortals—in large wigs—

Sir Gregory: Hoity-toity! what's here to do? Leave my presence instantly, Mrs. Pert.

Susan: Well—I'm going— [*Exit Susan*]

Sir Gregory: Has not a branch of the family attended the levees whenever a mitre became vacant, for the last seven years? —and is he not, perhaps, the very next of the *cloth* that will be chosen to wear *lawn*?<sup>2</sup>

Clara: In all probability he will, sir.

Sir Gregory: Have we not a Forester among the yellow Admirals<sup>3</sup>, who was a midshipman at the taking of Porto-Bello; and has been superannuated near fifteen years?

Clara: Very true, sir.

Sir Gregory: And did not my own poor boy die in the cause of his country, upwards of eight years ago, in the East-Indies?

Clara: To our sorrow he did! [*Emphatically.*]

Sir Gregory: Aye, aye, the name has made some uproar in the world—even I myself shall be talked of a little when I am gone—(*pensively*)—I was one of the first who dined off beef-stakes, and onions on the River Thames, in the year of the hard frost.<sup>4</sup> [*Importantly.*]

Clara: Sir!

---

<sup>2</sup> Lawn sleeves was indicative of a promotion to the position of Bishop in the Anglican Church.

<sup>3</sup> Prior to 1864, the term referred to a post-captain who had been promoted to rear admiral on retirement, although never having served at the rank.

<sup>4</sup> This is likely a reference to the severe weather that froze the Thames in December 1767 and which lasted until the middle of January 1768. "The great frost" is a term that often refers to a similar event in 1709, but which would have been well before Sir Gregory's time.

Sir Gregory: Yes, the name must not be extinguished in a moment; —and your ancestry look to you for its progression to distant ages.

Clara: I don't understand—

Sir Gregory: As I told you before, the estate which was settled on your late brother, devolved at his death, in compliance with your grandfather's will, on a male of a remote branch, merely on account of his being a *Forester*.

Clara: I have heard as much, sir.

Sir Gregory: Now, as the very possessor of that estate comes forward to court your hand, your reception of his passion is all that is necessary to restore so much wealth to its original channel. —He is a most extraordinary young man; —and as a traveller, comes very near to the famous Tom Coriatte.<sup>5</sup>

Clara: Consider, sir, I have seen the gentleman but twice.

Sir Gregory: What of that? —I have not seen him at all; yet *I* find no difficulty in approving him.

Clara: I cou'd offer reasons—

Sir Gregory: Go on—I'll hear them all—and yet where the judge has determined how to sum up, what avails the prattle of counsel?

Clara: This is cruelly precipitate, and damps all the pleasures predicted of the journey.

Sir Gregory: Our jaunt to the camp, if you must know, was principally to meet Mr. Peregrine Forester, in order to you being introduced to his rich uncle, who resides in the neighbourhood, and has expressed a wish to see you.

Clara: Is it possible!

Sir Gregory: Yes, the interview must be early to-morrow: —there's no time to lose—for the old gentleman is not very well; and what makes it rather *risky*, he's attended by two physicians.

Clara: Protect me heaven!

Sir Gregory: Two physicians did I say? —Gad's me, I believe there are *three*—so I think he has notice to quit! Come along, my dear. [*Exeunt.*]

**Act 1, scene 3: A Room in the Inn.** CARTRIDGE *alone.*

Cartridge: While I stood list'ning to the conversation between Sir Gregory and his daughter, I just heard enough to discover that the enemy, without being aware of our approaches, will frustrate all our operations. —My poor master seems in a hopeful way! —Nothing but an artful counter-vallation can save him. —Miss Clara is to bestow her hand on one she hates, solely because he of the family name. —This is exactly what my master was told. —Hey!—who have we here?—

*Enter WAITER with a Portmanteau,  
and conducting in MR. PEREGRINE FORESTER.*

Waiter: This way to Sir Gregory's apartment—This way, Sir.

Peregrine: You will tell him Peregrine Forester wishes to see him.

Cartridge: The Devil, arrived already! (*Aside.*)

Waiter: O, here is Sir Gregory's servant—

---

<sup>5</sup> Thomas Coryat (c.1577–1617) travelled extensively though Europe and parts of Asia. He published a much-regarded two volume account of his travels (1611).

Peregrine: Sir Gregory's servant! —What in a military garb?

Cartridge: Yes, sir, a whim of my master, in consequence of his having been near forty years since a volunteer—for about three days—in the county militia.

Peregrine: Heroic fidelity! —you will please to inform Sir Gregory—

Cartridge: He is unfortunately absent.—

Peregrine: That's extraordinary, for I fixed this very hour to meet him here.

Cartridge: An affair rather urgent—but may I ask your name?

Peregrine: Peregrine Forester, —of no settled habitation; but whose *name* is familiar to the inhabitants of the extreme poles; and has been inscribed upon the towers of cities, where the use of letters is unknown.

Cartridge: Sir Gregory left particular orders to present his best regard, and intreat you wou'd instantly follow him to your uncle's. —You *have* an uncle near Bagshot?

Peregrine: Yes, you are right. —

Cartridge: He was sent for on account of an alarming attack your uncle had received.

Peregrine: It must then have been sudden?

Cartridge: It was, Sir—

Peregrine: He was a little unwell, to be sure?

Cartridge: It was an attack, —quick as thought.—

Peregrine: Sudden, perhaps, as the Fall of Niagara!

Waiter: Shall the cattle, Sir, be kept to the chaise?

Peregrine: No—I despise a chaise: [*Exit Waiter*] Give me a sledge and a rein deer! —Lapland and December!

Cartridge: Hadn't you better have a horse got ready? (*Impatiently.*)

Peregrine: I hate a horse: —I have cantered on a dromedary, and know the difference.

Cartridge: Since you won't ride, perhaps you wou'd prefer *walking*? (*Impatiently.*)

Peregrine: I would not give in at that work, even to the noted Powell!<sup>6</sup> —I am, myself, commonly called the Walking Peregrine. —I have followed, before now, the *Sun* through half the signs of the zodiac, dancing after him like one of the figures of Guido's Aurora!

Cartridge: "*The Sun*?" —I suspect you fell in company with the *Moon* by the way. [*Aside*]

Peregrine: Some may travel to analyze earths, or dissect morals—I love the grand, the expensive.

Cartridge: But, sir, your uncle is of a great age; and is besides attended by three physicians.—

Peregrine: I skirt the lake, or wander over a trouble sea of mountains—mark the *lights*—the breadth of *shadows*.

Cartridge: The shadows of night, dear Sir, will be upon us soon. —I dread Sir Gregory coming! (*Aside.*)

Peregrine: Above all things—

Cartridge: Above all things—consider your uncle is at his last gasp!—

Peregrine: I'll soon be with him: —You may perceive my very boots denote velocity: —Made from the skin of the red antelope of Senegal.

Cartridge: Yes, I see. (*Looking the other way as apprehensive of Sir Gregory.*)

Peregrine: —My waistcoat—from the blue-goat of Caffaria; the pellice—the black tiger of Brazil; —killed him while at supper—devouring a wild bull.

Cartridge: But you had better lose no time over this same bull-beef supper—

---

<sup>6</sup> This is possibly a reference to Ann Powell (1769-1792), who visited Niagara Falls in the eighteenth century.

Peregrine: Well, I won't, (*going*) my hat, the fur of the polar bear of the north; run him down in a snow storm.—

Cartridge: I wish you and the bear were, at this moment, baiting each other. (*aside*) This is the way out, Sir.—

Peregrine: I know it is.—You'll take care of this cloak bag, as it contains the unpublished part of my travels: —No body would believe them, so I keep them to myself. —there are too a few madrigals on the fair favourites of my tour.—

Cartridge: I must off—and prevent Sir Gregory stealing a march upon us.—(*aside*.)

Peregrine:

Song.

I.

THRO' France, thro' all the German regions,  
I've rang'd rare objects to discover;  
Seen pretty women in such legions,  
I thought myself return'd to Dover!  
Brisk music made me gay,  
And lively all the way;  
For no tune's dull, that once was merry,  
With him—who loves the *hey down derry!*

II.

The Spanish Belle I've serenaded;  
And many a night, with the guitar,  
Beneath the lattice-grate paraded:  
Now tinkle, tinkle; then, jar, jar.  
'Twas music made me gay—&c. &c. &c.

III.

