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21



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W A T E R M A N

a
Comic Opera

of two ACTS

As performed with Universal applause
at the THEATRE ROYAL

H A Y M A R K E T

Composed by

C. D I B D I N

L O N D O N

Printed for & Sold by John Johnston near Exeter Change Strand
AND Longman Lukey and C^o. N^o. 26 Cheapside.

Pr. 5.

24 23 1889

The sixteenth annual dramatic performance of the "I" company of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers was given at St. George's Hall on the evening of the 14th inst., under distinguished patronage, the Duke of Westminster, Colonel Howard Vincent, Colonel Lynch, and other officers having allowed their names to be associated with the undertaking. The pieces chosen were *The Waterman* and *The Serf*. It is difficult to understand why, in the absence of a capable pair of vocalists, the fine old crusted "hallad opera" of Dibdin's should have been attempted. Certainly the performance generally was anything but exhilarating, and the efforts of the performers, except in two instances to be noted, were not very satisfactory. Mr E. Mogford, as Tom Tug, did not shine either as a vocalist or as an actor. His non-success was probably due in some measure to the fact that there had not been proper rehearsals, and that his vocal efforts were hampered in no small measure by the eccentricities of the orchestra. Miss Julia Marriott was not a pleasing Wilhelmina, and her singing did not specially commend itself. Mr H. C. Guns was fairly good as Bundle. Miss Pattie Bell was an excellent representative of Mrs Bundle, the peculiarities of the lady being well marked and carefully expressed. Mr C. P. King as Robin was distinctly good. He spoke his lines well, he had a clear idea of his part and communicated it vividly to the audience, and he sang "Cherries and Plums" brightly and with a good voice. The additional verse procured for the singer a well-earned encore. Tom Taylor's play, *The Serf*, is a well constructed, vigorous, and thoroughly interesting piece, full of opportunities for powerful and tender acting, and built round an idea which is capable of stimulating the strongest sympathy between the audience and the actors who interpret it. No wonder is it, then, that this is a "stock" play among amateurs. Seen as on this occasion, it did not fail to arouse all the usually anticipated emotional enthusiasm among the ladies; while the males, who naturally affect a *blasé* and unemotional attitude before their sisters, cousins, aunts, and other female relatives in public, gave vent to their feelings by applauding their friends, the performers. To say this does not necessarily imply that the representation was perfect, but it was intelligent and respectable throughout, despite certain drawbacks. Miss Edith Garthorne as the Comtesse de Mauleon was particularly tender and womanly, and, when she had to display any extra emotion, she contrived to do it quite artistically. It is a pity, however, that this clever young lady's regard for her own reputation as an actress had not suggested to her the advisability of learning her part more carefully. It is a great blot on a performance, however admirable in other respects it may be, when the author's words are not properly spoken. Miss Garthorne simply spoiled some of the dialogue by her carelessness. Tom Taylor's writing in this play is very good, and deserves to be given as it is written. Miss Alice Erskine was a pretty Acoulina; and Miss Pattie Bell, as the Princess Bariatinski, was a fine, stately lady. Mr F. W. Kingdon as the Count Karateff was capital. His hard, incisive manner and cruel tones were in excellent taste, and he acted very intelligently. Some more force might have been expected, but the gentleman apparently is not very strong. Mr Ernest Wright was easy and natural as Prince Vladimir, and he proved an excellent dramatic contrast to his friend the Count. Mr W. P. Hallifax as Ivan had a magnificent chance of distinguishing himself. That he fully availed himself of it cannot be said. He was angular, stiff, and somewhat cold. He seemed as if he allowed Madame La Comtesse to do all the wooing while he simply posed, and posed awkwardly, as the gentleman under difficulties. Mr C. Kempton would have been more acceptable as Khor if he had put more "go" into his acting; his impersonation was not lacking in appreciation of his author, but it was tame. Mr E. Mogford as Steinbart was duly cruel and harsh; but Mr T. W. Barber was by no means a good Mistigris. The minor characters were capably played. Mr J. S. King's orchestra would be improved by further rehearsals.

OVERTURE .

to the

WATERMAN.

for the

Harpichord.

compos'd by.

C. DIBDIN.

LONDON, Printed & sold by JOHN JOHNSTON. No 97. Drury lane.

