ABROAD AND AT HOME.

A Comic Opera,

now performing with the greatest applause,

at the

Theatre Royal Covent Garden,

Composed by

GRETRY, GIORNOVICHI, &c. and

William Shield.

Musician in Ordinary to His Majesty.

Entd at Stationers Hall.

The Poetry by Geo. Holman Esqr.

Price 8s.

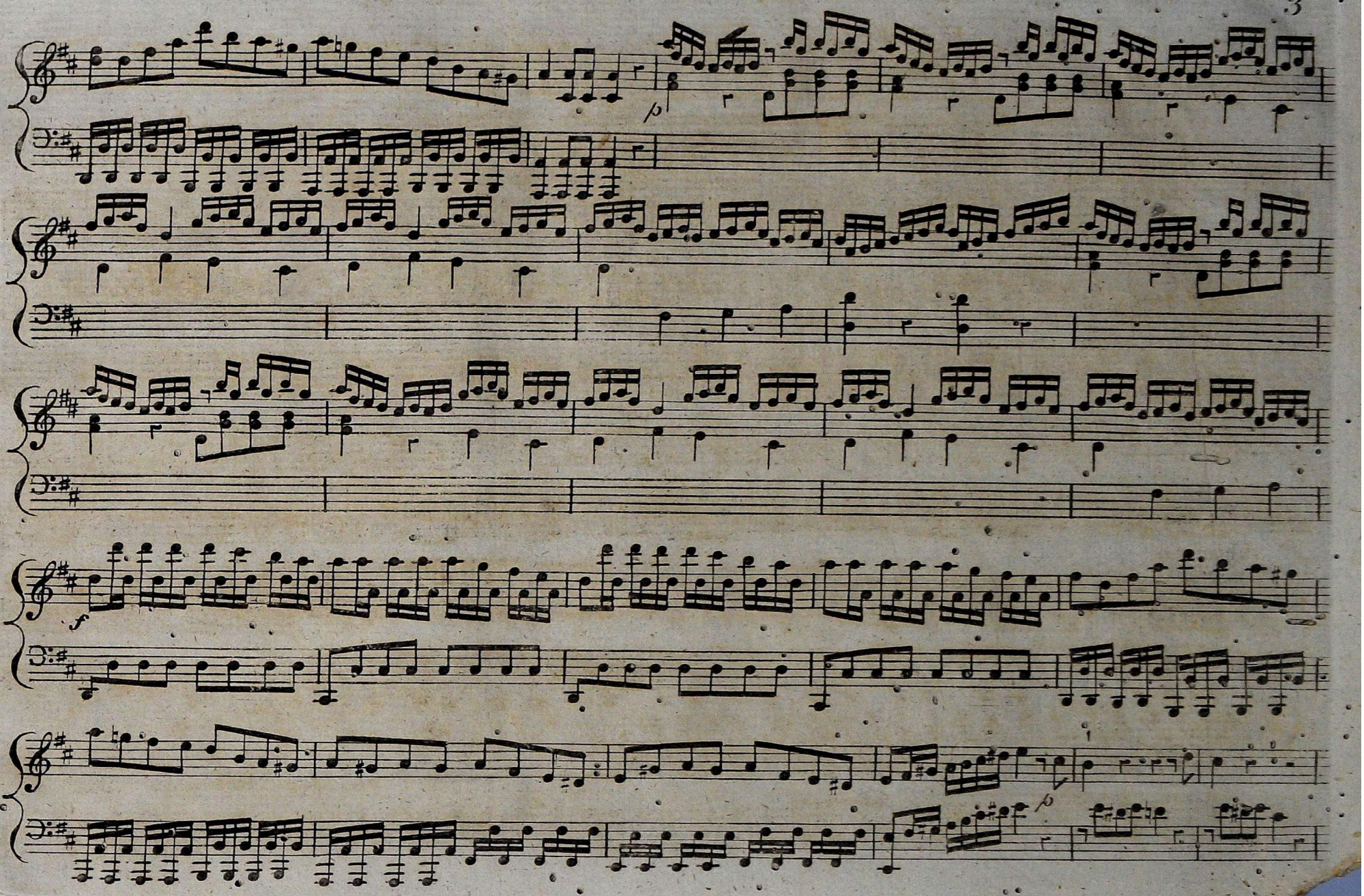
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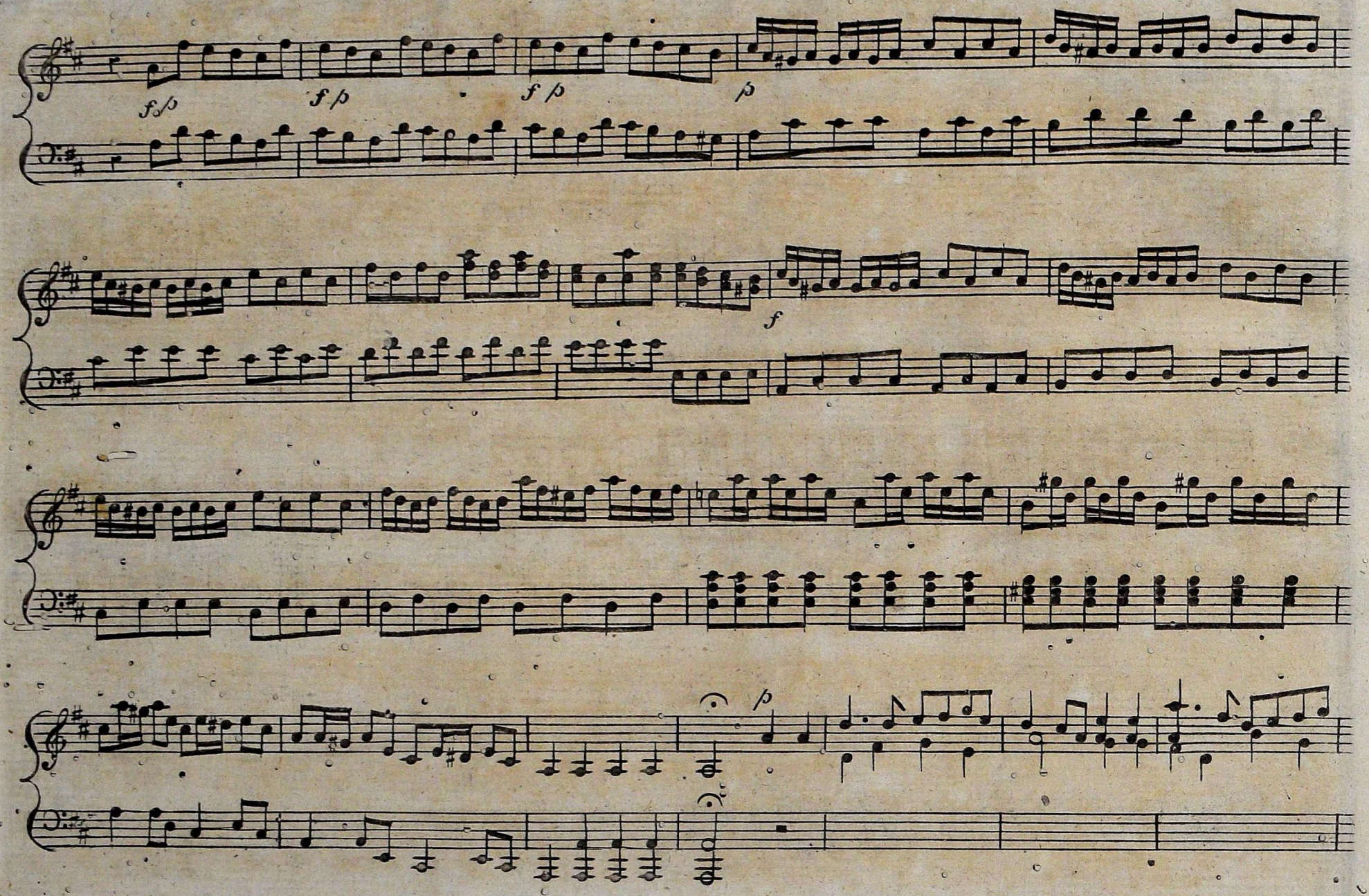
where may be had all the Authors works.

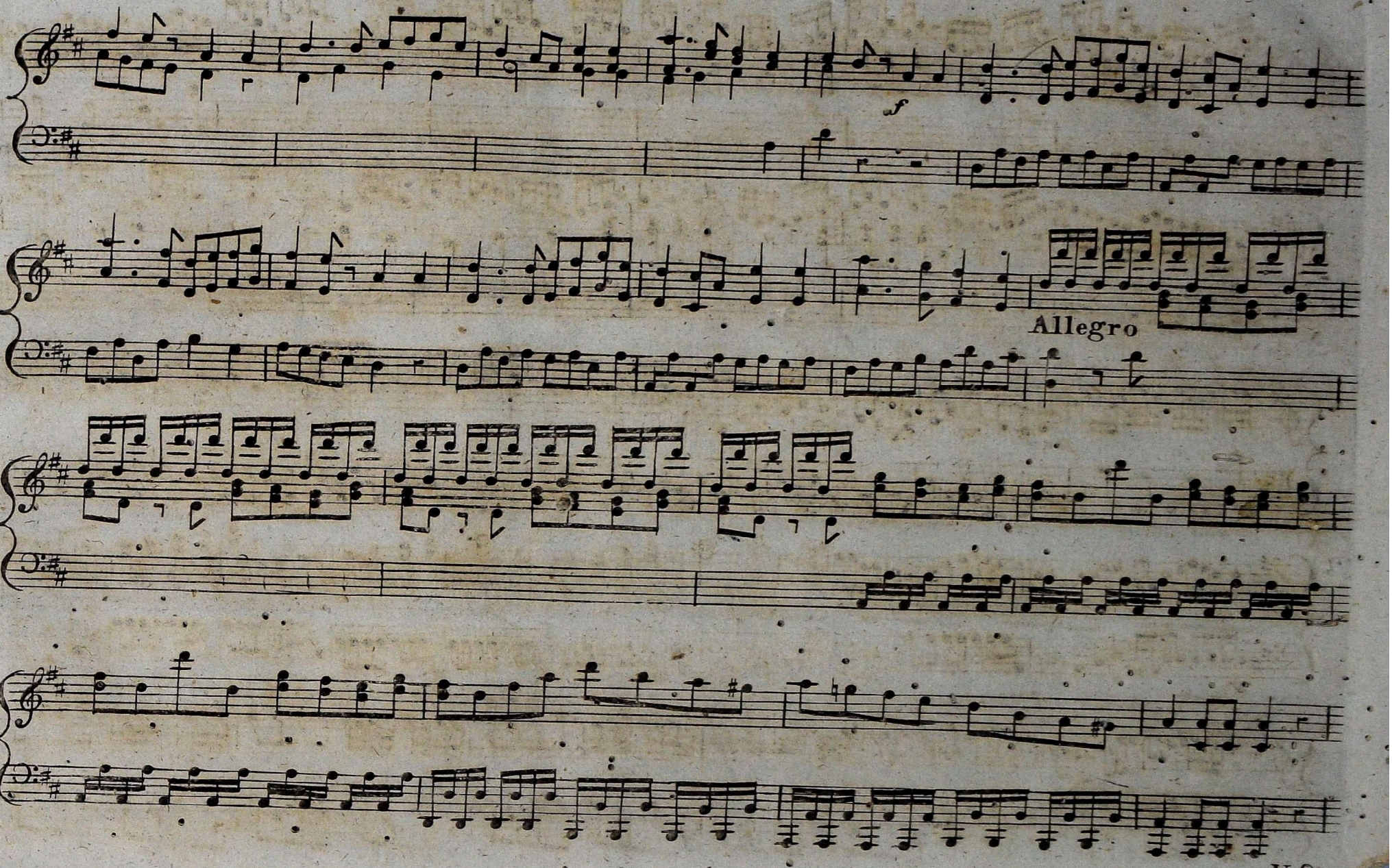
OVERTURE

For the Piano Forte or Harpsichord




p
f
p

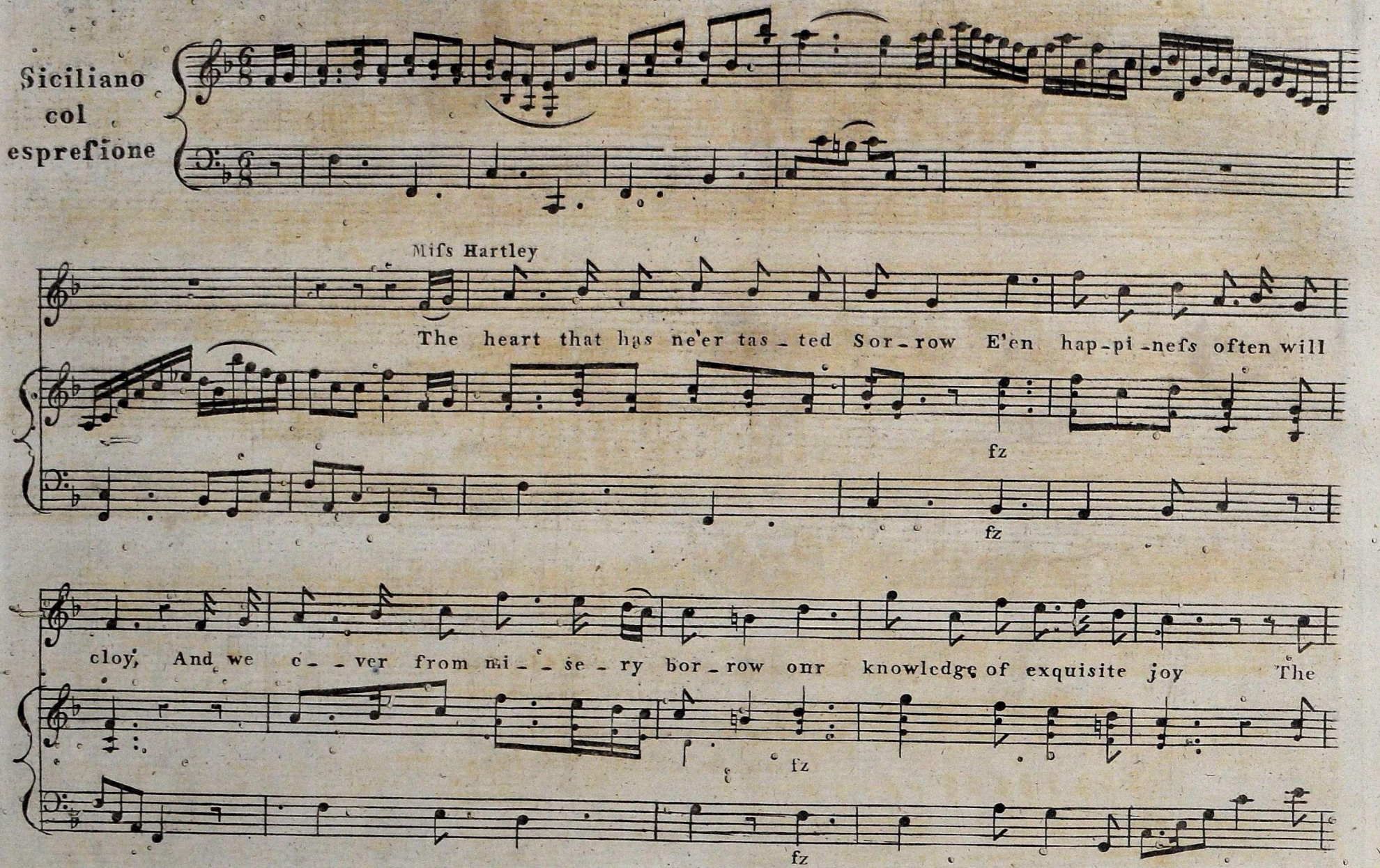

fp
fp
fp
p
f
p


Allegro


p
p
p
f


p
f p
f p
f p
f p
p
f
f
p
f
Fine

Sung by M^rs. Second.

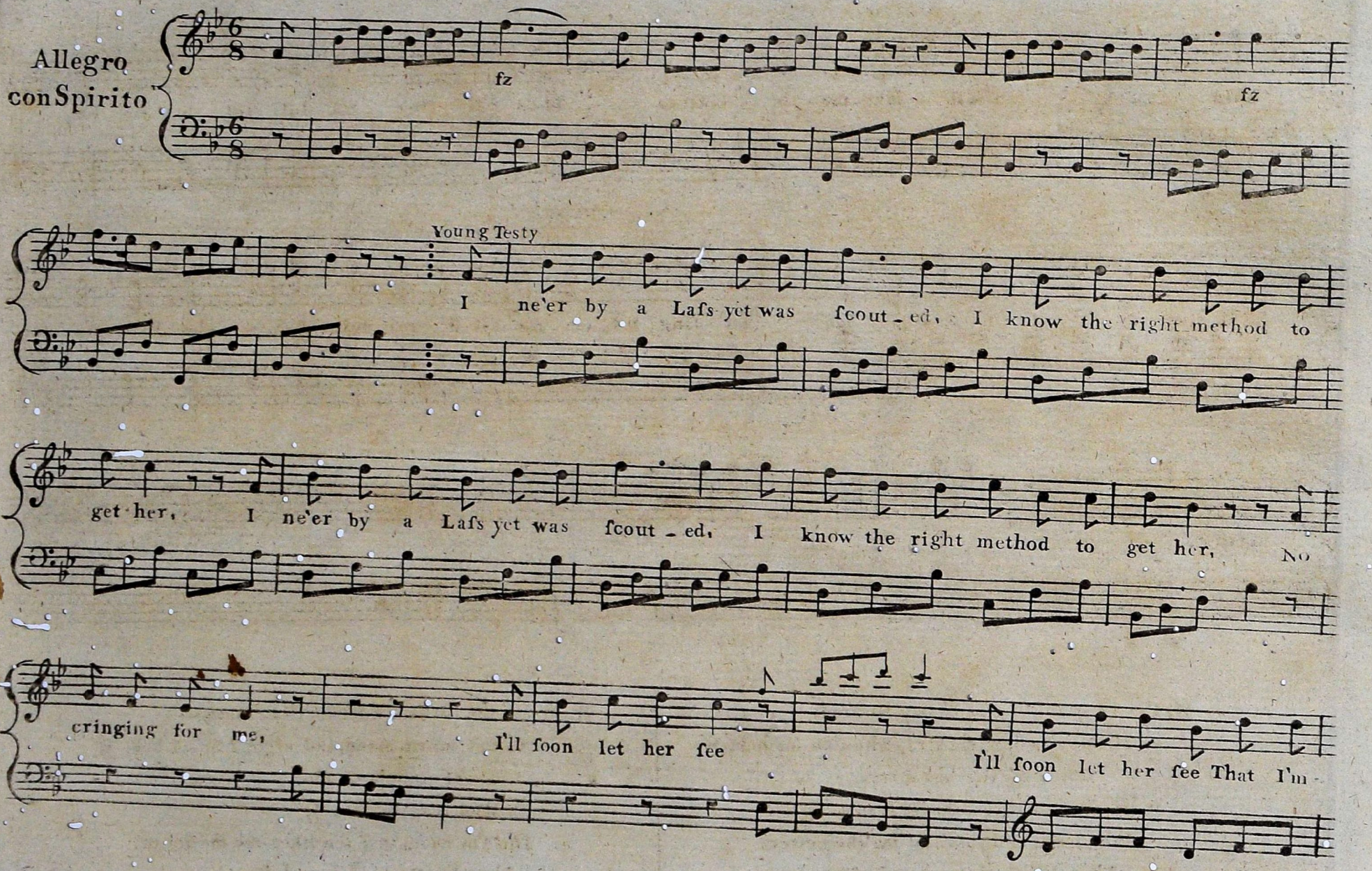


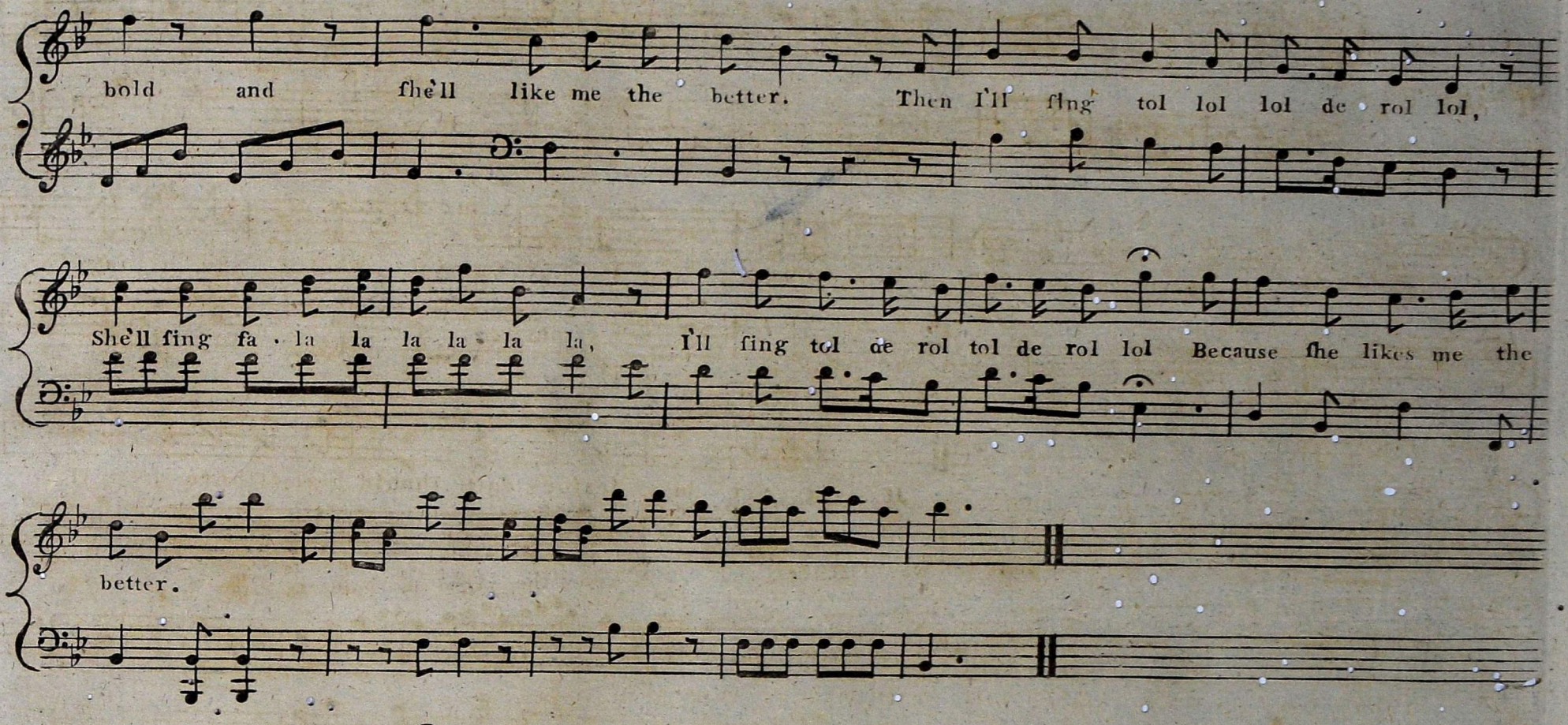


2

To those who all anguish wou'd fmother,
The best use of life is unknown;
To feel for the woes of another,
Or value the blifs that's their own.