The Fair of Italy to capture,  
A diff'rent style, the mea invent-o:  
To her the Canzonet gives rapture,  
“Nel cor piu non mi sento.”  
Such music has its day—  
But is not in my way—  
Yet no tune's dull, that once was merry,  
With him—who loves the *hey down derry!*

IV.

Round wou'd the girls of Russia chatter—  
And view me o'er with looks of pleasure;  
Their Cymbals sounded *clitter clatter*—  
And they trip in sprightly measure.  
Sweet music made me gay—  
And joyous all the way,  
For no tune's dull, that once was merry,  
With him—who loves the *hey down derry!* [*Exit*]

Peregrine

Oboe

Flute

*f*

7

Tutti

CHAUNT

Thro'

*f*

11

tr

France, thro all the Ger-man re-gions, I've rang'd rare ob-jects to dis-co-ver, Seen pret-ty wo-men

tr #6

14

**Allegro con spirito**

in such le-gions, I thought my-self re-turn'd to Do-ver. Brisk mu-sic made me gay, And

4 6 #3 - 6 5  
4 3

20

live-ly all the way. For no tunes dull that once was mer-ry, With him who loves the

25

hey-down der-ry, down der-ry down, der-ry down der-ry down der-ry the hey down der-ry.

Peregrine

30

The

Peregrine

35

Spanish Belle I've se-re-na-ded, And ma-ny a night with the sweet gui-tar, Be-neath the lat-tice

f #6

Peregrine

38

grate pa-ra-ded, Now tin- kle, tin- kle, the jar, jar. La-ra

Fandango

Pizz.

Pizz.

Peregrine

42

The

4 6 #3 6 5 4 3

Peregrine

47

**Allegro**

mu-sic made me gay, And live-ly all the way. For no tunes dull that

Peregrine

52

Oboe

once was mer-ry, With him who loves the hey-down der-ry, down der-ry down, der-ry down der-ry.

Peregrine

57

CHAUNT

The Fair of I-ta-ly to cap-ture A

62  
Peregrine

dif-fer-ent style, the men in - vent - o, To her the Can-zon - net gives rap- ture,

Canzonetta #6

Peregrine

Nel. Cor piu non mi sen - to, Such

Harp

*Grazioso*

71 **Allegro con Spirito**  
Peregrine

mu - sic has\_ its Day, But is not in\_ my way. Yet no tunes dull that

76  
Peregrine

once was mer-ry with him who loves the hey down der-ry, down der-ry, down der-ry, down der-ry down der-ry, the

81  
Peregrine

hey down der-ry.

Oboe

87 [Chant]  
Peregrine

Round wou'd the girls of Rus-sia chat-ter, And view me o'er with looks of

#6



90  
Peregrine

plea - sure. Their Cym - bals sound - ed cli - ter, clat - ter. And they tript in the

4 6 #3

92  
Peregrine

spright-ly mea - sure. Pas Russe

96  
Peregrine

[Chant]  
Round wou'd the girls of Rus-sia chat - ter,

100  
Peregrine

**Allegro con spirito**

hey on-ly eye him what a won - der. Their cym-bals sound-ed clit, clat, clit - ter, clat - ter,

Violins Cymbals

#6 *f p f*

105  
Peregrine

clit - ter,clit - ter,clat - ter, clat - ter. And the big drum rum-bled thun - der, their

Drum

109  
Peregrine

cym-bals sound-ed clit-ter, clat-ter, clit-ter,clat-ter,clit-ter,clit-ter, clat-ter.

113  
Peregrine

And the bigt drum rum - bled, Thun - der, the big drum rum - bled

Drum

118  
Peregrine

thun - der, the big drum rum - bled thun - der.

121  
Peregrine

*Re-enter* CARTRIDGE.

Cartridge: So—he's off. —Oh, that's right, the portmanteau! I'll have an eye to it—if it be only for the purpose of concealing a very necessary ladder of ropes, which Susan must convey to her lady: —'Twill be less suspicious than this villainous knapsack; and as for the manuscripts, they shall have a new lodging. —I thought he never would have departed. Susan!—Susan! Where is the jade? —Why Susan! Never yet was poor fellow more zealously warm in the cause of his master;—or in greater danger of having his ardour cooled in a horse-pond.

—Why, Susan, I say—(*Cartridge, during this soliloquy, continues employed in removing the manuscripts from the portmanteau to the knapsack.*)

Enter SUSAN.

Susan: I'm coming: —I was only trying on one of my mistress's new bonnets,—that I may look a little *stilish* in our walks to the camp.

Cartridge: Ah, Susan! There's other business to attend: —You know I have your lady's interest at heart.

Susan: Poor dear thing! She's weeping in her chambers:—I pity her much:—I know myself what love is.

Cartridge: I believe it from my soul—Nobody better, in every sense.

Susan: Yes, before I left my father's cottage, while I was thoughtless and unsuspecting—my heart felt the first alarm.

Sir Gregory: (*Peeping*) What can all this clamour be about?

Cartridge: But time presses, and we must be active.—Fly, and tell Miss Clara, that Mr.

Peregrine Forester, the rival of my master, has just reached Hartford Bridge. —I have, for the present, got rid of him; but as Sir Gregory will hear from the waiters of his arrival, we must contrive and usher in my master, under the name of this same Peregrine.

Sir Gregory: So, so, she has a lover at the camp already! —A cunning young baggage. (*aside.*)

Susan: Aye, aye, and by that means you are to *chouse* Sir Gregory? —Well—that will be clever.

Sir Gregory: “Chouse Sir Gregory!” —A pretty black leg phrase, truly!—Pray go on—(*aside.*)

Cartridge: You see what a double game, I'm obliged to play: —I pass upon your master for one of the waiters of the inn; and the people at the bar take me for his favourite servant.

Sir Gregory: “Favourite,” —with a vengeance! What a plotting scoundrel! (*aside.*)

Cartridge: You must prepare—

Susan: O, leave me alone:—We shall manage to trick Sir Gregory, I warrant: A stupid old gudgeon—

Sir Gregory: Very dutifully exprest, Mrs. Decorum! (*aside.*)

Cartridge: I've provided a ladder of ropes unknown to my master, by which I will persuade him to enter at midnight, to arrange matters for Miss Clara's escape.

Susan: That will be delightful!

Sir Gregory: A ladder, hang-dog, will one day or other lead to thy destiny! (*aside.*)

Cartridge: But I must hasten to take my Captain's orders; and, by to-morrow evening at this hour, we shall be, in all respects, prepared to carry you, and your lady, off. [*Exit*]

Susan: Carry us both off!—With all my heart; there's nothing in it, that I see, to be *afraid* of: I shall long for the moment, that's certain. (*Going out, meets Sir Gregory.*)

Sir Gregory: Shall you so, Madam Lucretia?

Susan: Oh!—Oh!— [*Screams*]

Sir Gregory: Stop your bawling, hussy! —O you are a precious agent in the cause of virtue! Is this your village simplicity?

Susan: Dear Sir, pray forgive me! —Law! How should a poor innocent girl, like me, know better?

Sir Gregory: As for your young mistress, damme, I know how to punish her: —I'll mortify her vanity: she shall be locked up in her chamber and allowed—no looking glass!

Susan: No looking glass! —Good Sir, that will be enough to break any lady's heart!

Sir Gregory: And you, for your part, shall be sent trooping home to your father, by the very first higler's cart, or wagon, that passes near his cottage.

Susan: What a loss I shall be to my poor dear mistress! (*pensively.*)

Sir Gregory: Yes, you will; and therefore I'll lose no time in breaking the subject to her as tenderly as possible. —'Twill be an amazing affliction to be sure! —Come, come along.

Susan: Don't pull one so. (*Exeunt.*)

**Act 1, scene 4: The Open Country**  
**A View of the Tents, &c., at the Approach of Evening.**

*Enter* FIELDAIR *and* CARTRIDGE.

Fieldair: You have managed with wonderful address, not to be suspected.

Cartridge: There, you Honour, I pride myself; the greatest lie will always find some believers; but among those, with whom I have been dealing, there was not a single infidel.

Fieldair: I have just succeeded, to obtain the General's leave, for a short absence, after the movements of to-morrow are over; —and will seize it the moment I am able.

Cartridge: Any further commands, your honour.

Fieldair: Not to-night. (*Exit Cartridge making a military salute*) My mind is suited to solitude: There is but ONE, in this immense round of beings, with whom I would wish to share the present hour.

