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THOMAS AND SALLY;

OR THE

Sailor's Return:

A DRAMATIC PASTORAL.

As it is performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL in DRURY LANE and COVENT GARDEN.

Composed by

D.^R A R N E,

FOR THE

VOICE, HARPSICORD, AND VIOLIN.

LONDON:

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OVERTURE.

Presto.

Octaves.

Largo.

SCOTCH
GAVOTTE.

Affettuoso.

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melodic line with various note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 above or below notes. The tempo/mood is marked *Affettuoso.*

The second system continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff features a melodic line with some dynamics like *f* and *hr* (hairpins). The lower staff provides accompaniment with chords and fingerings. The notation includes various note values and rests.

The third system continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff features a melodic line with some dynamics like *f* and *hr* (hairpins). The lower staff provides accompaniment with chords and fingerings. The notation includes various note values and rests.

The fourth system continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff features a melodic line with some dynamics like *f* and *hr* (hairpins). The lower staff provides accompaniment with chords and fingerings. The notation includes various note values and rests.

The fifth system continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff features a melodic line with some dynamics like *f* and *hr* (hairpins). The lower staff provides accompaniment with chords and fingerings. The notation includes various note values and rests.

The sixth system continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff features a melodic line with some dynamics like *f* and *hr* (hairpins). The lower staff provides accompaniment with chords and fingerings. The notation includes various note values and rests.

Horns and Clarinets

SQUIRE.

With Spirit

Tutti.

The Echoing Horn calls the

Sportsmen a-broad to Hors my brave Boys and a-way The Morning is up and the cry of the Houns up-braids our too tedious de-lay

What Pleasure we feel in pur-suing the Fox o'er Hill and o'er Valley he flies Then follow well soon o-ver take him Huz-za the Traitor is

CHORUS.

Then follow we'll soon o-ver take him Huz-za the
 feiz'd on and dies. he dies - - - - - the Traitor is feiz'd on and dies Then follow we'll soon o-ver take him Huz-za the

2.

Triumphant returning at Night with the spoil
 Like Bacchanals shouting and Gay
 How sweet with a Bottle and Lafs to refresh
 And lose the Fatigues of the Day
 With sport Love and Wine fickle Fortune desye

Dull Wildom all Happiness fors
 Since Life is no more than a Passage at best
 Let's stee the way over with Flour's
 With Flour's
 Let's stee &c.

Traitor is feiz'd on and dies.
 Traitor is feiz'd on and dies

RECIT.

SALLY.

In vain I strive my Sor-rows to amufe Stub-born, they are and all re-lief re-fufe what Med'ine shall I

fiv to or what Art is there no cure for a distemper'd Heart

AIR.

SALLY.

Lento.

My former Time how brisk and Gay so blith was I as blith as blith could be But

now now I'm fad Ah well a-day for my true Love is gone to Sea For my true Love is gone is gone to Sea

2.
The Lads pursue I strive to shun
Their wedding Arts are lost on me
For I to Death shall Love but one
And He Alas is gone to Sea

3.
As droop the Flowers till Light return
As morn the Dove its absent She
So will I droop so will I mourn
Till my true Love returns from Sea

RECIT.

DORCAS.

What will you ne-ver quit this id-le Trade still still in Tears Go you're a foolish Maid in time have

Prudence your own Int'rest see Youth lasts not al-ways be ad-vi'd by me

AIR. *Moderato.* **DORCAS.** That May day

of Life is for Pleasure For Singing and dancing and show Then why will you waste such a Treasure in fighting and crying Heigh ho Heigh

ho in fighting and crying Heigh ho Let's co-py the Bird in the Meadows By hers tune your Pipe when 'tis low Fly

round and Co-quet it as She does and ne-ver fit crying Heigh ho Heigh ho and ne-ver fit crying Heigh ho

Tho' when in the Arms of a Lover
 It sometimes may happen I know
 That e'er all our toying is over
 We cannot help crying Heigh ho!

2.
 ||
 (71)

In Age ev'ry one a new part takes
 I find to my Sorrow 'tis so
 When old you may cry till your Heart aches
 But no one will mind you Heigh ho!

SALLY. DORCAS.

RECIT.