Sung by Mr. Knight.





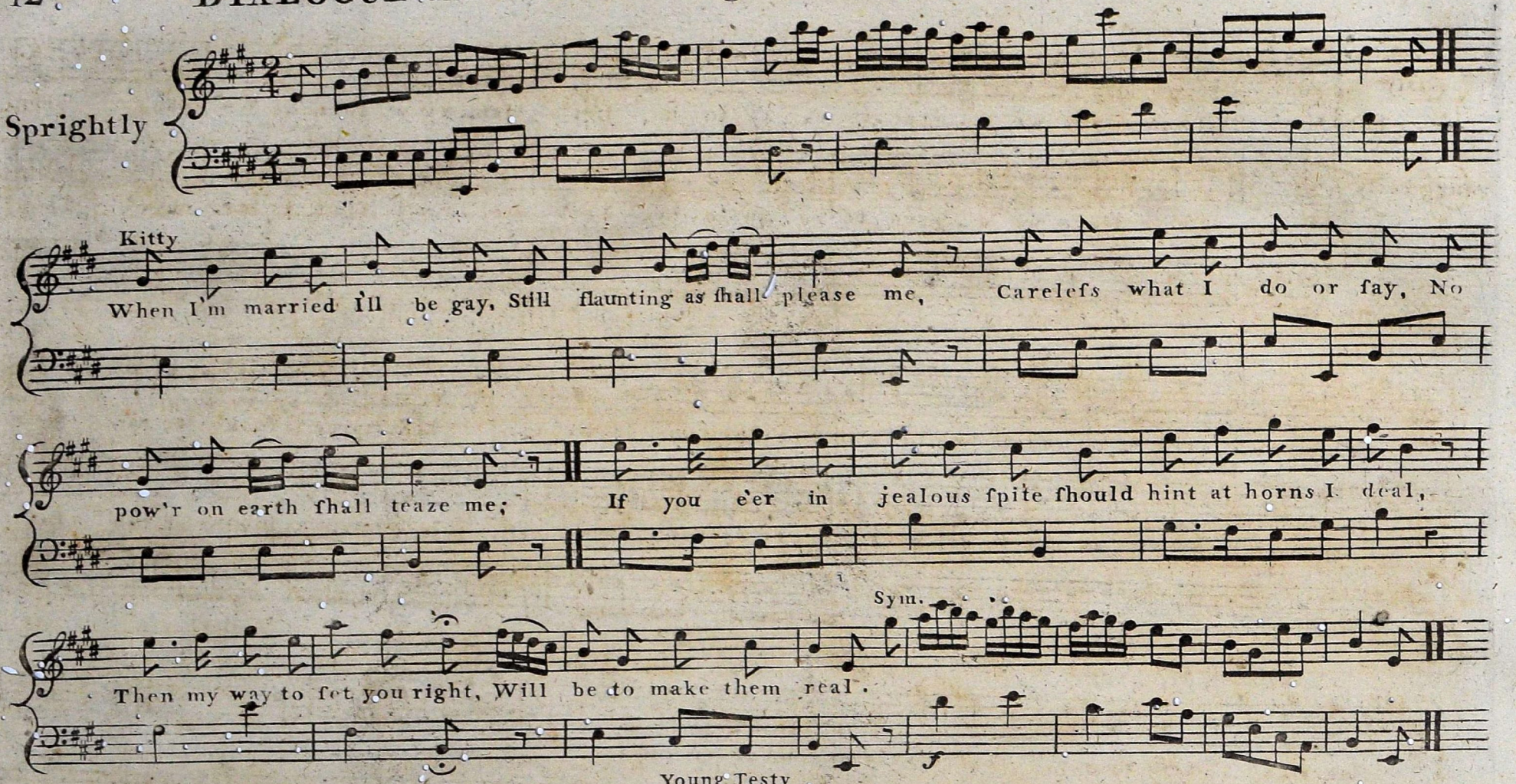
2

S. I'm a boy that's not easily flouted,
If she give herself airs, why e'en let her, S.
When to kiss her I try,
S. You're rude, Sir, she'll cry, S.
Why I am, and you like me the better.
Then I'll fing tol de rol &c.

3

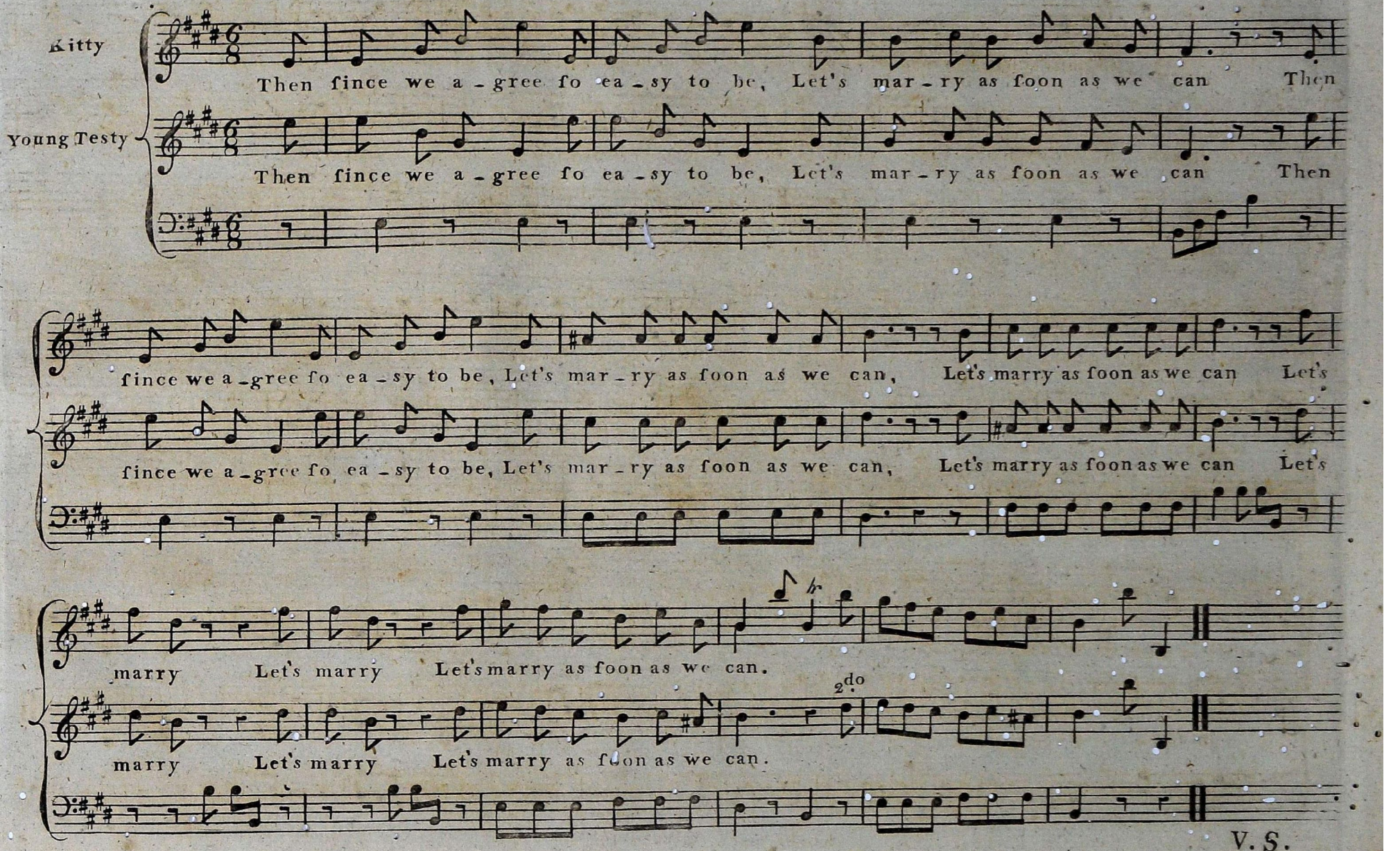
S. When she finds that I'm not to be routed,
And at morn, noon, and night I beset her, S.
She'll alter her tone,
S. And readily own S.
Tho' I'm rude, that she likes me the better.
Then I'll fing tol de rol &c.

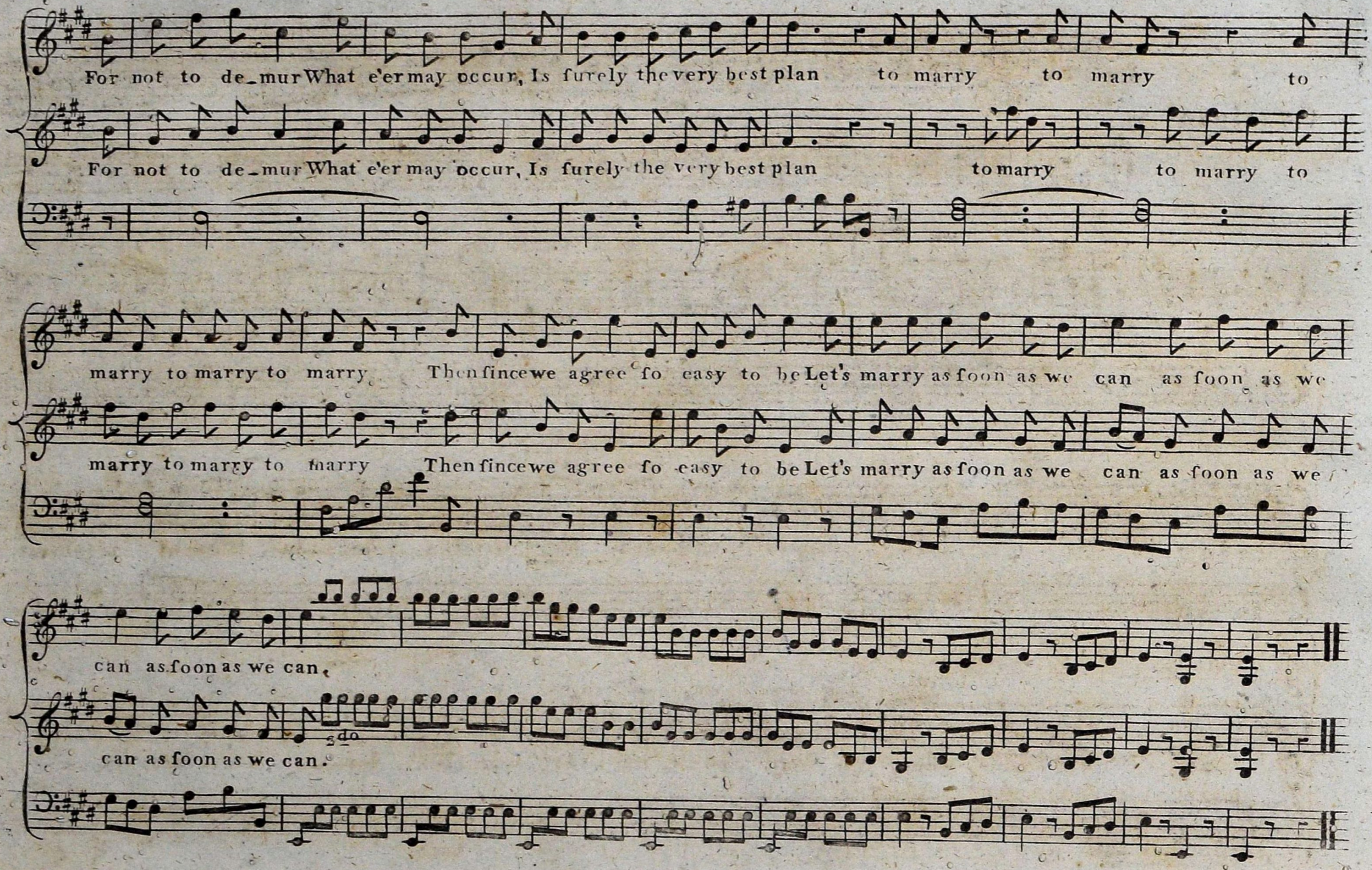
DIALOGUE and DUET. Sung by Mr. Knight and Mrs. Martyr.



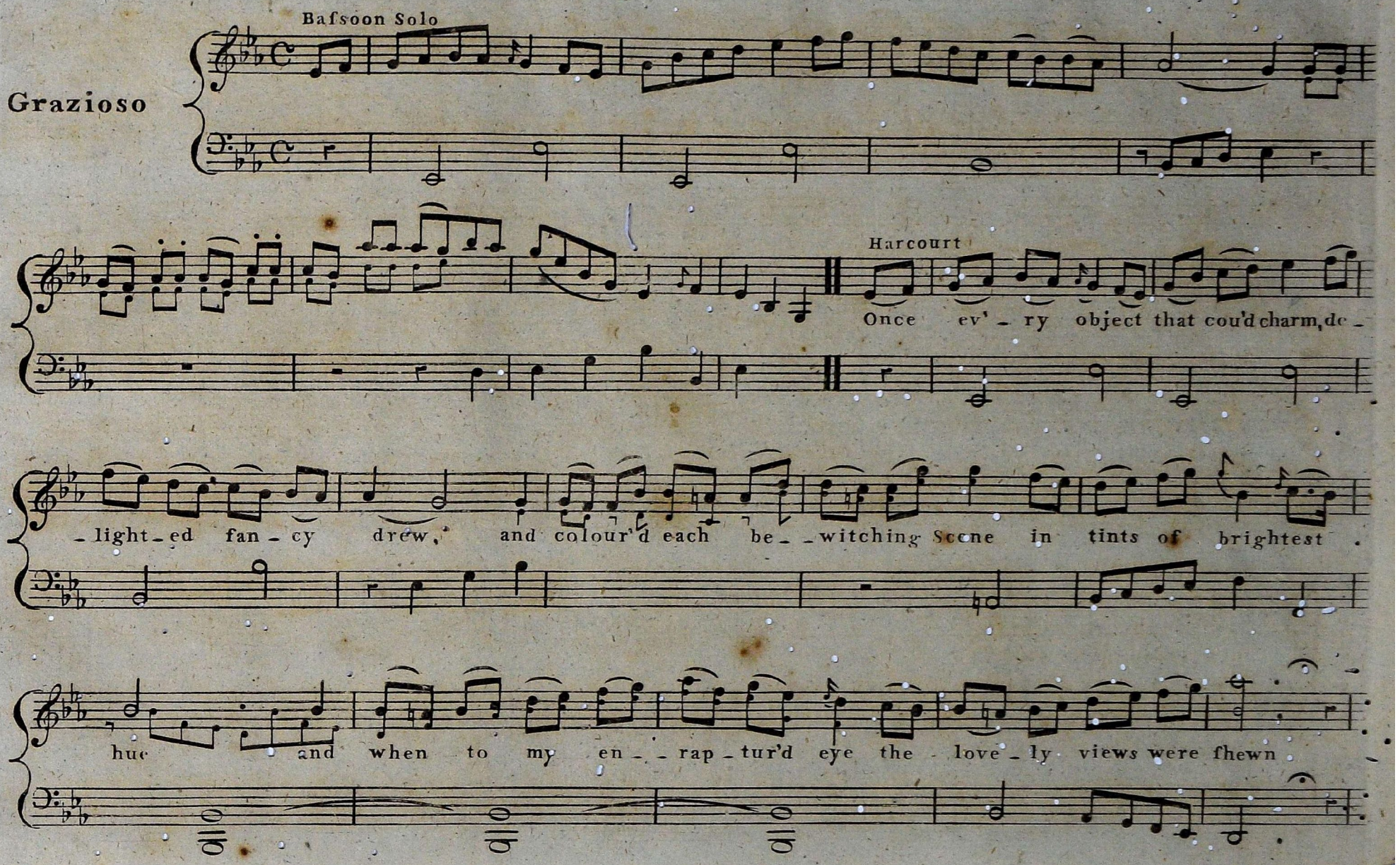
Young Testy

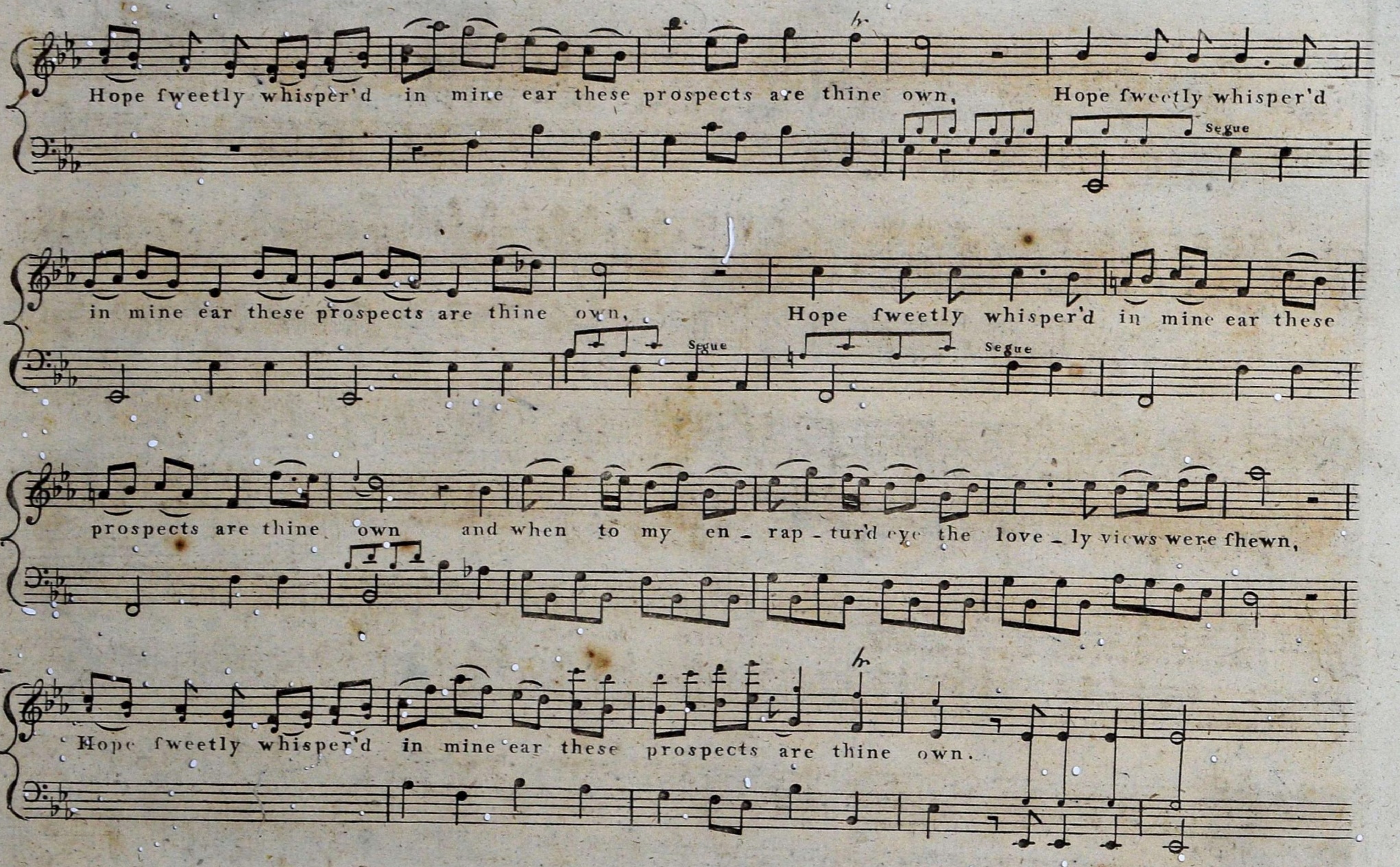
Husbands, now, for horns who care,
Must be leſs wise than nice, Ma'am,
While, at market, horns will bear
So very high a price, Ma'am:
And for lawyers too, like me,
No trouble it at all is,
Since horn-fair remov'd we ſee
To Westminster old hall is.

