The MOUNTAINEERS

as performed with the Utmost applause

at the

THEATRE ROYAL HAY-MARKET

Written by

George Colman, Esq.r Jun.r

the Music selected and Composed

by Dr. ARNOLD.

Organist & Composer

To His Majesty

Opera 31 — Price 6

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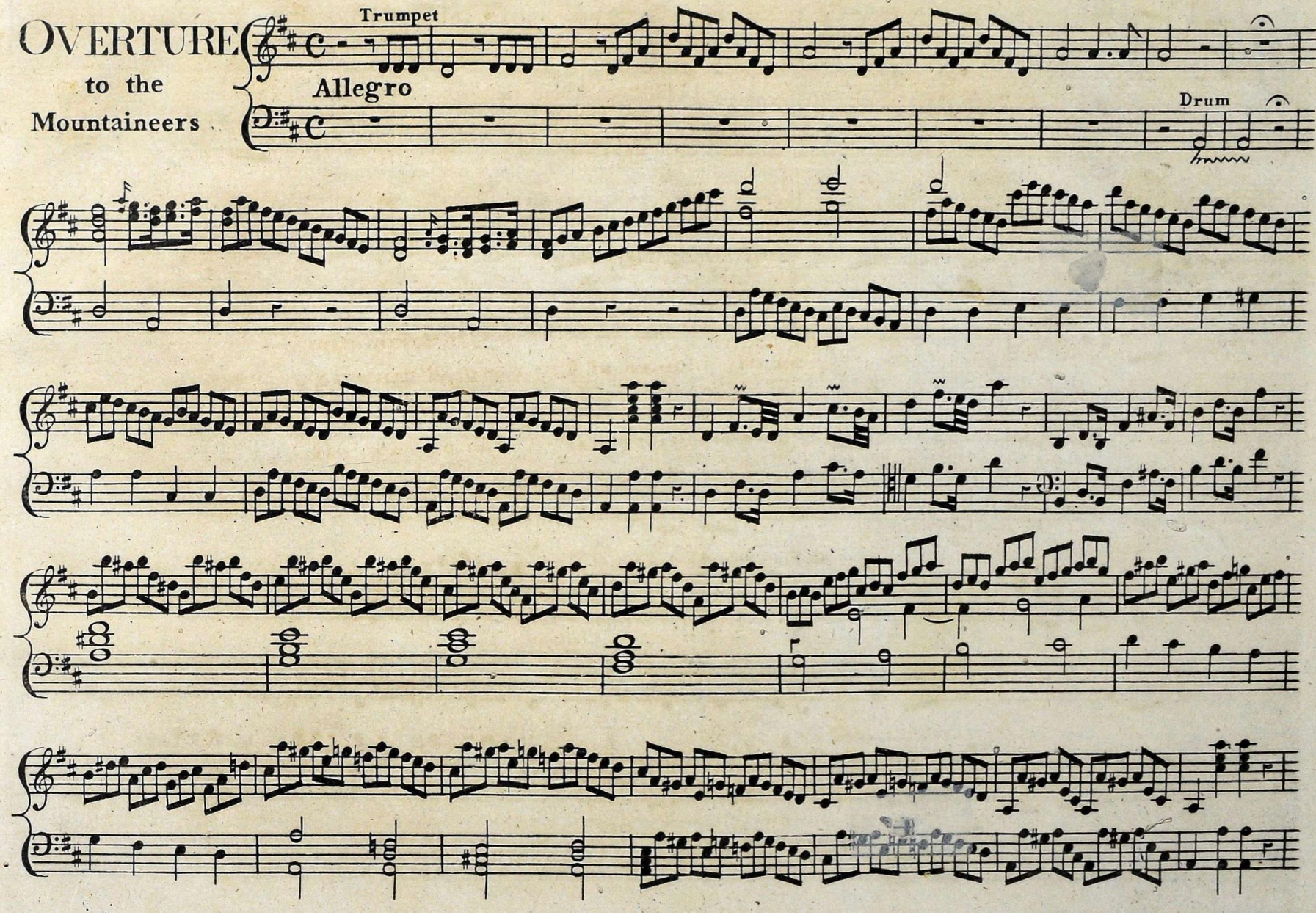
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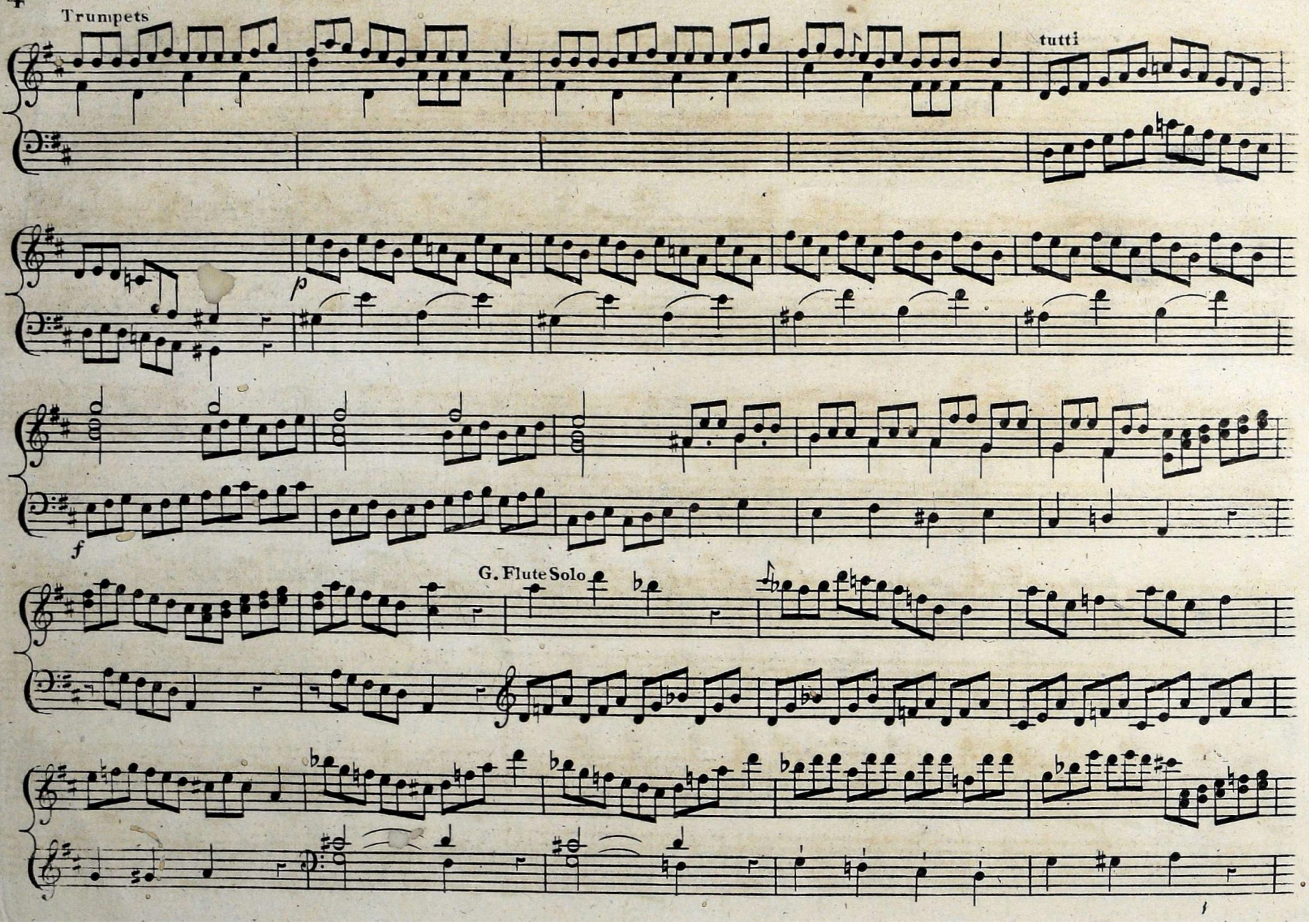
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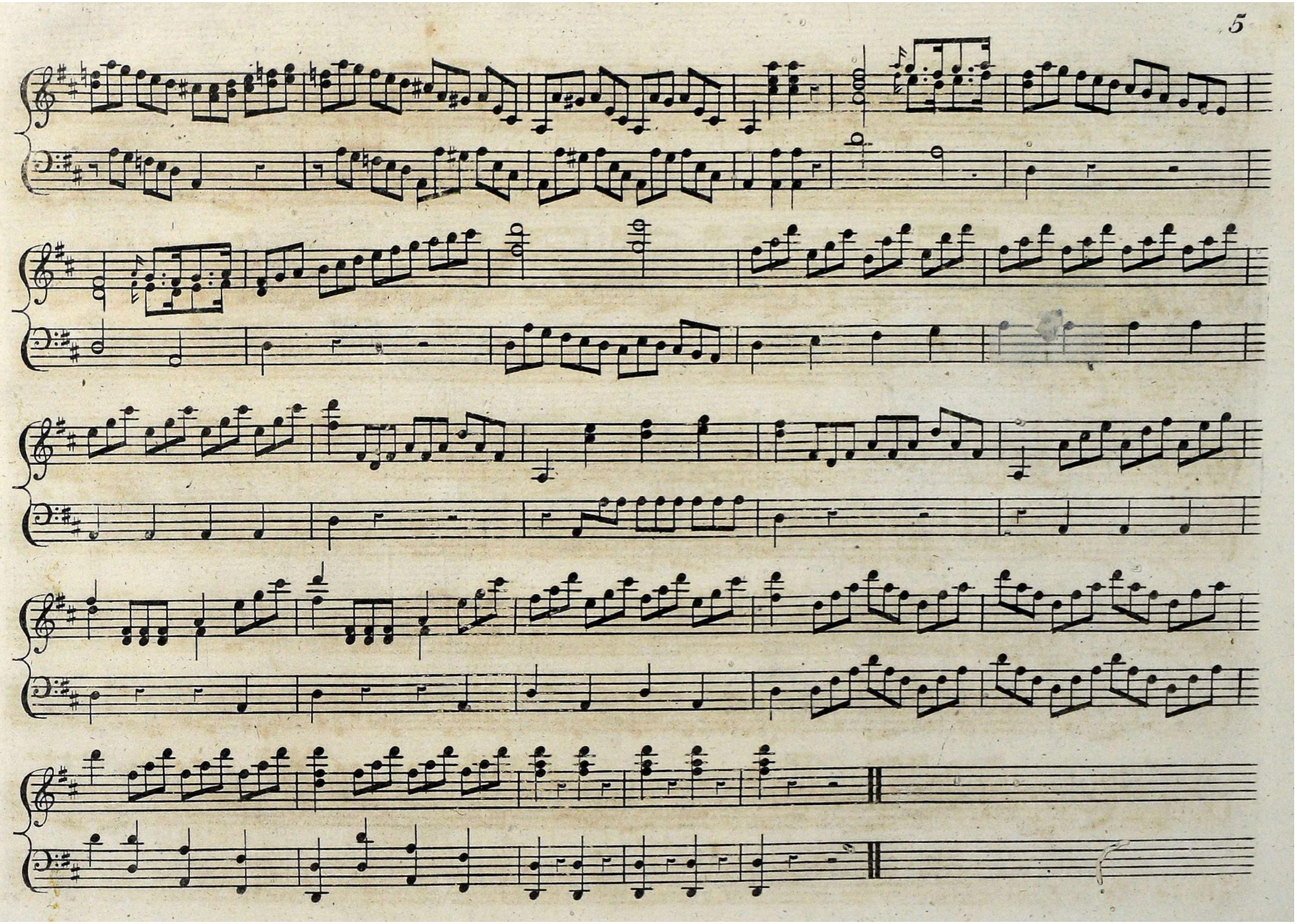
Trumpet

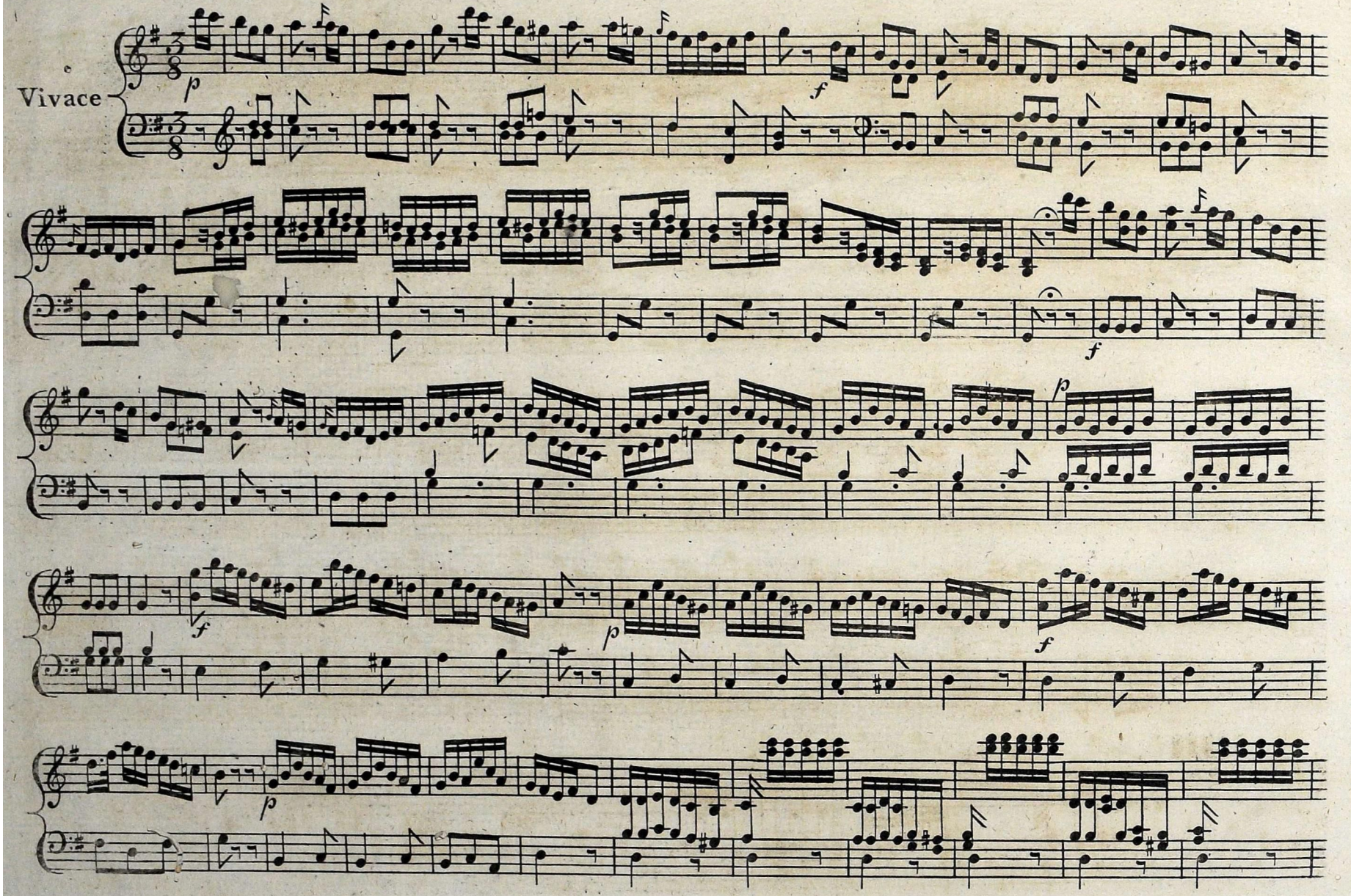
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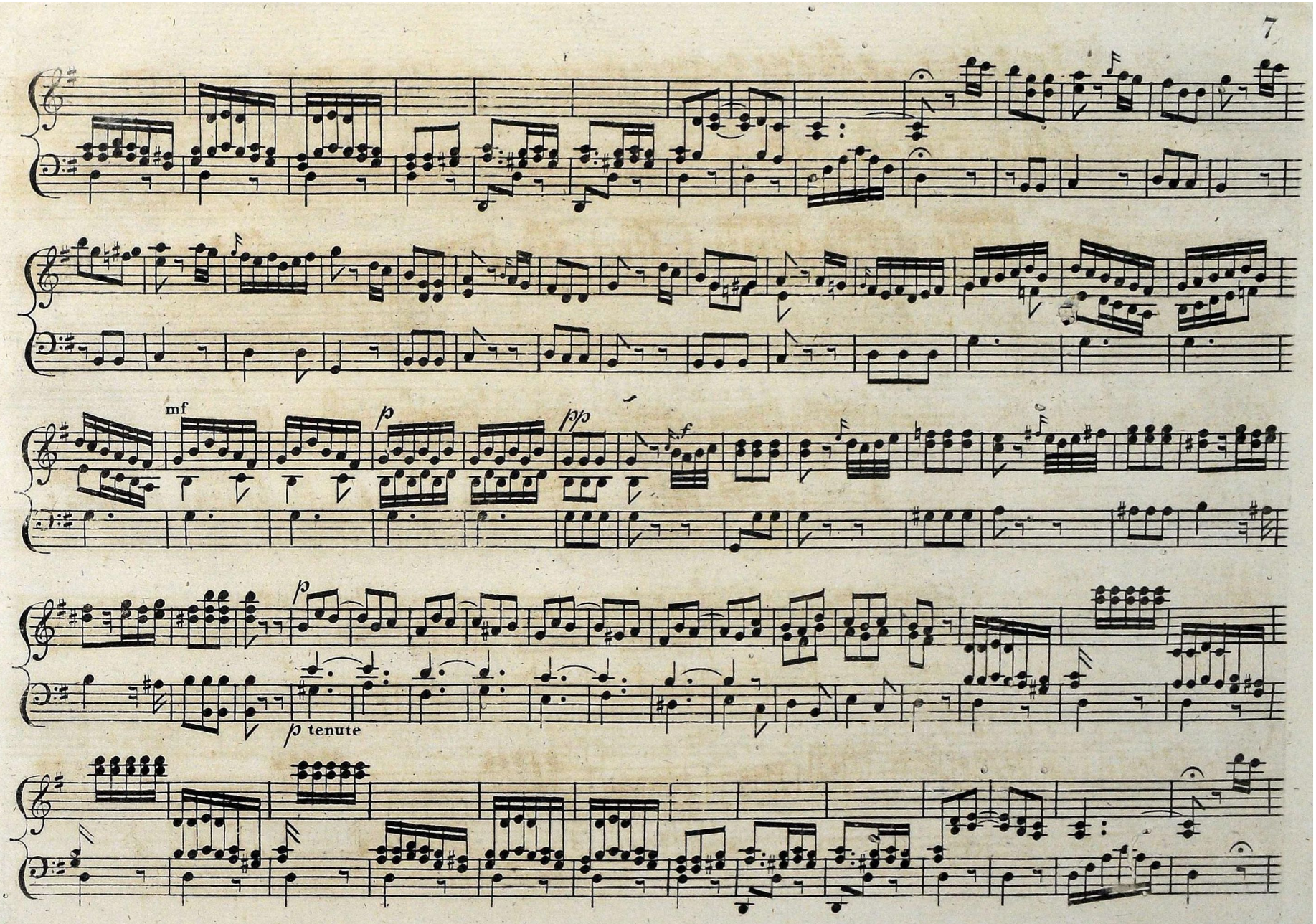
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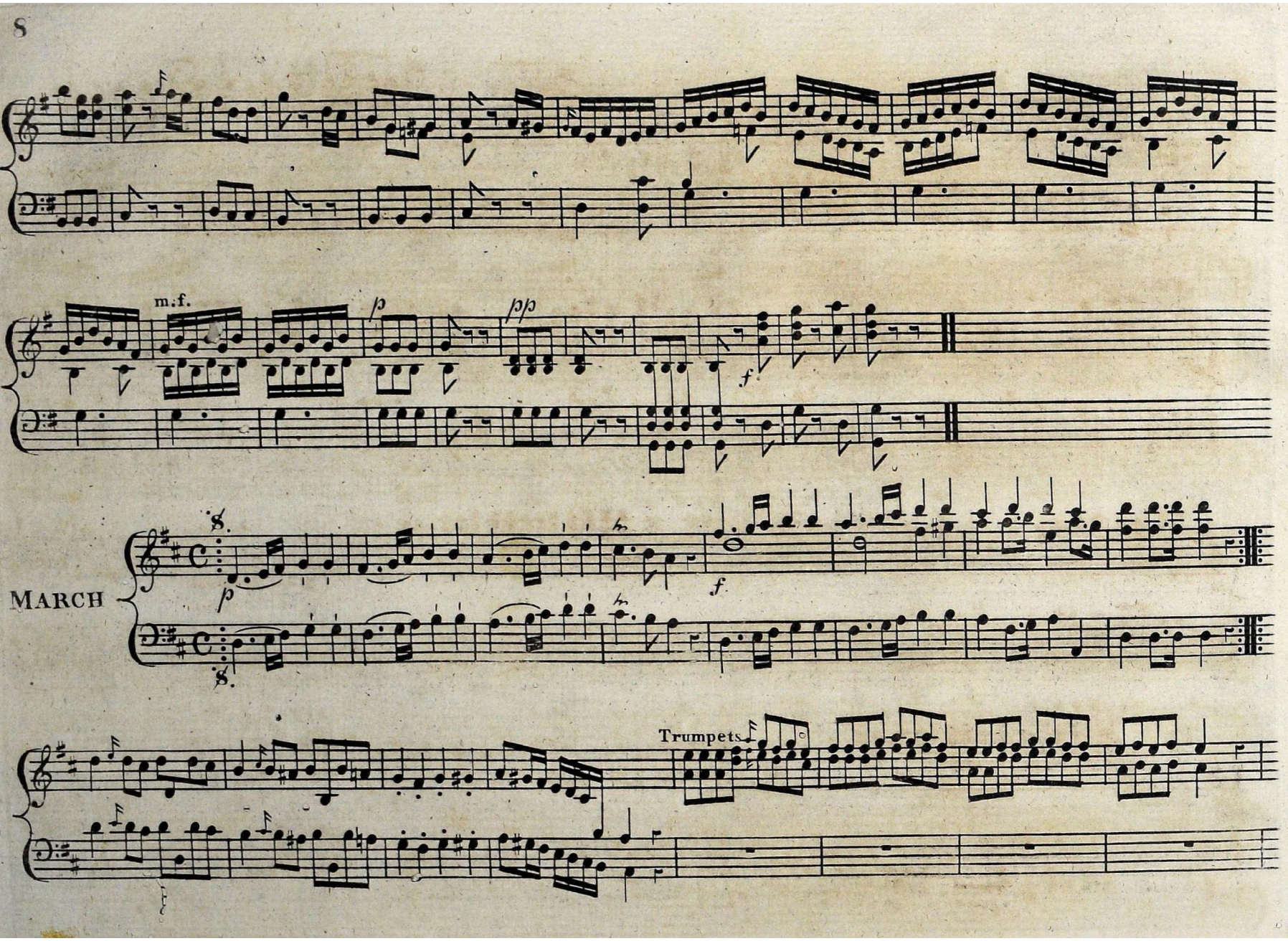