*Enter* CLARA.

Clara: What a fate is mine! Whither shall I turn for refuge!

Fieldair: (*Coming forward*) Confide in me my sweetest girl.

Clara: Mercy! My dear Fieldair:—How came you here?

Fieldair: I have for some time been loitering at this spot, in the hope of a short interview. —I heard from Susan.—

Clara: I dread my father's approach; his purpose was to walk this way: —Meet me here to-morrow.

Fieldair: Can you so easily dismiss me

Clara: 'Tis perilous to remain now.

DUET

Fieldair:

One, one short moment I embrace, To LOVE, an holy vow to pay!

Yet others, viewing that bright face, Like me, may kneel—may dare to pray!

Both:

(*He*) O Deity, of this fond breast, Is thus some favor'd rival blest?

(*She*) O, no, reject each jealous fear, Alas,—no rival harbours here!

Clara:

No,—no—tho' at the IDOL'S throne, A thousand in devotion bend—

Acceptable from ONE alone, The sacred offering can ascend!

Both:

(*He*) But we must part—dear girl adieu! Oh! That sweet glance again renew.


(*She*) The tear too starts! —The sigh will swell! Once more my love—once more farewell.

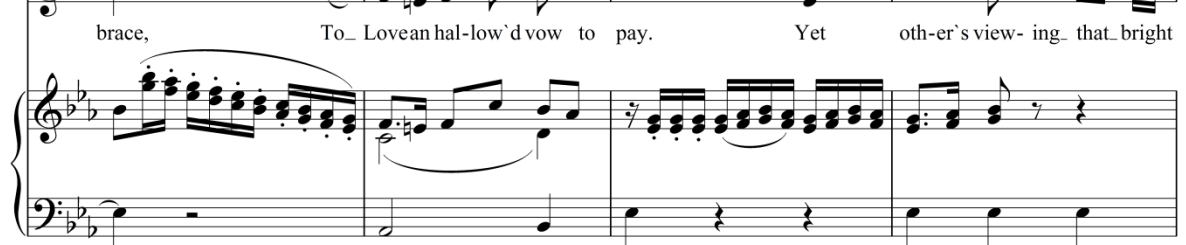
**Andante con molto Espressione**

Fieldair:  **Andante con molto Espressione** One, one short mo-ment! — em-



Musical notation for the first system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante con molto Espressione'. The key signature has two flats and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by the lyrics 'One, one short mo-ment! — em-'. The piano accompaniment features a complex texture with chords and moving lines in both hands.

6 Fieldair  brace, To Love an hal-low'd vow to pay. Yet oth-er's view- ing\_ that\_ bright



Musical notation for the second system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'brace, To Love an hal-low'd vow to pay. Yet oth-er's view- ing\_ that\_ bright'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar textures.

10  face, Like me may kneel, — may dare to pray. O De - i-ty of this fond

Oboe 

Fieldair 

Musical notation for the third system, including vocal line, Oboe part, and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'face, Like me may kneel, — may dare to pray. O De - i-ty of this fond'. The Oboe part is marked 'Oboe' and features a melodic line. The piano accompaniment continues with similar textures.

14 Clara:

breast, Is— thus some fa-vour'd ri - val blest. O no,re-ject each jeal-ous fear, A-

Horns

19 Clara **Piu Lento**

lass,no ri - val har bours here. O no, re - ject, re - ject each jeal-ous fear. No ri - val har-bours

Fieldair: Then de - part, de - part each jeal-ous fear/ No ri - val har-bours

*f* **Piu Lento**

24 **Tempo Primo**

Clara here. No, no tho'at the I - dol's throne, A—

Fieldair here. **Tempo Primo**

29

Clara

thou-sand in de-vo-tion bend. Ac - cep-ta-ble from one a - lone the sa-cred off - ring can as-

34

Clara

cend. But we must part, Oh that sweet glance a - gain re-new. The

Fieldair

Dear girl a-dieu, On that sweet glance a - gain re-new. The

39

Clara

tear too starts, the sigh will swell once more my love, once more fare - well, Oh

Fieldair

tear too starts, the sigh will swell, once more my love, once more fare - well, Oh

43 **Piu Lento**

Clara  
that\_ sweet glance a - gain, a - gain re-new once more my love fare - well, fare-well, fare-

Fieldair  
that\_ sweet glance a - gain, a - gain re-new once\_ more my love fare - well, fare-well, fare-

**Piu Lento**

47

Clara  
well. A - dieu.

Fieldair  
well. A - dieu.

Oboes

Oboe

Horns and Bassoons

*[Exit on opposite sides of the Stage.]*

END of ACT 1



**ACT 2, Scene 1: A Room at the Inn.**

Sir GREGORY, and WAITER.

Sir Gregory: And so this same fellow is not a waiter here?

Waiter: Never saw him, your Honour, till yesterday morning, when he pretended he was to 'bide here till the arrival of a family: —and on your coming last night, he said, he belonged to you; and that he wore regimentals to please you, because you had once been at a review of the militia, and had heard a three-pounder fired off.

Sir Gregory: O the confounded knave!—

Waiter: He said, too, that he was a sort of steward to you, and had the management of your property.

Sir Gregory: Sure enough, the scoundrel did make a bold push: —He desired my daughter, in particular, if she had any valuables, to deliver them to his charge.

Waiter: Aye, and if your Honour had called for your bill, very likely, he wou'd have put into his own pocket, the crown or half-guinea you might intend for me!

Sir Gregory: Yes, —but, you must know, I have never given that subject the least consideration.

Waiter: Such a fellow ought to be hanged without being of benefit to the clergy!

Sir Gregory: I over heard him tell our Susan, that he shou'd pass an imposer upon me, instead of a Friend, whose arrival I look for: —So he has an accomplice lurking somewhere.

Waiter: Hum!—there was, your Honour, an odd-sort of body with him last night, who called himself Peregrine Forester, —they seem'd strangers, to each other, to be sure.

Sir Gregory: Was there? —In all probability that was my expected friend: —but, it will not be amiss, to be on one's guard.

Waiter: Upon recollection the very same person came again this morning; —and was very lately in *confab*, your Honour, with Mrs. Susan.

Sir Gregory: Here last night and again this morning; and not yet pay his respects to me! —some damn'd plot I suspect!

Waiter: He may, for what I know, be here still.

Sir Gregory: All these circumstances militate against the possibility of his being the gentleman, I look for: —who, I am sure, wou'd have been patient to see me.

Waiter: But, Sur, I suppose you know the person of your friend?

Sir Gregory: No I don't; —for altho' I have long had a predilection for him, whenever we meet, he will be to me an old friend with a new face. —You may run, however, and learn if the person you speak of be here still.

Waiter: I'll be as brisk, your Honour, as bottled spruce in warm weather.<sup>1</sup> [*exit Waiter*]

Sir Gregory: Aye, aye, —'tis pretty plain Miss Clara, has been playing the coquet, with some of the young gallants of the camp—she that used to be so coy and timid! —But the whole sex are alike.

SONG

I.

Girls shy appear,  
When men first leer;  
And steal aside,  
As if, to—*hide*—

---

<sup>1</sup> Likely a reference to spruce beer.

But bolder grown,—  
 They giggle—simper—  
 Niggle and whimper;  
 And try to lure wherever they go,  
 The squire, the jocky, the rake, the beau;  
 The young and the old-ones,  
 The timid and bold-ones;  
 Yea with the grave parson  
 They carry the farce-on,  
 And all are snared in a row!

II.

Of balls the pride,  
 Thus Miss I've eyed.  
 The MINUET pace  
 With *blushing* face.  
 But, ere the night  
 Had taken flight,  
 I've seen her ramping,  
 Tearing—tramping—  
 Along the room in a COUNTRY-DANCE;  
 Now figuring in with bold advance:  
 Here setting and leering;  
 There crossing and steering;  
 And when that's completed,  
 Before she'll be seated,  
 A mad SCOTCH REEL she must prance! [*Exit*]

**Allegretto**

7 *tr* *tr* Sir Gregory Forester:  
 Girls shy— ap-pear when men first leer, And steal a-side as if to hide, Girls

13

shy ap-pear when men first leer, And steal a-side as if to hide. But dar - ing grows as things get know, they

19

gig-le, sim-per, nig-gle and whim-per. And try to lure where ev-er they go, The Squire, the Joc-key, the Rake, the Beau, the

25

young and the old ones, the tim-id and bold ones. *f* Yea will the grave Par-son they

30

car - ry the farce on, And all are snar'd in a row.