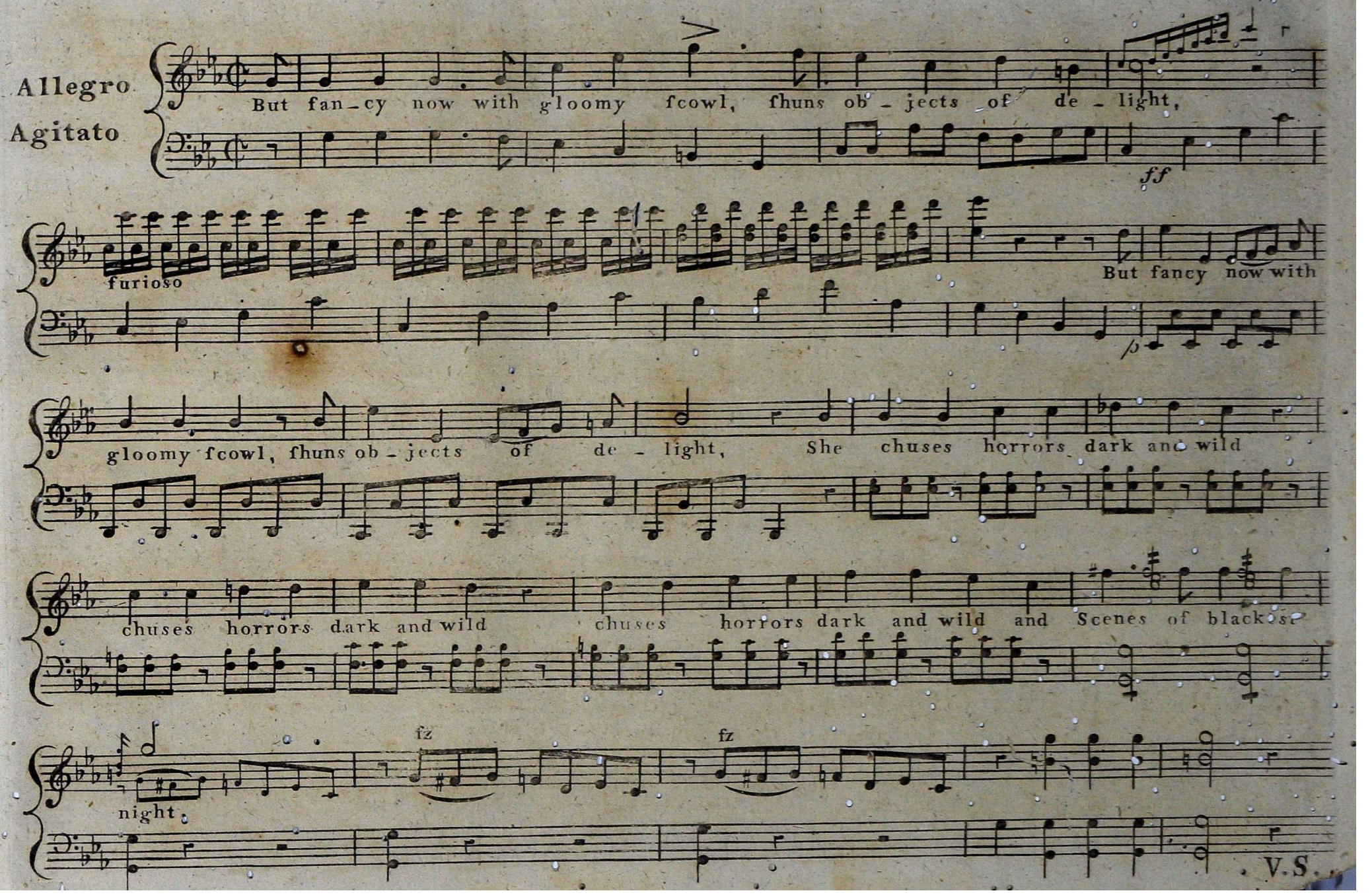

Kitty
Young Testy
Then fince we a-gree fo ea-sy to be, Let's mar-ry as foon as we can Then
Then fince we a-gree fo ea-sy to be, Let's mar-ry as foon as we can Then
fince we a-gree fo ea-sy to be, Let's mar-ry as foon as we can, Let's marry as foon as we can Let's
fince we a-gree fo ea-sy to be, Let's mar-ry as foon as we can, Let's marry as foon as we can Let's
marry Let's marry Let's marry as foon as we can.
marry Let's marry Let's marry as foon as we can.
2do
V. S.

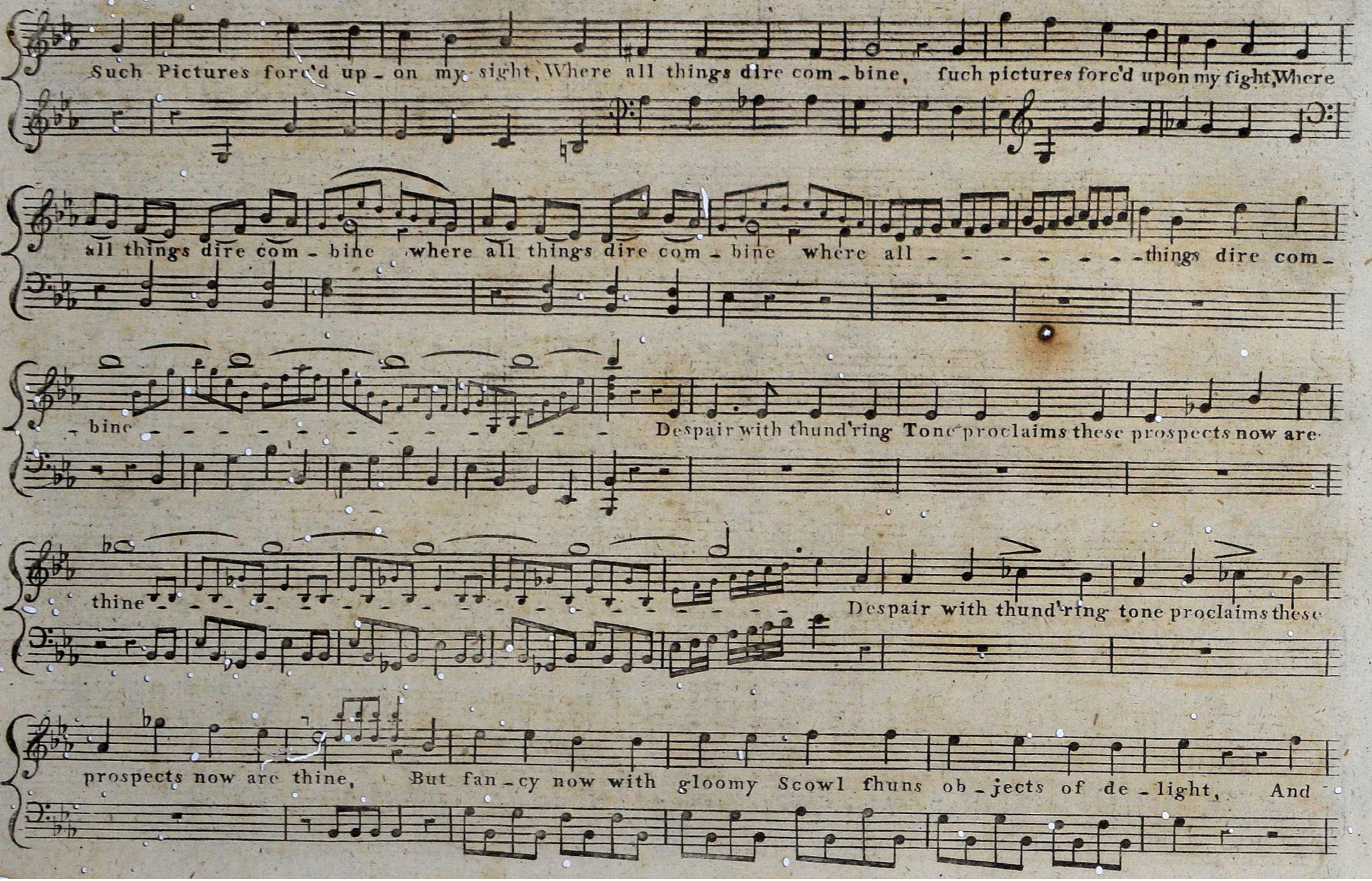

For not to de_mur What e'er may occur, Is surely the very best plan to marry to marry to
For not to de_mur What e'er may occur, Is surely the very best plan to marry to marry to
marry to marry to marry Then since we agree so easy to be Let's marry as soon as we can as soon as we
marry to marry to marry Then since we agree so easy to be Let's marry as soon as we can as soon as we
can as soon as we can.
can as soon as we can.

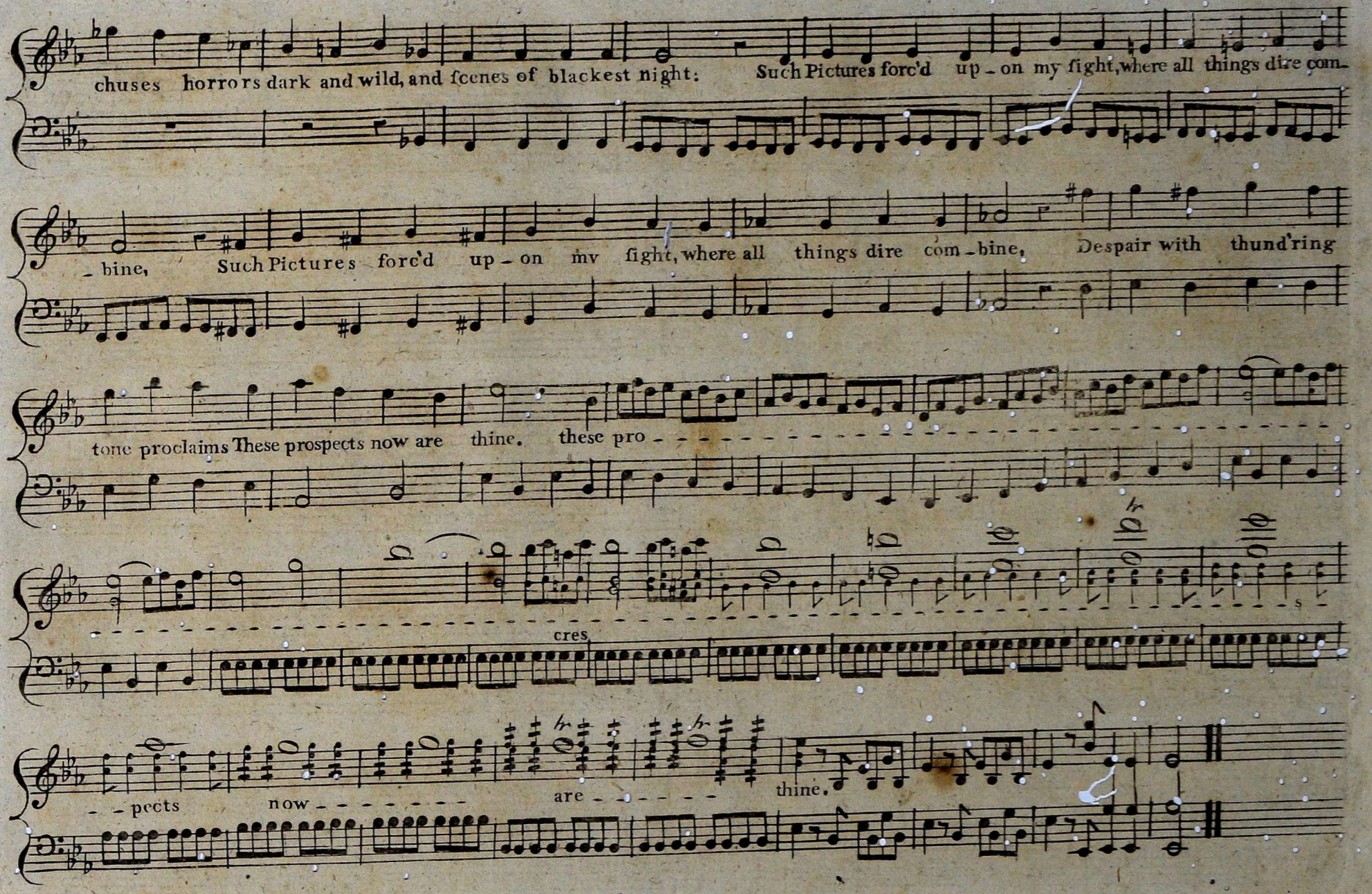
Sung by M.r Incledon.



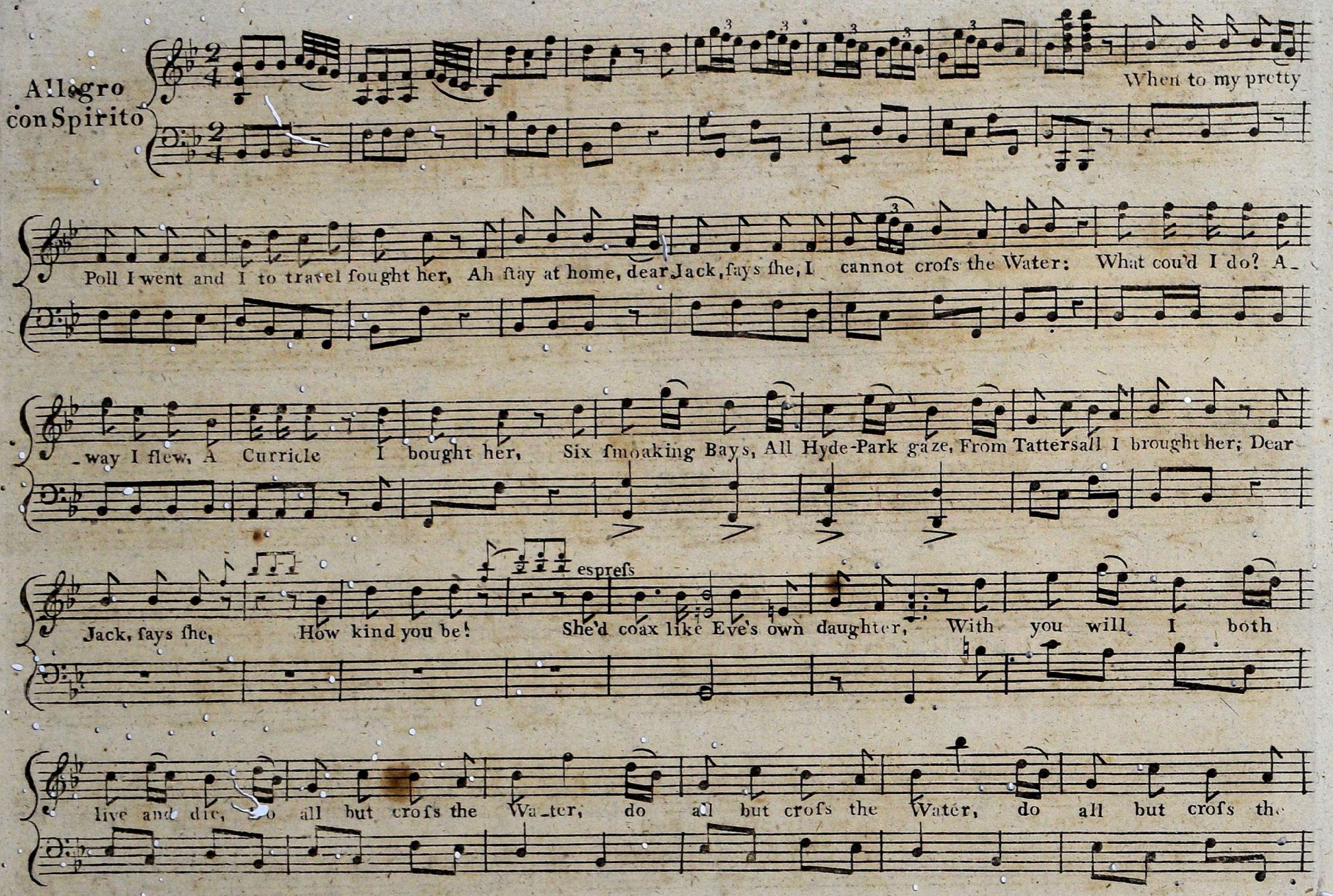

Hope fweetly whisper'd in mine ear these prospects are thine own, Hope fweetly whisper'd
Segue
in mine ear these prospects are thine own, Hope fweetly whisper'd in mine ear these
Segue
Segue
prospects are thine own and when to my en - rap - tur'd eye the love - ly views were fhewn,
Hope fweetly whisper'd in mine ear these prospects are thine own.

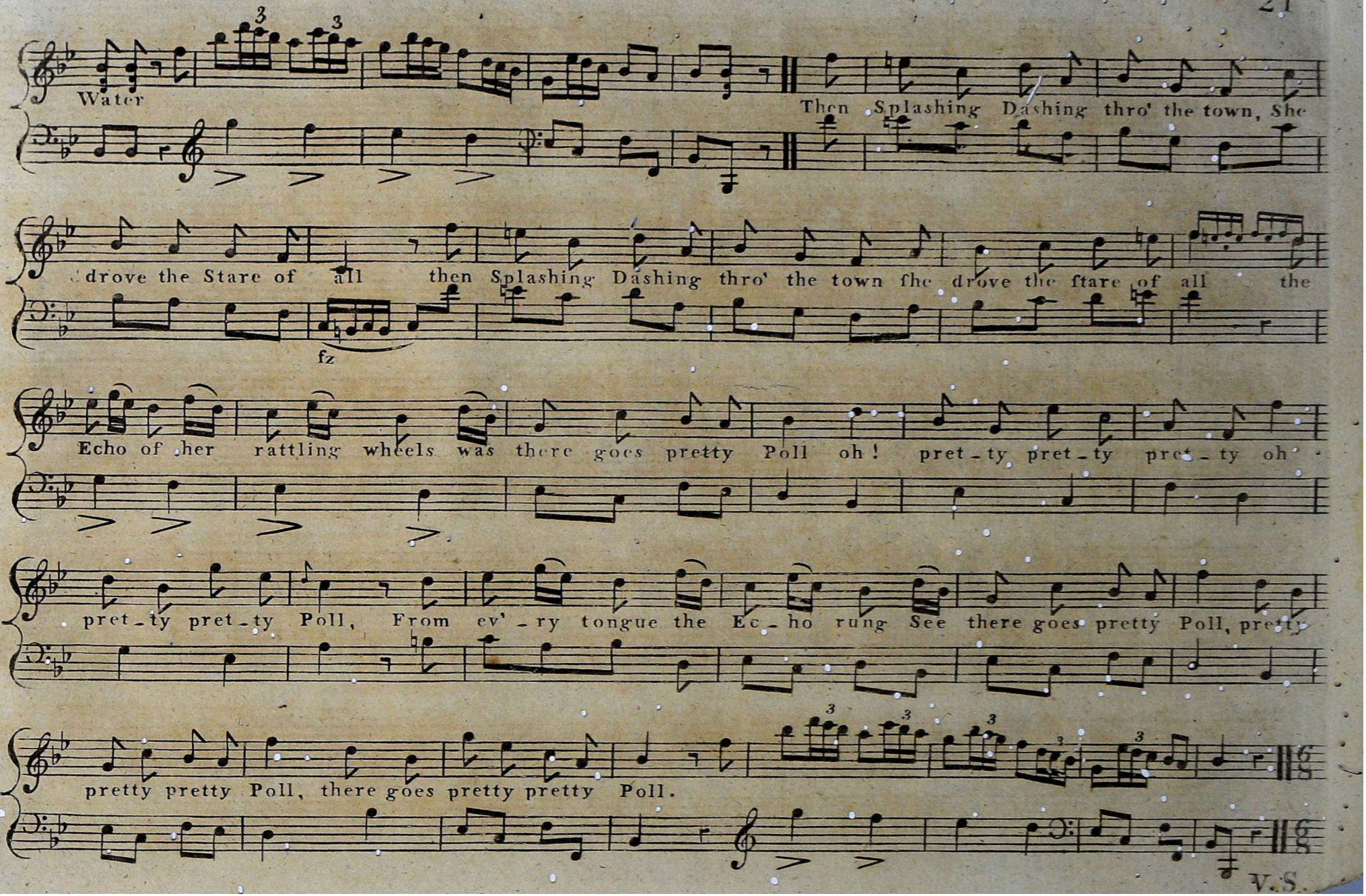

Allegro
Agitato
But fan-cy now with gloomy fcowl, fhuns ob-jects of de-light,
ff
furioso
But fancy now with
p
gloomy fcowl, fhuns ob-jects of de-light, She chuses horrors dark and wild
chuses horrors dark and wild
chuses horrors dark and wild and Scenes of blackeſt
night,
fz
fz
V.S.