Leave me Go to I came to make you glad, Ad-fooks what's here this fol-ly makes me Mad you're grieving

2 6b 66 6 4 66

SALLY.

and for whom ('tis pretty sport) for one that gets a Wife at ev'ry Port Dor-cas for shame how can you be so base or af-ter

4 2 b6 6 4 2

DORCAS.

this look Tho-mas in the Face His Ship's ex - - pected ' tell not me; the Squire, as Tom is yours, you are his Heart's de - -

b6 b6 b6

fire. then why so peevish and so froward still, He'd make your Fortune, Let him have his Will.

6 4 2 6 3 4 5 b

SALLY.

AIR.

Were I as poor as Wretch can be as great as a - - ny Monarch He

Presto. 6 4 7 7 Octaves. 4 4 5 4 6 6

Ere on such Terms Id mount his Throne Id work my Fin-gers to the Bone Ere on such Terms Id

Octaves. 6 6 6 6 6 6 5 4 # f p 6 4 5

mount his Throne I'd work my Fin-gers to the Bone

f *mo* *Octaves.*

SALLY.

AIR.

f *mo*

p *p*

Grant me ye Pow'rs I ask not I ask not wealth Grant me but Innocence but Innocence and Health Grant me but

p *f* *mo*

Innocence but Innocence and Health - - but In-no-cence and Health Ah what is

f *mo*

Grandeur what is Grandeur link'd to Vice 'Tis on-ly Vir-tue gives it Price 'tis on-ly Vir-tue- gives it Price **Volti.**

p *f* (71)

Ah what is Grandeur what is Grandeur link'd to Vice tis only Virtue gives it Price tis only Virtue gives it Price tis on-ly Vir-tue,gives it.

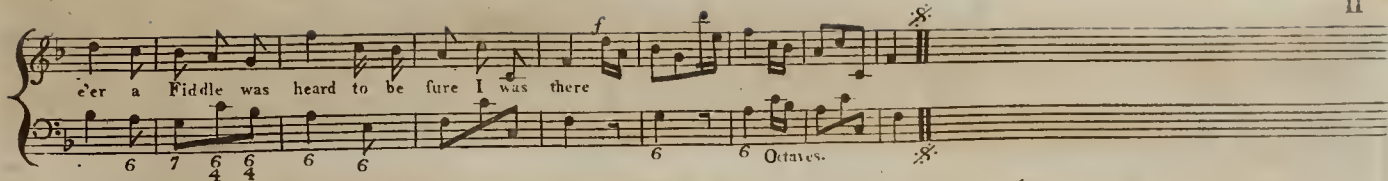
Price Well go your ways I can-not chuse but Smile Would I were young again Alas the while! But what are wishes

wishes will not do one can-not eat ones Cake and have it too

AIR. *With Spirit.*

 With Spirit. When I was a young one what Girl was like me So wanton fo airy and briik as a Bee I tatt'l'd I rambi'd I laugh'd and where

When I was a young one what Girl was like me So wanton fo airy and briik as a Bee I tatt'l'd I rambi'd I laugh'd and where



2.
To all that came near I had something to say
'Twas this Sir and that Sir but scarce ever nay
And Sundays drest out in my Silks and my Lace
I warrant I stood by the best in the Place.

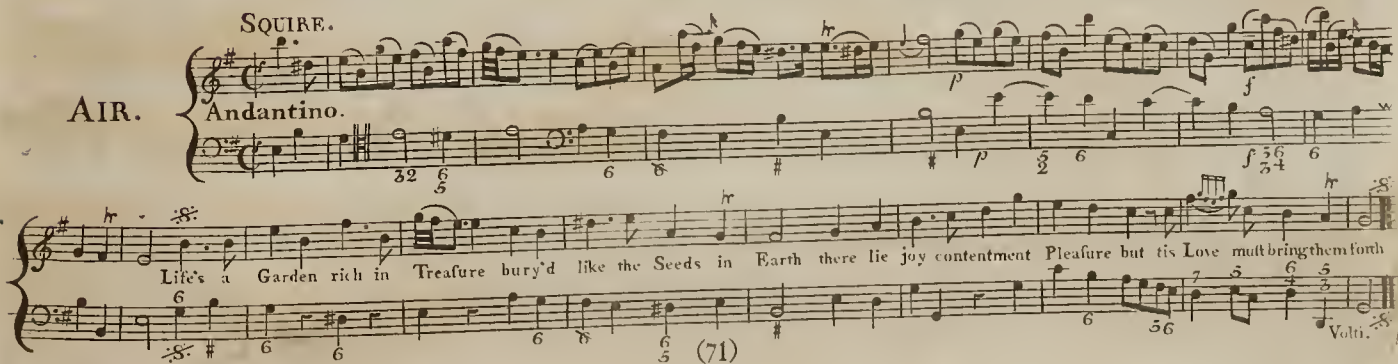
3.
At twenty I got me a Husband poor Man:
Well rest him, we all are as good as we can
Yet he was so peevish he'd quarrel for straws
And jealous tho' truly I gave him some cause.