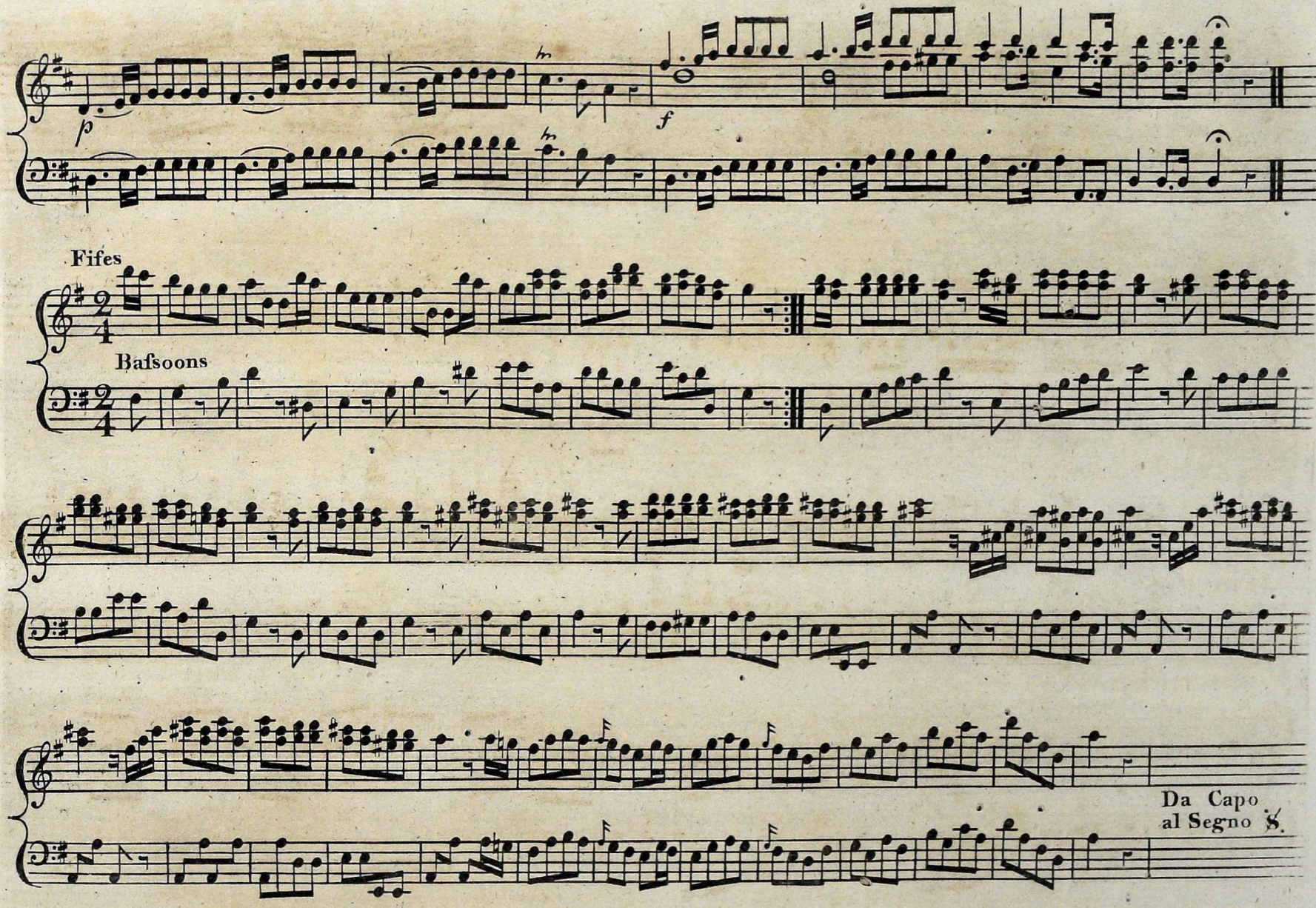

Trumpets
tutti
p
f
G. Flute Solo

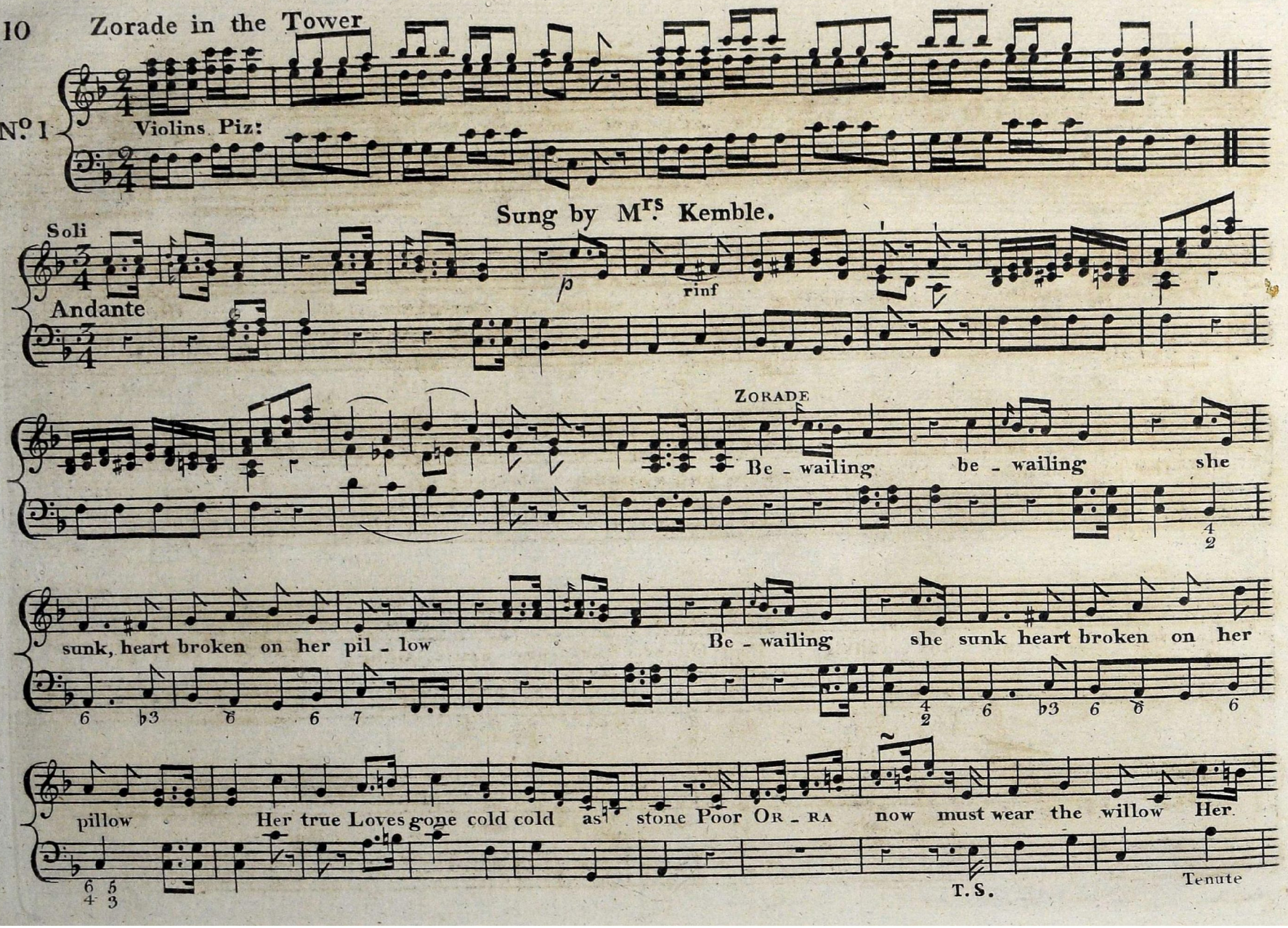


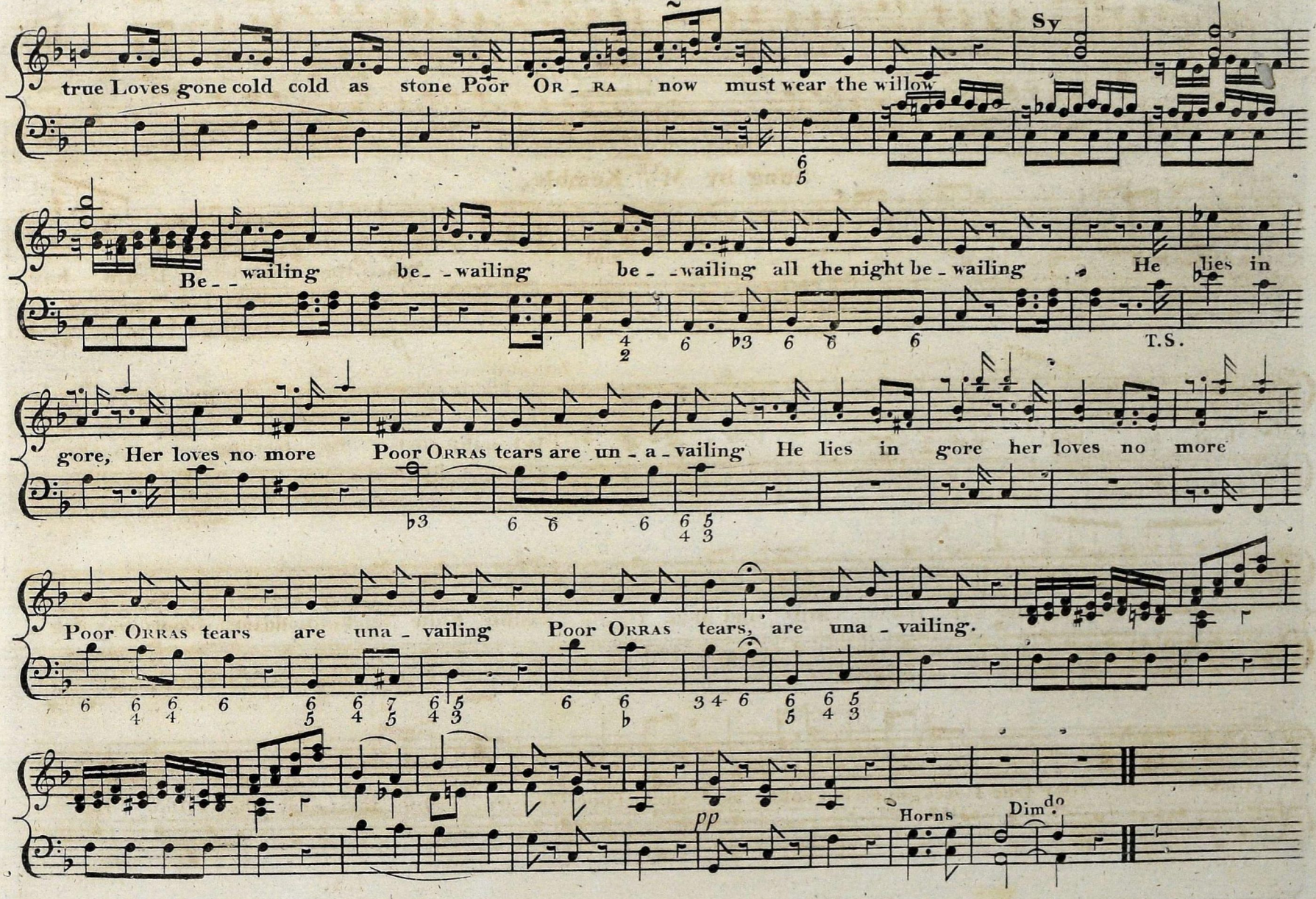

Vivace
p
f
f
p
f
p
f
p


mf
p
pp
f
p
p tenute

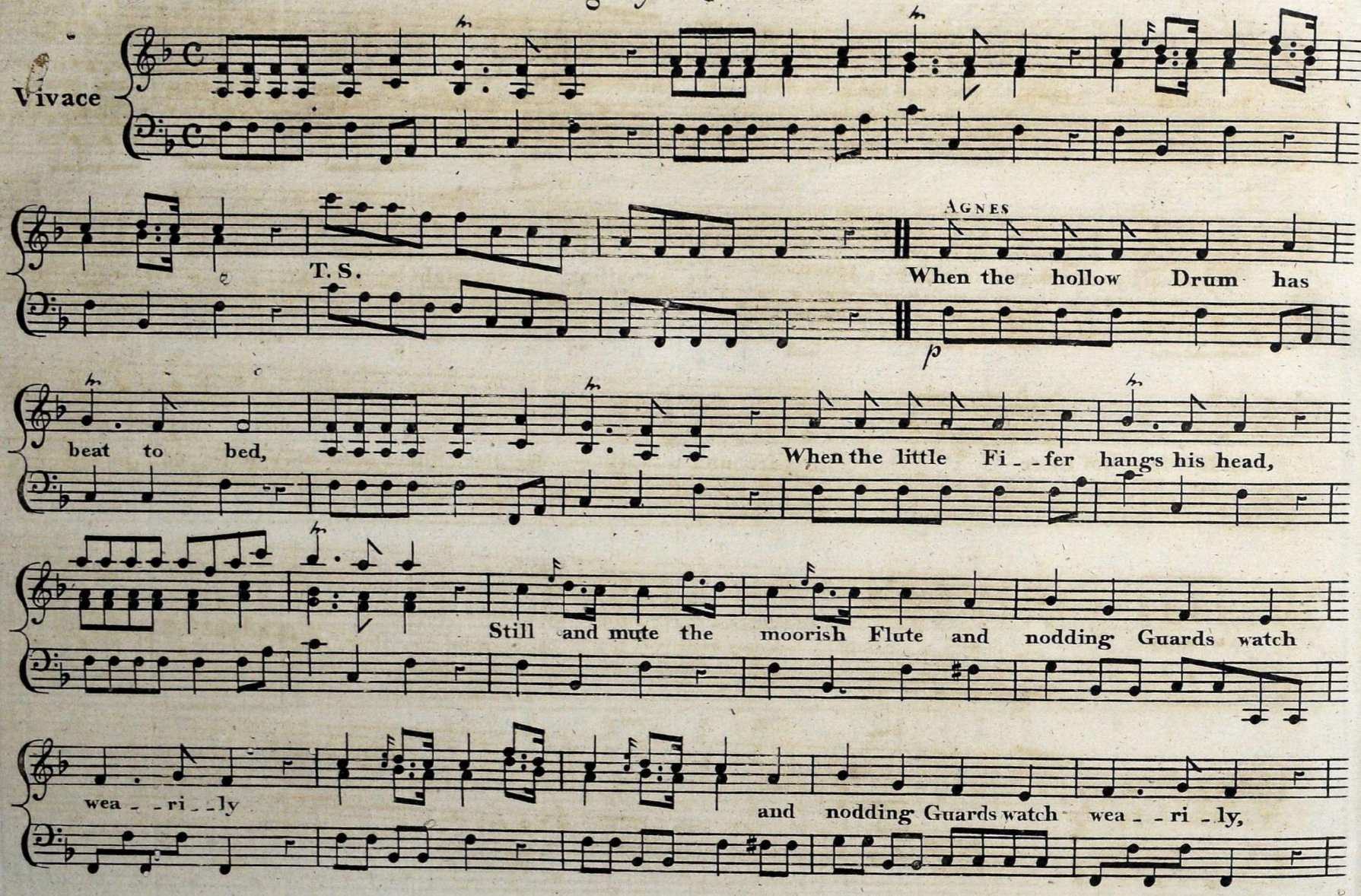

m.f.
p
pp
f
MARCH
p
f
Trumpets
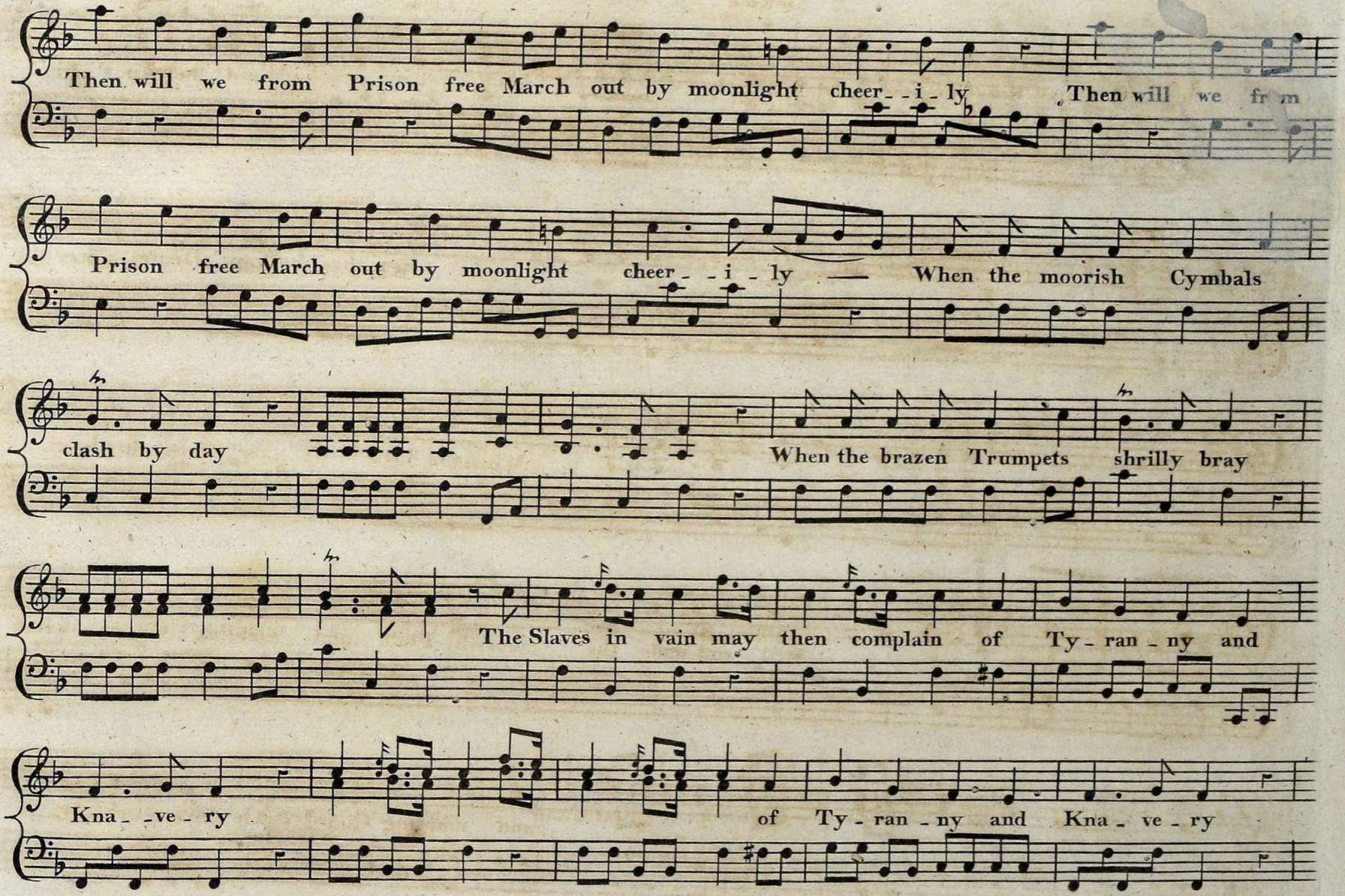

p
f
Fifes
Bafsoons
Da Capo
al Segno 𝄋.
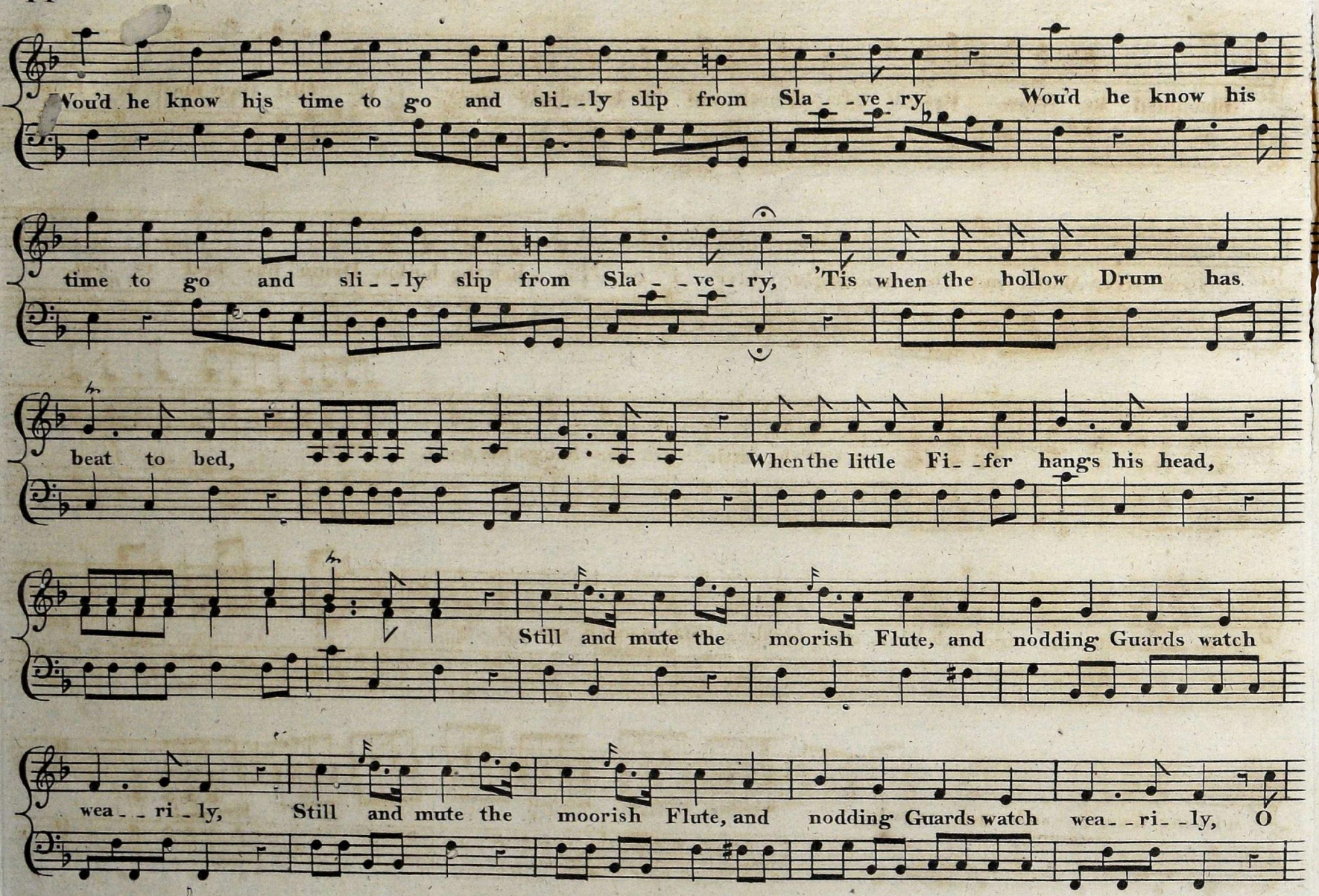

No 1
Violins Piz:
Sung by Mrs Kemble.
Soli
Andante
p
rinf
ZORADE
Be - wailing be - wailing she
sunk, heart broken on her pil - low
Be - wailing she sunk heart broken on her
pillow
Her true Loves gone cold cold as stone Poor OR - RA now must wear the willow Her
T.S.
Tenute