33

car - ry the farce on, And all are snar'd in a row.

Second Verse

Of Balls the pride thus Miss I've ey'd the Min-u-et pace with blush-ing face. la ra

7 Of Balls the pride thus Miss I've ey'd the Min-u-et pace with blush-ing face, But

13 ere\_the night had ta - ken flight I've seen her scamp ing, tear-ing, tramp-ing a - long the room in a coun te-ry dance, Now

19 fig-ur-ing in with bold ad-vance here set-ting and leer-ing, there cross-ing and steer-ing, And

25 when that's com-pleat-ed, Be - fore she'll be seat-ed, A mad Scotch Reel she must prance. to tol

29 lol

33

**Act 2, scene 2: Another Apartment at the Inn.**

PEREGRINE and SUSAN

Peregrine: I tell you as I said before 'tis all a fudge. —I had the *mortification* to find my poor dear uncle as *well* as when I left him.

Susan: It was a queer sort of frolic, sure enough, to send you so far!

Peregrine: Rot the distance, that was not great matter to me, who have explored countries that have neither latitude nor longitude.

Susan: O have you? —Then it was meant as a trick upon a traveller—I suppose?

Peregrine: I fancy it was—and I feel a little piqued at Sir Gregory's joke.

Susan: O ho!—It was his doing then?

Peregrine: O yes, the servant told me as much when I first enquired for him; and the fellow wou'd not have dared to take such a liberty, had he not been warranted.

Susan: This will do rarely. (*aside*)

Peregrine: I, that have stript my wardrobe from the backs of the lynx and leopard!

Susan: Monstrous provoking indeed!

Peregrine: To be thus treated, after having traced the Ganges and Whamboos to their source; wander'd to the summit of the marble mountains and the mountains of the moon; —and toasted muffins at a volcano!

Susan: Wonderful to be sure!

Peregrine: I to be trifled with who have before now devoured a young barbecued rhinoceros, for my breakfast; and had an old tough one, served up by way of a *grill* in the evening.

Susan: Have you *indeed*, Sir?—a hem!

Peregrine: Yes—in my *very* distant travels.

Susan: Aye, no doubt you must have travell'd a great way to have got such an appetite. —Ah I have a sweetheart, who has been on many *far-journies*, in his time.

Peregrine: Have you?—Did he ever visit the Siberian Waste—or traverse the Shores of the Bosphorus?—range the Carpathian Mountains, or navigate a canoe, on Lake Ontario?

Susan: I can't say;—but I know he has travelled most parts of the north of England.

Peregrine: England!—Poh—I could wish to have conversed with him in Arabic—about the Hieroglyphics of Egypt.

Susan: I'll tell you how I first met with him: It was before I left my father's cottage.

## BALLAD

### I.

One night while round the fire we sat,  
And talk'd of ghosts, and such like chat,  
A stranger who had lost his road—  
'Till day should break—implor'd abode:  
PACK-HORSES—'twas his lot to guide along—  
Whose bells the trav'ler cheer with ding, ding, dong!

### II.

Against distress—tho' we were poor—  
My father never shut his door.—  
I know not how—but from that day—  
Tho' form'd by nature brisk and gay—  
I felt within my beating breast a tingling—  
Whene'er the lively PACK-HORSE Bells went jingling!

### III.

When first the stranger reach'd our nook,  
It seems, the turning he mistook;  
Now, twice a week, he comes that way,  
But never tells us—he's astray;  
And, in his song, my name I hear him mingling,  
Each time his passing PACK-HORSE Bells go jingling!

The Pack Horse Bells: A Ballad

Lively

Musical notation for the first system, measures 1-6. Treble clef, 2/4 time, key of B-flat. Bass clef accompaniment.

7

Susan:

Musical notation for the second system, measures 7-12. Treble clef, 2/4 time, key of B-flat. Bass clef accompaniment.

One night while round the fire we sat, And talk'd of ghosts and such like chat, A

13

Musical notation for the third system, measures 13-18. Treble clef, 2/4 time, key of B-flat. Bass clef accompaniment.

stran ger who had lost his road, Till day should break in - plor'd a - bode. Pack

19

Musical notation for the fourth system, measures 19-24. Treble clef, 2/4 time, key of B-flat. Bass clef accompaniment.

Hors-es'twas his lot to guide a - long, Whose Bells the Trav' ller cheer with ding, ding, dong,

25

Musical notation for the fifth system, measures 25-29. Treble clef, 2/4 time, key of B-flat. Bass clef accompaniment.

ding, ding, ding dong, dong, dong, ding his mer-ry, mer-ry Bells went ding, ding, dong, Pack Hor ses

30

Musical notation for the sixth system, measures 30-34. Treble clef, 2/4 time, key of B-flat. Bass clef accompaniment.

'twas his lot to guide a - long whose Bells the Trav' - ller cheer with

35

ding, ding, dong.

Verse 2:

jing-ling, ding, ding, ding, dong, ding, ding, ding, dong. His mer-ry, mer-ry Bells went ding, ding, dong. I felt with  
7  
in my beat-ing breast a ting-ling when e'er the live-ly— Pack-Horse Bells went ting-ling, ting-ling, jing-ling

Verse 3:

go jing-ling, ding, ding, dingdong, dong, dong, dongding his mer-ry, mer-ry Bells go ding, ding, dong. And in his  
7  
Song my name I hear him ming-ling, Each time— his pas-sing Pack-Horse Bells go ming-ling, jing-ling.

Enter Sir GREGORY.

Sir Gregory: Come, Mrs. *Confederate*, trot off to the tune of the same Pack-Horse Bells.

Susan: Ecod, and glad to get off! [*Exit Susan*]

Sir Gregory: Perhaps I am a little more in the secret, than you are aware.

Peregrine: Then Sir Gregory, I must tell you, I think I have been treated with too little ceremony.

Sir Gregory: O you do? —Ceremony is quite out of the question: I'll not blink the business a title: —you must know you are detected.

Peregrine: Detected?

Sir Gregory: Yes,—found out to be an imposter.

Peregrine: Mighty well, sir! —But this barbarity of manners is not quite a novelty: —I was used, full as illiberally, when I first appeared in print.

Sir Gregory: What the devil can he mean by appearing in print? —Advertised perhaps for plundering a church;—or some such virtuous exploit!

Peregrine: Yes, it was said that every thing I had, was stolen, from Baron *Munchausen*.

Sir Gregory: Damme, I believe you'd steal from any-body! —Now I think on't, I recollect the account of the robbery very clearly; the plate was melted down by a Jew in Duke's Place.

Peregrine: Gulphs, deserts, cataracts and mountains! Are we among the wild boars and buffalos on the sides of the steep Taranta? —Am I treading on the backs of the crocodiles of Dandara;

—elevated on the flying mountain of the Russians, or the flying bridge of the Chinese? —Are we among—

Sir Gregory: Stop, stop;—this is *exactly* word for word, with something, that was *very like* it; which I remember to have heard, when a boy, from the Merry-Andrew of a Mountebank.

Enter WAITER *leading in* CARTRIDGE.

Waiter: Here is the other—

Cartridge: Hey!—what the devil has befallen the traveller! (*aside*)

Waiter: Caught him, sir, with a mug of ale at his lip, —just going to mend his draught.

Sir Gregory: Come now, as the truth must out, which, of you two damn'd rogues, will turn king's evidence? —your name is— [*to Cartridge*]

Cartridge: If you mean me;—I shall remain—silent as a spiked cannon!

Sir Gregory: Your's? [*turning to Peregrine*]

Peregrine: Insolent demand! —Go at the top of the Taurus mountains: —or to the pendent Tomb of Mahomet. —enquire in the frosty Vallies of Carelia; or among the pearl fishers at Bossara: proceed to the Lybian Desert—

Sir Gregory: All this vapour *won't* do: —damn it, you gabble like a juggler over his cups and balls, to prevent the *trick* being found out.

Cartridge: If I see my way clearly, this may turn to account. (*aside*)

Waiter: I heard him, your Honour, desire *this* accomplice, to say his name was Peregrine Forester.

Sir Gregory: Did he? —then the case is evident.

Cartridge: If I must speak out, sure enough he *did* make that request, and I agreed to it.

Peregrine: I admit I did—

Sir Gregory: That is all we want to know.