Of whom may be had (for the Harpichord) the Overtures to the
JUBILEE . BLACKAMOOR. THE CANDIDATES. DESERTER. MAID Of the OAKS. ELECTION &c.
And the Medley Overtures to the FAIR. QUAQER, and GENTLE SHEPHERD.

OVERTURE.

Con Spirito.

pia *for*

Solo e Pia.

for. *pia. Soli.* *for.*

pia. *cres.*

pno for. *for.* *for. s.* *pia.*

for.

pia. *cres.* *pofor.* *for*

no for *for s.*

Volti Presto.

Flauti Soli e pia. Vio. For Flauti Soli e pia. Vio. For Corni soli e pia.

This system contains the first two staves of the score. The top staff is for Flauti Soli e pia. and the bottom staff is for Vio. For. The music consists of eighth-note patterns.

Vio. pia. for.

This system contains the next two staves. The top staff is for Vio. pia. and the bottom staff is for for. The music continues with eighth-note patterns.

Vio. pia. for.

This system contains the next two staves. The top staff is for Vio. pia. and the bottom staff is for for. The music continues with eighth-note patterns.

Vio. pia. for.

This system contains the next two staves. The top staff is for Vio. pia. and the bottom staff is for for. The music continues with eighth-note patterns.

Rondeau. Allegretto. S Flute Solo S Vio. Pia.

This system contains the final two staves. The top staff is for Rondeau. and the bottom staff is for Allegretto. The music changes to a 2/4 time signature. The top staff ends with a double bar line and a fermata, and the bottom staff ends with a double bar line and a fermata.

For

M. For

Pia

Pia.mo

For

For

Chorus of Gardeners

Allegretto

Labour Ladseer Youth be gone See a pace the day steals on Labour Ladseer Youth be gone See a pace the day steals on Labour Ladseer Youth be gone See a pace the day steals on Labour Ladseer Youth be gone See a pace the day steals on

Labour Ladseer Youth be gone See a pace the day steals on Labour Ladseer Youth be gone See a pace the day steals on Labour Ladseer Youth be gone See a pace the day steals on Labour Ladseer Youth be gone See a pace the day steals on

pace the day steals on Labour is the poor Mans wealth Labour tis that gives him health Labour is the poor Mans wealth Labour tis that gives him health Labour is the poor Mans wealth Labour tis that gives him health Labour is the poor Mans wealth Labour tis that gives him health Labour

pace the day steals on Labour is the poor Mans wealth Labour tis that gives him health Labour is the poor Mans wealth Labour tis that gives him health Labour is the poor Mans wealth Labour tis that gives him health Labour

makes us while we sing Happier than the greatest King Happier than the greatest King Labour Ladseer Youth be gone See a pace the day steals on Labour Ladseer Youth be gone See a pace the day steals on Labour Ladseer Youth be gone See a pace the day steals on Labour Ladseer Youth be gone See a pace the day steals on

makes us while we sing Happier than the greatest King Happier than the greatest King Labour Ladseer Youth be gone See a pace the day steals on Labour Ladseer Youth be gone See a pace the day steals on Labour Ladseer Youth be gone See a pace the day steals on Labour Ladseer Youth be gone See a pace the day steals on

gone see a pace the day steals on Labour Ladseer Youth be gone See a pace the day steals on See a pace the Day steals on See a pace the Day steals on See a pace the Day steals on See a pace the Day steals on

gone see a pace the day steals on Labour Ladseer Youth be gone See a pace the day steals on See a pace the Day steals on See a pace the Day steals on See a pace the Day steals on See a pace the Day steals on

The musical score consists of four systems, each with three staves. The top two staves of each system are for vocal parts, and the bottom staff is for the basso continuo, featuring figured bass notation. The music is in 6/8 time and includes various accidentals and ornaments. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

Mrs. Bundle.

Mrs. Thompson.

Allegro

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef with dynamic markings f. P., f., and P.

My Counfel take or else I'll make the Houfe too hot to hold you, My

Counfel take or else I'll make the Houfe too hot to hold you, Be ru'd I pray, I'd fomething fay, did I eer rout or fcold you. Be ru'd I pray, I'd

fomething fay, did I eer rout or fcold you, but fpite to wreak on one fo weak, who never raves or flies out, on me who am like any Lamb, Oh!