Such Pictures forc'd up - on my sight, Where all things dire com - bine, fuch pictures forc'd upon my fight, Where
all things dire com - bine where all things dire com - bine where all - - - - - - - - things dire com -
- bine - - - - - - - -

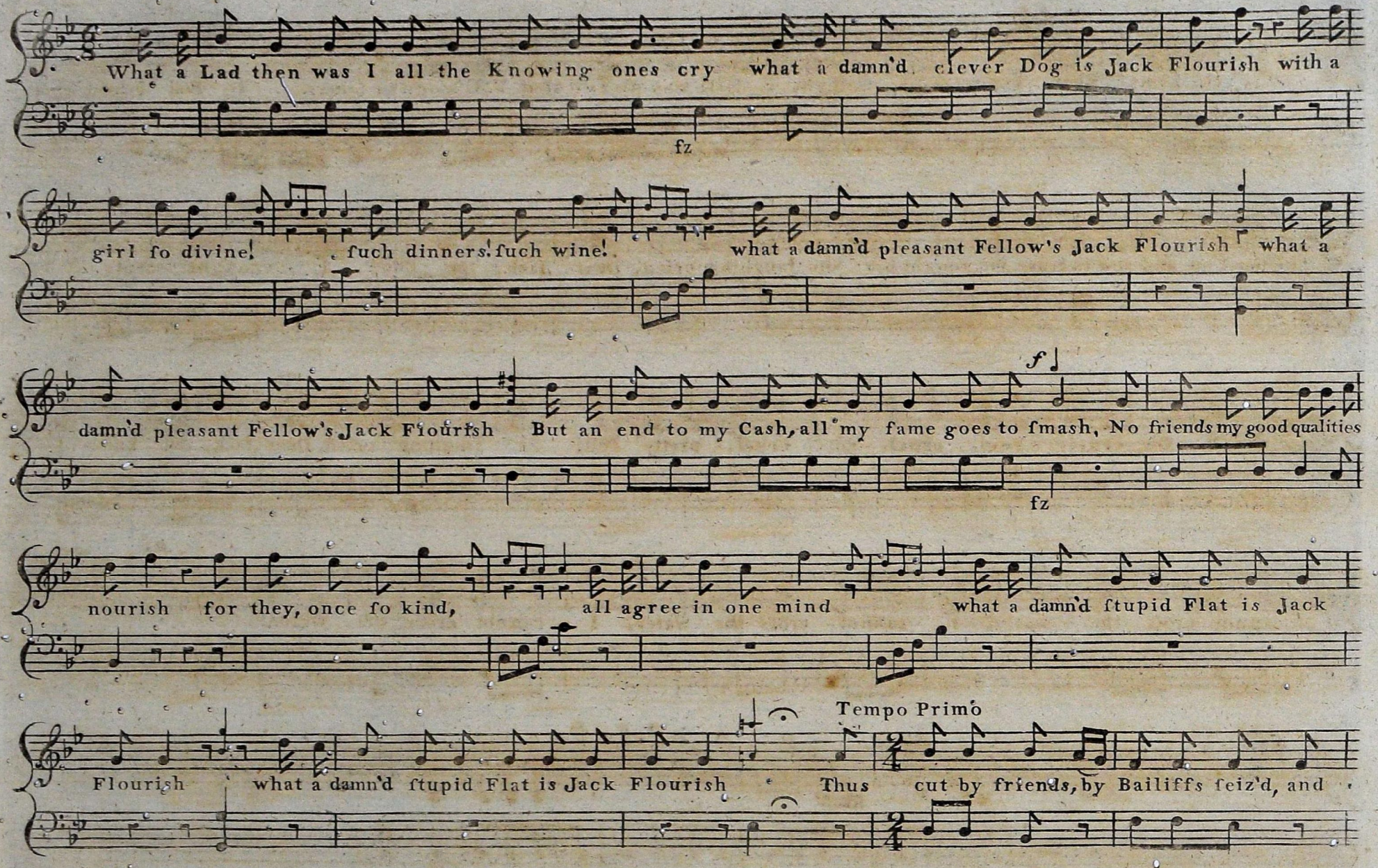

chuses horrors dark and wild, and scenes of blackest night: Such Pictures forc'd up-on my sight, where all things dire com-
-bine, Such Pictures forc'd up-on my sight, where all things dire com-bine, Despair with thund'ring
tone proclaims These prospects now are thine. these pro-
cres
-pects now are thine.

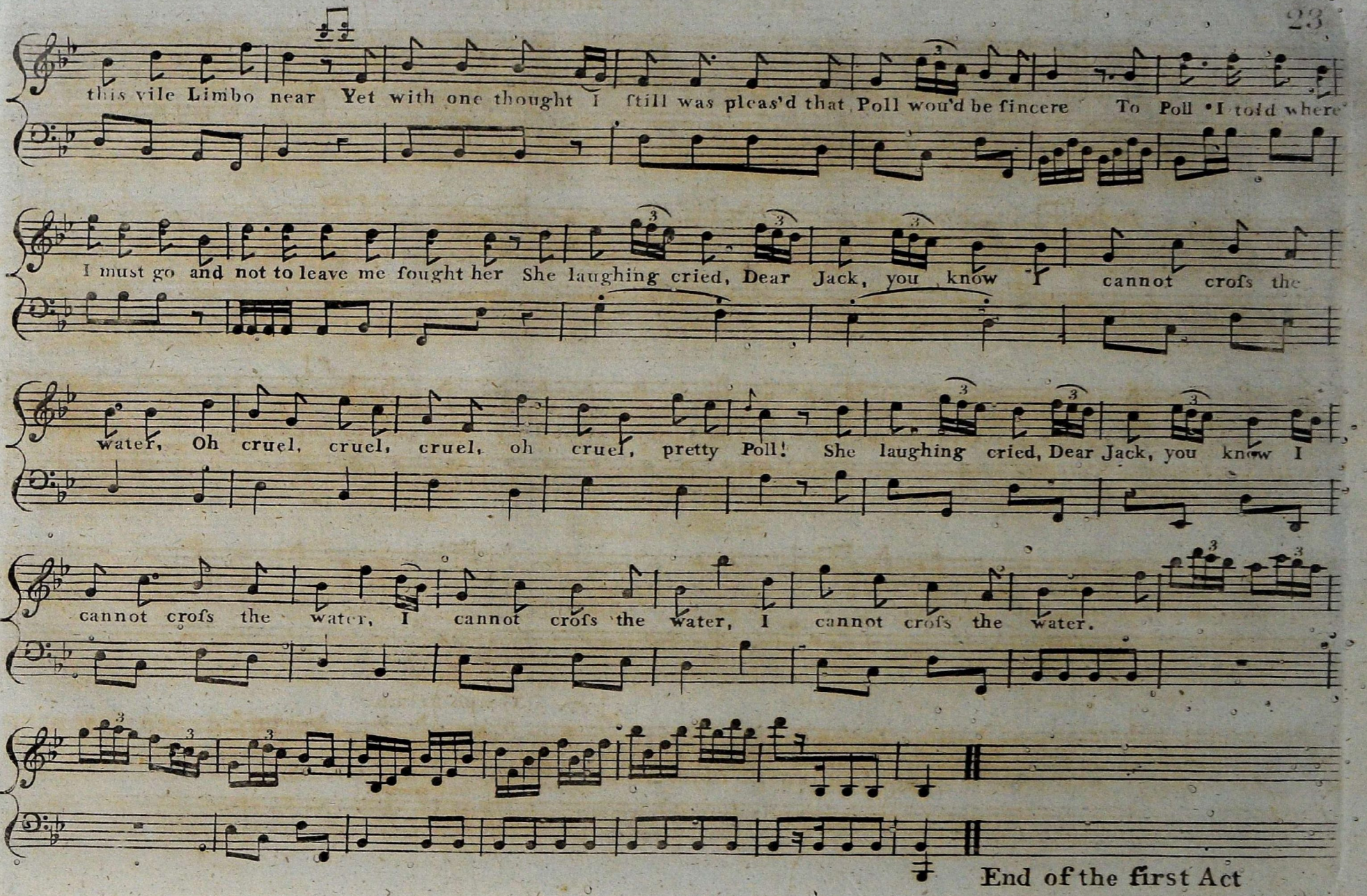
Sung by Mr. Fawcett.



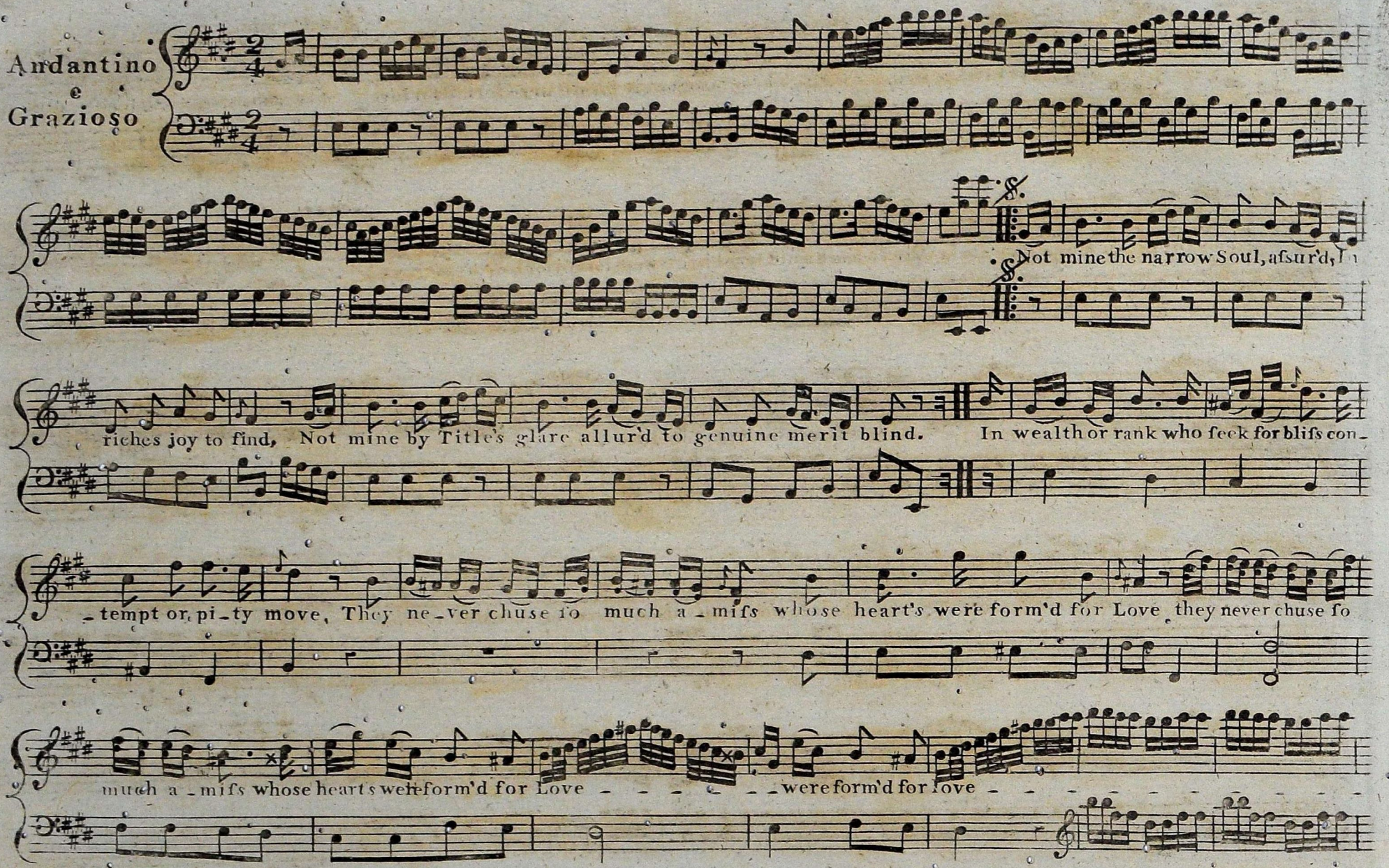

Water
Then Splashing Dashing thro' the town, She
drove the Stare of all then Splashing Dashing thro' the town fhe drove the ftare of all the
fz
Echo of her rattling wheels was there goes pretty Poll oh! pret-ty pret-ty pret-ty oh
pret-ty pret-ty Poll, From ev'-ry tongue the Ec-ho rung See there goes pretty Poll, pretty
pretty pretty Poll, there goes pretty pretty Poll.

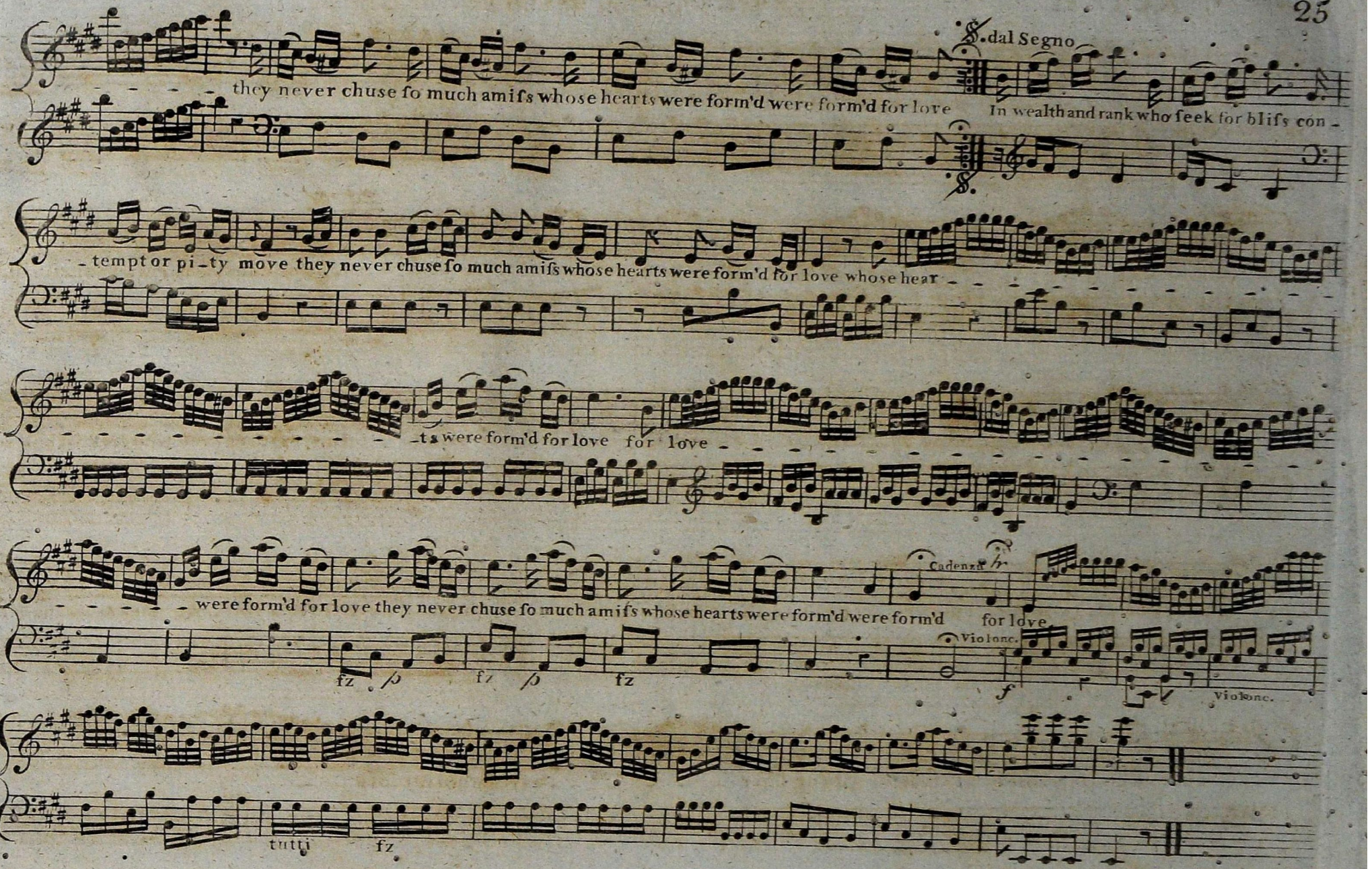
V.S.


What a Lad then was I all the Knowing ones cry what a damn'd clever Dog is Jack Flourish with a
fz
girl fo divine! fuch dinners! fuch wine! what a damn'd pleasant Fellow's Jack Flourish what a
damn'd pleasant Fellow's Jack Flourish But an end to my Cash, all my fame goes to fmash, No friends my good qualities
f
fz
nourish for they, once fo kind, all agree in one mind what a damn'd ftupid Flat is Jack
Tempo Primo
Flourish what a damn'd ftupid Flat is Jack Flourish Thus cut by friends, by Bailiffs feiz'd, and


this vile Limbo near Yet with one thought I ſtill was pleas'd that Poll wou'd be ſincere To Poll I told where
I must go and not to leave me fought her She laughing cried, Dear Jack, you know I cannot croſs the
water, Oh cruel, cruel, cruel, oh cruel, pretty Poll! She laughing cried, Dear Jack, you know I
cannot croſs the water, I cannot croſs the water, I cannot croſs the water.
End of the first Act

Sung by Mrs. Second.




D.dal Segno
they never chuse so much amifs whose hearts were form'd were form'd for love
In wealth and rank who seek for blifs con -
- tempt or pi - ty move they never chuse so much amifs whose hearts were form'd for love whose hear
- ts were form'd for love for love
- were form'd for love they never chuse so much amifs whose hearts were form'd were form'd for love
Cadenza
Violonc.
fz
p
fz
p
fz
f
Violonc.
tutti
fz

Sung by Mr. Incledon and Mrs. Second



love.