Waiter: Moreover he said in my hearing that he had no settled habitation.

Peregrine: I don't deny it—

Sir Gregory: I thought as much: I was of opinion, from the first, that he came under the vagrant act.

Peregrine: Curse your vagrant act! —This to me, who have rode a hunting, on an elephant, in company with the Great Mogul? —Send for the divine Clara: —have recourse to my manuscript travels in that portmanteau: —they will testify who I am.

Cartridge: O the portmanteau! —Yes, that shall answer muster-call immediately. [*Cartridge goes out, and returns with the portmanteau.*]

Sir Gregory: Well, for curiosity I will just do as you desire.—Tell Clara I wish to see her; —and yet I know all this is a contrivance. —Manuscripts you say?—

Peregrine: Hold off—prophane them not—(*ransacking the portmanteau.*)

Cartridge: Fire and fury! —Here's a mine will blow him to the devil. (*aside*)

Sir Gregory: Hey! What's here! —The very identical bit of machinery I heard so much confederation about. The manuscript is extremely *legible* indeed!

Peregrine: Whirlwinds! and tornados! —all my marvellous travels on foot, walked off! —gone! —Every page!—This is evidently the stratagem of artful agency, to delude you, and injure me. —If you have doubts—

Sir Gregory: O no,—'tis a clear case;—I have not a single doubt I assure you.



Enter CLARA.

Peregrine: O here is Miss Clara. —Pray madam declare who I am.

Clara: Mr. Peregrine Forester, if I mistake not.

Peregrine: There, sir—

Sir Gregory: Now all this is vastly ingenuous!—Don't I know, that all the performers in the drama are perfect in their parts: —am I not satisfied that every thing was accurately settled at the last rehearsal, or order to impose upon me?

Clara: Dear sir, why this censure?

Enter WAITER.

Sir Gregory: Well, what have *you* to say? (*Turning to the Waiter.*)

Waiter: In the course of the morning, Sir Gregory, two gentlemen repeatedly called, who seem'd anxious to see you and Miss Clara.

Sir Gregory: Indeed!—who were they?

Waiter: I have heard at the bar, that one of them was named *Forester*.

Clara: This surely is a device of Fieldair! (*aside*)

Sir Gregory: Not another imposter I hope!

Waiter: Why, *I* had my suspicions, your Honour, but on enquiring of my fellow servants, I find he was known to some of our officers; and is gone with one of them to his marquee.

Cartridge: My master is not idle I see. (*aside*)

Sir Gregory: Now Mr. Perkin Warbeck,<sup>2</sup> what have you to say?

Peregrine: That you are an egregious dupe, to your own drivelling conceptions, and the shallow artifice of others.

Sir Gregory: Mere counterfeit coin, still; that assumes at first the modest hue of silver; but upon being *rubbed* a little—becomes *brazen*!

Peregrine: I wish I was in Kamschatka, or among the Hottentots again; —damn me if I don't!

Sir Gregory: But what said my friend: —will he be here again? [*To the Waiter*]

Waiter: I guess he will; as a messenger from the marquee, is now here to enquire when you can be seen.

Sir Gregory: Od-so, we'll dispense with ceremony and pay them the first visit: —Their courier shall be our guide: —detain him waiter. —(*Exit Waiter*) Clara, you must not be left behind:—my dear you little are aware the mischiefs these fellows are *hired* to accomplish.

Peregrine: O ye Knights of Malta—and Deys of Algiers!

Clara: There is some mystery in all this, which I cannot penetrate! (*aside*)

Peregrine: You have something more to say to *me*, I hope.

Sir Gregory: No, I've not:—you may set off again upon your travels, as soon as you please.

Cartridge: Yes, you may march.

Sir Gregory: And you too Mr. Rascal, I desire. [*To Cartridge*]

---

<sup>2</sup> Perkin Warbeck (c. 1474–99) falsely claimed to be Richard of Shrewsbury, Duke of York, and attempted to lay claim to the English throne in the period of 1490–97. He was captured and executed in 1499.

Peregrine: Zounds! —What wou'd Ben Achmet of Morocco, or the Scheriff of Arabia, say were they to behold me thus ousted? —but my manuscripts are gone —and I'll begin my travels again?

Sir Gregory: Aye do—troop!—before an embargo is laid upon you by a sheriff's officer—or some sturdy constable.

Peregrine: That for your menace!—(*snapping his fingers*)—Can the *silver oar* reach me on the White Sea; —or in the Caspian Gulph? —will the *testatum special capias*,<sup>3</sup> arrest my course thro' the Black Forest; —or on the A[p]palachian Mountains? —I'm off! On the wings of the black eagle of the East! —I'm mounted already!—whirl— [*Exit.*]

Sir Gregory: Clara, my dear, prepare immediately to accompany me to the camp: —I will just see the premises cleared of these myrmidons. [*Exit Sir GREGORY.*]

Clara: Well Fieldair, tho' a barrier seems to interpose, between our attachment and happiness, it is in my power at least to give a proof of unshaken fidelity.

### SONG.

Tho' by the tempest the bark, rudely driven,  
On the rock strikes, and asunder is riven;  
Still the MAGNET, ingulph'd in the main,  
Its virtues unalter'd retain:  
So, the passion here possest,  
Ne'er can perish!  
But its greetings,  
And fond beatings,  
Will I cherish,

Mid the storms that rend this breast. [*Exit CLARA.*]

**Allegro**

The musical score is for the song 'The Magnet' and is arranged for Violin I, Violin II, Viola, Bass, Violin I, Clarinet, and Bass. The tempo is marked 'Allegro'. The score is in 3/4 time and the key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The first system includes Violin I, Violin II, and Bass. The second system includes Violin I, Clarinet, and Bass. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *pp* (pianissimo). There are triplets in the Clarinet and Bass parts.

<sup>3</sup> A writ issued by the court of one country to that of another to secure an escaped villain.

11

Vln. I  
Clara  
Bs.

14

Vln. I  
Clara  
Bs.

Clara:  
Tho' by the tem - pest the bark rude - ly

*p*

18

Vln. I  
Clara  
Bs.

dri - ven, On the rock strikes and a sun - der is ri - ven.

23

Vln. I  
Clara  
Bs.

and a sun - - - der is

27

Vln. I *f* *p*

Clara  
ri- ven. Still the mag - net in gulph'd in the

Bs. *f* *p*

31

Vln. I

Clara  
main, in - gulph'd in the main, Its

Bs.

34

Vln. I

Clara  
Vir - tues un - al - ter'd re - tain, Its vir - - - -

Bs.

37

Vln. I

Clara

Bs.

40

Vln. I

Clara

Bs.

tues un - al - ter'd re - tain its vir - tues un al - ter'd re -

45

Vln. I

Clara

Bs.

tain, un - al - ter'd re - tain.

*tr* *f*

49

Vln. I

Clara

Bs.

53

Vln. I

Clara

Bs.

So the pas - sion here pos - sest, Ne'er ca per - ish,

*[p]*

59

Vln. I

Clara

Bs.

*f*

Ne'er can per - ish, But its greet - ing, its

63

Vln. I

Clara

Bs.

greet - ings and fond beat - ings, Will I cher - ish midst the

66

Vln. I

Clara

Bs.

Storms that.

70

Vln. I

Clara

Bs.

rend the breast, So the pas-sions ne'er can per-ish, But its greet - ings, Will I

75

Vln. I

Clara

Bs.

cher-ish, But its greet-ings and fond beat-ings

80

Vln. I

Clara

Bs.

wil I cher-ish\_ midst the Storms, midst the Storms that rend, that

85

Vln. I

Clara

Bs.

rend this breast.

**Act 2, scene 3: The open country, with a view of the Bridge.**

PETER, as a Recruit, CARTRIDGE entering unobserved.

Peter: Ecod, I'm a gentleman now, as well as the best of them.

Cartridge: Peter, my hero! —(Clapping him on the shoulder)

Peter: My worthy comrade; —for that's the name our serjeant calls me by, —I'm obliged to thee for speaking, in my favour, to so noble a gentleman.

Cartridge: What, you like him?

Peter: I believe I do: —he treats me just as tho'f I was as good as he; —for all I took the advantage of him last night.

Cartridge: As how, honest Peter?

Peter: Why, you must know it was dulk, when I *listed*; and he didn't see that I cou'dn't turn out my toes. (*significantly*)

Cartridge: O ho!

Peter: No, —he'd a sent me about my business of he had.