I could tear your Eyes out. but fpite to wreak on one fo weak, who never raves or flies out, On me who am like any Lamb, Oh! I could tear your

Eyes out. Oh! I could tear your Eyes out. Oh! I could tear your Eyes out. My Counfel take or elfe I'll make this

6
4

Houfe too hot to hold you; My Counfel take or elfe I'll make this Houfe too hot to hold you; be ru'd I pray, I'd fomething fay, did I eer rout or

7
6
4
7
4

fold you: be ru'd I pray, I'd fomething fay did I eer rout or fold you: But spite to wreak on one fo weak, who never raves nor flies out, on

6
4
5
3
6
4
5
3

me who am like any Lamb, Oh! I could tear your Eyes out. But spite to wreak on one fo weak, who never raves nor flies out, on me who am like

6
4
5
3

any Lamb, Oh! I could tear your Eyes out. Oh! I could tear your Eyes out. Oh! I could tear your Eyes out.

6
4

Bundle.

Mr. Wilson.

I just as eagerly as thee, thought when I got a Wife, My joy of course so great would be, it

needs must last for life; My joy of course so great would be, it

needs must last for life; My joy of course so great would be, it needs must last for life;

When she agreed to tie the Knot, I

thought of nothing else, I thought of nothing else, nor did I grudge,

the King his lot, nor did I grudge the King his lot, when ding dong went the Bells. when

ding dong went the Bells. when ding dong went the Bells. nor did I grudge the King his lot, when

ding dong went the Bells. when ding dong went the Bells.

ding dong went the Bells. when ding dong went the Bells.

(2)
 But ah! our Joys were fleeting soon;
 Words that did sweetly fall,
 Ere we had pass'd the honey-moon,
 To Wormwood turn'd and gall;
 Whatever of Furies they invent,
 Broke out of flaming Cells,
 You now may see, In her and me,
 We fight, and scold, and both repent,
 That ding dong went the Bells.

Wilhelmina.

Mrs. Jewel.

Indeed to be prudent, and do what I ought,
 I do what I can;
 Yet surely Papa and Mama are in fault;
 To a different Man
 They, each have advis'd me to yield up my Heart;
 Mama praises Robin, who dresses so smart;
 Papa honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan;
 Which, which is the Man.

Be kind then, my Heart, and but point out the Youth,
 I'll do what I can,
 His love to return, and return it with truth;
 Which, which is the Man.
 Be kind to my wishes, and point out my Heart,
 Is it Robin, who smirks, and dresses so smart.
 Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan.
 Which, which is the Man.

Tom.

Mr. Bannister.

7

Allegro Moderato

And did you no hear of a jolly young Waterman,

Who at Black-friars Bridge us'd for to ply; And he feather'd his Oars with such skill and dexterity, Winning each Heart, & delighting each Eye: He

look'd so neat, & row'd so steadily, The Maidens all flock'd in his Boat so readily, And he Eyd the young rogues with so charming an air, He

Eyd the young rogues with so charming an air, That this Waterman neer was in want of a fare.

What fights of fine Folks he oft row'd in his Wherry,
 'Twas cleand out so nice, and so painted with all;
 He was always first Oars when the fine City Ladies,
 In a party to Ranelagh went or Vauxhall.
 And oftentimes wou'd they be giggling and leering,
 But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering,
 For loving, or liking, he little did care,
 For this Waterman neer was in want of a fare.

And yet, but to see how strangely things happen;
 As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
 He was ply'd by a Damsel so lovely and charming,
 That she smild and so straitway in love he did fall;
 And wou'd this young Damsel but banish his sorrow,
 He'd wed her to-night before to-morrow:
 And how should this Waterman ever know care,
 When he's Married, and never in want of a fare.

Tom.

Mr. Bannister.

Then farewell my trim-built

Wherry, Oars, and Coat and Badge, farewell; Never more at Chelsea ferry, Shall your Thomas take a

spell. Then farewell my trim-built Wherry, Oars, and Coat and Badge, farewell; Never more at Chelsea

ferry, Shall your Thomas take a spell. Shall your Thomas take a spell

2
 But to hope and peace a stranger,
 In the Battles heat I go;
 Where expos'd to every danger,
 Some friendly Ball shall may me low.