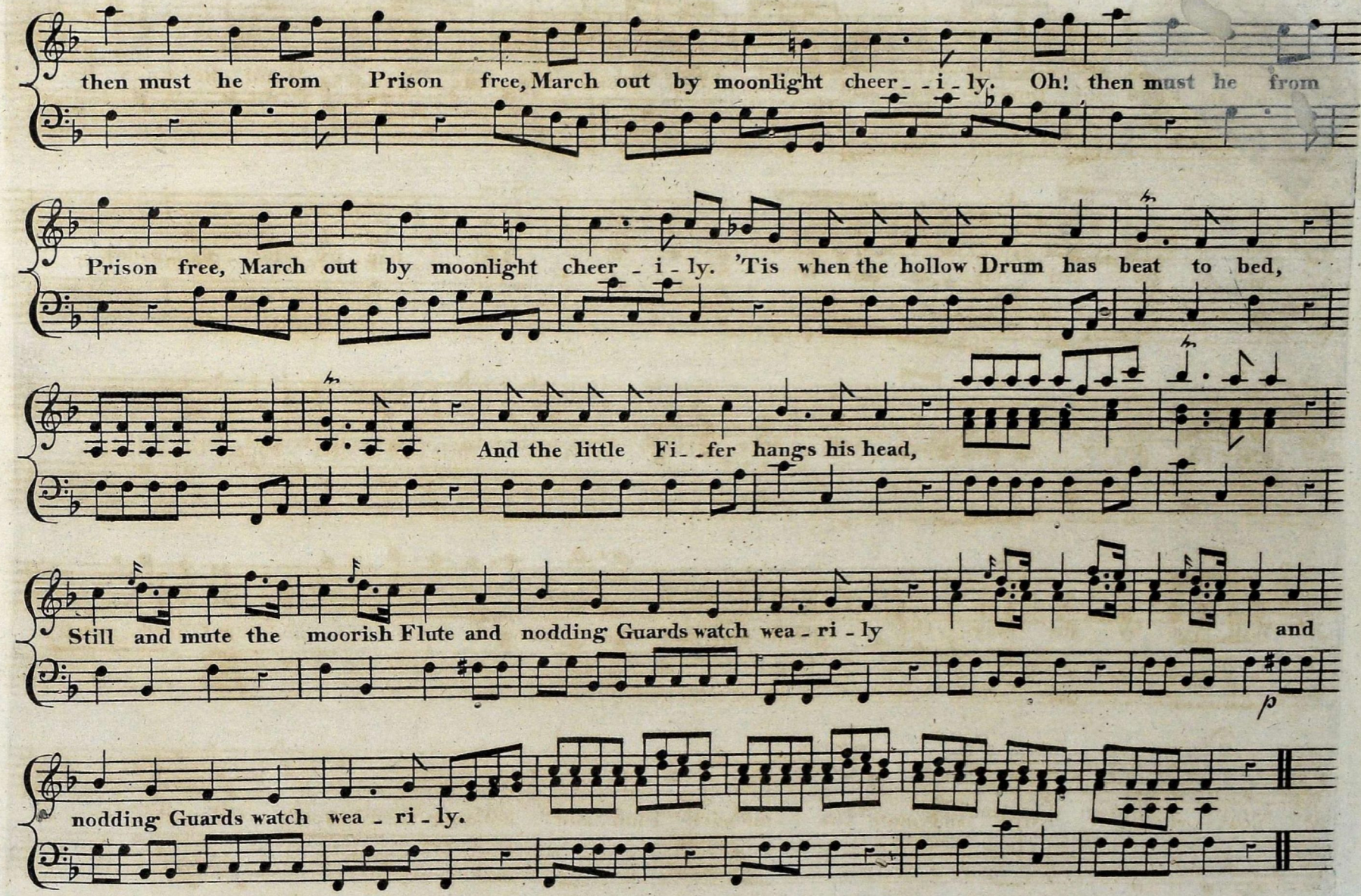

Sy
true Loves gone cold cold as stone Poor Or - ra now must wear the willow
Be - - wailing be - - wailing be - - wailing all the night be - wailing He lies in
T.S.
gore, Her loves no more Poor Orras tears are un - a - vailing He lies in gore her loves no more
Poor Orras tears are una - vailing Poor Orras tears, are una - vailing.
pp
Horns
Dim.do

Sung by Mrs Bland
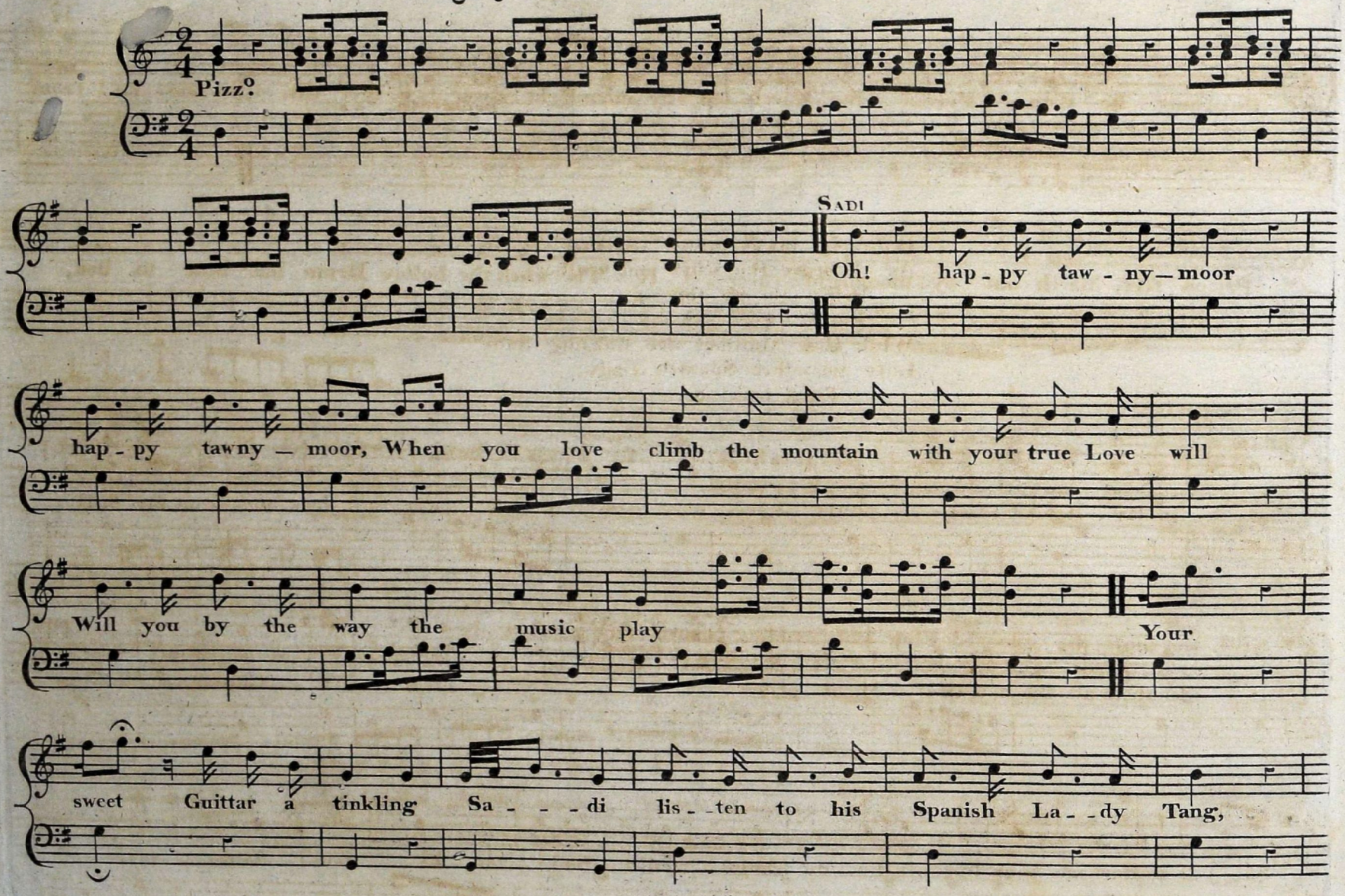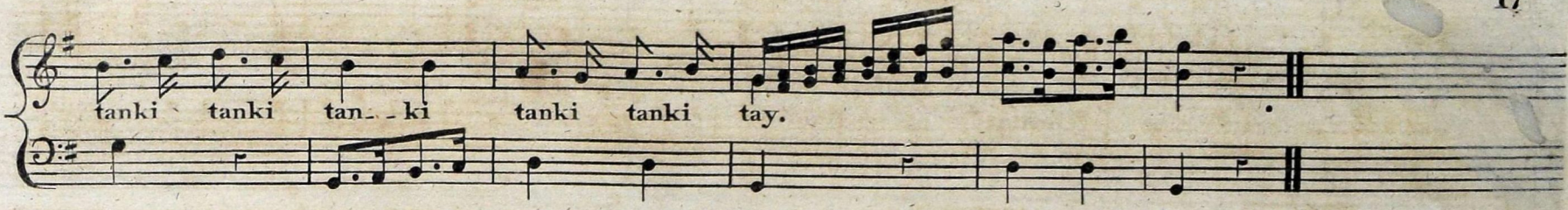



Then will we from Prison free March out by moonlight cheer - - i - ly
Then will we fr m
Prison free March out by moonlight cheer - - i - ly —
When the moorish Cymbals
clash by day
When the brazen Trumpets shrilly bray
The Slaves in vain may then complain of Ty - ran - ny and
Kna - - ve - ry
of Ty - ran - ny and Kna - ve - ry


Wou'd he know his time to go and sli_ly slip from Sla_ve_ry Wou'd he know his
time to go and sli_ly slip from Sla_ve_ry, 'Tis when the hollow Drum has
beat to bed, When the little Fi_fer hangs his head,
Still and mute the moorish Flute, and nodding Guards watch
wea_ri_ly, Still and mute the moorish Flute, and nodding Guards watch wea_ri_ly, O


then must he from Prison free, March out by moonlight cheer - i - ly. Oh! then must he from
Prison free, March out by moonlight cheer - i - ly. 'Tis when the hollow Drum has beat to bed,
And the little Fi - fer hangs his head,
Still and mute the moorish Flute and nodding Guards watch wea - ri - ly and
p
nodding Guards watch wea - ri - ly.
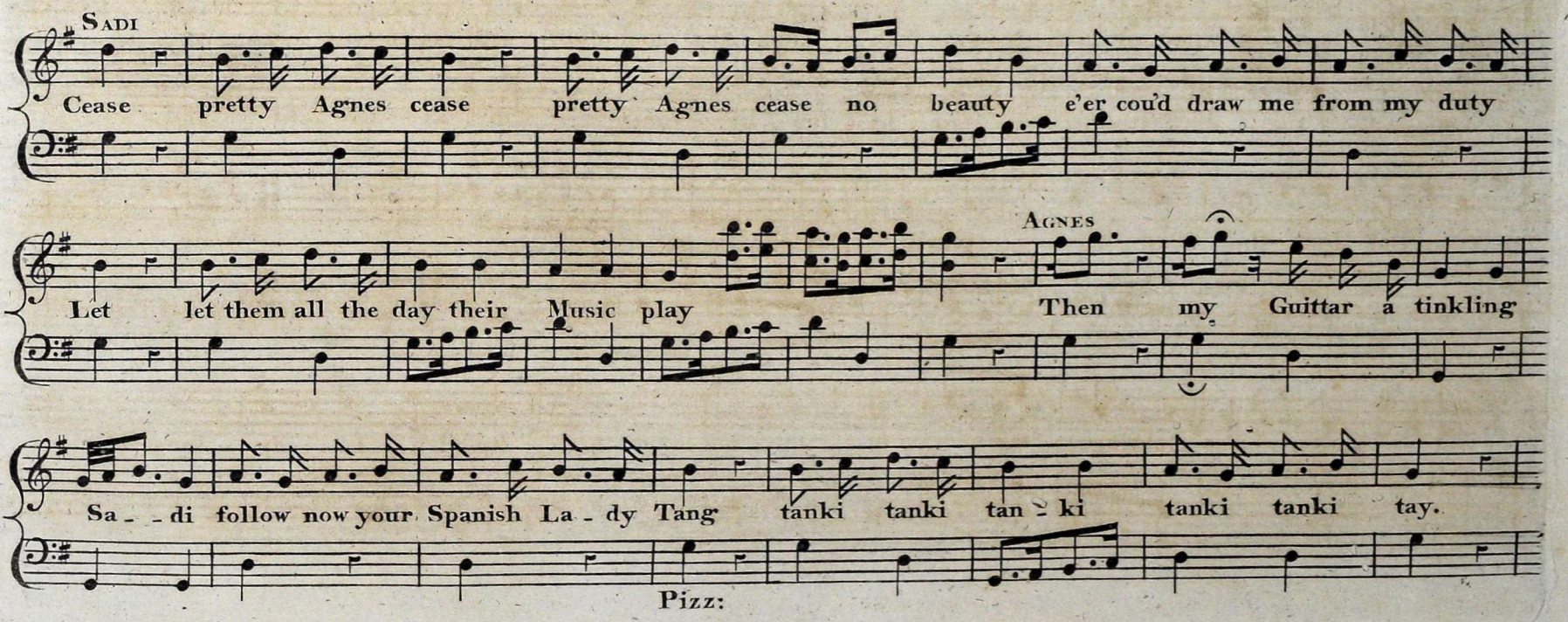
Duo: Sung by Mrs Bland, & Mr J. Bannister.
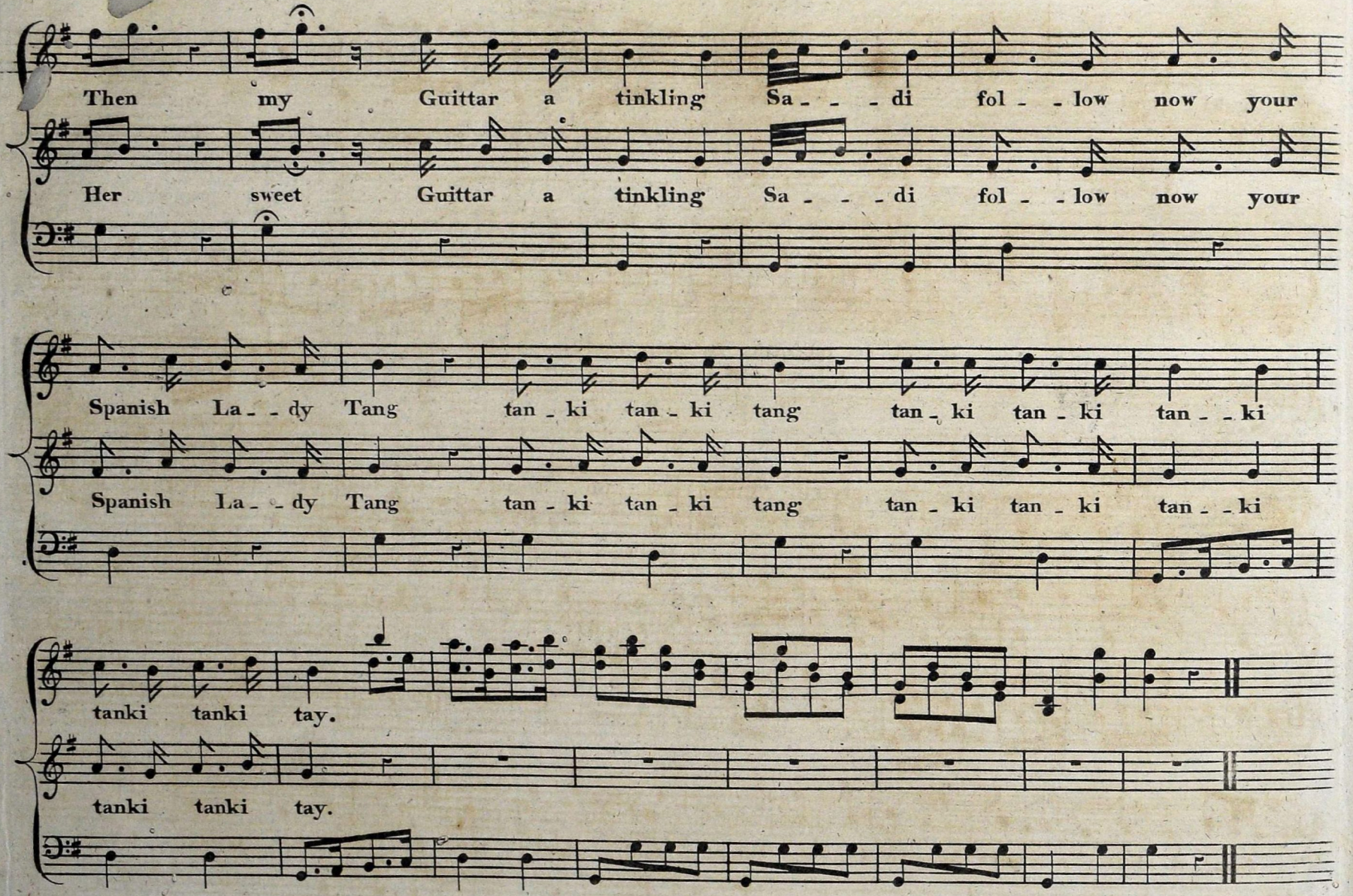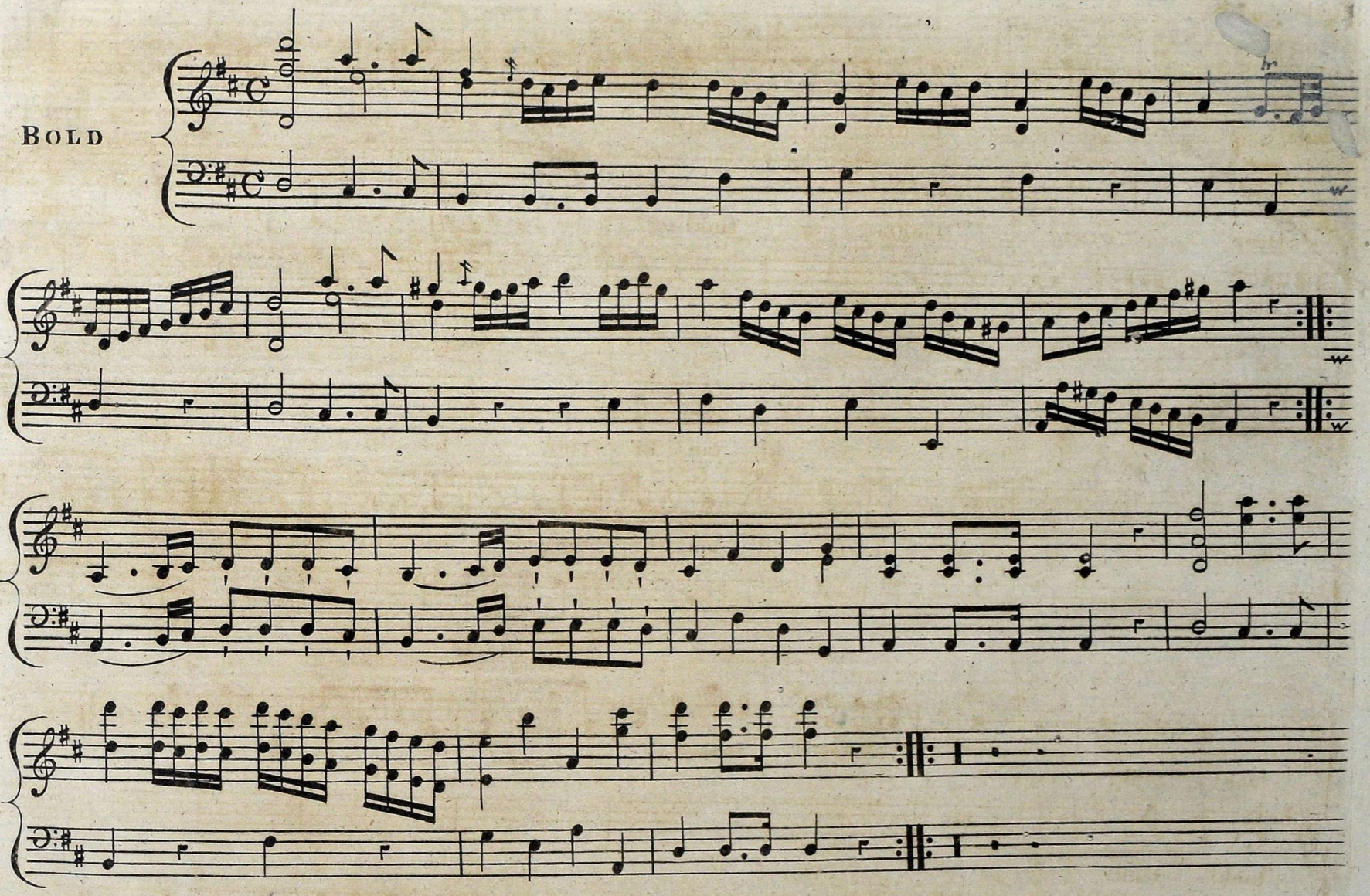