2d Verse
Harcourt

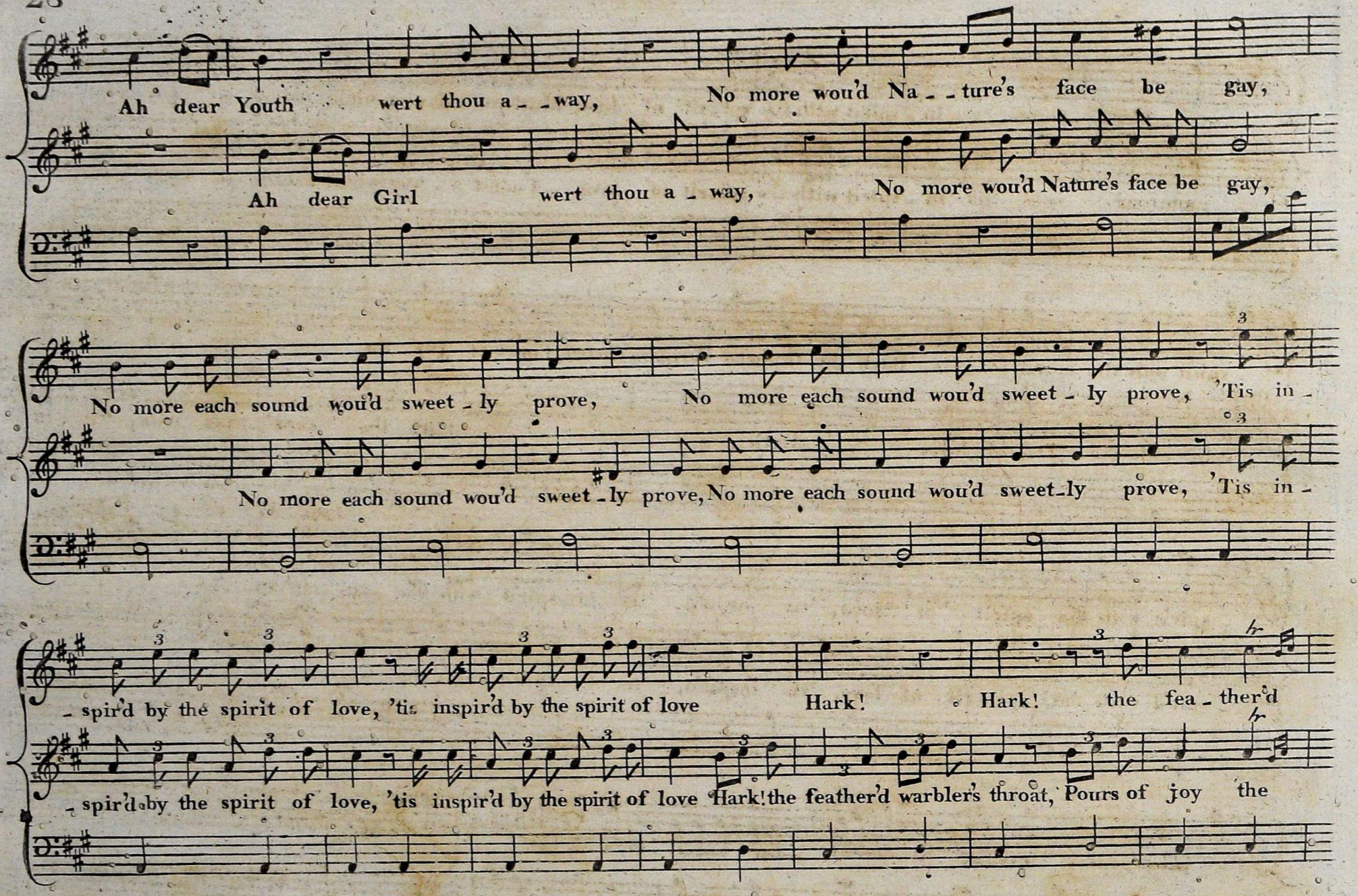
Ah wert thou a_way 'twoud cease to be gay, Nor

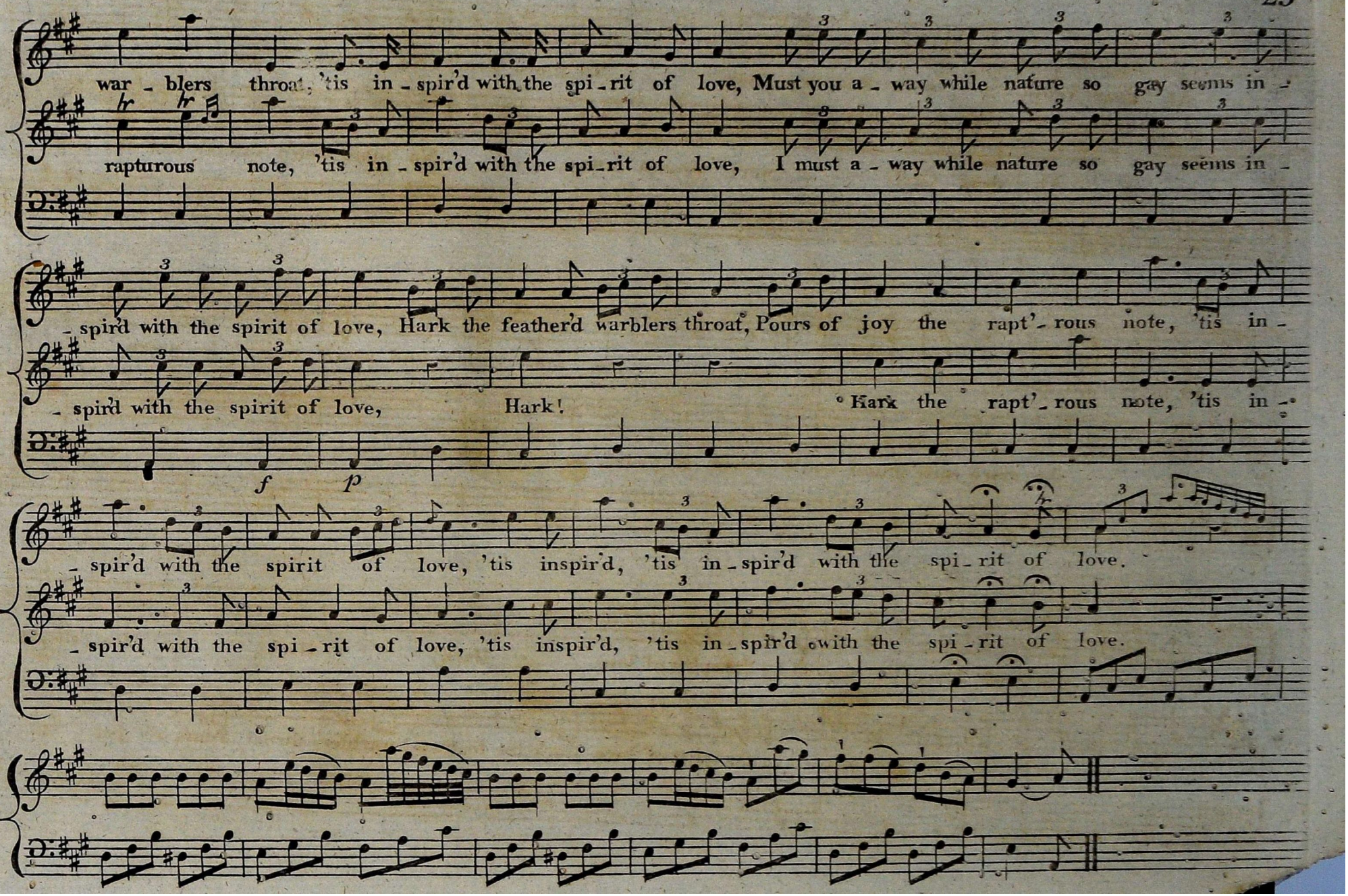
longer nor longer to happineſs move, 'Tis thou art the Soul! giv'st life to the whole; 'tis thou art the Soul! giv'st

life to the whole, and in_fusest the spirit of love. Hark the bubbling Current near,

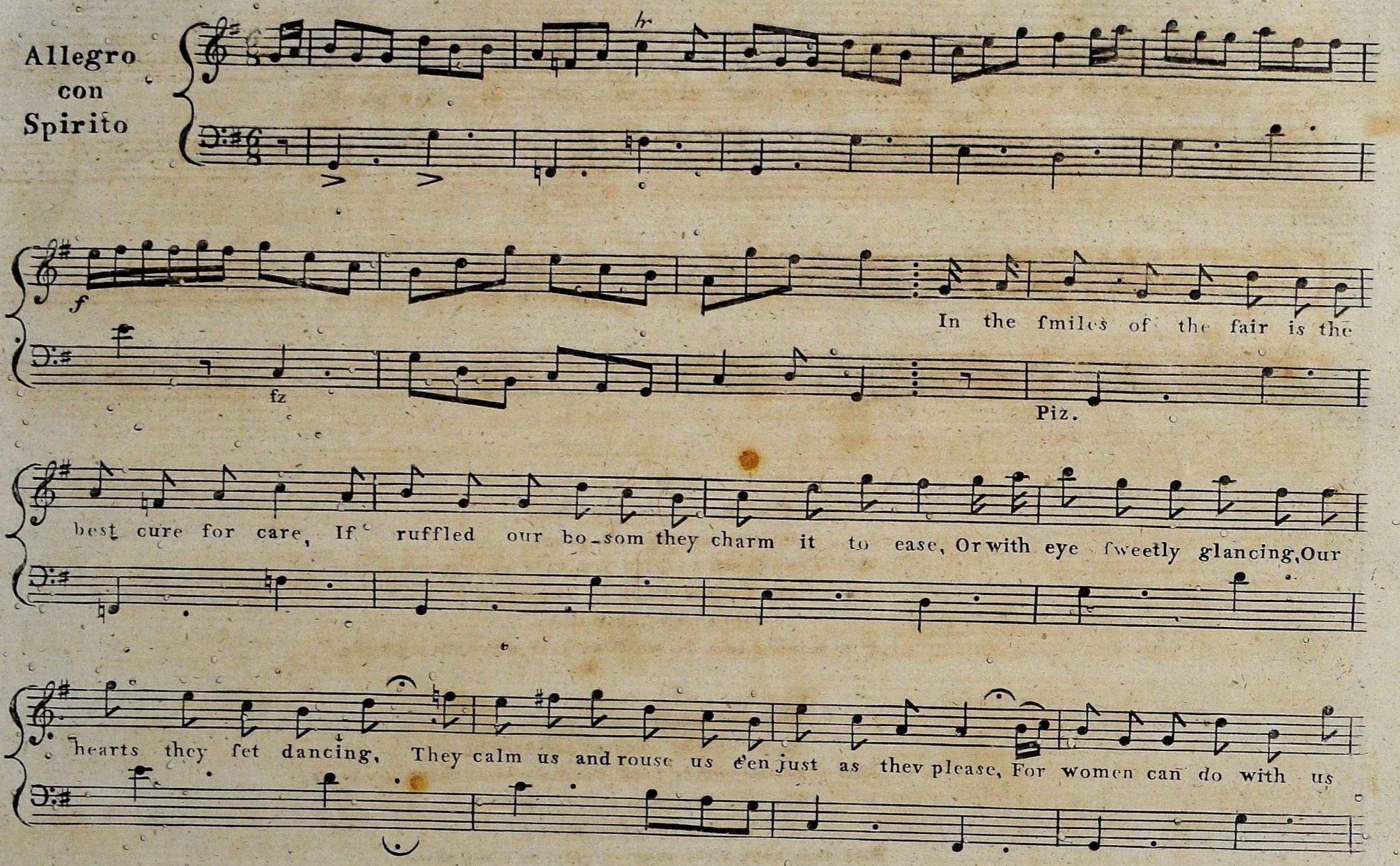
Soft_ly steals upon mine ear, And its gen_tle mur_murs prove, 'Tis inspir'd, 'tis inspir'd with the

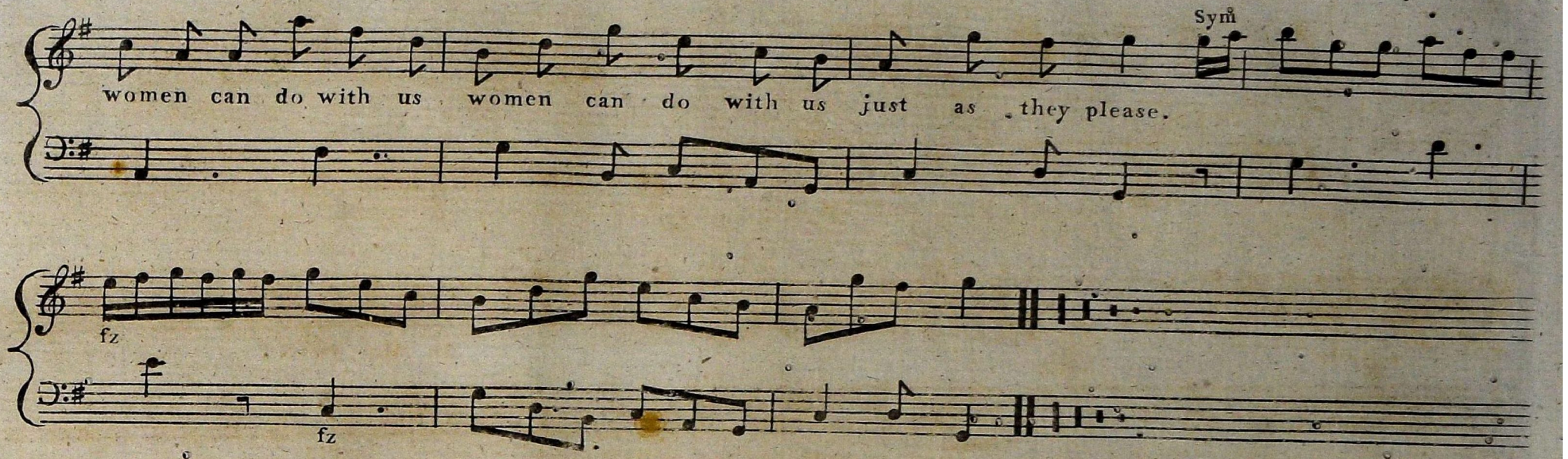
spi_rit of love, 'tis inspir'd, tis inspir'd with the spirit of love.


Ah dear Youth wert thou a - way, No more wou'd Na - ture's face be gay,
Ah dear Girl wert thou a - way, No more wou'd Nature's face be gay,
No more each sound wou'd sweet - ly prove, No more each sound wou'd sweet - ly prove, 'Tis in -
No more each sound wou'd sweet - ly prove, No more each sound wou'd sweet - ly prove, 'Tis in -
- spir'd by the spirit of love, 'tis inspir'd by the spirit of love Hark! Hark! the fea - ther'd
- spir'd by the spirit of love, 'tis inspir'd by the spirit of love Hark! the feather'd warbler's throat, Pours of joy the


war - blers throat, 'tis in - spir'd with the spi - rit of love, Must you a - way while nature so gay seems in -
rapturous note, 'tis in - spir'd with the spi - rit of love, I must a - way while nature so gay seems in -
- spir'd with the spirit of love, Hark the feather'd warblers throat, Pours of joy the rapt' - rous note, 'tis in -
- spir'd with the spirit of love, Hark! Hark the rapt' - rous note, 'tis in -
f
p
- spir'd with the spirit of love, 'tis inspir'd, 'tis in - spir'd with the spi - rit of love.
- spir'd with the spi - rit of love, 'tis inspir'd, 'tis in - spir'd with the spi - rit of love.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone.





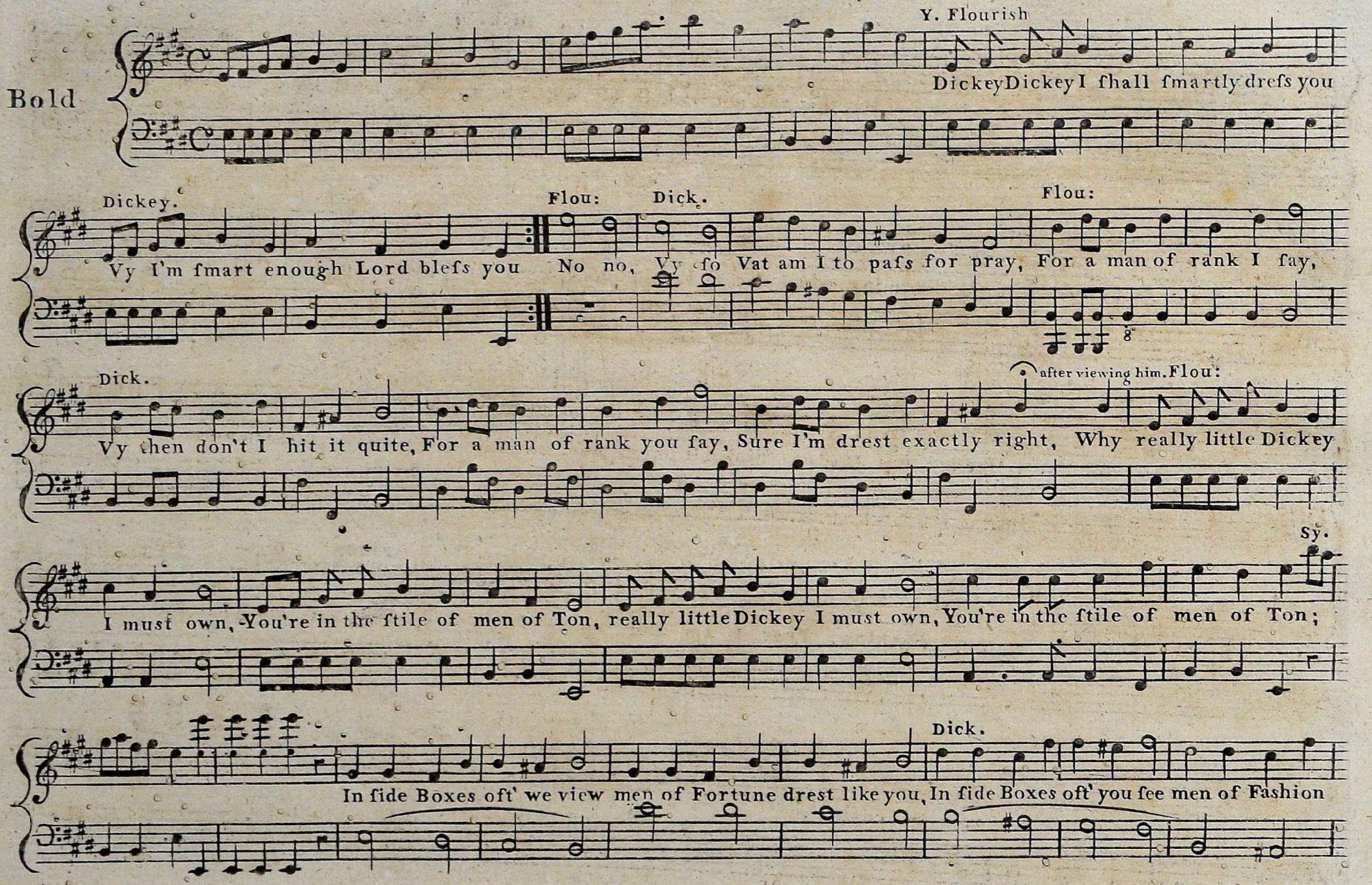
2

The wise prop of a State,
Or the warrior so great,
Oft bows down to kiss beauty's rod on his knees;
'Tis the province of beauty,
To teach men their duty,
For women can do with us just what they please.

3

E'en the miser quits gold,
Their bright charms to behold,
And gives them his soul, for he yields them his keys;
The dear rogues are so clever,
Oh! bless them for ever,
And may they rule over us just as they please.

DIALOGUE. Sung by Mr. Fawcet and Mr. Simmons.



Flou: Dick. Flou:

dreſs like me, Very true, just like you, But that will not with Daddy do, Vy ſo You must know Dad's a bit of the

Dick.

Old Beau; And thinks it most becoming when men of Fashion dreſs like Gentlemen, In ſide Boxes oft you ſee

Flou:

men of Fashion drest like me, But Daddy thinks it most be - coming when men of Fashion dreſs like Gentlemen ſo

Dick. Flou: Dick. Flou: Dick.

Dickey you're a man of Fashion, That I am and am a flash one, Fashion, Flash one, Fashion, Flash one,