Cartridge: Ah! that was being a little too keen upon him.

Peter: So he said: —but I told him a bargain was a bargain, and that I defied him to *unlift* me! at last he said, as he had a friendship for me, he'd not stand upon trifles.

Cartridge: Give me you hand, boy! —you have managed like a general.

Peter: O yes, I'm a deep-one, I assure thee: —but I hear Master Cartridge, thee be'est a bit of a soldier: —now tell me, when real fighting is going forward, do you all stand to it so much in earnest, as here, at Bagshot, when you fight in jest?

Cartridge: To be sure, we do.

Peter: Dang it, I can't stand that: —what no looking out for a good snug dry ditch?

Cartridge: O fie! —Hear me, Peter; —when a sense of military honour is once awakened, you'll go as chearfully to battle as to a feast; and thing no more of danger, than you do of saying grace!—

Peter: Indeed? —Rat it, if I cou'd but bring myself to think nothing of danger, I shou'd be no more afraid than the stoutest of them.

DUET.

*(Omitted in the Representation.)*

Cartridge: Summon'd to the angry battle,  
By the drums' alarming rattle,—  
On we rush! —*(Peter)* O worthy comrade  
Fighting surely is a rum-trade!  
I hate riot  
Give me quiet,  
So take back this steel. *(Offering his side-arms.)*

Cartridge: Swift we march some town to humble!  
Round the boist'rous cannon rumble!  
Walls are sapp'd with dreadful crashing!  
Swords engage with furious clashing!

Peter: But shou'd frighten'd women kneel,  
You have softness sure to feel?

Cartridge: Now we creep upon the slumbers  
Of a camp ten-fold our numbers;  
And, tho' full enough to eat us,  
Twice as many shall not beat us!  
—Some are happy in escaping  
All concern of—further waking:  
—Others,—*panick*-struck take flight!—

Peter: Ecod, I think such blades are right. [*Exit.*]



Allegro

Musical notation for measures 1-6. The score is in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody in the treble clef consists of quarter notes and eighth notes, while the bass clef provides a steady accompaniment of quarter notes.

Musical notation for measures 7-11. Measure 7 is marked with a '7'. The treble clef has a melodic line with some rests. The bass clef has a rhythmic accompaniment. A vocal line for 'Cartridge' begins in measure 8 with the lyrics: "Sum-mon'd to the an-gry bat-tle, By the drum's a-larm-ing".

Musical notation for measures 12-15. The treble clef has a melodic line. The bass clef has a rhythmic accompaniment. A vocal line for 'Peter' begins in measure 13 with the lyrics: "rat tle On we rush, O wor-thy, wor-thy com-rade, Fight-ing sure-ly is a rum trade,".

Musical notation for measures 16-20. The treble clef has a melodic line with dynamic markings *[sf]*, *f*, and *f*. The bass clef has a rhythmic accompaniment with dynamic markings *sf*, *p*, *f*, and *sf*. A vocal line begins in measure 16 with the lyrics: "I hate ri - ot, Give me qui - et, Offering his side arms. So take back this steel, I hate".

Musical notation for measures 21-24. The treble clef has a melodic line with dynamic markings *[sf]* and *f*. The bass clef has a rhythmic accompaniment with dynamic markings *sf* and *[f]*. A vocal line begins in measure 21 with the lyrics: "ri - ot, give me qui - et, So take back this steel."

25

Cartridge:  
Swift we march some town to hum-ble, Round the bois-trous can-non

29

rum-ble, rum-ble, rum-ble. Walls are sapp'd with dread-ful crash-ing,

35

Swords en-gage with fur-ious clash-ing, Swords are clash-ing,

39

Walls are crash-ing, Walls are sapp'd with dread-ful crash-ing, with fur-ious clash-ing.

44

Peter:  
But should the fright-en'd Wo-men kneel, You have

49

soft - ness, soft- ness sure to feel. Now we creep u - pon the

Cartridge:

53

slum - bers, Of a Camp ten fold our num - bers,

56

And tho' full e-nough to eat us, Twice as ma - ny shall not beat us, Some are hap - py in es -

59

cap - ing, All con-cern of fur - ther wak - ing, Oth - ers pan - ic struck take flight. E - cod I

Peter:

63

think such blades are right. E - Cod, I think such blades are right.

68

Cartridge:  
Sum-mon'd to the an-gry bat tle by the drum's a-larm-ing rat-tle, On we rush.

72

Peter:  
O wor-thy Com-rade, wor-thy Com-rade, Fight-ing sure-ly is a rum trade, I hate

76

ri - ot. Give me qui - et, So take back this steel. I hate ri - ot, Give me

82

qui- et, So take back this steel. Cartridge: Swift we march some town to

86

hum- ble. Round the bois- trous Can- non rum- ble, Round the

89

bois- trous Can- non rum- ble, rum- ble, rum- ble. Walls are sapp'd with dread-ful

94

crash- ing, Swords en- gage with fur- ious clash- ing, Swords are

99

clash- ing, Walls are crash- ing, Swords en- gage with fur- ious clash- ing, Walls are

104

sapp'd with dread-ful crash-ing. But shou'd\_ fright-en'd Wo - men kneel,

Peter:

110

You\_\_\_\_\_ have soft - ness sure\_\_ to feel.

114

Cartridge:

Now we creep up - on the slum-bers. Of a Camp ten-fold our

117

num-bers. And tho' full e nough to eat us, Twice as ma - ny shall not

120  
beat us, Some are hap - py in es - cap - ing, All con - cern of fur - ther wak - ing, Oth - ers pan - ic struck take

124  
Peter:  
flight. E - cod I think such blades are right, E - cod I think such blades are

128  
right.

**Act 2, scene 4: The Front of a Marquee.**

FIELDAIR *and* CAPT. FORESTER.

Captain Forester: The moment I landed, I set off with a full heart, to pay my respects to my good father; and as his return to the lodge was uncertain, I followed him here.

Fieldair: How will his feeling sustain the trial! —and your sister—

Captain Forester: Poor little Clara! —She was an infant when I left England, and my form and features may be forgotten.

Fieldair: From the constancy which has marked her sorrow, I shou'd not so conclude: —Even the very attachment, with which I am honour'd, had its origin, in the regard she bore me as your friend.

Captain Forester: And my father, you say, retains a tolerable portion of health?

Fieldair: He does, considering the shock occasioned by the advices of your death: —It was by more than a common exertion of fortitude that he was enabled to struggle against the affliction.

Captain Forester: To your prudent agency, I commit the talk of revealing, that the son so lamented, tho' long buried in the dungeons of the Eastern Tyrant, yet exists.

Fieldair: A prison, in close alliance with a tomb, might well excite our terrors: —'twas under those impressions, that I, and others who served with us in India, believed the reports of your death.

Captain Forester: Those rumours were spread to check the efforts, which our friends might else make, to procure the release of the English captives.

Fieldair: What was the barbarian's motive, for such conduct?

Captain Forester: A hope of securing to himself the benefit of our military skill.

Fieldair: O, how much is that cruel destiny to be regretted, by which you have been so long kept an exile from your native land.

Captain Forester: A land, which the cherishing affections of kindred, taught me to love, since the earliest dawn of sensibility. From that source of ferv[our], every eye sparkled with pleasure, when the English cliffs appeared in sight.

Fieldair: I felt as much: —the very heaving of the lead, when we arrived in soundings, animated the crew: —and tho' bred in the camp, I'll assist the description by a Seaman's Song.

### SEA-BALLAD.

#### I.

For England, when, with fav'ring gale.  
Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,—  
And scudding under easy sail,  
The high blue western land appear'd:  
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,  
And to the pilot cheerly sang,—  
“By the deep—Nine!”



6

Fieldair:

For Eng-land, when with fav'-ring gale, Our





11

*Expressivo*

gal-lant Ship up Chan nel steer'd, And scud - ing und - er ea - sy sail, The high blue wes- tern

16

land ap-pear'd: To heave the lead the Sea-man sprung, And

21

*Ad libitum*

to the Pi - lot cheer - ly sung, "BY THE DEEP-NINE! BYTHE DEEP-NINE!" To

25

heave the lead the Sea-man sprung, And to the Pi - lot cheer-ly sung, "BY THE DEEP -

30

NINE!"

Verse II.

And bearing up, to gain the port,  
Some well-known object kept in view;  
An abbey-tow'r, —an harbour-fort,  
Or beacon to the vessel true:  
While oft the lead the seaman slung,  
And to the pilot cheerly sung,—  
“By the mark—Seven!”