AGNES

O bonny tawny-moor together
As we brave the wind and weather
Won't you by the way
From Agnes stray
While their Guittars are tinkling Sadi
Love no other Spanish Lady
Tang tanki &c.
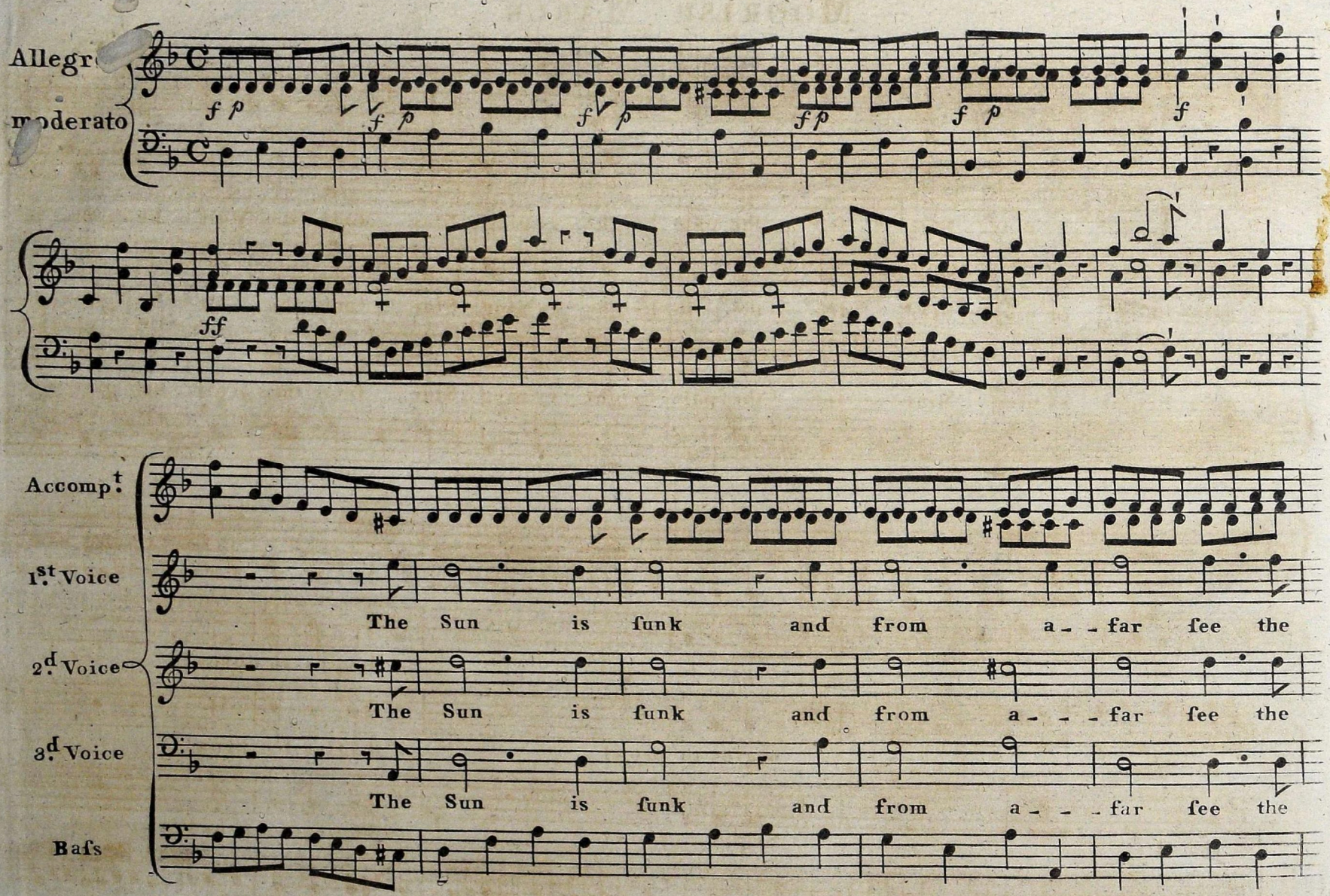


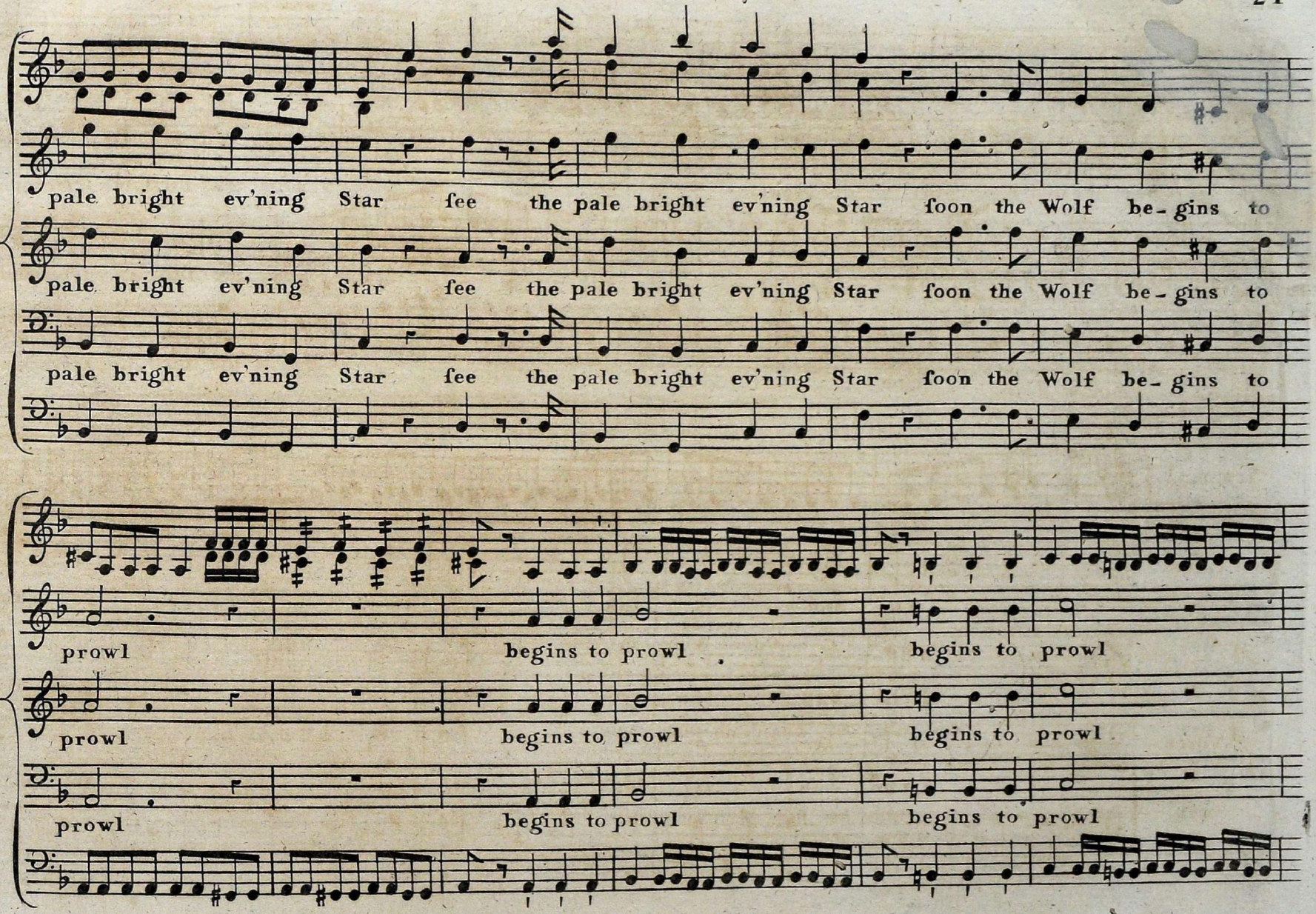

Then my Guittar a tinkling Sa - - - di fol - - low now your
Her sweet Guittar a tinkling Sa - - - di fol - - low now your
Spanish La - - dy Tang tan - ki tan - ki tang tan - ki tan - ki tan - - ki
Spanish La - - dy Tang tan - ki tan - ki tang tan - ki tan - ki tan - - ki
tanki tanki tay.
tanki tanki tay.
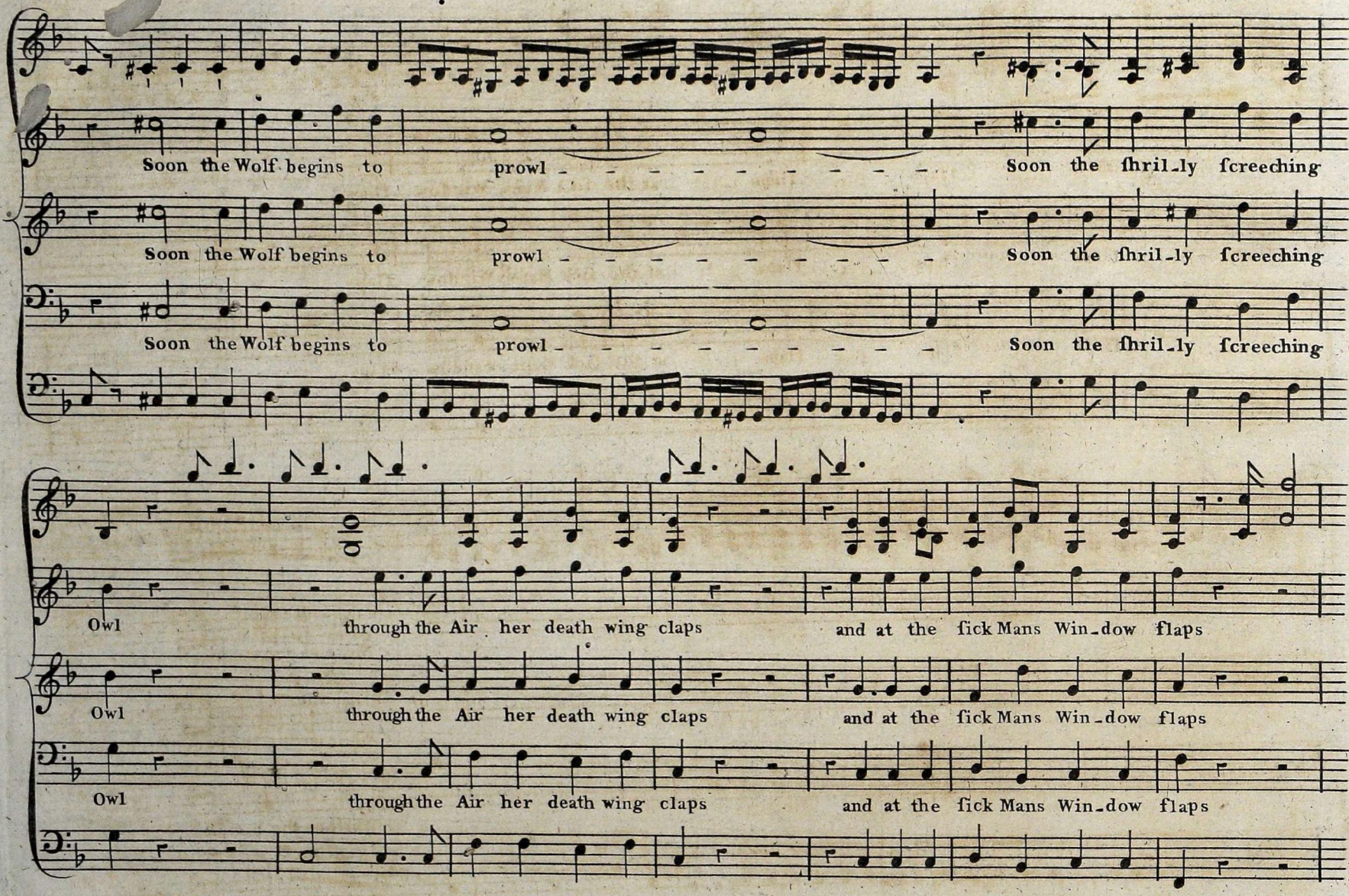
Moorish March
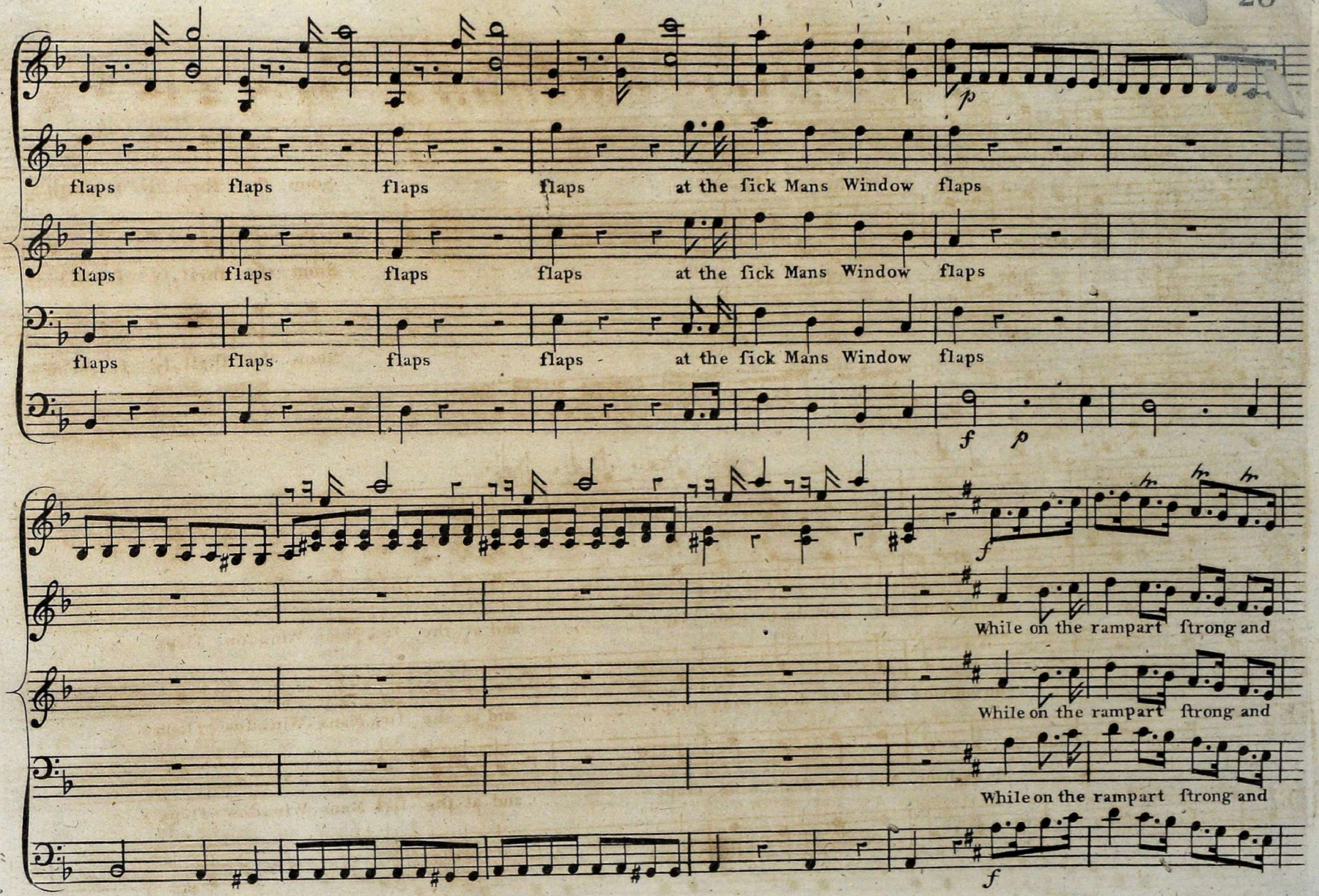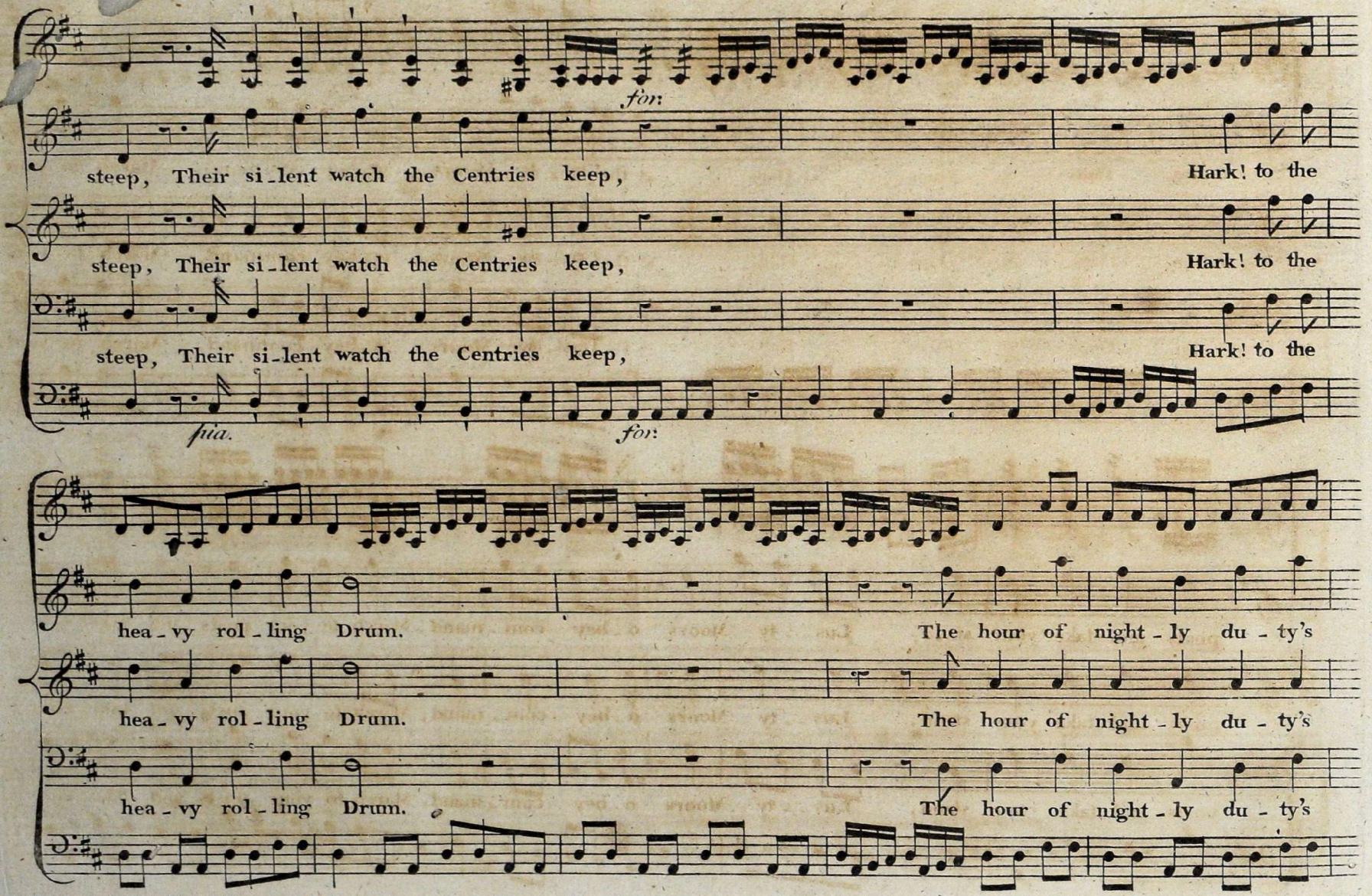