6.
Grown old yet I hate to be fitting Mam Chance,
I still love a Tune tho' unable to dance;
And Books of Devotion laid by on the Shelf,
I teach that to others - I once did my self. *cet*

4.
He snub'd me, and huff'd me, but let me alone,
Egad I've a Tongue and I paid him, his own
Ye Wives take the hint and when Spouse is untow'rd,
Stand firm to our Charter and have the last Word.

5.
But now I'm quite alter'd the more to my woe,
I'm not what I was forty summers ago;
This Time's a fore Foe there's no shuning his Dart,
However I keep up a pretty good heart.

AIR.
SQUIRE.
Andantino.



That warm Sun its aid de - ny - ing we no hap - - - py - nefs can taste But in cold ob - struction lving Life is all one barren

waite Life is all - - one barren waite

"= as with the Symphony"

RECIT.

SALLY. SQUIRE.

Ah whither have my heedless steps betray'd Where would you fly of whom are you a fraid! Here's neither

SALLY. SQUIER.

Specter Ghoſt nor Goblin nigh nor any one but Cupid you and I Un-lucky Sdeath She ſets me all on Fire be-witching Girl I

SALLY.

languish with deſire but where fore do you ſhrink and trembling ſtand to coy to lilly Pray Sir looſe my Hand

AIR.

SQUIRE.

Andante.

When late I wander'd o'er the Plain From Nymph to Nymph I ſtrive in

vain my wild deſires to rally to rally my wild deſires to rally But now they're of them ſelves come home and ſtrange no longer

wish to, roam they centre all in Sal-ly in Sal-ly they cen-tre all in Sally

2.
Yet She unkind one damps my joy
And cries I court but to destroy
Can Love with Ruin tally;
By those dear Lips those Eyes I swear
I would all Deaths all Torments bear
Rather than injure Sally.

3.
Come then oh come thou sweeter far,
Than Violets and Roses are,
Or Lillies of the Valley;
O follow Love and quite your fear
He'll guide you to these Arms my dear
And make me blest in Sally.

RECIT.

SALLY.

Sir you demean your Self and to be free some La-dy you shoud' chufe of fit de - gree I am too low too

SQUIRES.

vul-gar. Ra-ther say There's some more favour'd Ri-val in the way some hap-py Sweet-heart in your thoughts takes place For

SALLY.

him you kees your Favours that's the Cafe Well if it be tis neither shame nor Sin an honest Lat he is of honest

kin No higher than my Equal I pretend you have your Answer Sir and there's an End

DUET.

Moderato.

SQUIRE.
Come come my dear Girl I must not bedeniid

Fine Cloaths you shall flash in and ran it and ran it a-way I'll give you this Purse too and hark hark you beside we'll kiss we'll kiss and we'll toy all the

SALLY.
long Summers Day Of kitting and toying you soon soon would be fir'd shou'd poor haples Sally con-fent con-fent to be naught Besides Sir be-

SQUIRE.
- live me I scorn scorn to be hir'd the Heart the Heart's not worth gaining wich is to be bought Fear not my sweet Sally the Worlds bu:-

- fy Tongue Soon soon above Scandal my Girl my Girl shall be put then laugh as you roll as you roll in your Chariot a long at Draggletail

SALLY.
Draggle tail Chatti-ty walking a foot It on-ly the fear of the World made me shy my Coynefs and Modetty were but ill were but ill shown

their Pardon twe-ea-ly with Money with Money to buy But how how tell me how I cou'd Purchase my own

SALLY.
I'll not be a Whore

SQUIRE.
Leave Morals to grey-beards those Lips were de-sign'd for better em-ployment

O fie Child Love bids you be rich and be

But Virtue com-mands me be honest and poor no no no no - - -

kind Be rich and be kind O fie Child Love bids you be rich and be

But Virtue com-mands me be honest and poor Virtue com-mands me be honest and

kind rich and kind O fie Child Love bids you be rich and be kind

poor But Virtue commands me be honest and poor

Love bids you be rich and be kind

6 f 6 f (71) End of the First Part.