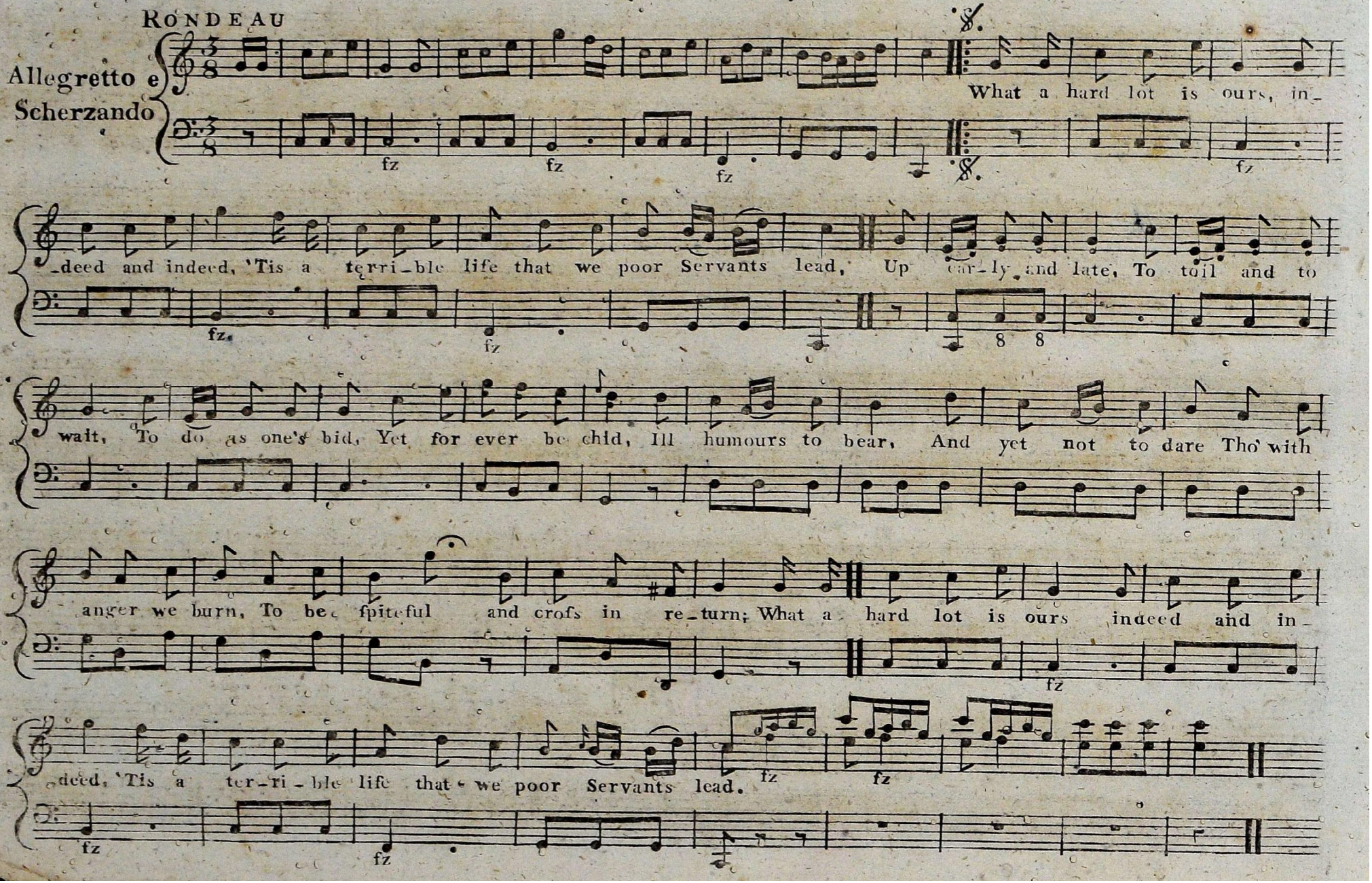
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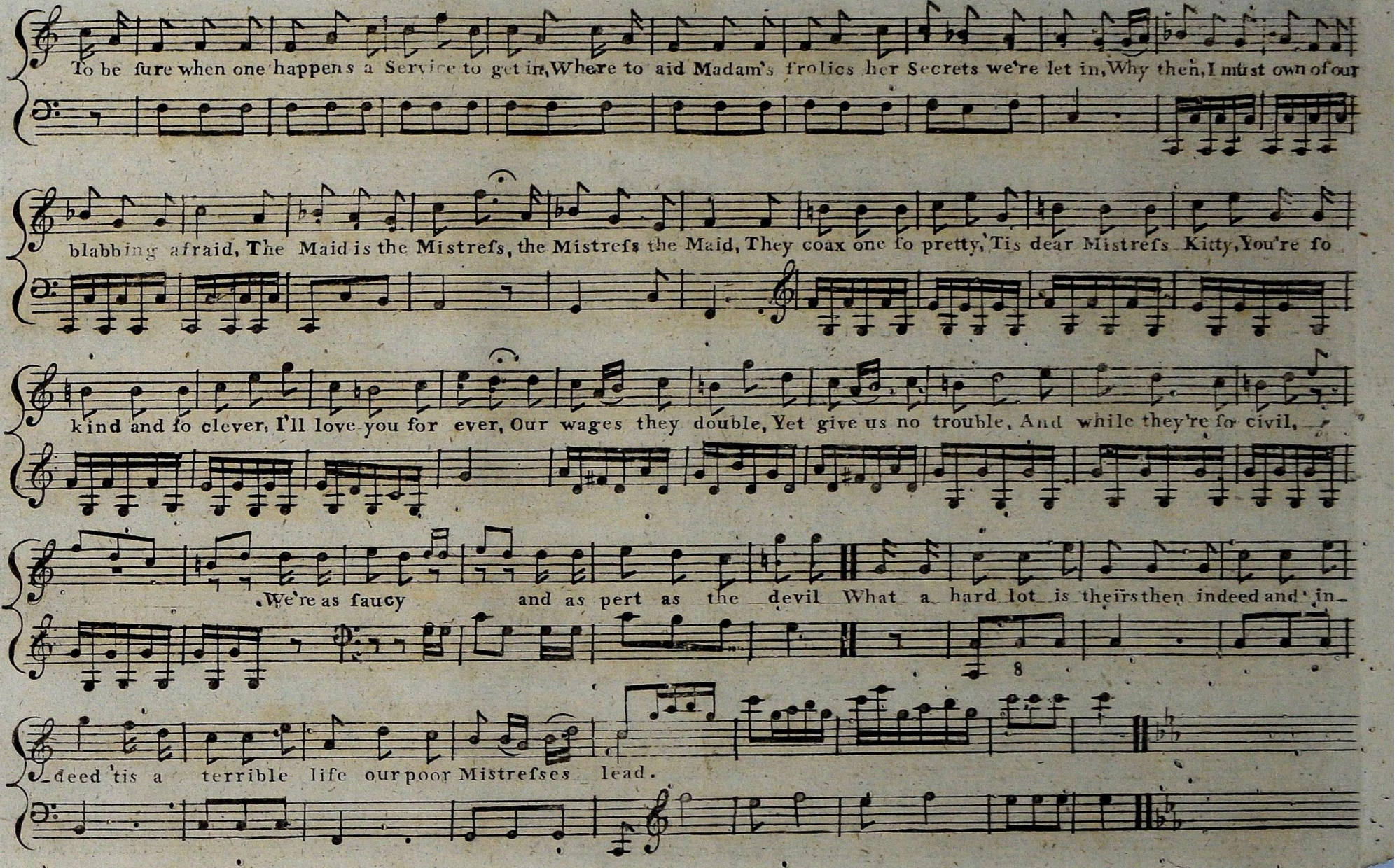
little Dickey now's a man of Fashion.

Sung by Mrs Martyr.

RONDEAU

Allegretto e Scherzando




To be ſure when one happens a Service to get in, Where to aid Madam's frolics her Secrets we're let in, Why then, I muſt own of our
blabbing afraid, The Maid is the Mistreſs, the Mistreſs the Maid, They coax one ſo pretty, 'Tis dear Mistreſs Kitty, You're ſo
kind and ſo clever, I'll love you for ever, Our wages they double, Yet give us no trouble, And while they're ſo civil,
We're as ſaucy and as pert as the devil What a hard lot is theirs then indeed and in-
deed 'tis a terrible life our poor Mistreſses lead.

MINORE

But the times are so alter'd these Places are rare now, For who knows their intrigues there are few Ladies care now, A faux-pas to conceal they will

use little labour, Whilst each Lady's in countenance kept by her neighbour, Their Spouses so kind too, Such foibles are blind to, Nay some will as-

-sume our vocation, If a go-between's needed, We're pass'd by un-heeded, The Husband takes our occu-pation.

MAJORE

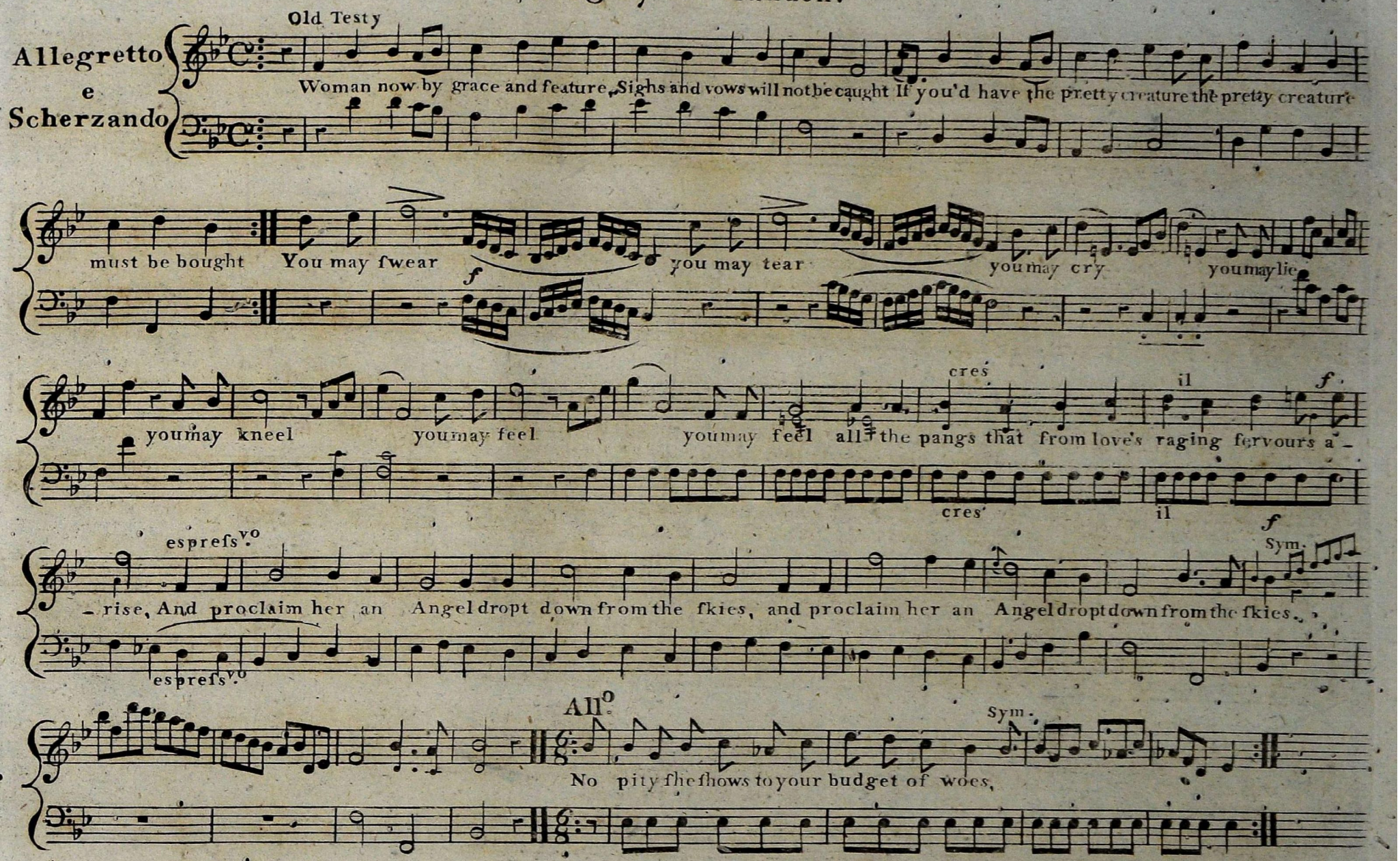
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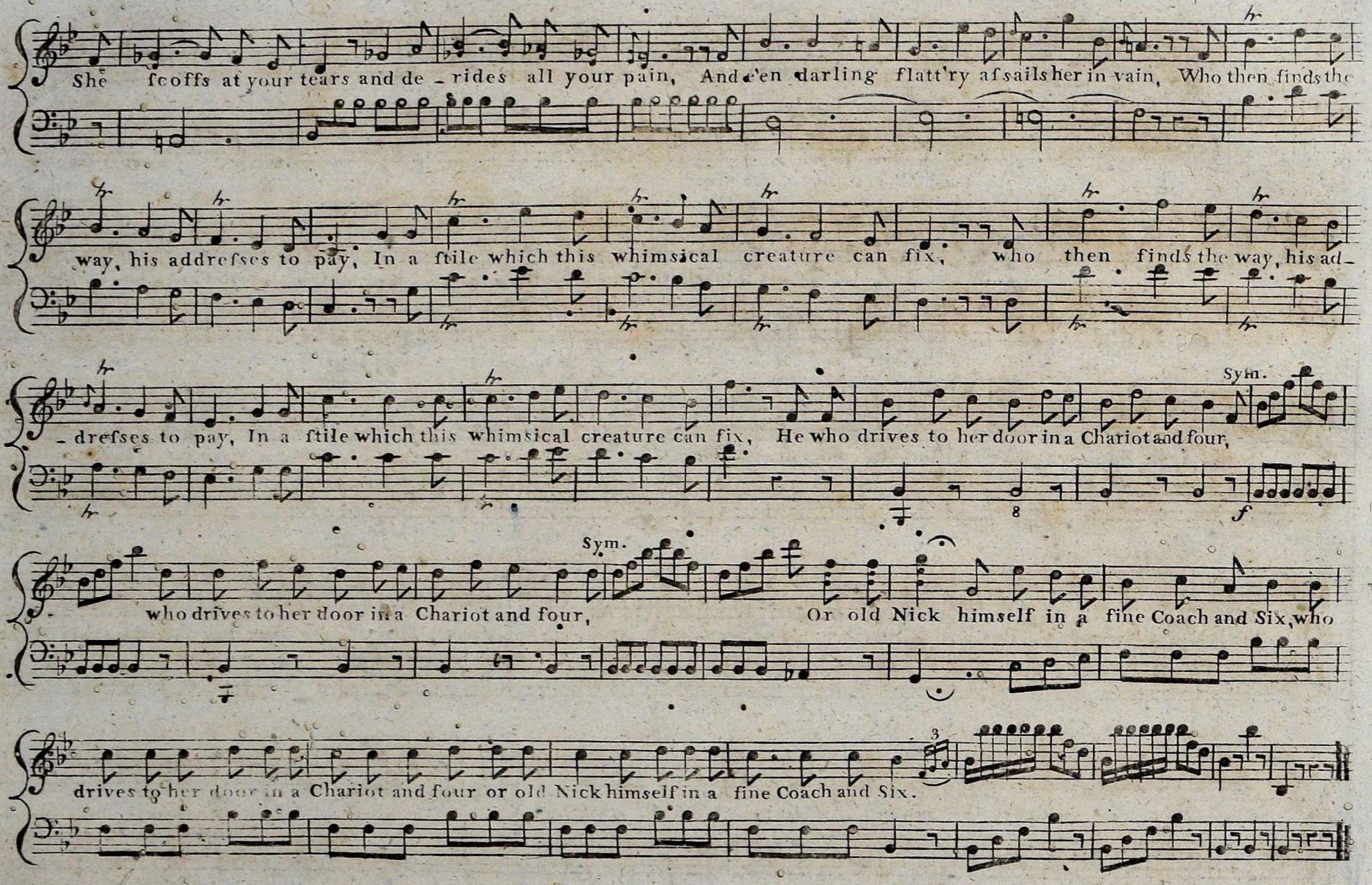
What a strange lot is theirs, indeed and indeed, 'Tis a whimsical life that some Husbands do lead. 'Tis a whimsical life that some

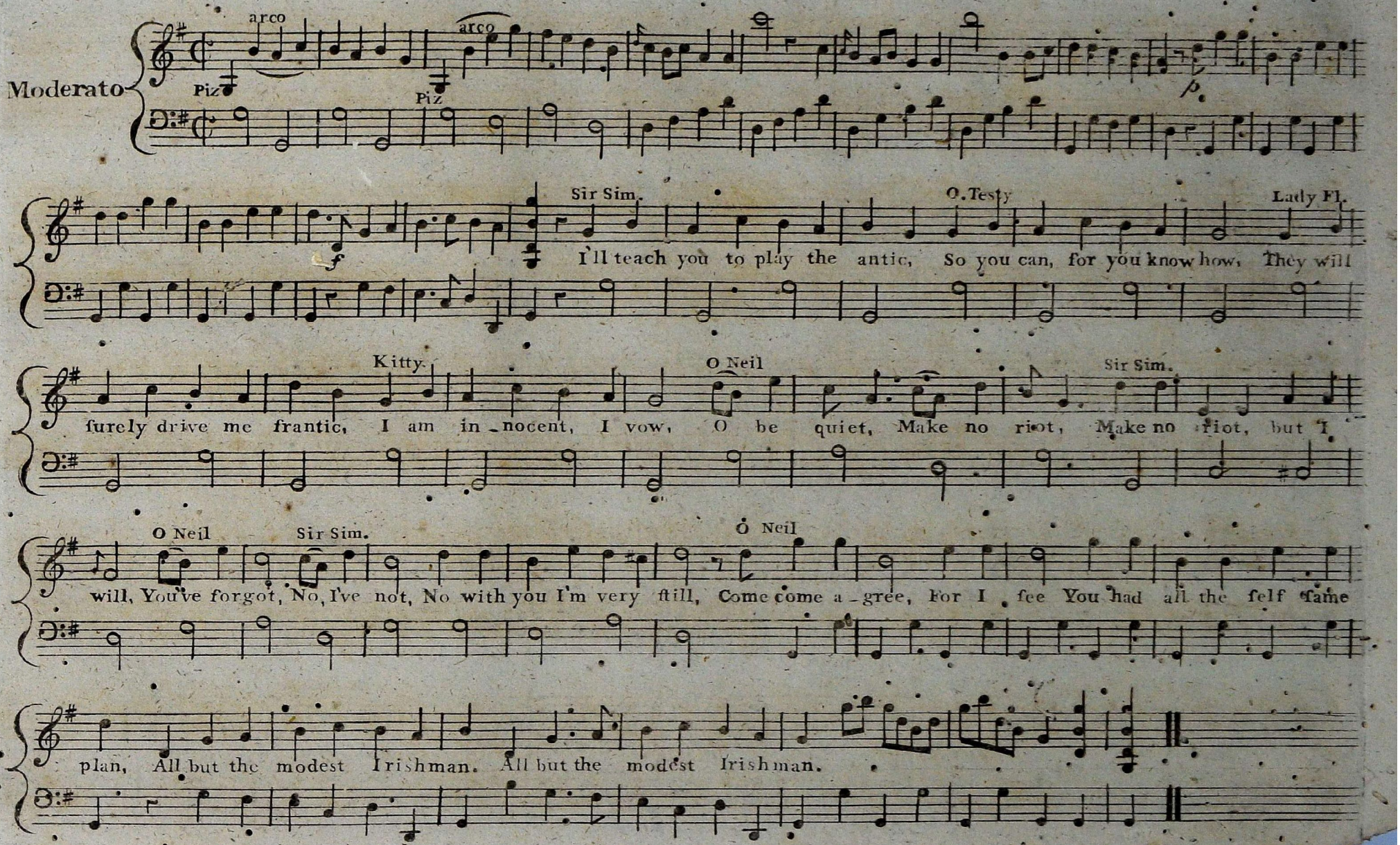
fz fz fz

ff

poor Husbands lead. 'Tis a whimsical life that some Husbands do lead.


Old Testy
Allegretto e Scherzando
Woman now by grace and feature, Sighs and vows will not be caught If you'd have the pretty creature the pretty creature
must be bought
You may fwear
you may tear
you may cry
you may lie
you may kneel
you may feel
you may feel all the pangs that from love's raging fervours a-
cres
il
espreſs.vo
-rise, And proclaim her an Angel dropt down from the ſkies, and proclaim her an Angel dropt down from the ſkies.
Sym.
All.o
No pity ſhe ſhows to your budget of woes,


She fcoffs at your tears and de_rides all your pain, And e'en darling flatt'ry afsails her in vain, Who then finds the
way, his addreſses to pay, In a ſtile which this whimsical creature can fix, who then finds the way, his ad_
_dreſses to pay, In a ſtile which this whimsical creature can fix, He who drives to her door in a Chariot and four,
Sym.
Sym.
who drives to her door in a Chariot and four, Or old Nick himself in a fine Coach and Six, who
drives to her door in a Chariot and four or old Nick himself in a fine Coach and Six.


Moderato
arco
Piz
arco
Piz
Sir Sim.
O. Testy
Lady Fl.
I'll teach you to play the antic, So you can, for you know how, They will
Kitty.
O Neil
Sir Sim.
furely drive me frantic, I am in-nocent, I vow, O be quiet, Make no riot, Make no riot, but I
O Neil
Sir Sim.
Ó Neil
will, You've forgot, No, I've not, No with you I'm very ſtill, Come come a-gree, For I ſee You had all the ſelf ſame
plan, All but the modeſt Iriſhman. All but the modeſt Iriſhman.

2d. Stanza

Sir Simon — Lady Fl. — O. Testy — Lady Fl.

For no good he came tis certain, I know nothing why he came, Why went you behind the curtain, Oh Sir Simon blush for

O. Testy — Lady Fl. — Sir Si. — Lady Fl.

shame, Oh the curtain, Pretty flirting, True my tender darling wife, Constant dove, Faithful love, Psha leave

Alternately

off this foolish strife, For you had all the self same plan, you had all the self same plan, But me and the

Sym.

modest Irish man, but me and the modest Irish man.