Chorus of Moors
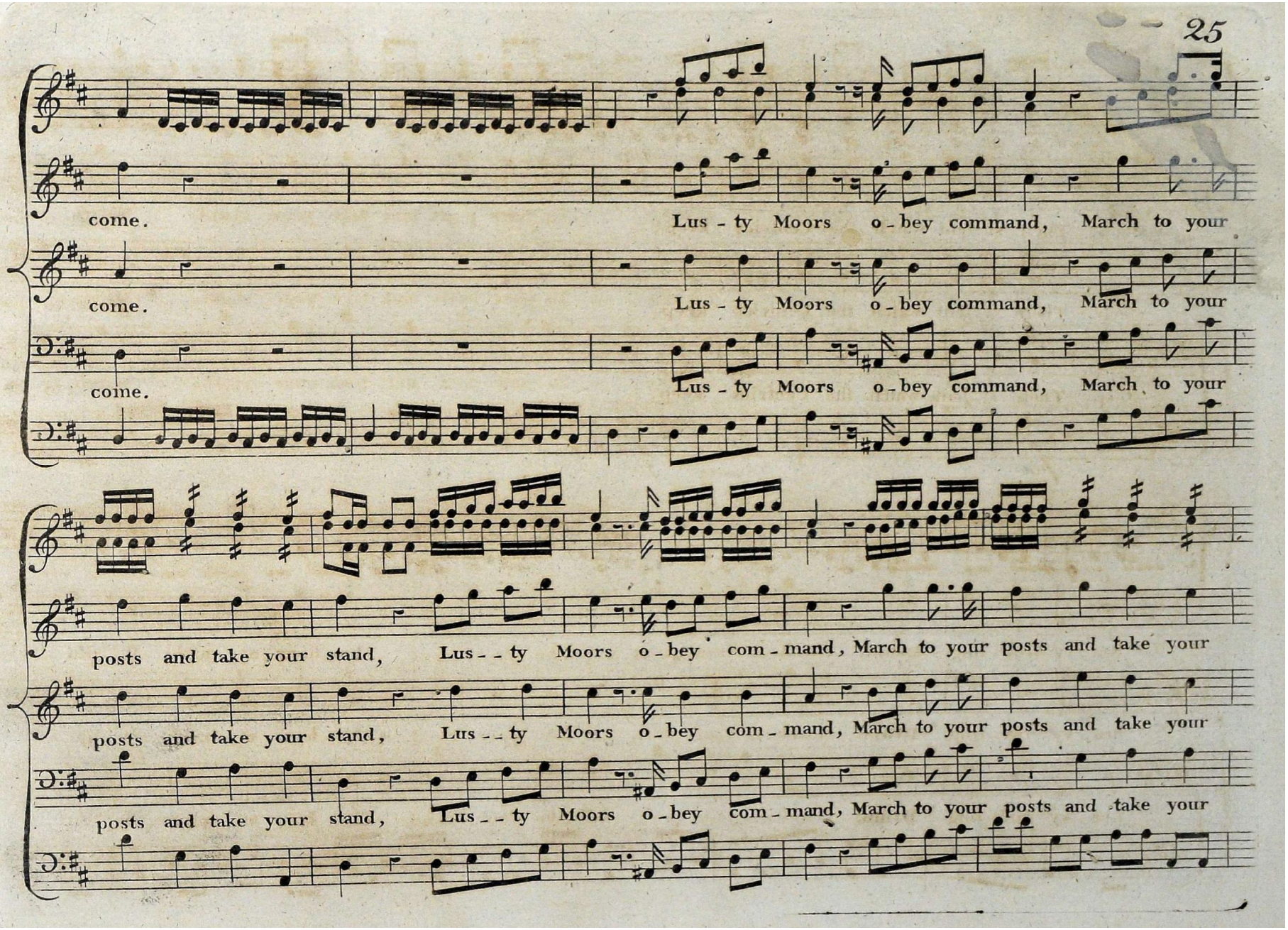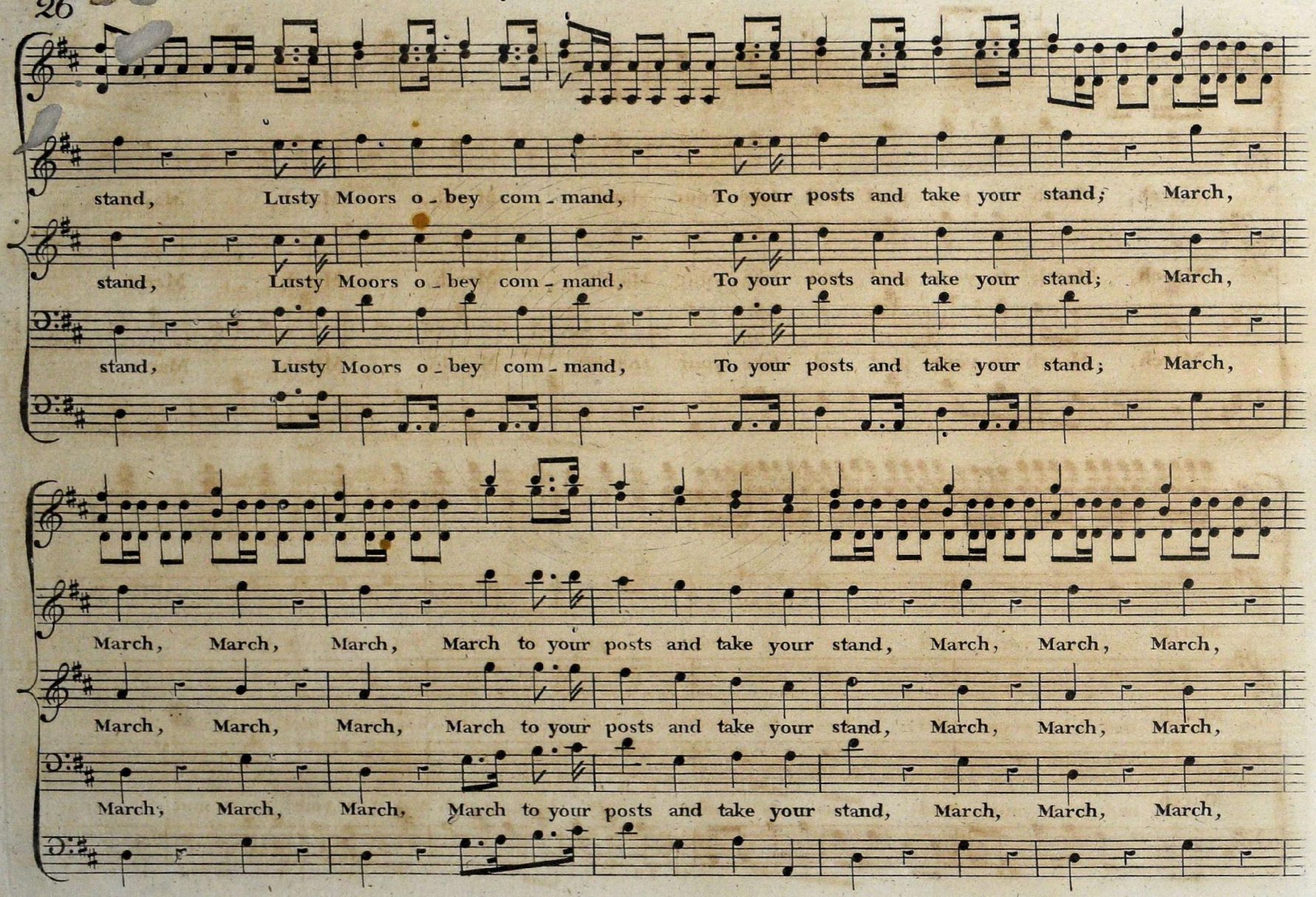



pale bright ev'ning Star fee the pale bright ev'ning Star foon the Wolf be-gins to
pale bright ev'ning Star fee the pale bright ev'ning Star foon the Wolf be-gins to
pale bright ev'ning Star fee the pale bright ev'ning Star foon the Wolf be-gins to
prowl begins to prowl begins to prowl
prowl begins to prowl begins to prowl
prowl begins to prowl begins to prowl
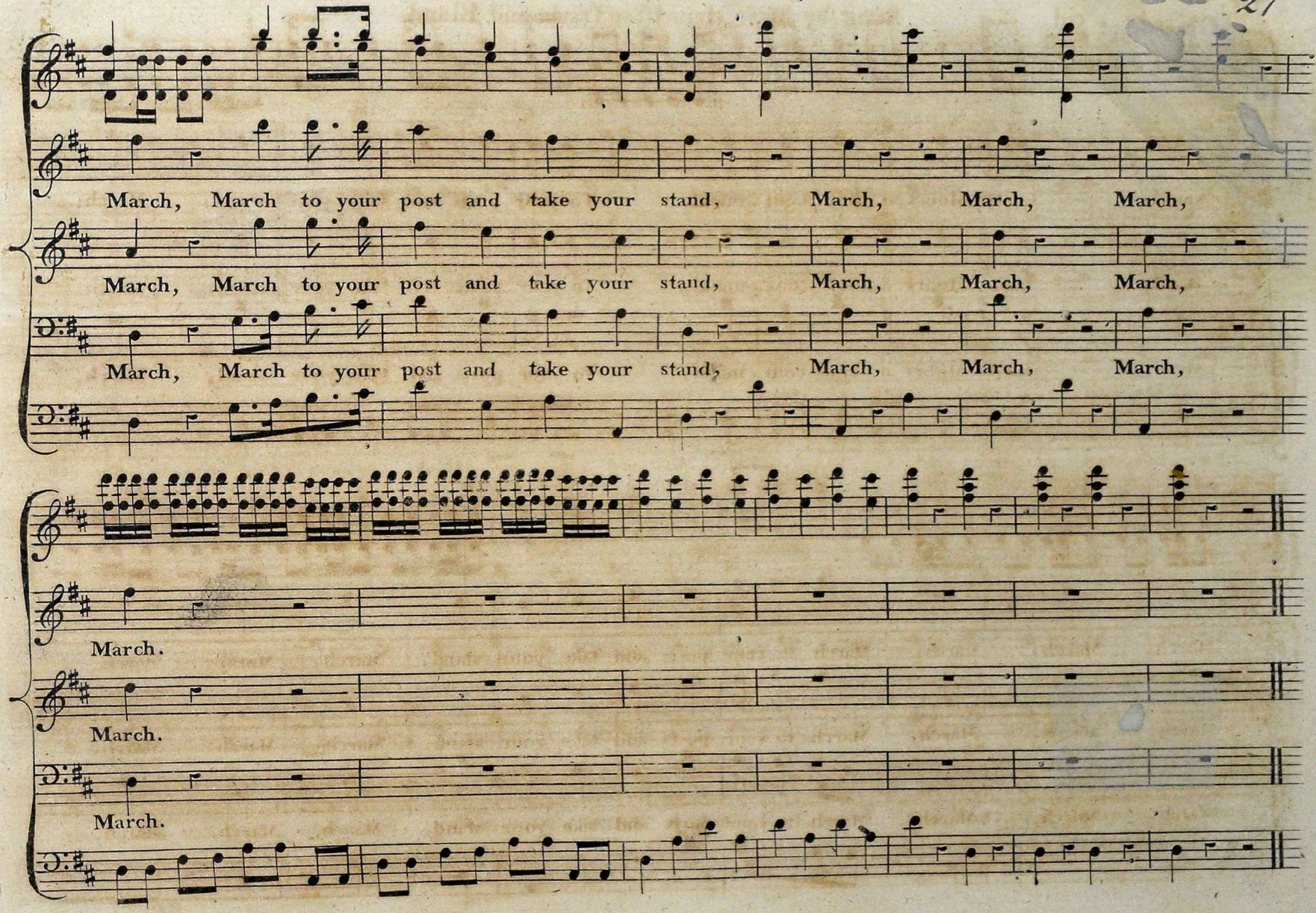

Soon the Wolf begins to prowl - - - - - - - - - - Soon the ſhril-ly ſcreeching
Soon the Wolf begins to prowl - - - - - - - - - - Soon the ſhril-ly ſcreeching
Soon the Wolf begins to prowl - - - - - - - - - - Soon the ſhril-ly ſcreeching
Owl through the Air her death wing claps and at the ſick Mans Win-dow flaps
Owl through the Air her death wing claps and at the ſick Mans Win-dow flaps
Owl through the Air her death wing claps and at the ſick Mans Win-dow flaps


flaps flaps flaps flaps at the ſick Mans Window flaps
flaps flaps flaps flaps at the ſick Mans Window flaps
flaps flaps flaps flaps at the ſick Mans Window flaps
While on the rampart ſtrong and
While on the rampart ſtrong and
While on the rampart ſtrong and


for:
steep, Their si-lent watch the Centries keep, Hark! to the
steep, Their si-lent watch the Centries keep, Hark! to the
steep, Their si-lent watch the Centries keep, Hark! to the
fia.
for:
hea-vy rol-ling Drum. The hour of night-ly du-ty's
hea-vy rol-ling Drum. The hour of night-ly du-ty's
hea-vy rol-ling Drum. The hour of night-ly du-ty's
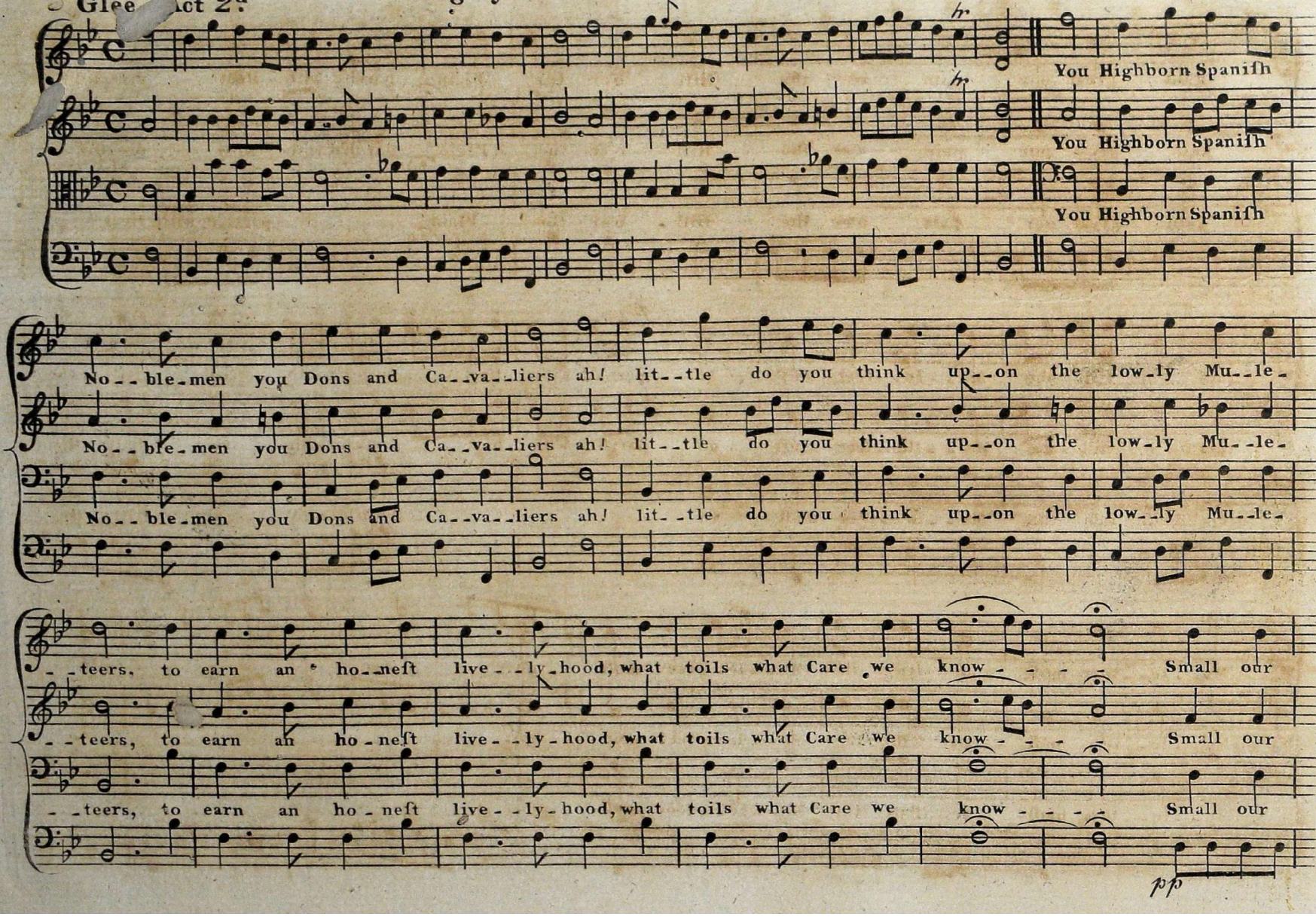

come.
Lus - ty Moors o - bey command, March to your
come.
Lus - ty Moors o - bey command, March to your
come.
Lus - ty Moors o - bey command, March to your
posts and take your stand, Lus - - ty Moors o - bey com - mand, March to your posts and take your
posts and take your stand, Lus - - ty Moors o - bey com - mand, March to your posts and take your
posts and take your stand, Lus - - ty Moors o - bey com - mand, March to your posts and take your
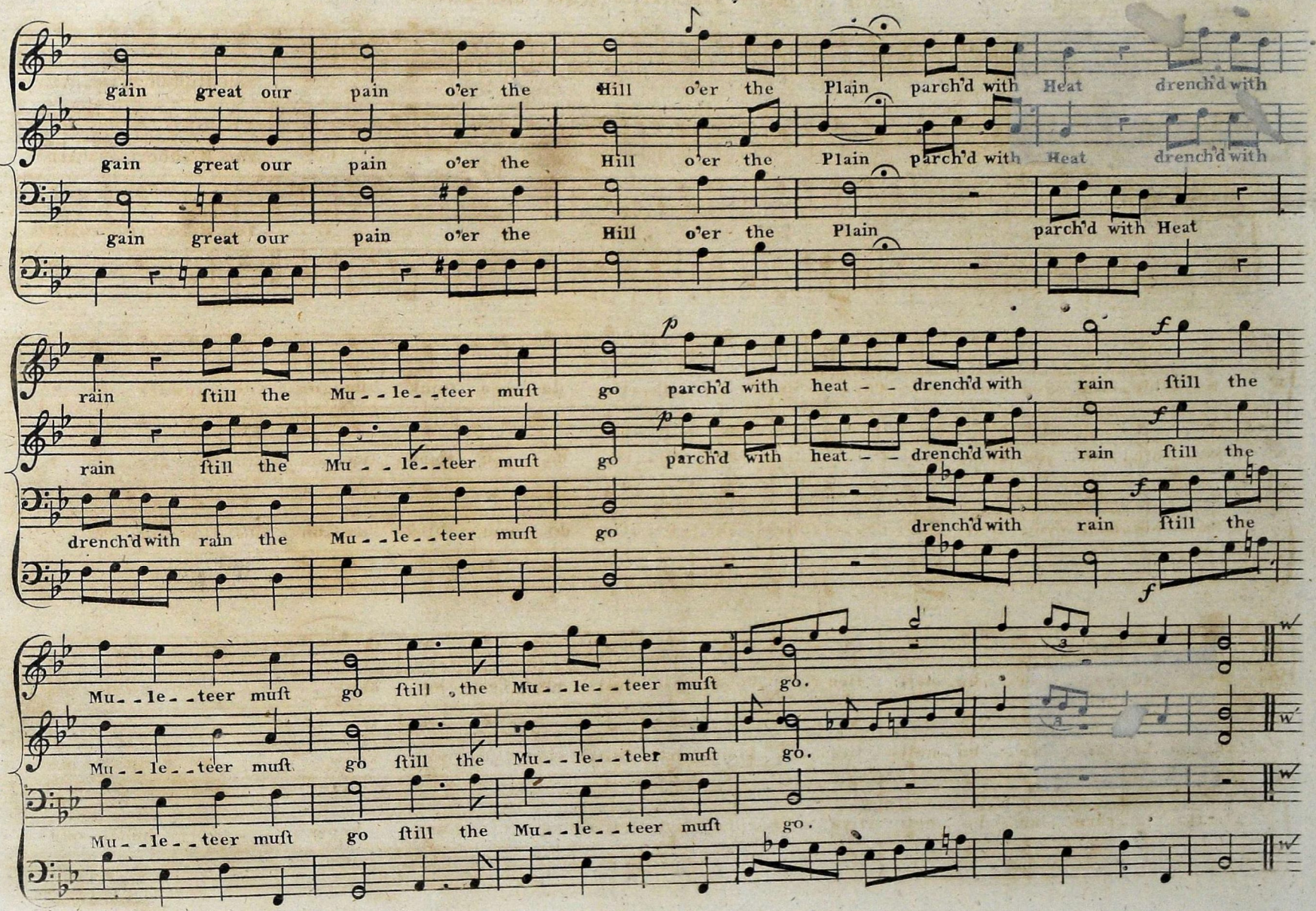

stand, Lusty Moors o - bey com - mand, To your posts and take your stand; March,
stand, Lusty Moors o - bey com - mand, To your posts and take your stand; March,
stand, Lusty Moors o - bey com - mand, To your posts and take your stand; March,
March, March, March, March to your posts and take your stand, March, March, March,
March, March, March, March to your posts and take your stand, March, March, March,
March, March, March, March to your posts and take your stand, March, March, March,
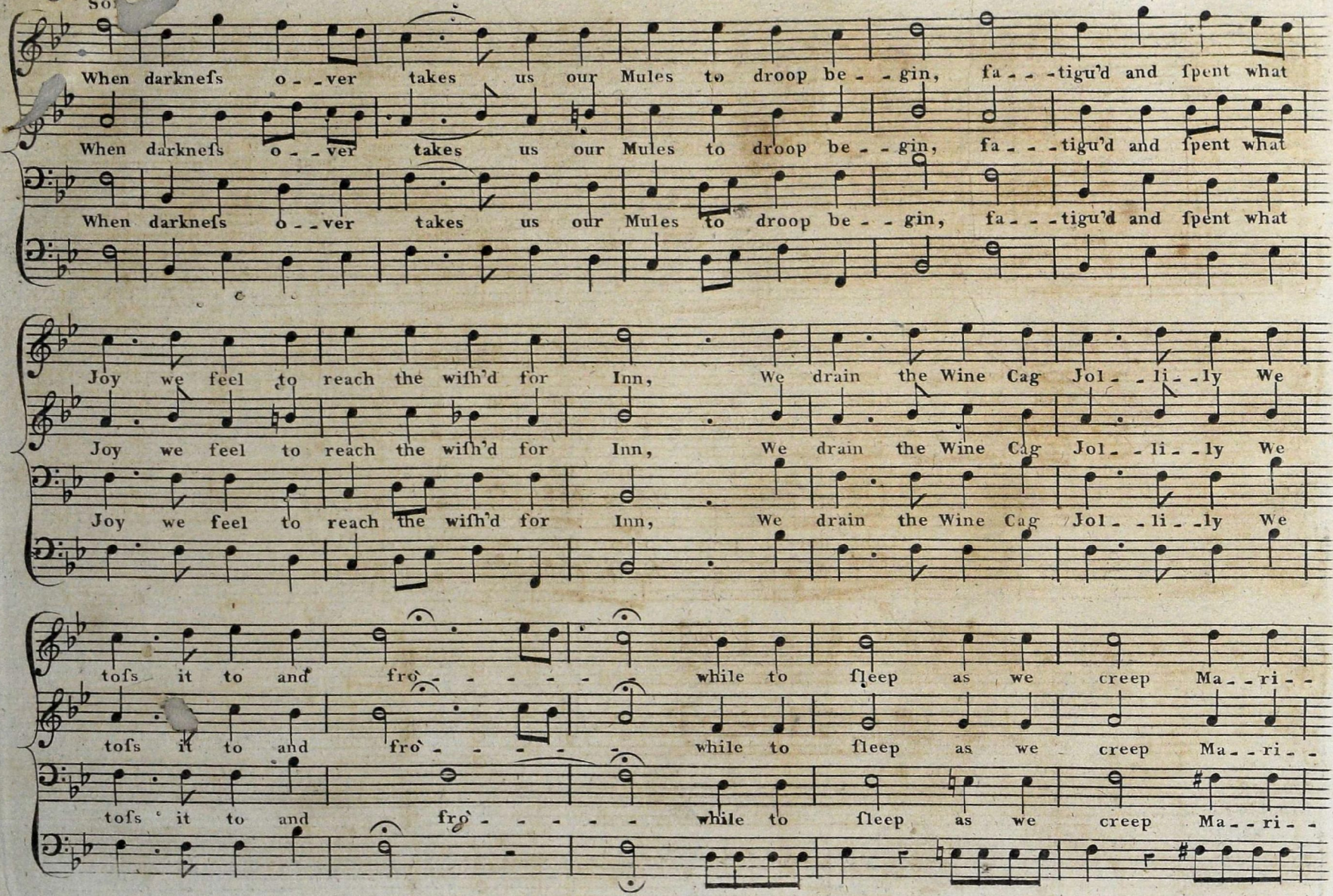