Part the II.

SYMPHONY.

Largo.

RECIT.

THOMAS.

Avatt my Boys a-vatt all Hands a shore Mefs mates what Cheer old England hey once more Im thinking how the Wenches will rejoice

out with your Presents Boys and take your choice Ive an old Sweet heart but look there's the Town weigh Anchor tack about and lets hear down.

AIR.

Moderato.

From Ploughing the Ocean and threshing

Mounfieur in old England were landed-a-gain Your Hands my brave Comrades Ho la Boys what Cheer for a Sailor that's just come a Shore what

Cheer for a Sailor that's just come a Shore Those hectoring Blades thought to feare us no doubt and to cout us and flachus Mor-bleu But

hold, there a-vast they were plaguily out we have slic'd'em and pepper'd'em too we've slic'd we have slic'd'em and pepper'd'em too we've slic'd we have slic'd'em and pepper'd'em too

2.
 Then Courage my Hearts your own consequence know
 Yon Invaders shall soon do us Right
 The Lyon may rouse when he hears the Cock crow
 But ear never be put in a Fright
 No no - But can never &c.
 You've only to thun your nonsensical jars
 Your damn'd Party and idle contett
 And let all your trifle be like us honest Tars
 Who shall fight for his Country the best
 The best - Who shall fight &c.

3.
 Now long live the King may he prosperous reign
 Of no Faction no Power afraid
 May Britan's proud Flag still exert o'er the Main
 At all points of the Compass display'd
 Display'd - At all points &c.
 No Quick-sands endanger no Rocks over whelm
 Steady steady and safe may the sail
 No ignorant Pilot e'er sit at ther Helm
 Or her Anchor of Liberty fail
 No no - Or her Anchor &c.

SQUIRE.

In vain I've ev'ry wi-ly Art ef-fay'd Nor Promises can tempt nor Vows per-suade No prospect of Success is left me

DORCAS.

now How shall I gain her Why I'll tell You how Lay wheedling Vows and Promises a - side And with a bold at-tack beat down her

Pride For oft when re-gu-lar ap-proaches fail Be-fiegers Storm a place And fo pre-vail

DORCAS. *hr*

Moderato.

All ye who wou'd wish to suc-ceed with a

Lafs Learn how the af-fair's to be done- For if You stand fool-ing and thy like an Afs You'll loofe her loofe her

Octaves.

You'll loofe her as fure as a Gun

2.

With whining and fighting and Vows and all that
As far as you please you may run
She'll hear You and jeer You and give You a Pat
But jilt You jilt You
She'll jilt You as fure as a Gun.

3.

To worship and call her bright Goddeffs is fine
But mark You the Consequence, Mum;
The Buggage will think herself really divine
And scorn You-scorn You
She'll scorn You as fure as a Gun.

4.

Then be with a Maiden bold frolic and stout
And no Opportunity stunn
She'll tell You She hates You and swear She'll cry out
But Mum - mum
But mum - She's as fure as a Gun.

SQUIRE.

Exit D.

This Way She comes a Milking Hence be gone . Oh Love af - fit me You that drive me on The

Time the Place both fa - vour my de - sign Now if She's coy I'll force her to be mine But leaft some . o - ther

Course she. flee her Flight 'Twere bett a while con - ceal me from her Sight.

Enter

SALLY.

How cru - el Those who with ungen'rous Aim Strive to fe - duce and

bring young Maids to Shame That bru - tish Squire But where - fore should I fear

ne'er can turn false Hearted to my Dear No. When he came his last Farewell to take He bid me wear this Token for his

Sake He shall not prove me fickle and unkind Or fay that out of Sight was out of Mind.

SALLY.

Larghetto.