3
 Then may-hap when homeward steering,
 With the news my mefs-mates come;
 Even you, my story heary,
 With a sigh may cry-poor Tom!



Mrs. Bundle.

Mrs. Thompson.

Allegro

Wilhel

-mi-na, you see I'm quite cool, O-bey me, 'tis all for your good; Wilhel-mi-na, you see I'm quite cool O

7 6 4 3

-bey me, 'tis all for your good; Or may I be counted I Fool, If I own you for my flesh and blood. Or may I be

7 6 4 3 6 6 6

counted a Fool, If I own you for my flesh and blood. Wilhel-mi-na, you see I'm quite cool, O-bey me, 'tis all for your

6 6 8 6 6 4 6 6

good; Or may I be counted a Fool, If I own you for my flesh and blood. If I own you for my flesh and blood. Pre-

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

-fer such a lout, Miss, for shame, To Robin so spruce and so trim; Pre-fer such a lout, Miss, for shame, To

6 5 6 5

Robin so spruce and so trim; To Robin so spruce and so trim; To Robin To Robin so spruce and so trim; But your

Father it is that's to blame, And so I shall e'en talk to him. But your Father it is that's to blame, And

so I shall e'en talk to him. Prefer such a lout, Miss, for shame, To me neat in feature and limb; But your Father it is that's to

blame, And so I shall e'en talk to him. Prefer such a lout, Miss, for shame, To one neat in person and

limb. But your Father it is that's to blame, And so I shall e'en talk to him. to him to him - - - And

so I shall e'en talk to him. to him to him - - And so I shall e'en talk to him.

Wilhelmina.

Mrs. Jewel.

Andantino

f. P. f. P. P.

f. P.

Too yielding a Carriage has oft before Marriage, to

Ru - in and Mi - fe - ry pointed the way, Too yielding a Carriage has oft before Marriage, To

f. P. f. P. f. P. P.

Ru - in and Mi - fe - ry pointed the way, You're shund if complying, but your Lover once flying, You're shund if com -

mez:f. P.

-plying, but your Lover once flying, how eager hell follow and beg you to stay how ea - ger hell

f. P. f. P. f. P. P. m^of.

fol - low and beg you to stay, A Coquette neer proclaim me, ye Maids then nor blame me, If I wish to be happy when

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

eer I'm a Wife, A Coquette neer proclaim me ye Maids then nor blame me, If I wish to be hap - py when

4 3

eer I'm a Wife, each Lovers de - ni - al was on - ly a trial, each Lovers de - ni - al was on - ly a

6 6 6 7 6 5 6 6 6 7 6

4 3 4 5 4 3 4 3 4 5 4

trial, which is he that's most likely to Love me for Life. which is he that's most like - ly to

6 5 4 3

Love me for Life...

6

Wilhelmina.

Mrs. Jewel.

Andantino

In vain dear Friends each art you try to neither Lovers suit inclind on outward Charms Ill neer rely but prize the

graces Sy prize the graces of the Mind but prize the graces of the Mind the empty Coxcomb whom you choofe just like the

flower of a dzy Shook by each Wind that folly blows seems born to flutter Sy born to flutter and de-coy seems born to

flutter and de-coy.

2
 Your Choice an honest aspect wears
 To give him pain I oft have griev'd
 But it proceeded from my fears
 Than me much wiser are deceiv'd
 I thank you both then for your love
 Wait for my choice a little while
 And he who shall most worthy prove
 My hand I'll offer with a smile.

Mrs. Bundle.

Mrs. Thompson.