3d. Stanza

Kitty — Lady Fl. — Kitty — Lady Fl. — Kitty

Ma'am for-give me, That I'll never, Don't for-get, your freaks are known, Character you've lost for ever, Pray my

Lady Fl. — O Neil

Lady where's your own, I don't heed it, Servants need it, Ladies do as well with-out, Come give o'er, Talk no

Lady Fl. & Kitty.

more, Why keep up this foolish rout, When you had all the self same plan, you had all the self same plan, But me and the

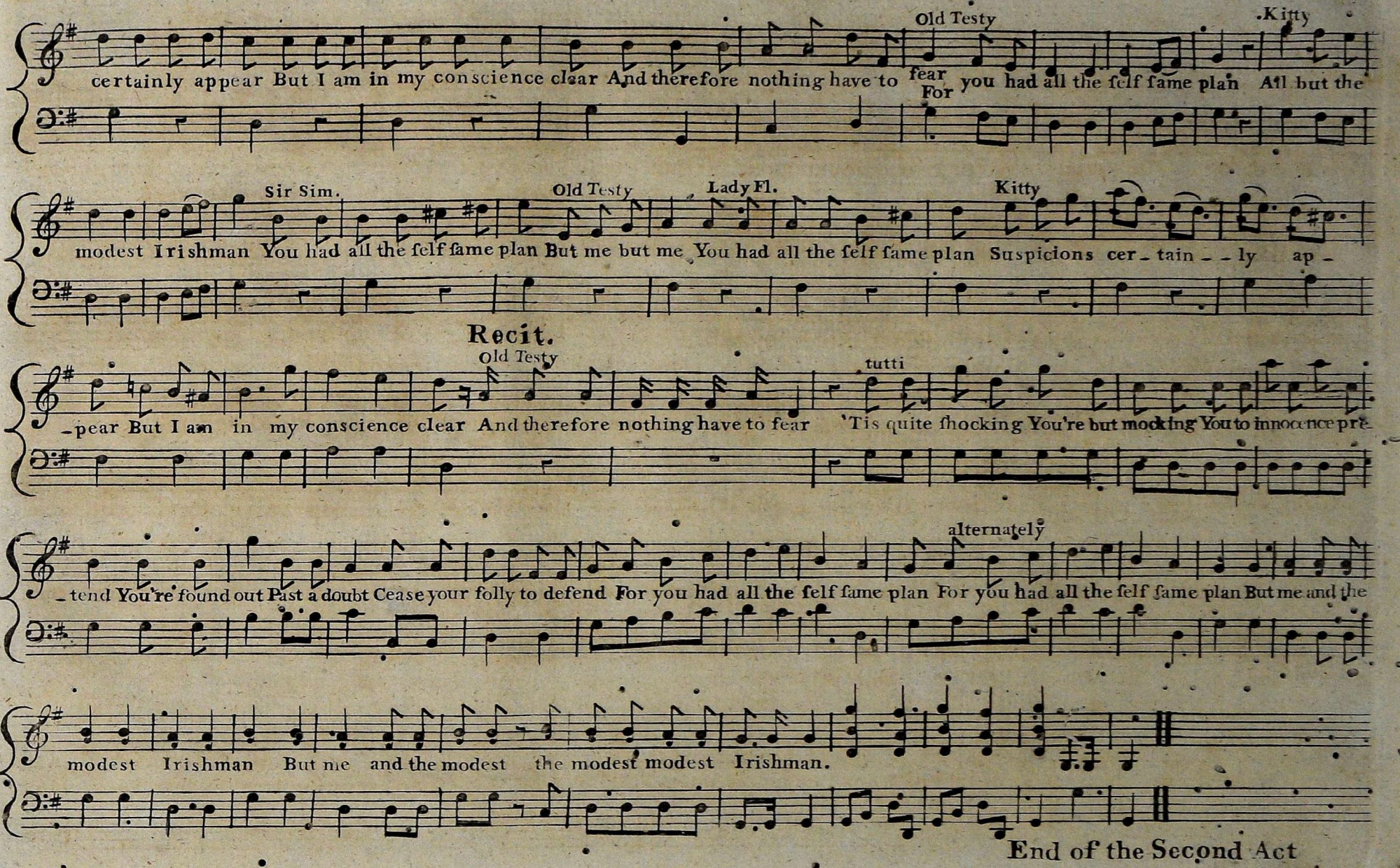
Sym.

modest Irish man, But me and the modest Irish man.

Lady Fl. & Kitty. — Sir Si. & O Neil.

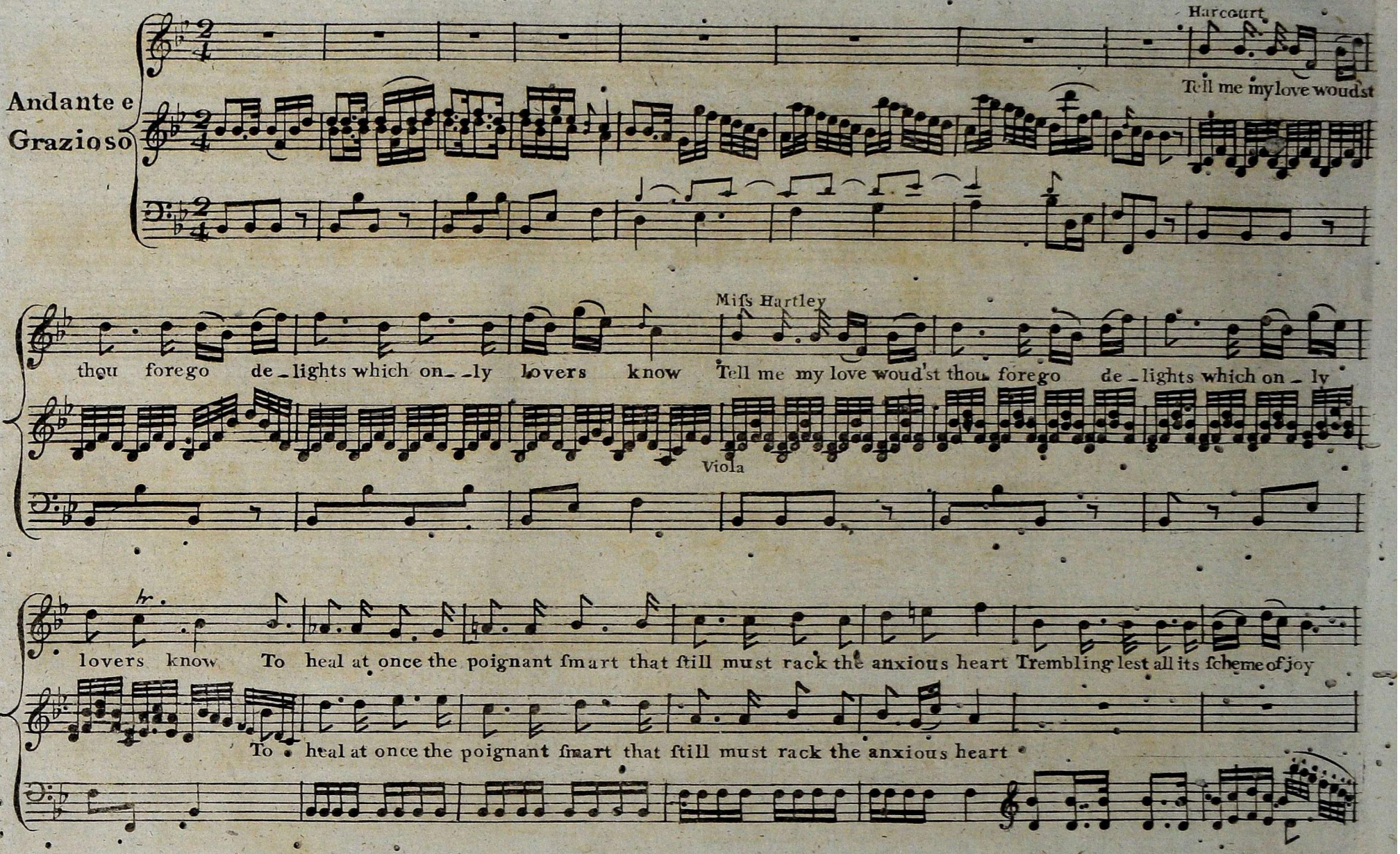
Suspicions certainly appear, But I am in my conscience clear, And therefore nothing have to fear, Suspicions

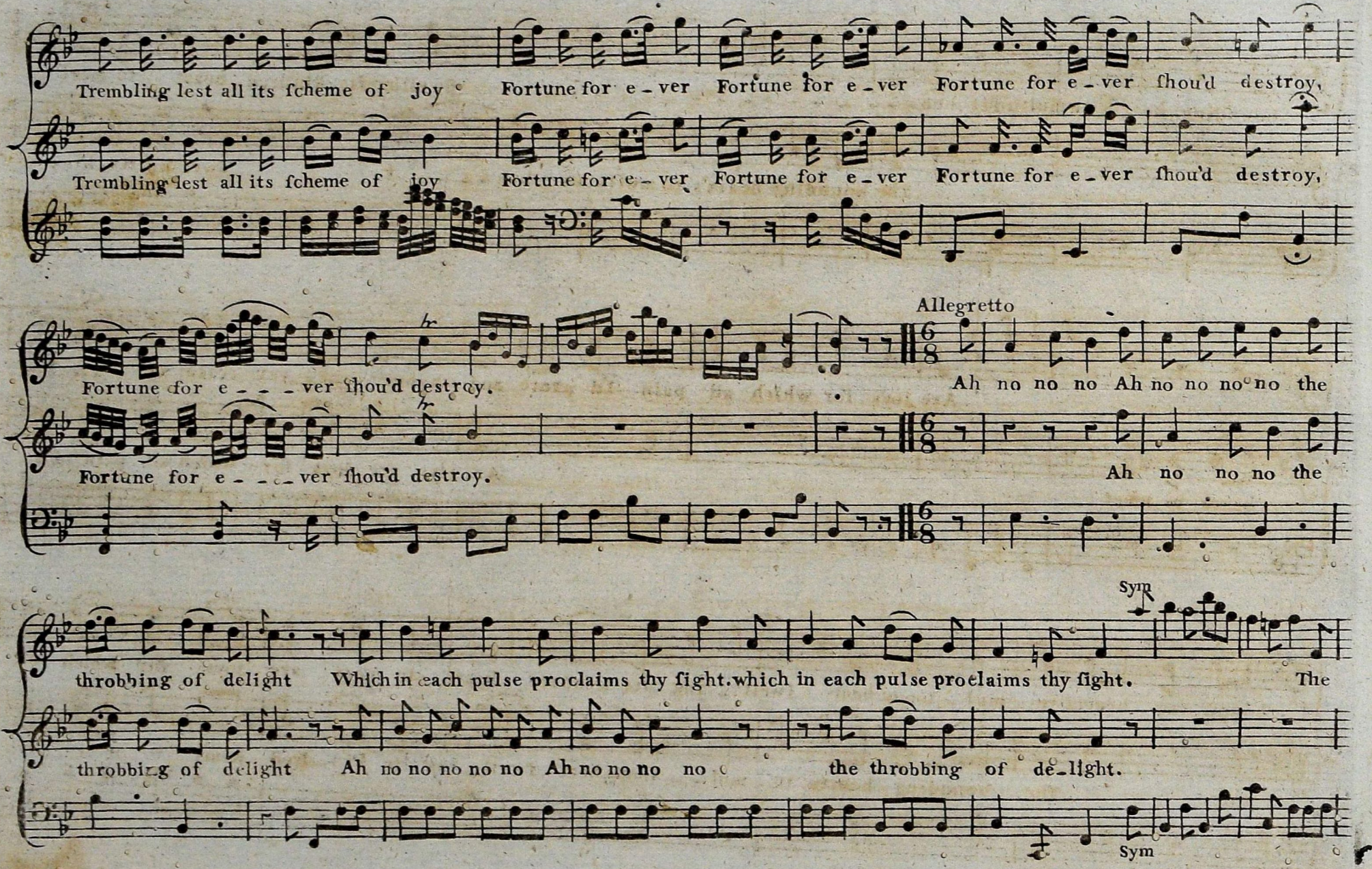
Allegro

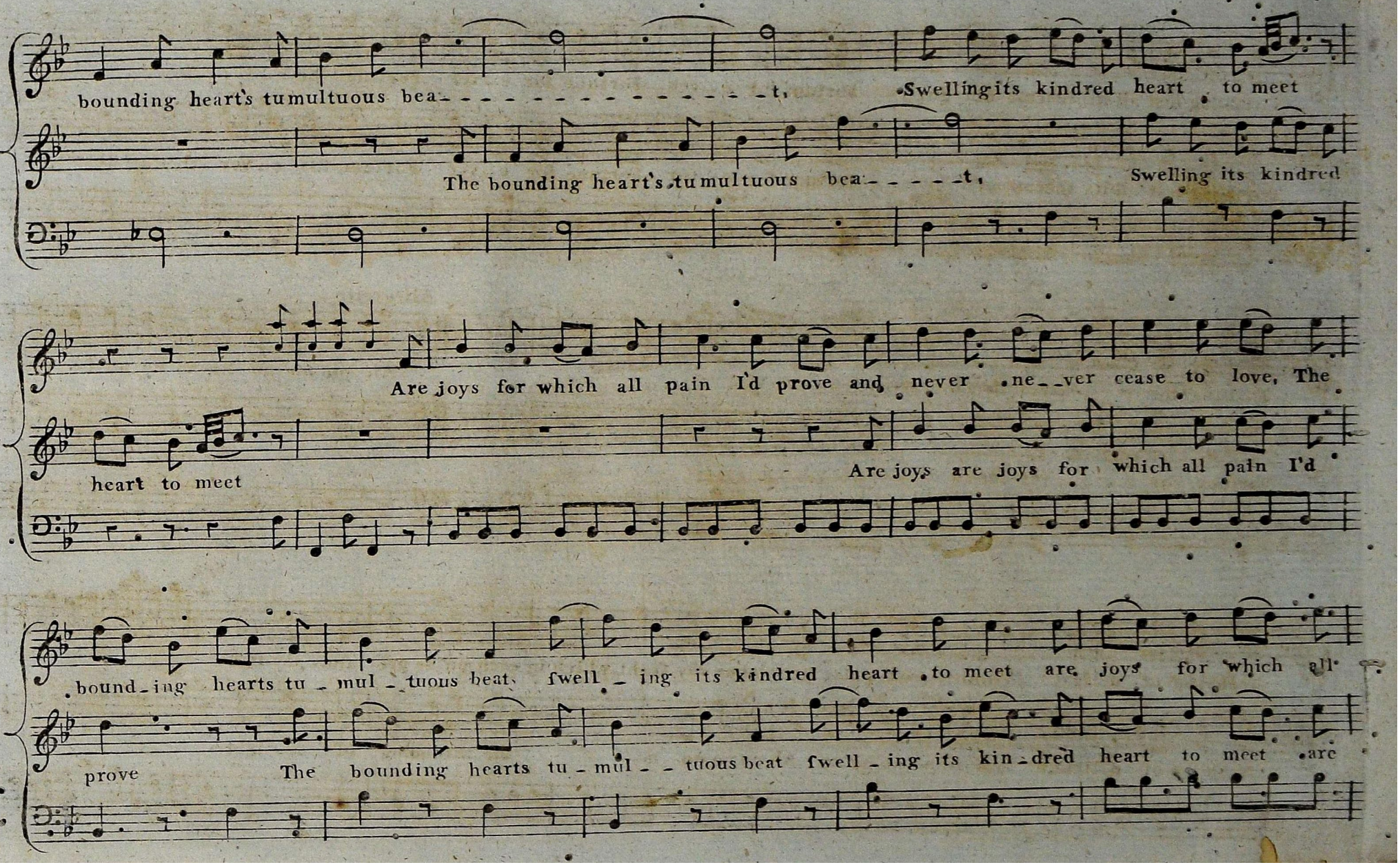

Old Testy
Kitty
certainly appear But I am in my conscience clear And therefore nothing have to fear For you had all the self same plan All but the
Sir Sim.
Old Testy
Lady Fl.
Kitty
modest Irishman You had all the self same plan But me but me You had all the self same plan Suspicions cer - tain - - ly ap -
Recit.
Old Testy
tutti
- pear But I am in my conscience clear And therefore nothing have to fear 'Tis quite shocking You're but mocking You to innocence pre
alternately
- tend You're found out Past a doubt Cease your folly to defend For you had all the self same plan For you had all the self same plan But me and the
modest Irishman But me and the modest the modest modest Irishman.
End of the Second Act

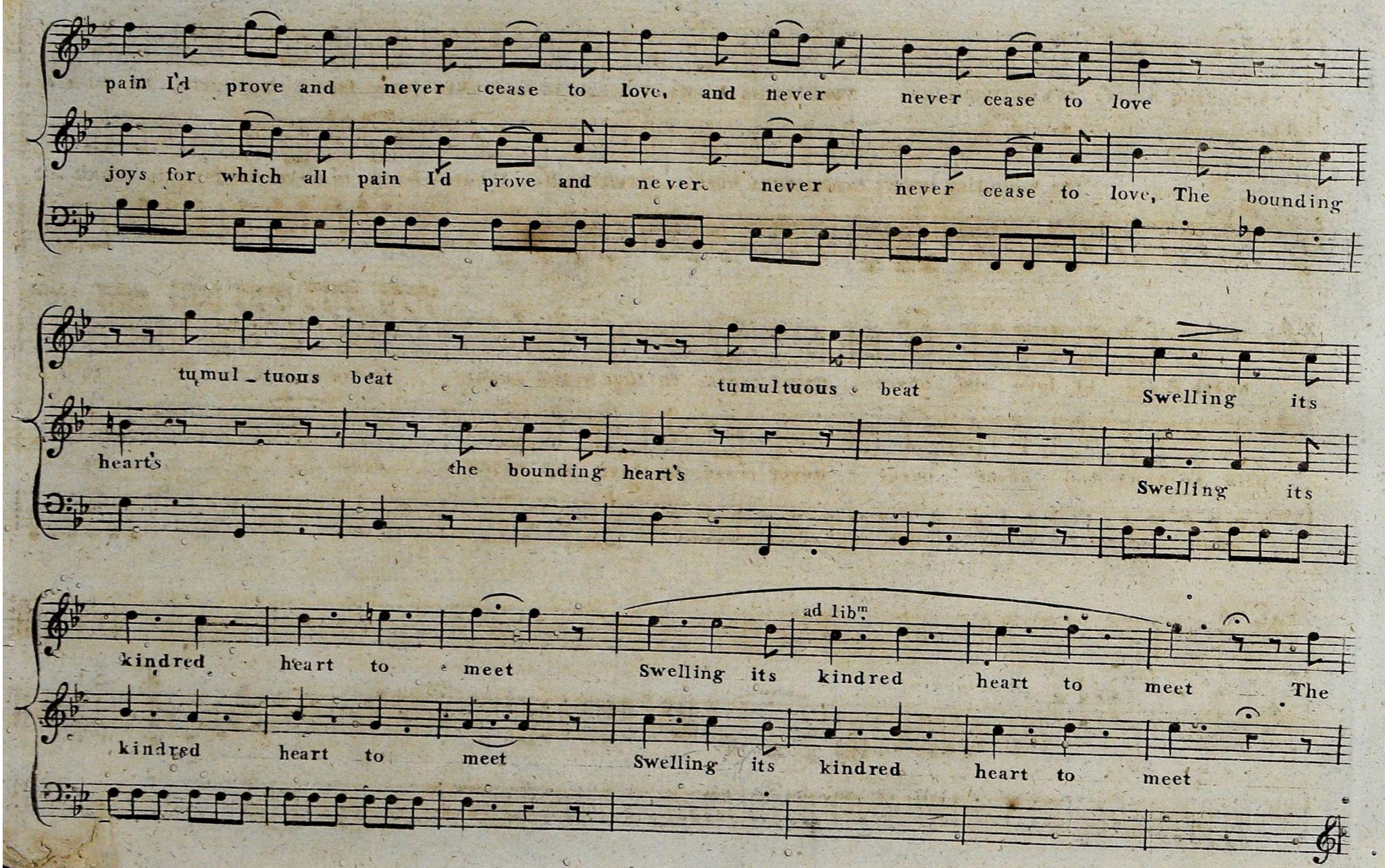


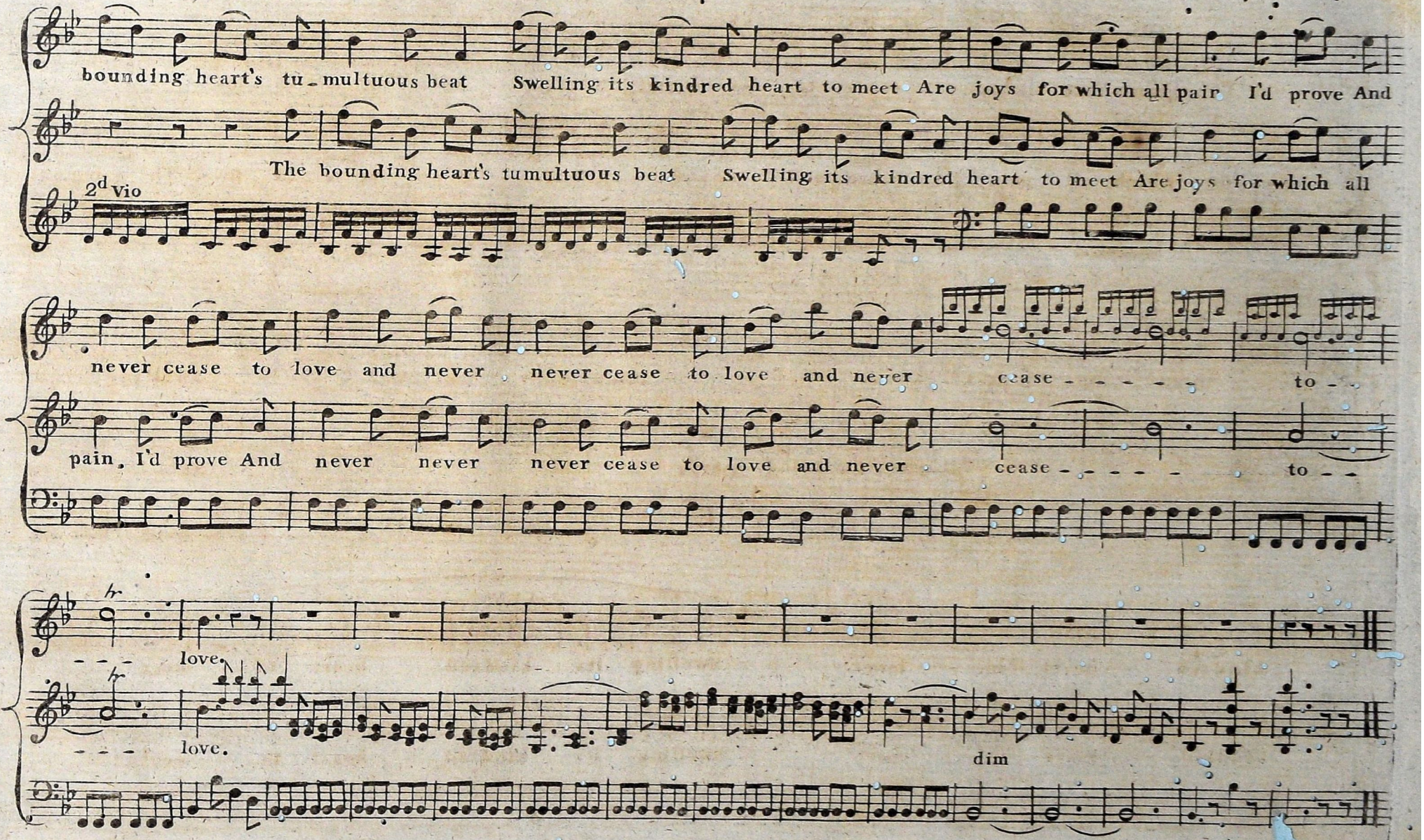
DUETTO. Sung by Mr. Incledon and Mrs. Second