Auspicious Spirit's guard my Love In Time of Danger near him hide With out spread Wings a-round him

move And turn each ran - dom Ball a - fide And You his Foes tho' Hearts of Steel Oh may You then with me ac - cord A Sympa -

- the-tic Passion feel Be-hold his Face And drop the Sword' Be-hold his Face And drop the Sword.

- the-tic Passion feel Be-hold his Face And drop the Sword' Be-hold his Face And drop the Sword.

2.
 Ye Winds your blut'ring fury leave
 Like Airs that o'er the Garden Sweep
 Breath soft in Sighs and gently heave
 The calm smooth Bosom of the Deep

Till Halcyon Peace return'd once more
 From Blasts secure and hostile Harms
 My Sailor views his Native Shore
 And harbours safe in these fond Arms
 And harbours &c.

SQUIRE.

SQUIRE and SALLY.

A DIALOGUE.

Well met pretty Maid Nay don't be a-fraid I mean you no Mischief I Vow I Vow I mean you no Mischief I

Vow. Pshaw what is't you ail, Come give me your Pail, and I'll car-ry it up to your Cow

2.
 SALLY. Pray let it alone
 I've Hands of my own
 Nor need yours to help me forbear
 Forbear
 Nor need yours to help me forbear
 How can you persist
 I won't Sir be Kist
 Nor teaz'd thus go trifle else where.

3.
 SQUIRE. In yon lonely Grove
 I saw an Alcove
 All round the sweet Violet Springs
 Springs
 All round the sweet Violet Springs
 And there was a Thru'th
 Hard by in a Bush
 'Twould charm you to hear how he Gings.

4.
 SALLY. But hark prithee hark
 Look yonder's a Lark
 It warbles and pleases me so
 It warbles
 Warbles and pleases me so
 To hear the soft Tale
 Of the sweet Nightingale
 I would not be tempted to go.

3.
 SQUIRE. Then here we'll sit down
 Come come never frown
 No longer my Bliss I'll retard
 Retard
 No longer my Bliss I'll retard
 Kind Venus shall spread
 Her Veil over head
 And the little Rogue Cupid keep guard.

THOMAS.
SQUIRE. What this I see May I believe my Eyes A Pirate jult a - bout to board my Prize 'Twas well I this Way
THOMAS.
SALLY.

SALLY. SQUIRE.
chant'd my Course to Steer - Sal, what's the Matter Thomas 'Sdeath who's here Fellow be gone or Learn your Phraße to

THOMAS.
mend Do you Sheer off or 'Sblood I'll make you Friend - Let go the Wench I claim her for my Share And

now Lay Hands up on her if you dare

THOMAS. SQUIRE.
SQUIRE. Dare Saucy Rascal this In trußion you shall an - wer to your Coßt Bully'd Scanda - liz'd Con - fu - sion All my
THOMAS.
SALLY. *And^{te} Poco Forte* *Octaves.*

THOMAS.
Schemes and Wishes Croßt All my Schemes and Wishes Croßt Bully'd Scanda - liz'd Con - fu - sion All my Schemes and Wishes Croßt Hark you

(72)

Matter keep your Dittance 'Sblood take Notice what I say There's the Channel no Re-fittance Tack a-bout and bear a-way Tack a-

6 Octaves. *fmo* 6 6 6 6 5

- bout and bear a-way There's the Channel no Re-fittance Tack a-bout and bear a - - way

9 6 5 5 *f* 6 *fmo* 6 4 5

SALLY.

Would you wrest our Freedom from us Now my Heart has lo'tt its fear Now my Heart has lo'tt his Fear Oh my

6 *p* 6 4 6 Octaves. Poco For. *p* 6

best, my deareit Thomas Oh my best my deareit Thomas Sure some Angel sent you here - some An - - gel sent you here.

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 7 6 5 2 *fmo* 6 5

SQUIRE.

Since her paltry Inclination Stoops to such a Thing as You Stoops to such a Thing as You Thus I make a Recantation Thus I make a Recan-

6 *p* 6 7 6 Octaves. 6 6 6 6 6

- - tation Foolish low-liv'd Wench a - dieu Foolish low-liv'd Wench a - dieu

6 6 6 *f* Octaves. *fmo* 6 5 4 5

SALLY.