Sy

fua: *mez: for:*

Sy

How can she thus, low minded be. How can she thus, low minded

fua: 6 6 6 6 6 6

Sy

be. A Girl of such merit! What's become of her spirit. A Girl of such merit! What's become of her spirit. A

for: 6 *fua:* *for:* 6 *fua:*

Sy

Girl of such merit! A Girl of such merit! What's become of her spirit. What's become of her spirit. Would the

for: *fua:* *for:* 7/6 *fua:* 6/6 *for:* 7/6 *fua:*

Sy

Baggage take pattern by me, Shéd value the pleasure of no Man! Shéd value the pleasure of

for: fua: for: fua: for: fua: for: for: fua: for: fua: for: for: fua: for: fua:

Sy

no Man! But hold up her Head, hold up her Head, hold up her Head, And in all that she said,

for: 6 fua: 6 6 cres. 6

Sy

Claim the priviledge due to a Woman. the priviledge due to a Woman. But hold up her Head,

6 6 6 6 4 3

Sy

But hold up her Head, But hold up her Head, hold up her Head, And in

for: fua: # for: 6 6

Sy

all that she said, And in all that she said, Claim the priviledge due to a Woman. the priviledge due to a

6 6 mez: for: for: 6 fua: 6 6 4 3

Woman. *Sy* Claim the privilege due to a Woman. *Sy* Claim the privilege due to a Woman. *Sy* Our

mez: for: 6 6 6 4 5 3 6 6 4 5 3

wills ought to be without measure, *Sy* Our wills ought to be without measure, *Sy* And the best thing that you,

pia: 6 5 6 6 5 # 6 6 4 # *pia:* 6 4 7 6

Sy Male creatures can do, *Sy* And the best thing that you, Male creatures can do, And the

for: *pia:* 6 7 # *for:* 6

best thing that you, Male creatures can do, Our wills ought to be without measure, *Sy* And the best thing that you, Male

6 *cres.* 6 6 *mez: for:* 6 6

creatures can do, Is to buckle to our will and pleasure. *Sy* Is to Buckle to our will and pleasure.

6 6

Bundle.

Mr. Wilson.

sy
Allegro

Did but the Law appoint us
for: *fin:* 6

one, Tird Couples to releafe again, What shoals of all degrees woud run, To break their ma-tri-monial
6 6 6 6 6 7 6 6 6 6 6 4 5 3

chain! To break their ma-tri-monial chain! The Wi-dow old, Herself and gold, Who to the weal-ty
mez: for: 6 6 6 4 6 7 *fin:* 6

spendthrift gave; And the rich Churl, Who took a Girl, Poor wretch! with one foot in the Grave. And the rich
6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 7

Churl, Who took a Girl, Poor wretch! with one foot in the Grave. *sy*
6 *mez: for:* 6 *for:*

Prudes, who at Men would never look,
Yet flily tasted Hymen's joy;
And wild Coquets, who Husbands took,
When they could get no other toy:
Millions would try,
The Knot to untye:
Towards the goal of Liberty,
Lord! what a throng,
Would croud along,
And in the midst my wife and me.

Tom.

Mr. Bannister.

Sy

Allegretto

Indeed Miss such Sweethearts as

Sy

I am I fancy you'll meet with but few, To Love you more true I defy 'em, I always am thinking of you, thinking of

Sy Sy Sy Sy

you, thinking of you, I always am thinking of you: There are Maidens wou'd have me in plenty, Nell, Cicely, Priscilla, and

Sy

Sole; But instead of all these were there twenty, I never shou'd think but of you, thinkbut of you, thinkbut of you, I

Sy

never shou'd think but of you.

Falſe hearts all your Money may ſquander,
 And only have pleaſure in view;
 Neer from you a moment I'll wander,
 Unleſs to get Money for you;
 The tide, when 'tis ebbing or flowing,
 Is not to the Moon half ſo true;
 Nor my Oars to their time when I'm rowing,
 As my heart, my fond heart, is to you.

Robin.

Mr. Weston.

The musical score is written for piano in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of five systems of music. The first system is an instrumental introduction marked 'Andantino' with dynamics 'f' and 'p'. The second system is marked 'for.' and continues the instrumental introduction. The third system contains the first line of lyrics: 'Cherries and Plumbs are never never found, But on the Plumb and Cher - - ry Tree; Sy'. The fourth system contains the second line of lyrics: 'Parfnips are long, Turnips are round, And Wil - - el - mi - - nas made for me.' The fifth system is a concluding instrumental passage. The piano part includes various fingering numbers (6, 5, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 3) and dynamic markings ('f', 'p', 'for.').

(2)
 The Scythe to mow the Grass is made,
 Shreds to keep close the straggling Tree;
 The Knife to prune, to dig the Spade,
 So Wilhelmina's made for me.