March, March to your post and take your stand, March, March, March,
March, March to your post and take your stand, March, March, March,
March, March to your post and take your stand, March, March, March,
March.
March.
March.
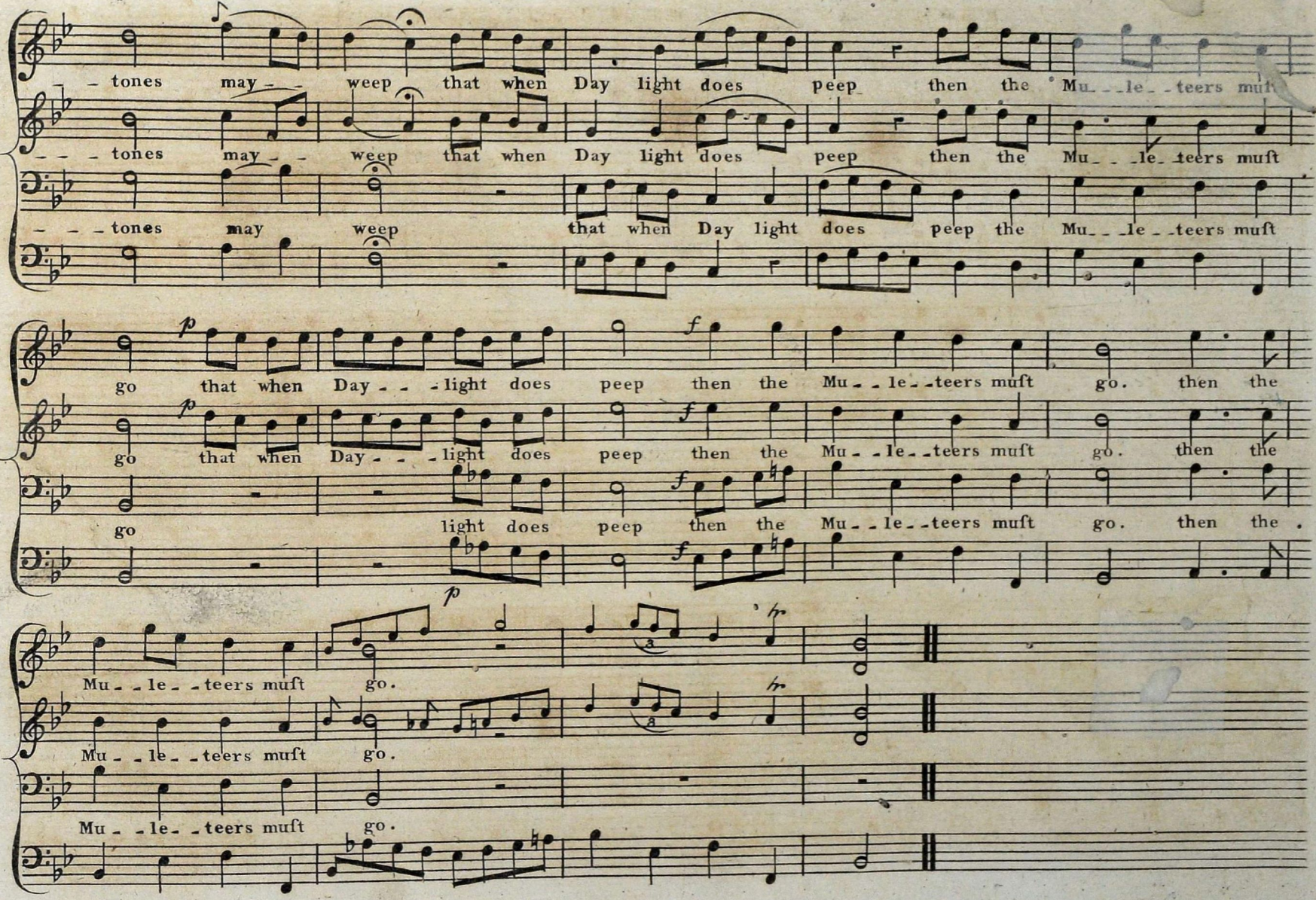
Glee Act 2d

Sung by Messrs. Bannister Davis and Bland



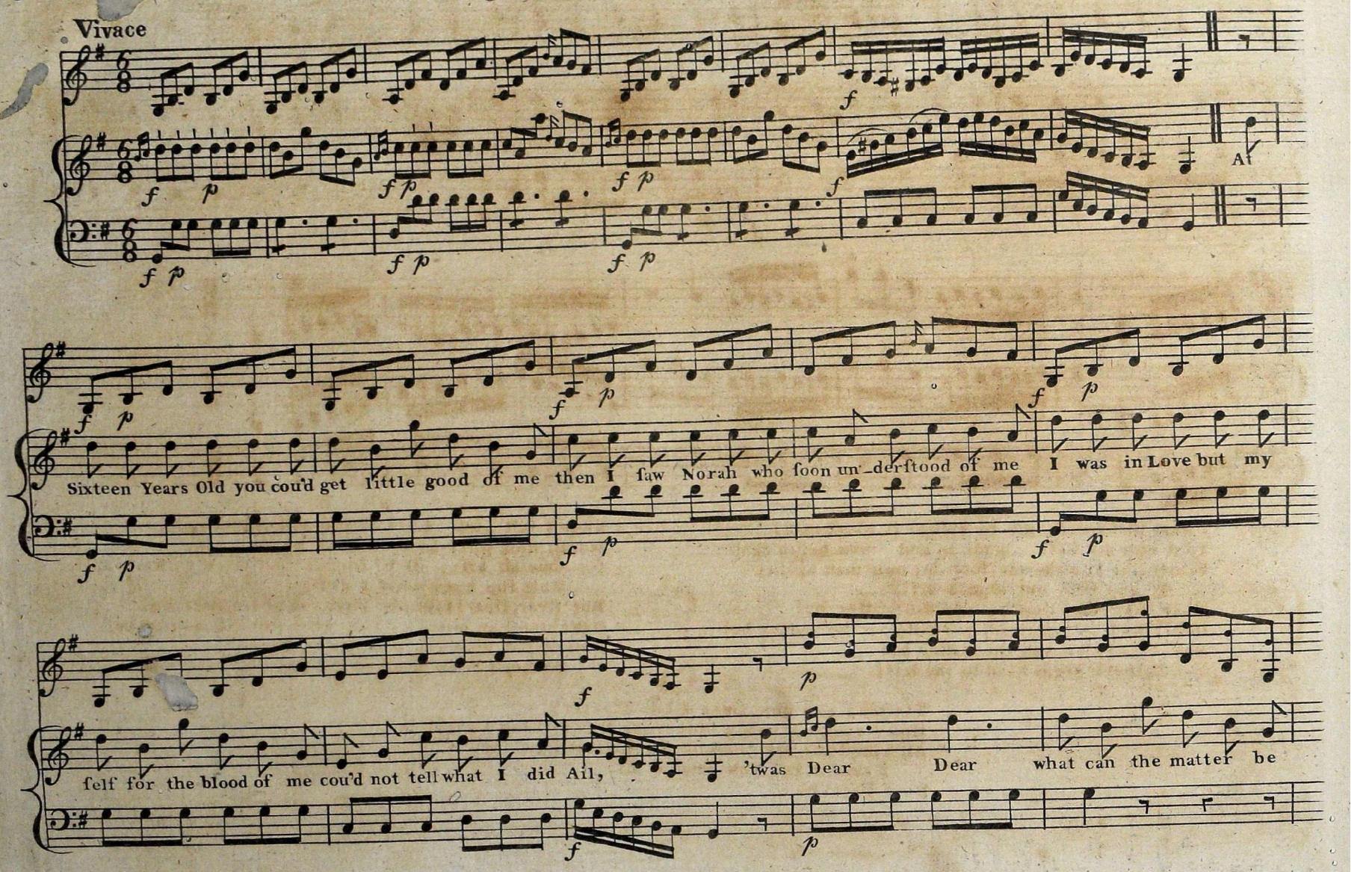

gain great our pain o'er the Hill o'er the Plain parch'd with Heat drench'd with
gain great our pain o'er the Hill o'er the Plain parch'd with Heat drench'd with
gain great our pain o'er the Hill o'er the Plain parch'd with Heat
rain ſtill the Mu - le - teer muſt go parch'd with heat - - drench'd with rain ſtill the
rain ſtill the Mu - le - teer muſt go parch'd with heat - - drench'd with rain ſtill the
drench'd with rain the Mu - le - teer muſt go drench'd with rain ſtill the
Mu - le - teer muſt go ſtill the Mu - le - teer muſt go.
Mu - le - teer muſt go ſtill the Mu - le - teer muſt go.
Mu - le - teer muſt go ſtill the Mu - le - teer muſt go.

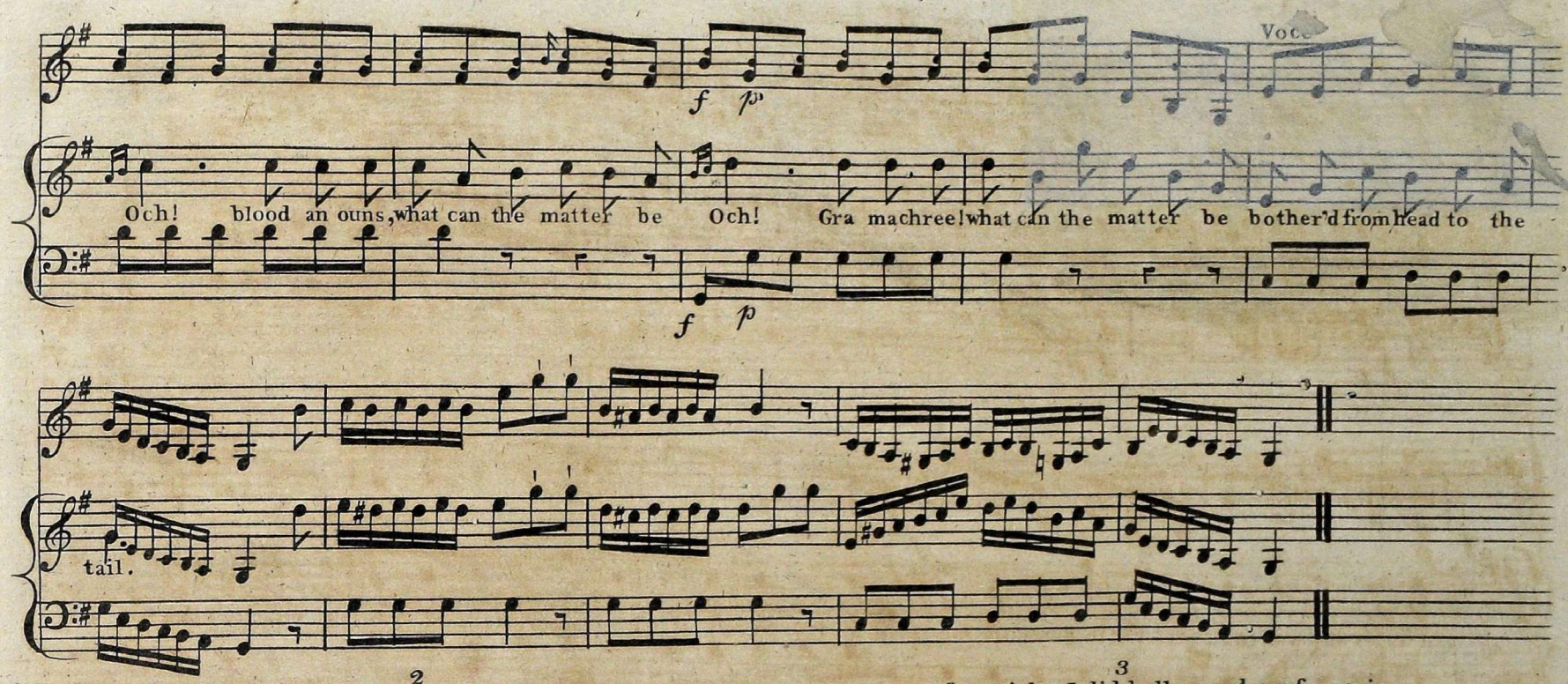

Sol
When darkneſs o - ver takes us our Mules to droop be - gin, fa - - tigu'd and ſpent what
When darkneſs o - ver takes us our Mules to droop be - gin, fa - - tigu'd and ſpent what
When darkneſs o - ver takes us our Mules to droop be - gin, fa - - tigu'd and ſpent what
Joy we feel to reach the wiſh'd for Inn, We drain the Wine Cag Jol - li - ly We
Joy we feel to reach the wiſh'd for Inn, We drain the Wine Cag Jol - li - ly We
Joy we feel to reach the wiſh'd for Inn, We drain the Wine Cag Jol - li - ly We
toſs it to and fro - - - - - while to ſleep as we creep Ma - ri -
toſs it to and fro - - - - - while to ſleep as we creep Ma - ri -
toſs it to and fro - - - - - while to ſleep as we creep Ma - ri -


– tones may – weep that when Day light does peep then the Mu – le – teers muſt
– – tones may – weep that when Day light does peep then the Mu – le – teers muſt
– – – tones may weep that when Day light does peep the Mu – le – teers muſt
p f
go that when Day – – – light does peep then the Mu – le – teers muſt go. then the
go that when Day – – – light does peep then the Mu – le – teers muſt go. then the
go light does peep then the Mu – le – teers muſt go. then the
p
Mu – le – teers muſt go.
Mu – le – teers muſt go.
Mu – le – teers muſt go.

Sung by Mr. Johnſtone

Vivace





2

I went to Confeſs me to Father O Flannagan;
Told him my Caſe, made an end then began again;
Father, ſay I, make me, ſoon, my own man again,
If you find out what I ail.
Dear, Dear! ſays He, what can the matter be!
Och! blood an ouns! cant you tell what the matter be!
Both cried what can the matter be!
Bother'd from head to the tail!

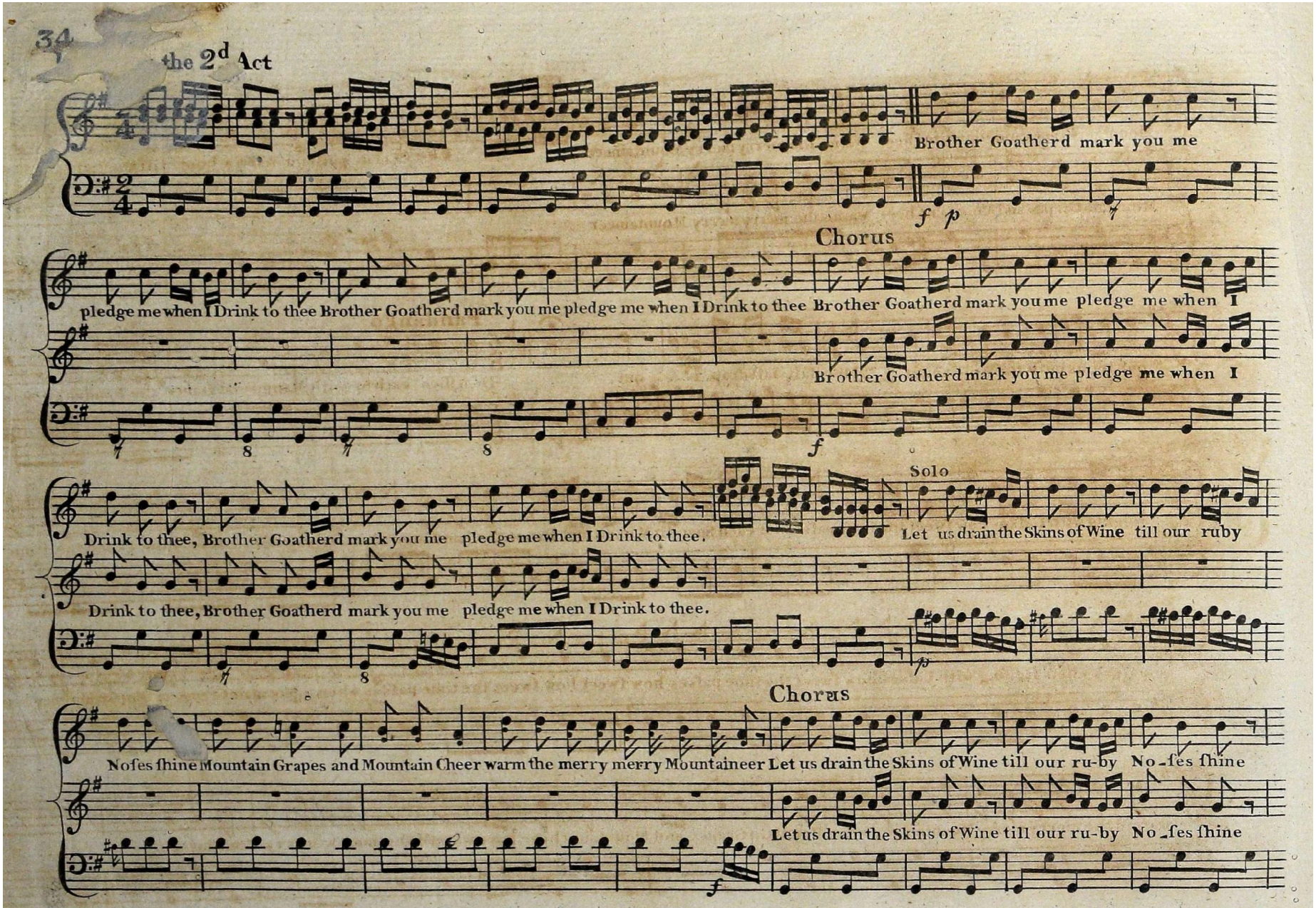
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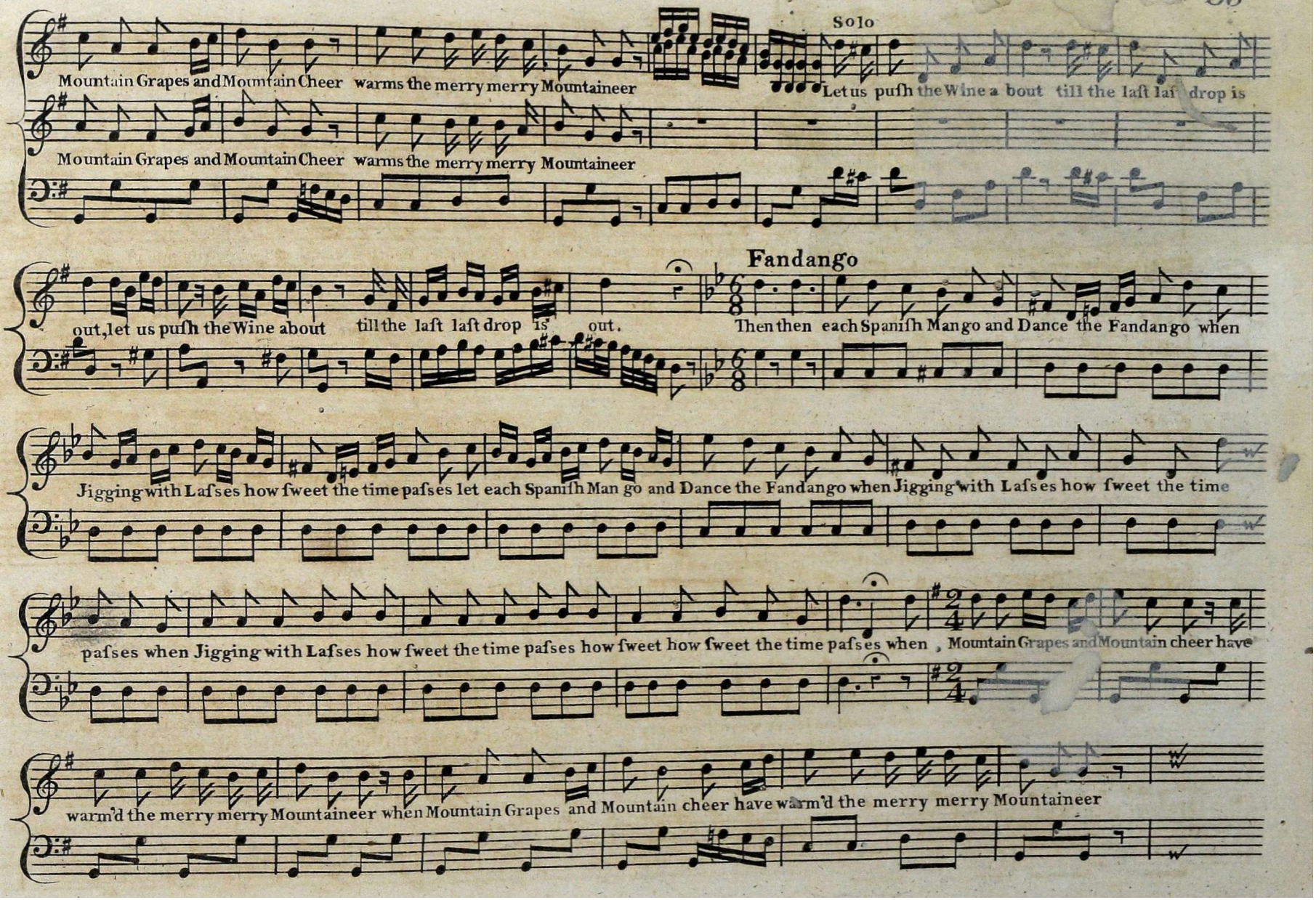
Soon I fell Sick, I did bellow and curſe again,
Norah took pitty to ſee me at Nurſe again;
Gave me ah kiſs; Och! Zounds! that threw me worſe again!
Well ſhe knew what I did ail!
But Dear, Dear! ſays She what can the matter be!
Och! blood an ouns! my Laſs, what can the matter be!
Both cried what can the matter be!
Bother'd from head to the tail.