Verse III.

And, as the much-lov'd shore we near—  
With transport we beheld the roof,  
Where dwelt the friend, or partner dear,  
Of faith and love a matchless proof,  
The lead once more the seaman slung,  
And to the watchful pilot sung—  
“Quarterless Five!”

Captain Forester: But our messenger loiters; —surely Sir Gregory is by this time returned?

Fieldair: Somebody approaches—

Enter SIR GREGORY.

Sir Gregory: Rat it, don't tell me' I cou'd run down *Eclipse*, in such a cause!—which is?—  
which is my boy? Or is it a mistake?

Fieldair: Sir, be temperate—

Sir Gregory: The fellow, who led the way hither, I fear has deceived me: —he told me he came  
from India in the service of *my son*: —can it be possible?—

Captain Forester: My dear father it is.—

Sir Gregory: You are my son then? —my eyes have not the power of discernment.

Captain Forester: I am, sir.

Sir Gregory: Heavens and earth! —Tell me how this happens: —no letters ever came *from* you—

Captain Forester: Every channel of communication was rigidly cut off.

Sir Gregory: Your poor sister in her flurry of spirits, fainted twice on her way hither: —I know  
not in whose protection I left her!

Fieldair: My Clara! —Let me hasten to her relief! [*Exit.*]

Sir Gregory: All accounts, my dear child, from our friends in India, stated that you had died in  
captivity: —a victim to the climate and hard usage.

Captain Forester: Every mystery shall be explained:—In a tempest let us trust to that POWER,  
which rules the storm.

Sir Gregory: But you *were* in bondage?

Captain Forester: I was; —and owe my liberty to the victorious leader of the British army in  
India: —the valour of his troops was my ransom, and when they stormed *Seringapatam*, they  
rescued me from a dungeon!

Sir Gregory: Ha!—Here *comes* Clara— [*Enter CLARA, supported by Fieldair and Susan.*] This  
my dear is your poor brother.

Clara: My heart overflows! My brother! —and my dear Fieldair, the herald of this felicity!

Sir Gregory: Hey-dey, some disguises seem to be thrown off. —But let me take your friend by the hand, —Captain Fieldair, I am glad to see you.

Susan: After all—who knows but things may take the right turn! (*aside*)

Sir Gregory: Ah, Fieldair, recollect at our last interview, your purpose was not to restore, but deprive me of a child! —and we didn't happen to agree.

Fieldair: I had presumption—I have been punished.

Captain Forester: I have heard some circumstances; and am so far interested, that I must enquire, whether Clara started any of the difficulties?

Sir Gregory: O no, to her justice, she seem'd to approve all the Captain proposed.

Susan: What a fuss is here! —In cases of extremity one's own consent, in my mind, is all that is necessary. (*aside*)

Sir Gregory: But hold, hold,—we have a suitor to whom I stand committed,—Clara, was that *Oddity*, we have just left behind, really the famous traveller of our family?

Clara: He was indeed, sir.

Sir Gregory: Well—well, tho' he's gone, he has left the estate behind—and the explanation of the mistakes, will reach him, before any more of the rents.

Clara: And, however delusive appearances might have been, I suspect they were owing to the invention of Captain Fieldair's servant.

Fieldair: Here the rogue comes, who in his zeal for me, I dare say has been extravagant enough.

Susan: O dear sir, look at our Peter—

*Enter CARTRIDGE and PETER.*

Sir Gregory: Egad 'tis Peter sure enough, enough! —ah graceless, where have you been hiding? —what, rascal, are you turn'd soldier?

Cartridge: Sir Gregory here! —He'll burst upon me like a bomb shell! (*aside*)

Peter: Why, Sir Gregory, nobody ought not to blame a young youth for bettering himself.

Fieldair: Cartridge, I'm afraid you have been too busy.

Cartridge: I always halt, your honour, when the word is given.

Sir Gregory: Ah! —what my faithful steward and manager of my property.

Cartridge: A hem! — to the right!—wheel!—

Sir Gregory: Well, well, as matters stand, the hopes I had formed of successors to keep alive our name shall be transferred to you George. (*addressing his son*)—But Clara, will Fieldair take you? —vastly unanimous indeed! [*Fieldair and Clara embracing.*]

Captain Forester: May you both be happy!

Susan: How have I pray'd for this to come to pass!

Cartridge: I have done more, I have plotted.

Sir Gregory: Have you? —then I believe I may as well publish a general pardon.

Fieldair: You must all partake of soldiers' fare to day, and dine in my tent.

Susan: And let us have a dance ma'am.

Sir Gregory: Agreed; —and my first toast shall be,—may that union of spirit, why which England has been lifted to its superior height, for ever endure, and establish her pre-eminence to the end of time.

FINALE.

I.

The hour with disaster and sorrow o'er cast,  
Not a minute, beyond its fixt limit can last:  
Then why waste a second on steril[e] regret,  
And in counting o'er troubles we out to forget?

CHORUS.

Brisk wine, and the mirth-pointed jeer;  
The sonnet, and beauty's soft leer;  
Shall cheer up the flight of old Time,  
And restore him again to prime.

II.

Let the virgin and youth, in the fest dance rove,  
And wear on their foreheads the myrtles of Love;  
And when old-age approaches, give proof while they sing,  
That the last month in winter is nearest to spring!

CHORUS.

With the pipe of the pastoral swain,  
Be united the fife's shriller strain:  
And may Peace in our Isle fix her throne,  
And no more by her pinions be known!<sup>4</sup>

---

<sup>4</sup> What are listed as chorus lyrics in the published libretto are given as verses two through four in the published score.

# Finale

Allegro

Fieldair:

The

Musical notation for the Fieldair part, measures 1-8. The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The melody features a series of eighth notes and sixteenth notes, with some slurs and accents.

9

Clara:

hour with dis - as - ter and sor - row o'er cast, Not a min - ute be - yond its fix'd li - mit can last. Then why waste a

Musical notation for the Clara part, measures 9-17. The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The melody features a series of eighth notes and sixteenth notes, with some slurs and accents.

18

se - cond in ste - ril re - gret. And in count - ing o'er trou - bles, we ought to for -

Musical notation for the Clara part, measures 18-23. The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The melody features a series of eighth notes and sixteenth notes, with some slurs and accents.

Repeat the 2d. part to each  
Verse in Chorus.

24

get.

Musical notation for the Clara part, measures 24-27. The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The melody features a series of eighth notes and sixteenth notes, with some slurs and accents.

Second Verse:

Cartridge: Peter: Both: Susan: Cartridge:

Briskwine, Brisk wine and the mirth point-ed jeer, The son - net, the son - net and Beau-ty's soft leer. Shall

9 Peter: Cartridge: Peter:

cheer up, shall cheer up the flight of Old Time, And re - store, and re -

14 Symphony:

store him a - gain to his prime.

Third Verse:

19 Susan: Clara:

Let the Vir - gin and Youth in the fes-tive dance rove. And wear on their fore - heads the myr-tles of

27 Sir G. Forester:

Love. And when old age ap - proach - es give proof while they sing, That the last month in

33 Symphony:

win - ter is near - est to Spring.

Fourth Verse:

38 Fieldair: Cartridge: Clara:

With the pipe, with the pipe of the pas-tor-al swain, Be u - ni - ted, u - ni - ted, the fifes shril-ler strain. And may

47

Peace in our Isle in our Isle fix her throne, And no more, And no

52 Symphony:

more by her pin - ions be known.

Semi Chorus

Let the Vir - gin and Youth in the fes-tive dance rove, and wear on their fore-heads the myr-tles of

Let the Vir - gins in the fes-tive dance rove, And wear on their fore-heads the myr-tles of

Let the Vir - gin and Youth in the fes-tive dance rove, And wear on their fore-heads the myr-tles of

8

Love, And when old age ap - proach - es give proof while they sing, That the last month in Win - ter is

Love, And when old age ap - proach - es give proof while they sing, That the last month in Win - ter is

Love, and when old age ap - proach - es give proof while they sing, That the last month in Win - ter is

Tutti:

15

near - est to Spring

near - est to Spring. Let the Vir - gin and Youth in the fes-tive dance rove And wear on their fore - heads the

near - est to Spring. Let the Vir - gin and Youth in the fes-tive dance rove, And wear on their

23

myr - tles of Love, And when old age ap - proach-es give proof while they sing, That they last month of Win-ter is  
fore - heads myr-tles, ap - proach-es give proof while they sing of Win-ter is

31

near - est to Spring, is near - est to Spring, is near - est to Spring.  
near - est to Spring.