Oh well - come well - come How shall I im - part Thy Joy this hap - py Meeting gives my Heart

THOMAS.

Now Tom in Safety stay at Home with Me And ne - ver trust a - gain that treach'rous Sea Ex - cuse me Sal While

mighty George has Foes With Heart with Hand their Malice I'll op - pose But hang this Talk - ing my Desires are keen You

see yon Steeple And know what I mean

And^{te}

Let Fops pre - tend in Flames to melt and plead the Pains they ne - ver felt We Sailors Scorn their

SALLY.

Servile Arts For with our Hands - - we give our Hearts Let pru - dith La - dies Still de - ny Look cold and

THOM:

give their Hearts the Lye I own the Paf - sion in my Breat And long to make - - - my Lo - ver blest For

this the Sai - lor on the Mast en - dures the cold and cut - ting Blaft All drip - ing wet wears out the Night And

SALLY.

braves the Fu - - ry of the Fight For this the Mai - den Pines and dies with throbing Heart and Streaming Eyes Till sweet Re -

- - verfe of Joy She proves And claps the faith - - ful Lad the Loves Till sweet Re - verfe of Joy She proves And claps the faith - - ful

Lad the Loves. *f* Directly to the Duet. **Volti.**

SALLY.

THOMAS.

DUET.

Ye Bri-tish Youths be Brave You'll find The Bri-tish Virgins will be kind

Ye Bri-tish Youths be Brave You'll find The Bri-tish Virgins will be kind Pro- tect their Beauty from Al-

6 87 6 6 6 65 6 6 6 65 6 7 # 4/2

And They'll re- - pay - - you with their Charms

Ye Bri-tish Youths be brave You'll

Ye Bri-tish Youths be brave You'll

6 6 4 5 # 6 4 5 5 6 6 87 6 6

find The Bri-tish Vir-gins will be kind Pro- tect their beauty from Al- arms and Theyll re-pay - - you with their

find The Bri-tish Vir-gins will be kind Pro- tect their beauty from Al- arms and - - Theyll re-pay - - you with their

6 87 4 6 7 7 6 7 5 6 4 5

Charms

Charms

6 5 6 4 5

DIALOGUE

Short and pointed

Prithce

Dorcas for - bear

DORCAS.

Dear Squire but hear Nor make 'bout a - Girl such a Pother such a Pother nor make 'bout a Girl such a

f But jist in the Nick To be play such a Trick Say what shall I do How Pthaw

Pother Get an o - ther Get an o - ther That

f Get an o - ther but where shall I find one so Fair

that you must do Get an o - ther In the next tho' with this you mil -

What
 - - carri'd You mis-carri'd in the next tho with this you mis-carri'd Leave your Ri-val to grieve whom no Change can re-lieve

6 4 5 f 6 6 6 4

Change can he with for True True that Change may he with'd for He's marri'd. *fmo*
 He's marri'd He's marri'd That Change may be with'd for He's marri'd.

6 6 6 4 6 6 6 6 4 5 6

DANCE.

Larghetto.

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

Siciliano.

Largo.

6 5 5 7 4 6 4 # 2 6 4 5

(72)

Giga.

Allegro.

FIGURE DANCE.

Andantino.

COUNTRY DANCE.

Con Spirito.

Sung by M^{rs} CIBBER. in the way to Keep him.

Ye fair marri'd Dames who so of-ten de-lore that a Lover once blest is a Lover no more no more no more is a
 Lover no more At-tend to my Council nor blush to be taught that Prudence must cherish what Beauty has
 caught At-tend to my Council nor blush to be taught that Prudence must cherish what Beauty has caught.

2.

Uke the Man that you Wed like your fav'rite Guittar
 Tho' Music in both they are both apt to Jar
 How tuneful and Soft from a delicate Touch
 Not handled too roughly nor playd on too much.

3.

The Linnet and Sparrow will feed from your hand
 Grow fond by your Kindness an come at Command
 Exert with your Husband the same happy Skill
 For Hearts like your Birds may be tam'd to your will.

4.

Be gay and good humour'd complying and kind
 Turn the chief of your Care from your face to your mind
 'Tis there that the Wife may her Conquest improve
 And Hymen will rivet the Fetters of Love.

FINIS.