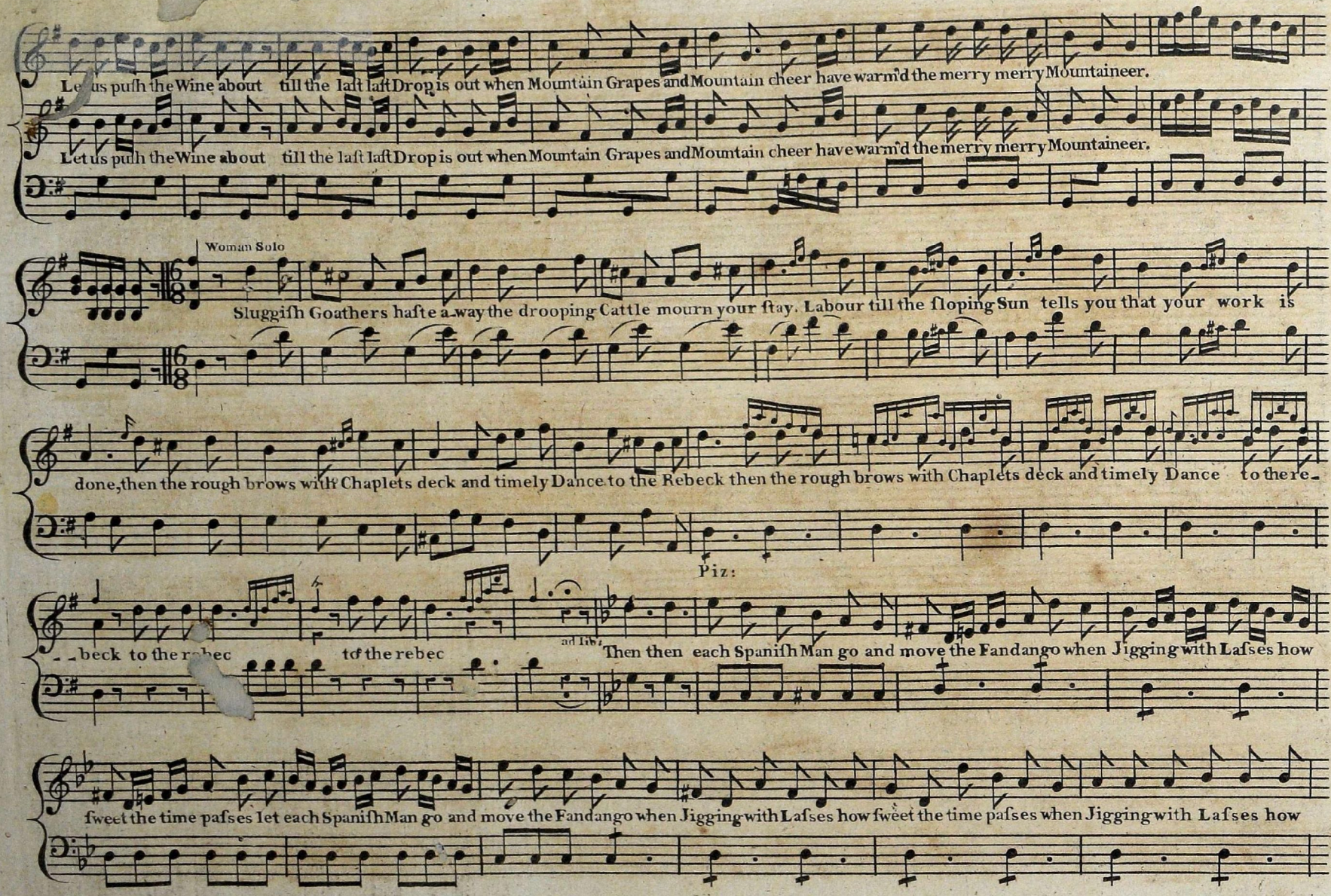
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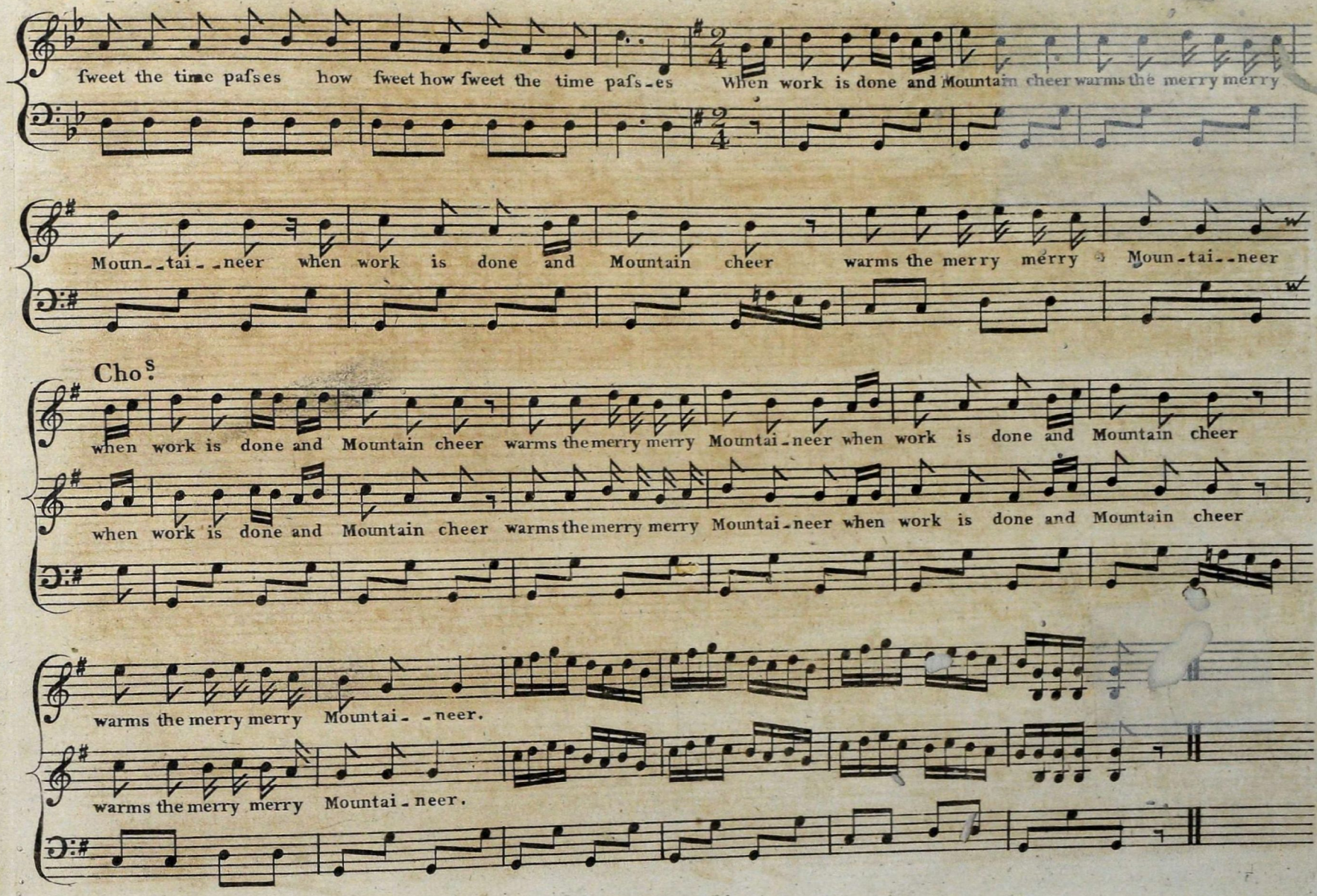
Tis long ago now ſince I left Tiperary
How ſtrange growing older, our Nature ſhou'd vary!
All Symptoms are gone of my Ancient Quandary
I cannot tell Now what I ail!
Dear Dear! &c

the 2d Act


Brother Goatherd mark you me
f p
Chorus
pledge me when I Drink to thee Brother Goatherd mark you me pledge me when I Drink to thee Brother Goatherd mark you me pledge me when I
Brother Goatherd mark you me pledge me when I
f
Drink to thee, Brother Goatherd mark you me pledge me when I Drink to thee.
Solo
Let us drain the Skins of Wine till our ruby
Drink to thee, Brother Goatherd mark you me pledge me when I Drink to thee.
p
Chorus
Nofes fhine Mountain Grapes and Mountain Cheer warm the merry merry Mountaineer Let us drain the Skins of Wine till our ru-by No-fes fhine
Let us drain the Skins of Wine till our ru-by No-fes fhine
f

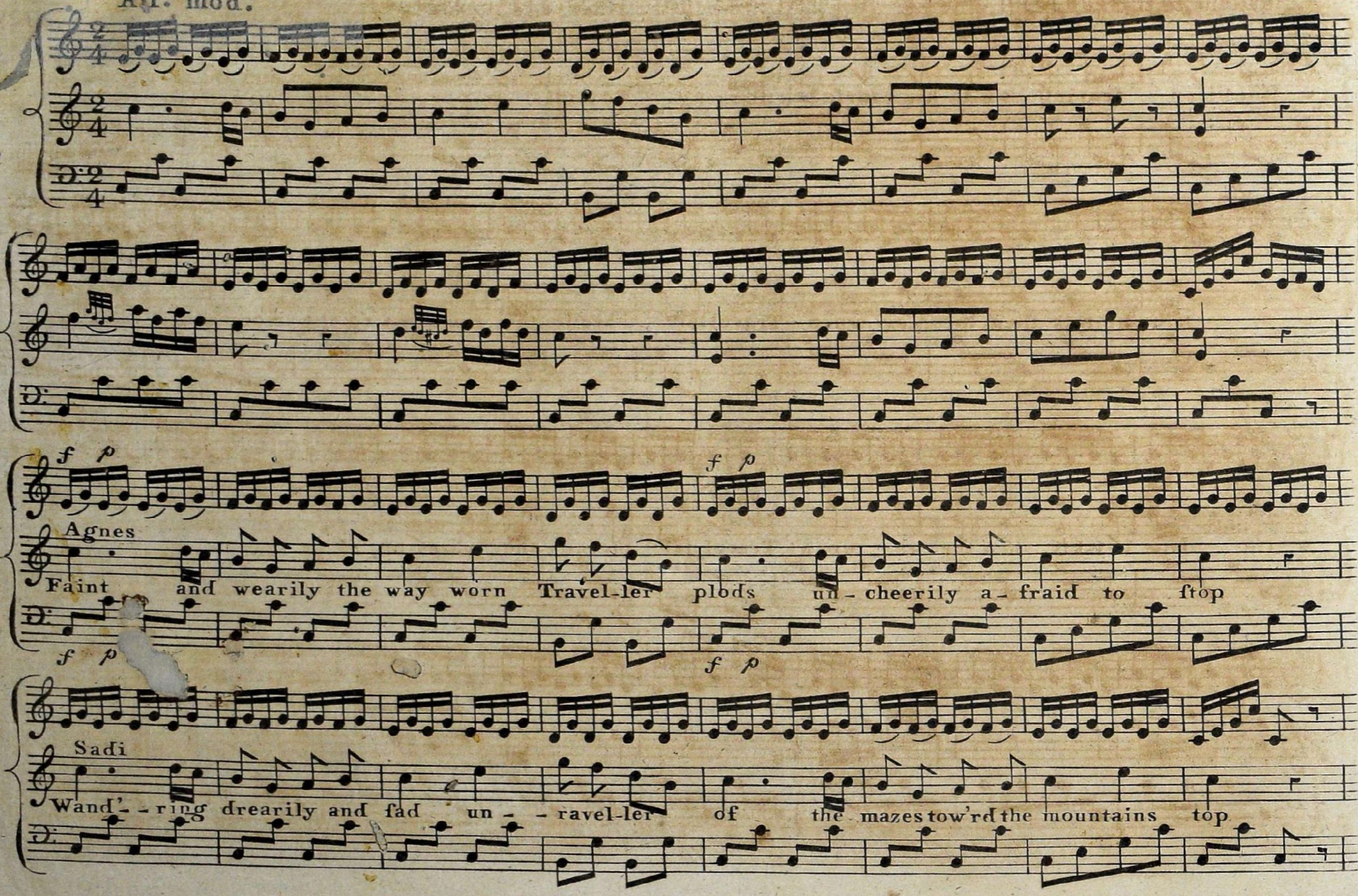

Solo
Mountain Grapes and Mountain Cheer warms the merry merry Mountaineer
Let us puſh the Wine a bout till the laſt laſt drop is
Mountain Grapes and Mountain Cheer warms the merry merry Mountaineer
Fandango
out, let us puſh the Wine about till the laſt laſt drop is out.
Then then each Spaniſh Mango and Dance the Fandango when
Jigging with Laſſes how ſweet the time paſſes let each Spaniſh Man go and Dance the Fandango when Jigging with Laſſes how ſweet the time
paſſes when Jigging with Laſſes how ſweet the time paſſes how ſweet how ſweet the time paſſes when , Mountain Grapes and Mountain cheer have
warm'd the merry merry Mountaineer when Mountain Grapes and Mountain cheer have warm'd the merry merry Mountaineer

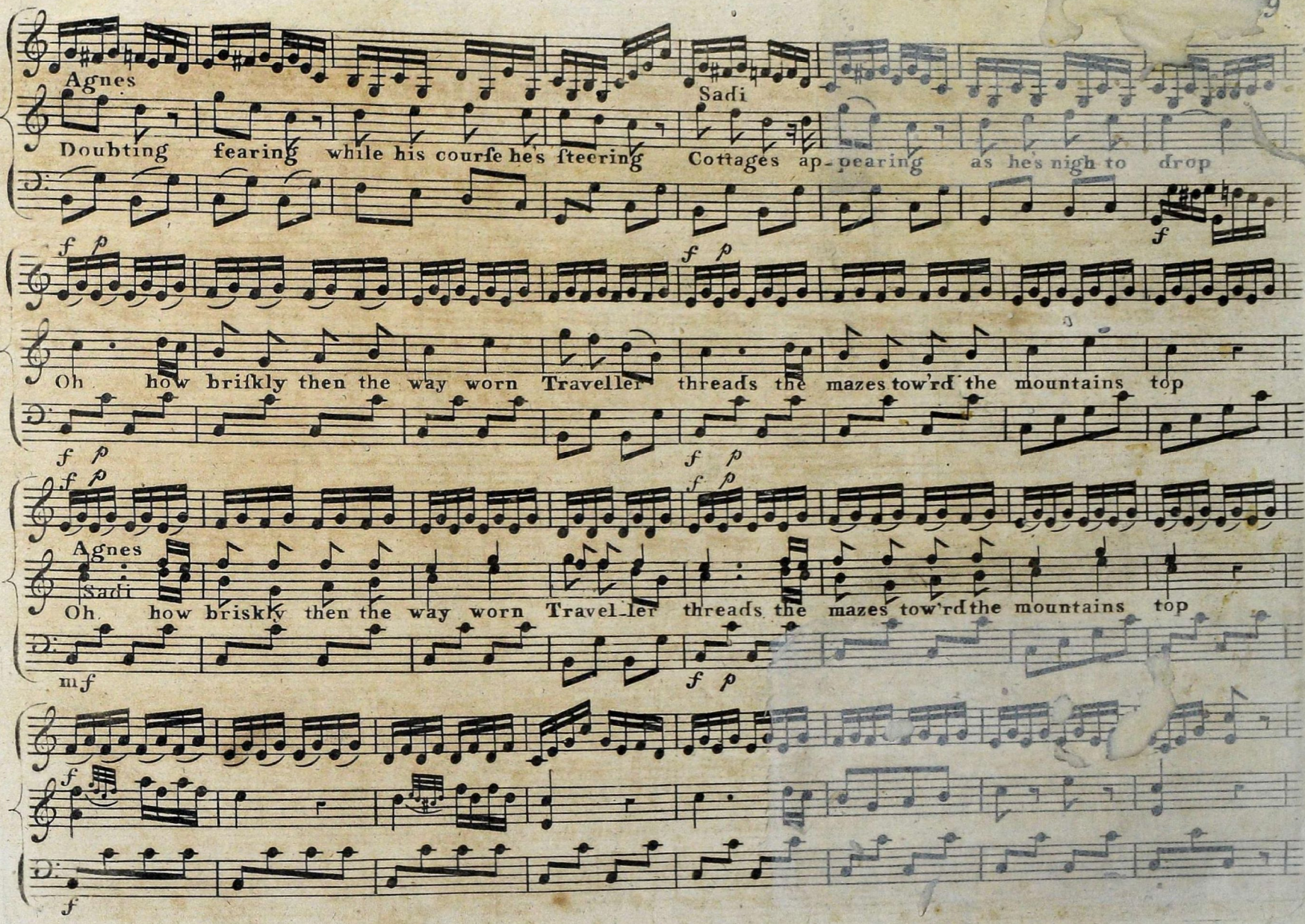

Let us push the Wine about till the laſt laſt Drop is out when Mountain Grapes and Mountain cheer have warm'd the merry merry Mountaineer.
Let us push the Wine about till the laſt laſt Drop is out when Mountain Grapes and Mountain cheer have warm'd the merry merry Mountaineer.
Woman Solo
Sluggiſh Goathers haſte a-way the drooping Cattle mourn your ſtay. Labour till the ſloping Sun tells you that your work is
done, then the rough brows with Chaplets deck and timely Dance to the Rebeck then the rough brows with Chaplets deck and timely Dance to the re-
Piz:
- - beck to the rebec
to the rebec
ad lib.
Then then each Spaniſh Man go and move the Fandango when Jigging with Laſſes how
ſweet the time paſſes let each Spaniſh Man go and move the Fandango when Jigging with Laſſes how ſweet the time paſſes when Jigging with Laſſes how
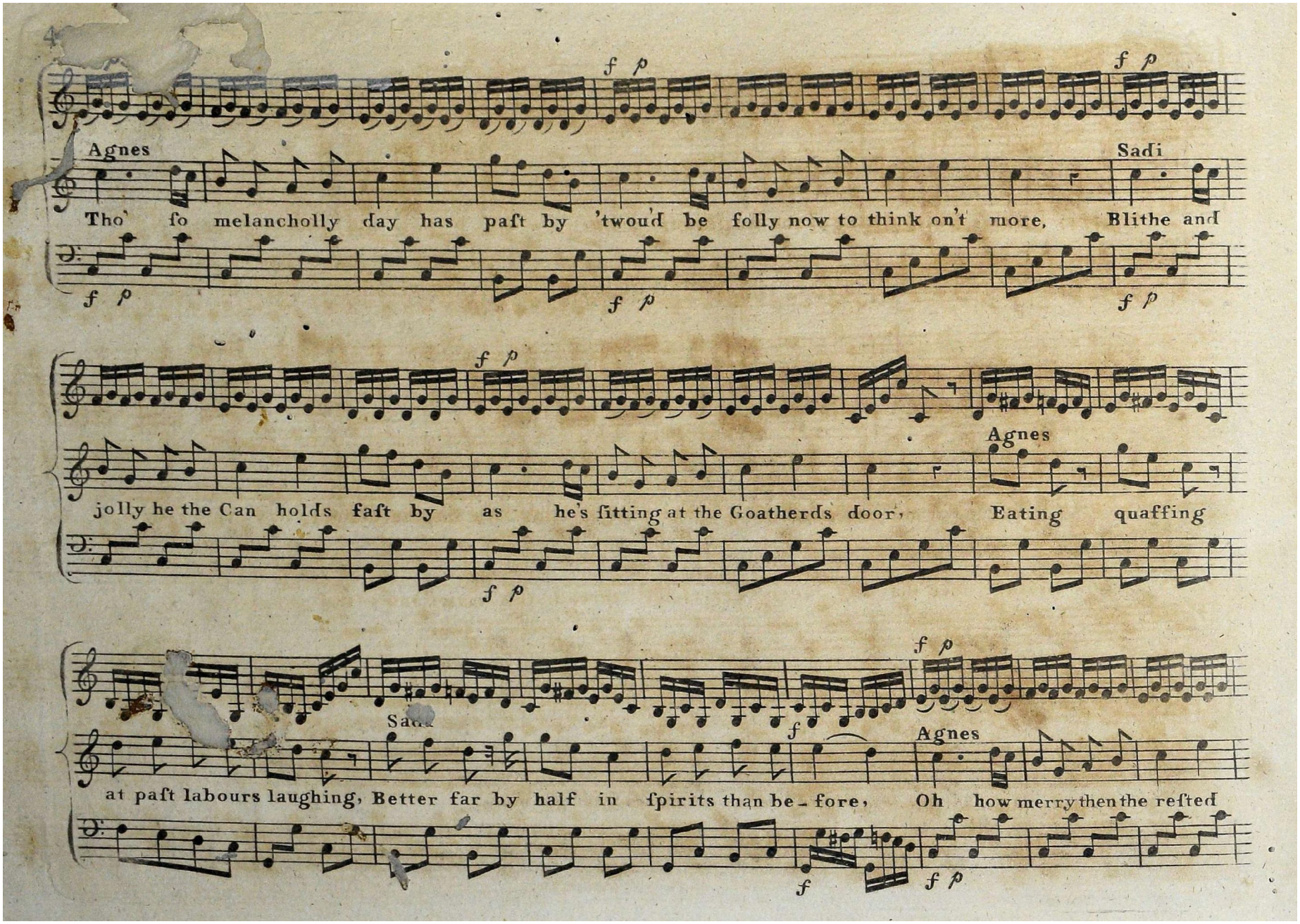

fweet the time paſses how fweet how fweet the time paſs-es When work is done and Mountain cheer warms the merry merry
Moun--tai--neer when work is done and Mountain cheer warms the merry merry Moun-tai--neer
Chos
when work is done and Mountain cheer warms the merry merry Mountai-neer when work is done and Mountain cheer
when work is done and Mountain cheer warms the merry merry Mountai-neer when work is done and Mountain cheer
warms the merry merry Mountai--neer.
warms the merry merry Mountai-neer.