41

THE END.



Appendix of Music found in the published score that appears to have been cut from the revised libretto after the first performance:

- a) Air: “O with my dearest Clara,”
- b) Glee: “Ere you pass.”

**Affetuoso**

Bassoon solo

6 *tr* Captain Fieldair:  
O with my dear- est\_ Cla-ra blest, this moon- light heath I'd

12 *tr* fond-ly rove, And e - ver more the\_ path she prest shou'd be\_ re- view'd with grate-ful Love. *tr*

17 The sweet- est vir - tues.

*Diminuendo*

22

store her mind, To please to a - ni - mate, to warm. Truth, Pi - ty,

26

Ten - der - ness re - fin'd her beau - ty, - forms her hum - blest charm. O

Cantabile

Horns, clainets and basoons

30

Yet An - gels vi - sit - ing this sphere, To prove they

Horns

38

were of hea - v'n - ly race, And make the won - d'ring world re - vere,

Oboes

Clarinets

43

make the won- d'ring world re- vere, wou'd wear the like - ness, the like-ness of her

48 **Allegro furioso**

Face, would wear the like- ness of her Face.

Flutes  
Clarinets  
Horns

54 An Officer: Recitative

Ho! who goes there? that thus com- plains,

*p*

60 Fieldair:

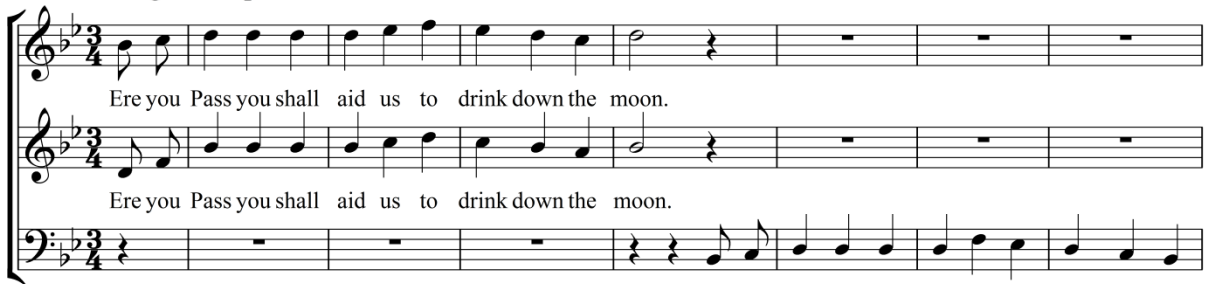
A friend, but cease your taunt- ing strains.

*f*

# Glee

Sung by Captain Fieldair and a party of Officers

**Allegro con spirito**



Ere you Pass you shall aid us to drink down the moon.

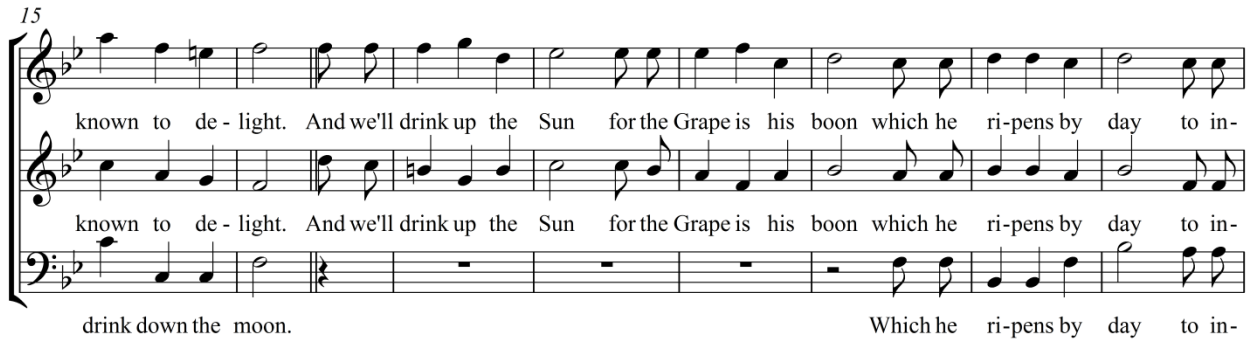
Ere you Pass you shall aid us to drink down the moon.

Ere you Pass you shall aid us to drink down the



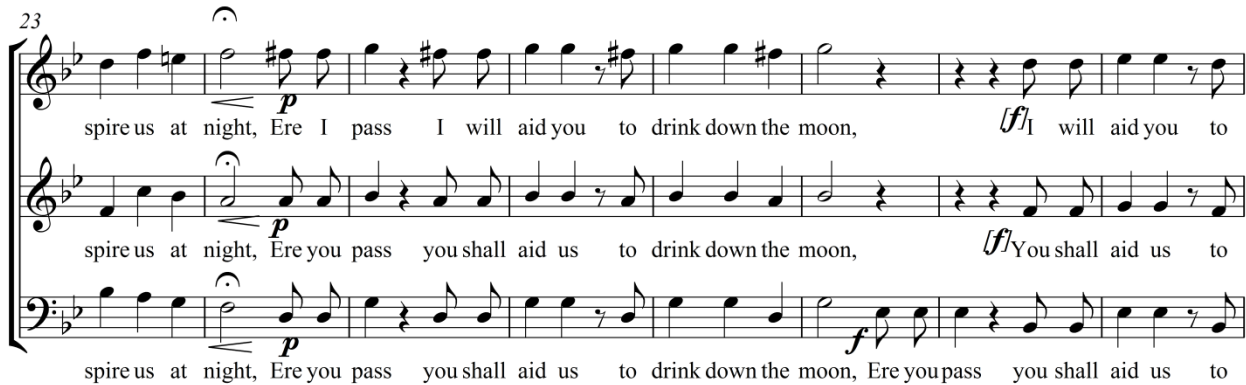
8

Since in wa-ter a - lone she is known to de - light, since in wa - ter\_ a - lone\_\_\_ she is  
moon,\_\_\_\_\_ drink down the moon, dink down the moon,\_\_\_\_\_



15

known to de - light. And we'll drink up the Sun for the Grape is his boon which he ri-pens by day to in-  
known to de - light. And we'll drink up the Sun for the Grape is his boon which he ri-pens by day to in-  
drink down the moon. Which he ri-pens by day to in-



23

spire us at night, Ere I pass I will aid you to drink down the moon, *f* I will aid you to  
spire us at night, Ere you pass you shall aid us to drink down the moon, *f* You shall aid us to  
spire us at night, Ere you pass you shall aid us to drink down the moon, Ere you pass you shall aid us to

31

*col espressione*

drink down the moon, Since in wa-ter a - lone She is known to de - light, *tr* *f* And we'll drink up the  
 drink down the moon. She is known to de light, *tr* *f* And we'll drink up the  
 drink down the moon. She is known to de - light, *tr* *f* And we'll drink up the

39

Sun for the Grape is his boon, Which he ri-pens by day to in - spire us at night, to in - spire  
 Sun for the Grape is his boon, Which he ri-pens by day to in - spire us at night, to in - spire,  
 Sun for the Grape is his boon, Which he ri-pens by day to in - spire us at night, to in - spire us,

47

— us, to in - spire — us, to in - spire, *cresc.*  
 — to in - spire, — to in - spire, *cresc.*  
 — to in - spire us — to in - spire

54

to in - spire us, to in - spire us, then drink up the Sun for the Grape is his boon, Which he *p*  
 to in - spire us, to in - spire us, then drink up the Sun for the Grape is his boon, Which he *p*  
 — us, then drink up the Sun for the Grape is his boon, Which he *p*

62

ri - pens by day\_ to\_ in - spire us\_ at\_ night. Then drink down the Sun. Since in

ri - pen by day\_ to\_ in - spire us at night. Then drink down the Moon. Since in

ri-pens by day to in - spire us at night. Then drink down the moon.

70

wa - ter a - lone she is known to de - light, And drink up the Sun.

wa - ter a - lone she is known to de - light, And drink up the Sun,

And drink up the Sun.

76

For the Grape is his\_ boon to in - spire us at night.

For the Grape is his\_ boon to in - spire us at night.