Trembling lest all its ſcheme of joy Fortune for e-ver Fortune for e-ver Fortune for e-ver ſhou'd destroy,
Trembling lest all its ſcheme of joy Fortune for e-ver Fortune for e-ver Fortune for e-ver ſhou'd destroy,
Fortune for e---ver ſhou'd destroy.
Allegretto
Ah no no no Ah no no no no the
Fortune for e---ver ſhou'd destroy.
Ah no no no the
Sym
throbbing of delight Which in each pulse proclaims thy ſight. which in each pulse proclaims thy ſight. The
throbbing of delight Ah no no no no no Ah no no no no the throbbing of de-light.
Sym


bounding heart's tumultuous bea - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - t,
Swelling its kindred heart to meet
The bounding heart's tumultuous bea - - - - - t,
Swelling its kindred
Are joys for which all pain I'd prove and never ne - - ver cease to love, The
heart to meet
Are joys are joys for which all pain I'd
bound - ing hearts tu - mul - tuous beat, fwell - ing its kindred heart to meet are joys for which all
prove
The bounding hearts tu - mul - - tuous beat fwell - ing its kin - dred heart to meet are


pain I'd prove and never cease to love, and never never cease to love
joys for which all pain I'd prove and never never never cease to love, The bounding
tumul_tuous beat tumultuous beat Swelling its
heart's the bounding heart's Swelling its
kindred heart to meet Swelling its kindred heart to meet The
ad lib.m
kindred heart to meet Swelling its kindred heart to meet


bounding heart's tu_multuous beat Swelling its kindred heart to meet Are joys for which all pair I'd prove And
The bounding heart's tumultuous beat Swelling its kindred heart to meet Are joys for which all
2d Vio
never cease to love and never never cease to love and never cease - - - - - to - -
pain, I'd prove And never never never cease to love and never cease - - - - - to - -
love.
love.
dim

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON. Accompanied on the Trumpet by Mr. Sarjeant.




Slaughter the mead of renown, give Slaughter the mead of re - nown, - - who give Slaughter the mead of re - nown;
'Tis Britain thy praise, the Sword ne'er to raise In Ravage and
Plunder's fell cause, But to guard sacred Honour's pure laws. And the pride of the Base to bring down,
But to guard sacred Honour's pure laws, And the pride of the Base to bring down, - - - - - - - -
the pride of the Base to bring down.
Volti Subito
fz


Con molto espreſsione
Still o'er the fall'n Foe let Pi - ty's tear flow, Not sound
Oboes
legati
Con Spirito
forth the tri - umph of Blood. - - - - - -
No
8
Bri - tain thou art great and good, Let this let this thy glo - - ry be - - - -
Violins
Violoncelli
This let ad -
- - mi - ring Nations see, This let ad - mi - ring Na - tions see, Britain? Britain thou art

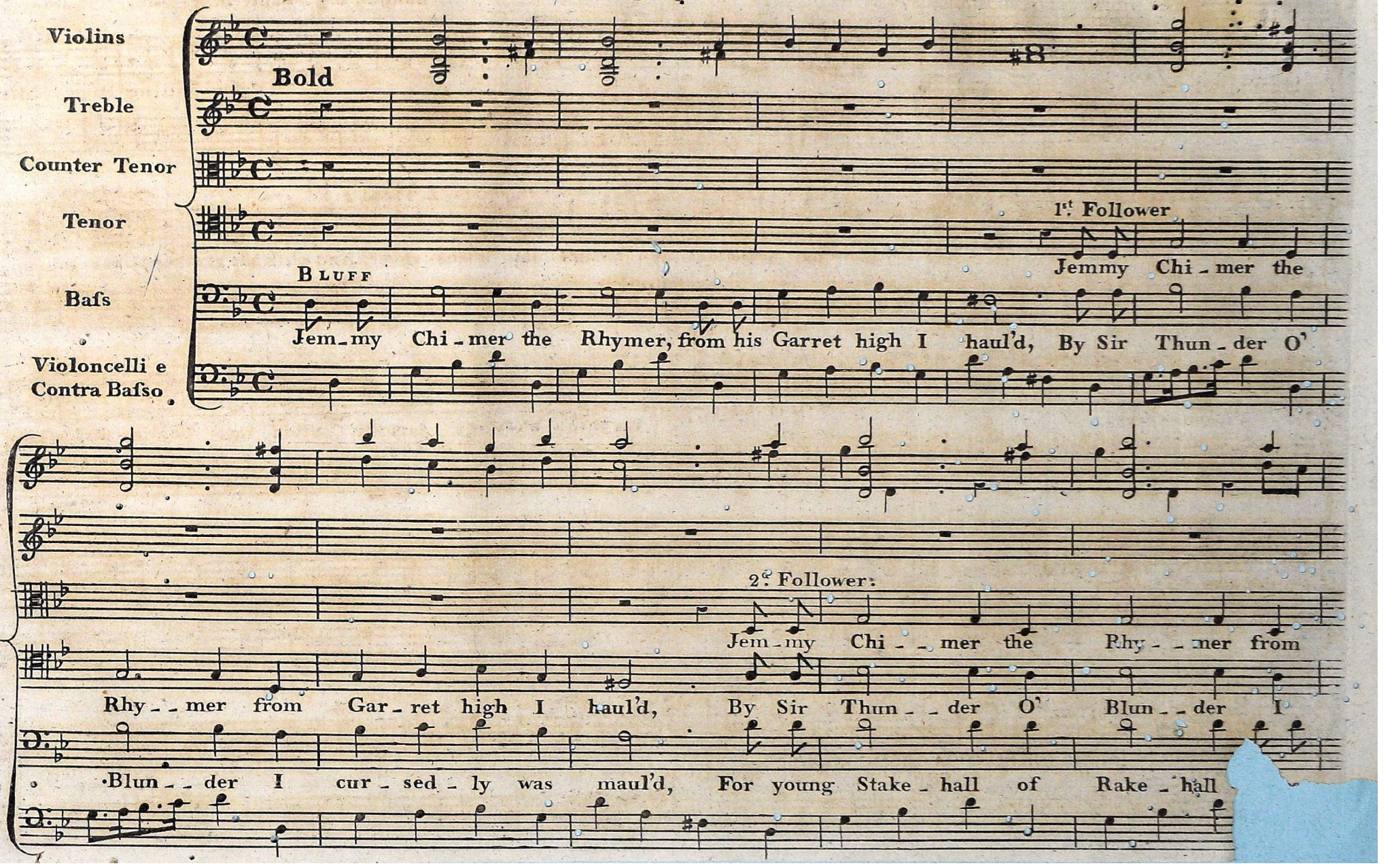

great and good, Let this thy glo - - - - - ry be, This let ad - mi - ring Na - tions
Espreſsivo
see, This let ad - mi - ring Nations see that with thee dwells sweet Hu - mani - ty,
Violins
f
sweet Hu - mani - ty, sweet Hu - mani - ty, This let ad - mi - ring Na - tions see, This let ad -
f
ad libitum.
- - mi - ring Na - tions see, that with thee dwells sweet Hu - ma - ni - ty.
ff mo
Tempo primo

Sung by Mrs. Second

This is the celebrated Air
Sung by Sigra. Banti in Alceste.



Quartetto. Sung by Bowden and Followers




3d Follower.
Jemmy Chi - mer the Rhy - mer from Gar - ret I have
his Gar - ret I haul'd, By Sir Thun - der O' Blun - der I cur - sed - ly was
cur - sed - ly was maul'd, For young Stake - hall of Rake - hall I was sent up - on the
sent up - on the scout, So I sought him and caught him at La - dy Plun - der's
haul'd, Jemmy Chi - mer the Rhy - mer from Gar - ret high we've haul'd, By Sir Thun - der O'
maul'd, Jemmy Chi - mer the Rhy - mer from Gar - ret high we've haul'd, By Sir Thun - der O'
scout, Jemmy Chi - mer the Rhy - mer from Gar - ret high we've haul'd, By Sir Thun - der O'
rout, Jemmy Chi - mer the Rhy - mer from Gar - ret high we've haul'd, By Sir Thun - der O'


Blun - der we've cur - sed - ly been maul'd, For young Stake - all of Rake - hall we were sent up - on the
Blun - der we've cur - sed - ly been maul'd, For young Stake - all of Rake - hall we were sent up - on the
Blun - der we've cur - sed - ly been maul'd, For young Stake - all of Rake - hall we were sent up - on the
Blun - der we've cur - sed - ly been maul'd, For young Stake - all of Rake - hall we were sent up - on the
scout, So we sought him, and caught him at La - dy Plun - der's Rout.
scout, So we sought him, and caught him at La - dy Plun - der's Rout.
scout, So we sought him, and caught him at La - dy Plun - der's Rout.
scout, So we sought him, and caught him at La - dy Plun - der's Rout.

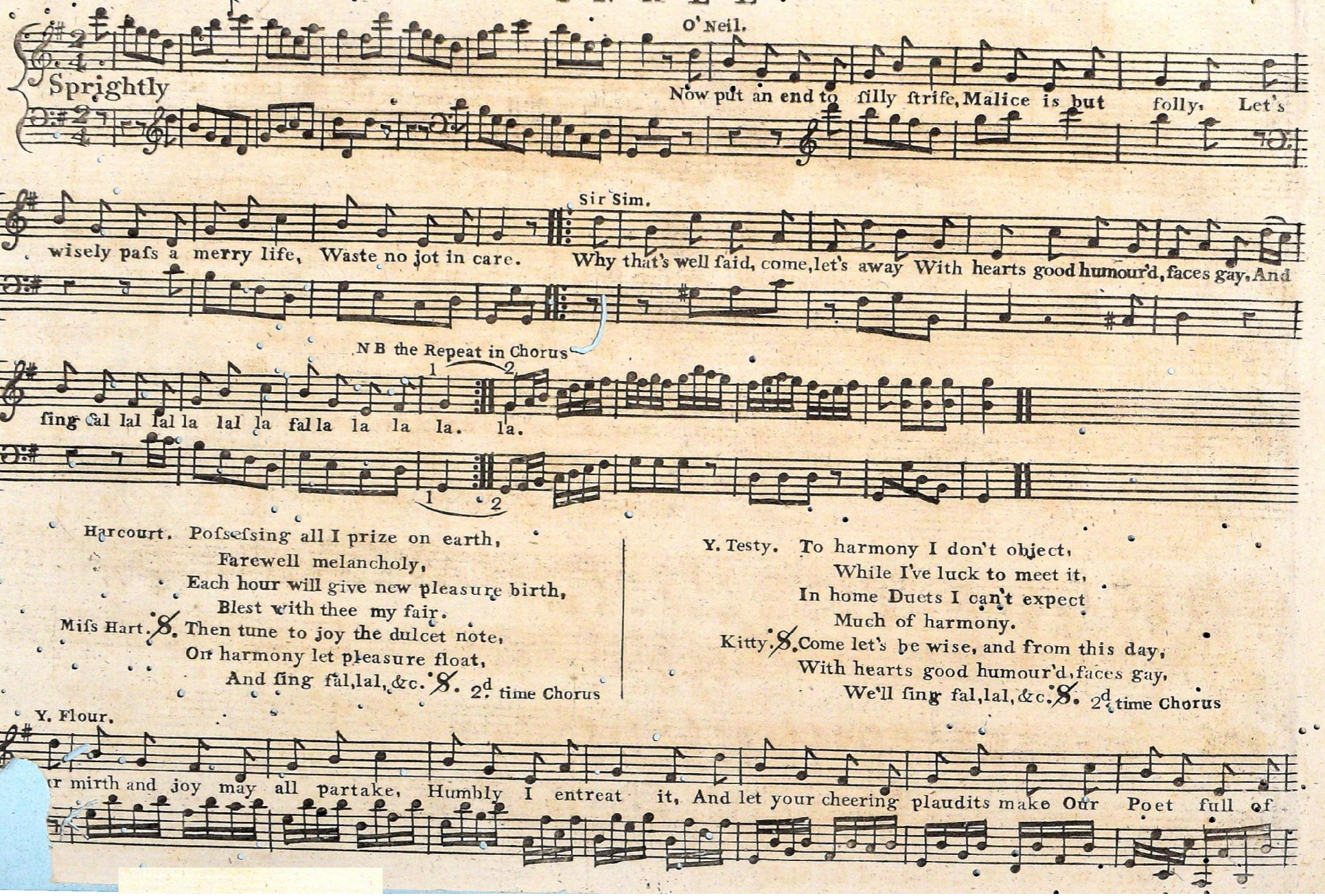

Violins
1st and 2d Voices
3d and 4th Voices.
Allegro
Blefsings on those Gaming Houses.
Blefsings on those Gaming Houses.
At the thought our Spi - rit rouses, They al - lure the Flats to
At the thought our Spi - rit rouses, They al - lure the Flats to
3rd Voice unis with the First Voice
ru - in, They're the cause of our well do - ing, Charming Fa - ro! Game so
fpia.
ru - in, They're the cause of our well do - ing, Charming Fa - ro! Game so
fpia.


rare O, Fleece a-way ye Dames of stile, Fill your Purses spite of cur-ses Bai-liffs
for.
rare O, Fleece a-way ye Dames of stile, Fill your Purses spite of cur-ses Bai-liffs
for.
blefs you all the while. Char-ming char-----ming, charming, char-----ming charming
blefs you all the while. Char ming, char----------
Charming
ming
2ds
Fa-ro! Game so rare O, Fleece a-way ye Dames of stile;
char-----ming, Fleece a-way ye Dames of stile; I've a Writ for Col'-


Bravo! nab 'em! nab 'em! I'll look out for Bil - ly Lend - all, I'll look
Spendall, And here's one for Doc - tor Endall, Bravo! Bravo!
out for Bil - ly Lend - all Bravo! nab'em! hold 'em tight! mer - ry mer - ry mer - ry mer - ry
nab'em, nab'em, Bra - vo! nab 'em! hold'em tight! merry
merry. Mer - - ry then we'll be at
merry merry merry merry merry merry merry. Mer - - ry then we'll be at

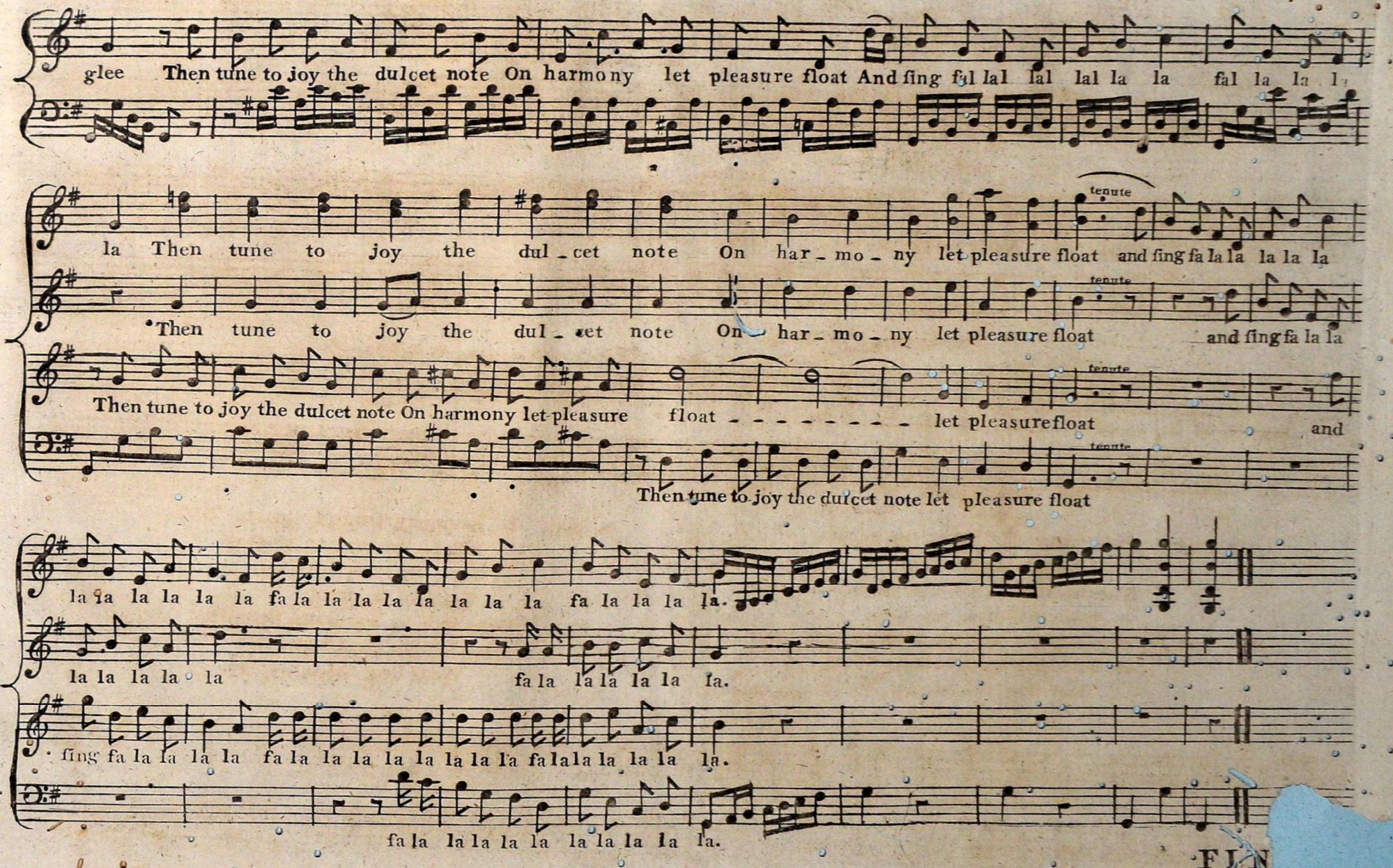

unis
night, this will yield a jovial quaff, To us Of_ficers o' th' Staff, Bra_vo, bra_vo! hold 'em
night, this will yield a jovial quaff, To us Of_ficers o' th' Staff, Bra_vo, bra_vo! hold 'em
pia.
for.
Cres.
tight, merry merry then we'll be at night, this will yield a jovial quaff, To us Of_fi_cers o' th'
tight, mer_ry then we'll be at night, this will yield a jovial quaff, To us Of_fi_cers o' th'
Viol 2°.
Staff to us Of_ficers o' the Staff.
Staff to us Of_ficers o' the Staff.

FINALE.



Harcourt. Poſſeſsing all I prize on earth,
Farewell melancholy,
Each hour will give new pleaſure birth,
Blest with thee my fair.
Miſs Hart. 𝄋. Then tune to joy the dulcet note,
On harmony let pleaſure float,
And ſing fal, lal, &c. 𝄋. 2d time Chorus

Y. Testy. To harmony I don't object,
While I've luck to meet it,
In home Duets I can't expect
Much of harmony.
Kitty. 𝄋. Come let's be wiſe, and from this day,
With hearts good humour'd, faces gay,
We'll ſing fal, lal, &c. 𝄋. 2d time Chorus


glee Then tune to joy the dulcet note On harmony let pleasure float And sing fal lal lal lal la la fal la la l
la Then tune to joy the dul - cet note On har - mo - ny let pleasure float and sing fa la la la la la
tenute
Then tune to joy the dul - cet note On har - mo - ny let pleasure float and sing fa la la
tenute
Then tune to joy the dulcet note On harmony let pleasure float - - - - - - - - let pleasure float and
tenute
Then tune to joy the dulcet note let pleasure float
la la la la la la fa la la la la la la la la fa la la la la.
la la la la la fa la la la la la la.
sing fa la la la la la fa la la la la la la la la la fa la la la la la la.
fa la la la la la la la la la la la.

FI N