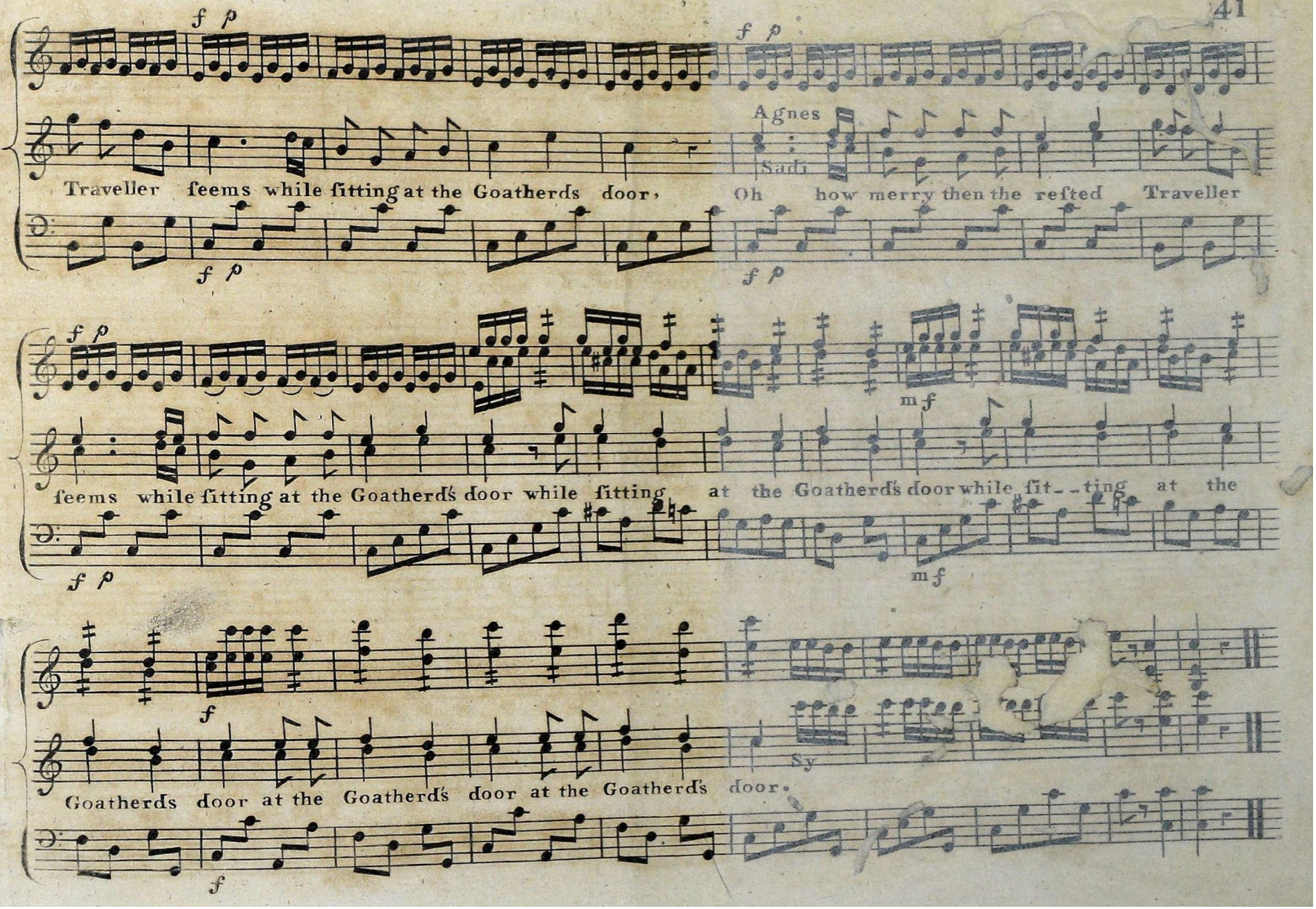
All.o mod.o

DUO, Sung by M.rs Bland, and M.r J. Bannister.
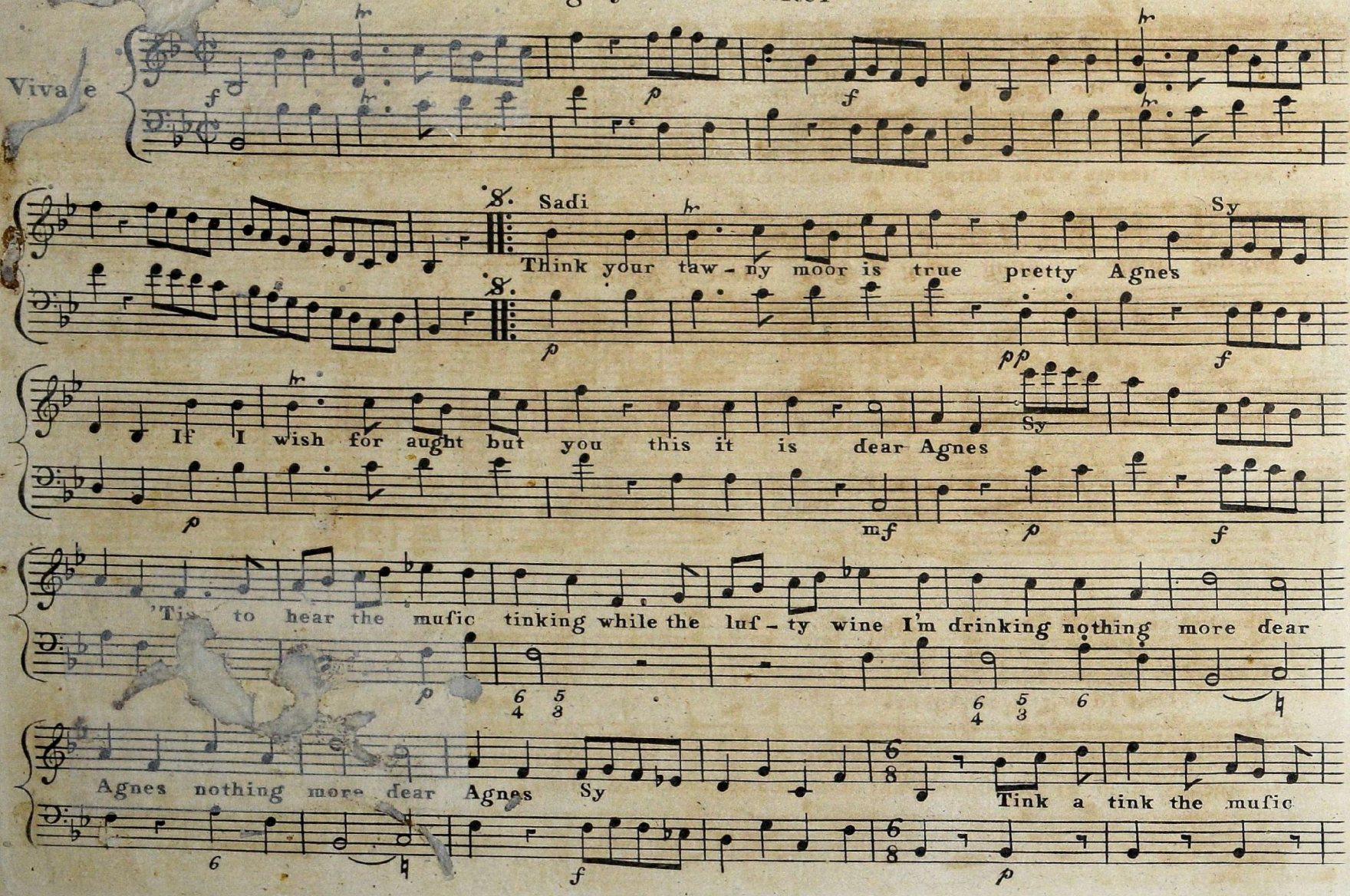


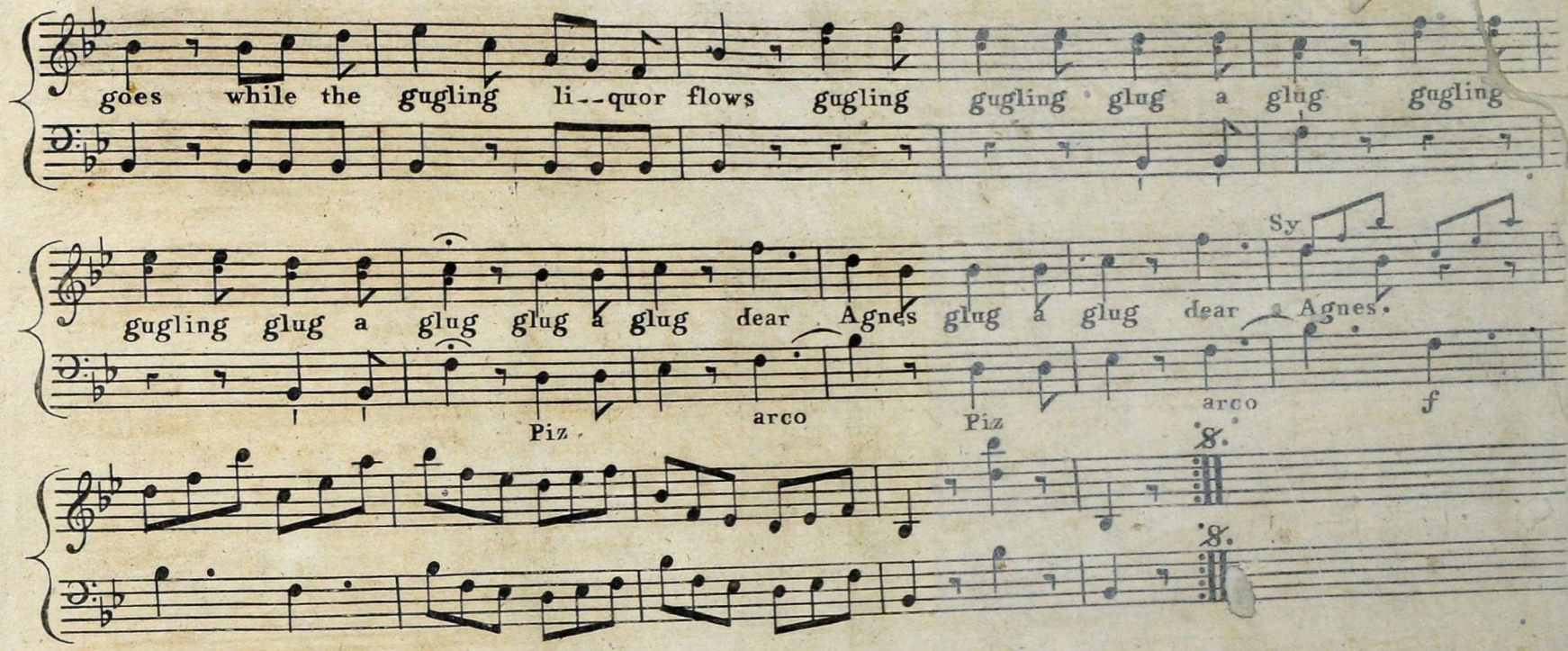

Agnes
Doubting fearing while his courſe he's ſteering
Sadi
Cottages ap-pearing as he's nigh to drop
Oh how briſkly then the way worn Traveller threads the mazes tow'rd the mountains top
Agnes
Sadi
Oh how briskly then the way worn Travel-ler threads the mazes tow'rd the mountains top


Agnes
Sadi
Tho' ſo melancholly day has paſt by 'twou'd be folly now to think on't more, Blithe and
jolly he the Can holds faſt by as he's ſitting at the Goatherds door, Eating quaffing
Agnes
Sadi
at paſt labours laughing, Better far by half in ſpirits than be-fore, Oh how merry then the reſted
Agnes


f p
Agnes
Sadi
Traveller seems while sitting at the Goatherds door,
Oh how merry then the rested Traveller
mf
seems while sitting at the Goatherds door while sitting at the Goatherds door while sit--ting at the
Sy
Goatherds door at the Goatherds door at the Goatherds door.

Sung by Mr. Bannister



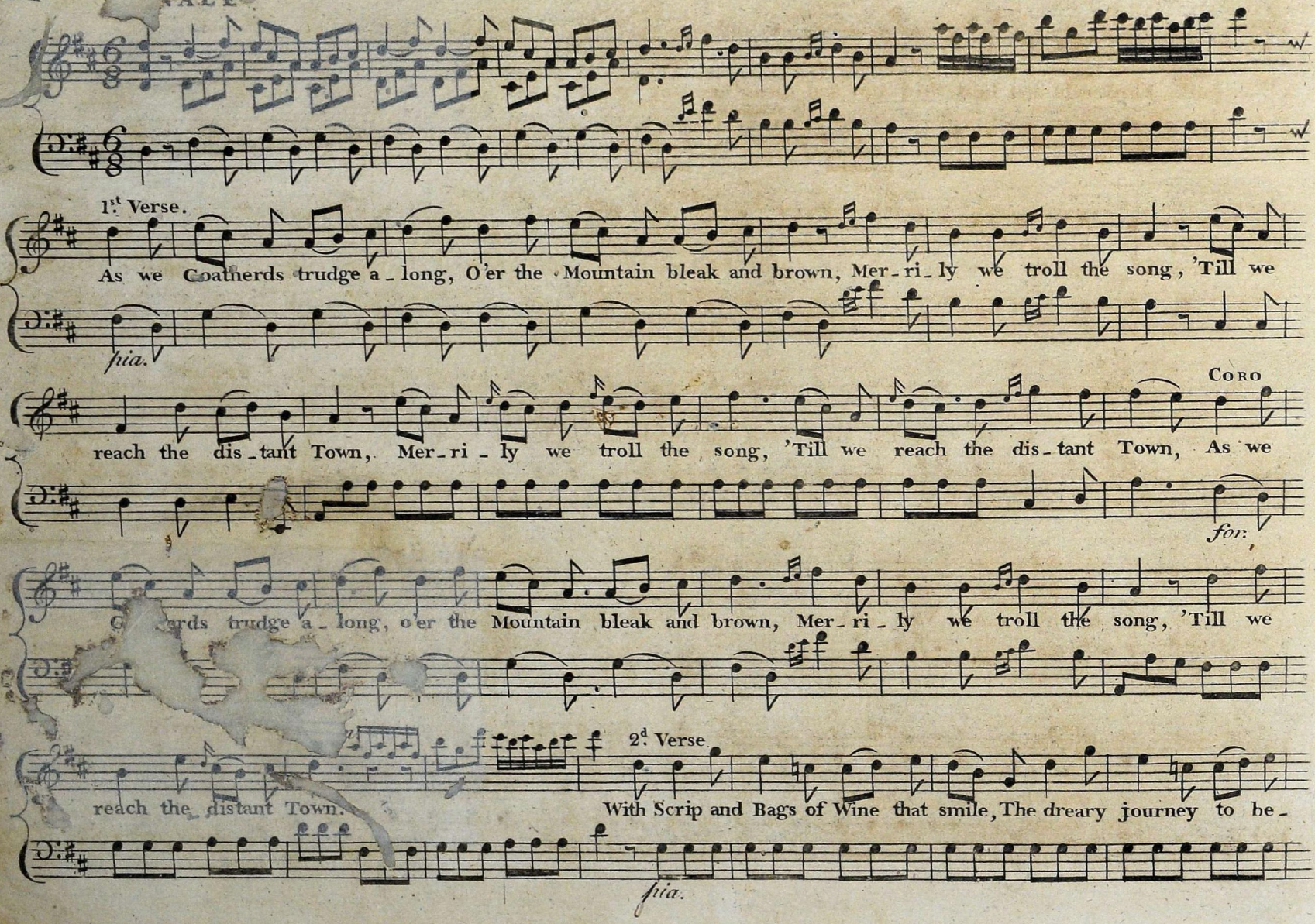


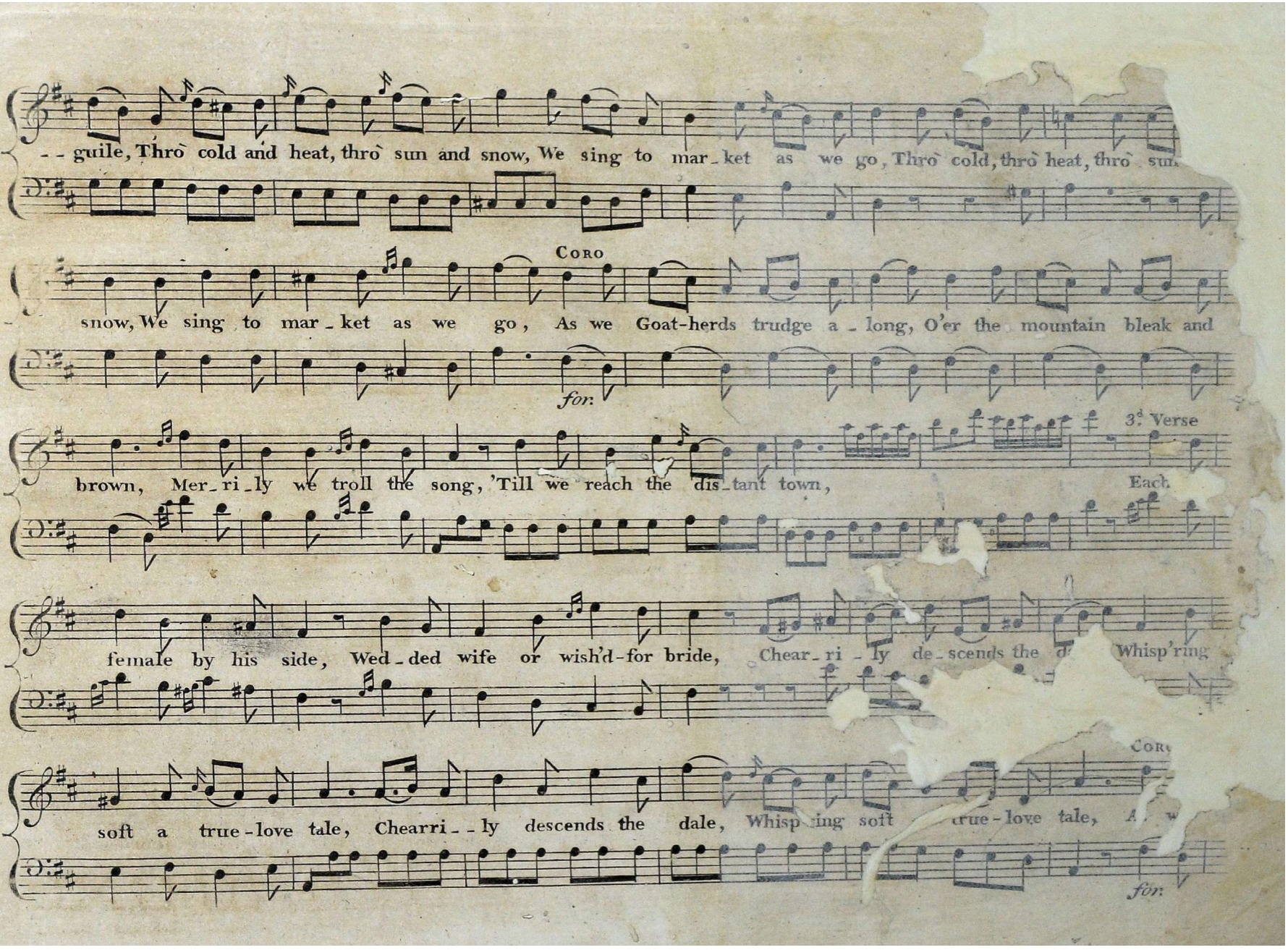
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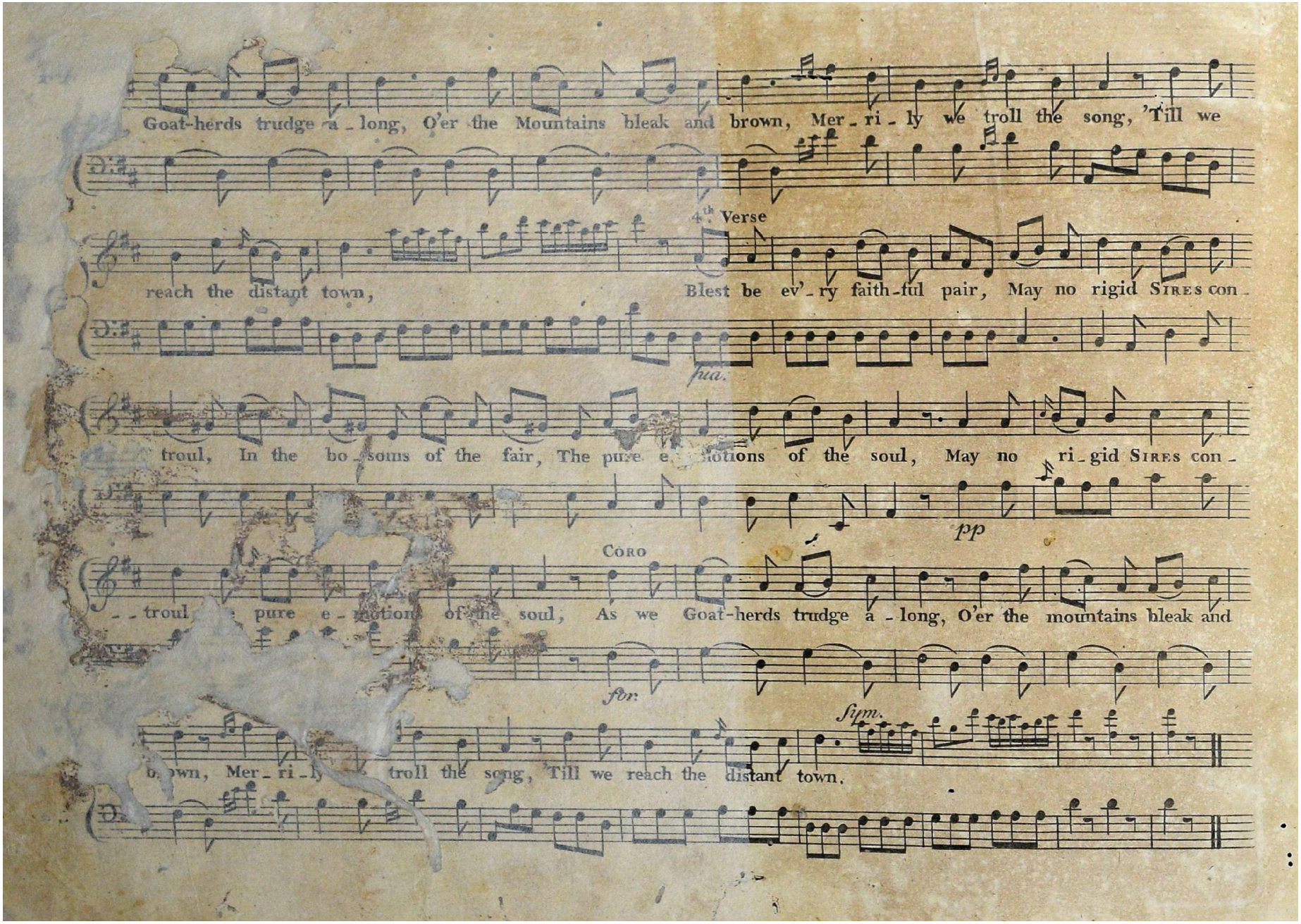
Should your ſpirits droop – oh then,
Pretty Agnes!
I could raiſe them ſoon again;
Thus I'd do't, dear Agnes!
Tawney Moor when you were ſinking –
Should refreſh you, ſweet, with – drinking –
Nothing more, dear Agnes!
Tink a tink, &c. &c.

3

When your lips were moiſt with [illegible]ne,
[illegible] Ag[illegible]
Then co[illegible] I, too, mo[illegible]n [illegible]
That I cou[illegible]d [illegible]s!
And left they di[illegible]nd and weather
Then we'd join [illegible] lips together;
Nothing more, dear Agnes!
Tink a tink, &c. &c.


1st Verse.
As we Coatherds trudge a_long, O'er the Mountain bleak and brown, Mer_ri_ly we troll the song, 'Till we
fia.
Coro
reach the dis_tant Town, Mer_ri_ly we troll the song, 'Till we reach the dis_tant Town, As we
for:
Coatherds trudge a_long, o'er the Mountain bleak and brown, Mer_ri_ly we troll the song, 'Till we
2d Verse
reach the distant Town.
With Scrip and Bags of Wine that smile, The dreary journey to be_
fia.


--guile, Thro' cold and heat, thro' sun and snow, We sing to mar-ket as we go, Thro' cold, thro' heat, thro' sun
Coro
snow, We sing to mar-ket as we go, As we Goat-herds trudge a-long, O'er the mountain bleak and
for:
3.d Verse
brown, Mer-ri-ly we troll the song, 'Till we reach the dis-tant town, Each
female by his side, Wed-ded wife or wish'd-for bride, Chear-ri-ly de-scends the d Whisp'ring
Cor
soft a true-love tale, Chearri--ly descends the dale, Whisp-ring soft true-love tale, A w
for:


Goat-herds trudge a-long, O'er the Mountains bleak and brown, Mer-ri-ly we troll the song, 'Till we
4th. Verse
reach the distant town,
Blest be ev'-ry faith-ful pair, May no rigid Sires con-
troul, In the bo-soms of the fair, The pure e-motions of the soul, May no ri-gid Sires con-
pp
Coro
troul pure e-motions of the soul, As we Goat-herds trudge a-long, O'er the mountains bleak and
for.
sim.
brown, Mer-ri-ly troll the song, Till we reach the distant town.