Mrs. Bundle.

Mrs. Thompson.

Allegro.

To be mo - dish gen-teel and the true thing my dear in fhört to be mon strous well

bred. to be mo. dish genteel and the true thing my dear in fhört to be mon-strous well bred. You must o - gle. and

sim-per. and gig - gle and gig - gle and leer. you must o - - gle - - and sim per and gig - - gle and leer. you must

o - - gle and sim-per. and gig - - gle. and gig - - gle and leer. you must o - gle and sim-per and

giggle and leer and talk the first nonsense that comes in your head the first nonsense that comes in your head.

In grave fus . . ty old fashiond times e'er ease and de .

port ment went hence. in grave fus ty old fashiond times e'er ease and de port ment went hence. to be bold, was the

vi . lest of crimes and de . ceit was a hei nous of . fence. but the fa . shions are now of an . o . ther guefs kind

our modes are by no means the fame. for blef . sd with good eyes we . . pre tend . . to be

Blind for blefsd with good eyes we pre tend to be blind to be blind for

blefsd with good eyes we pre-tend to be blind . . . and with strength to run miles ap-pear lame. for

blefs'd with good eyes we pre-tend . . . to be blind and with strength to run miles appear lame. with

ftrngth to run miles appear lame with ftrngth to run miles ap pear lame .

ftrngth to run miles appear lame with ftrngth to run miles ap pear lame .

Wilhelmina.

Mrs. Jewel.

Sy *for.* *for.*

for. Girls during courtship should at least no Lov-er trust but

Sy doubt him But when they've sworn before the Priest Then find no faults a-bout him But when they've sworn be-fore the Priest then

Sy find - no faults a-bout him Who ven-ture all up-

Sy - on a stake Undone if they - miscarry The risks they run from each mistake Be-hoves them to be wa-ry.

Tom.

Mr. Bannister.

Sy I row'd for the prize to receive from those Eyes a kind look from those

Lips from those Lips a sweet smile I row'd for the prize to receive from those Eyes a kind look from those

Lips from those Lips a sweet smile But left I should lose left I should lose And you for that

fault your poor Tom should refuse My Heart it went pit a pat Sy pit a pat Sy

pit a pat all the while My Heart it went pit a pat Sy pit a pat Sy

pit a pat all the while When we came to the pull how I hand-^{Sy}led I hand-^{Sy}led my

for. 6 6 6 6 6 8

Skull 'Twould have done your Heart good to have seen us there was nev-er a Boats length be-

for. #

-tween us But the Swan once in view My Boat how it flew And I veri-ly believe 'twas all thinking of

6 6 6 6 4 6 #

you But the Swan once in view My Boat how it flew And I verily be-lieve 'twas all thinking of

6 6 6 4 6 #

you I row'd for the prize to receive from those Eyes a kind look from those Lips: from those Lips a Sweet

6 4 6 #

smile I row'd for the prize to receive from those Eyes a kind look from those Lips from those Lips a sweet

smile But left I should lose left I should lose And you for that fault your poor Tom should re-

-fuse My Heart it went pit a pat Sy pit a pat pit a pat all the

while My Heart it went pit a pat Sy pit a pat pit a pat all the

while --- went pit a pat all the while --- went pit a pat all the while.

Finale.

Tom.

Sy

let your Heart my Girl sink down that I am true believe me Or next time that I

Sy

row to town may wind and tide deceive me By this here breeze my Heart at ease now

Sy

Dances at high Wa-ter By this here breeze my Heart at ease now dances at high Wa-ter my

labours o'er I've gain'd the shore And free from fear Am

Sy Sy Sy

fua. for. fua. for. fua.

Sy
 landed here My labours o'er I've gain'd the shore And free from fear am landed here with
 my dear Gardners daugh-ter with my dear Gardners daugh-ter. Sy

2
 Mrs. Bund. I see, my dear, 'tis all in vain,
 Since this you think expedient,
 If of the past you'll not complain,
 Henceforth I'll prove obedient.
 Folks us'd to cry,
 A tartar I
 Had prov'd, and you had caught her;
 But now shall raise,
 Each Voice in praise,
 Thro' all her Life,
 Of the Gardener's Wife!
 As well as of her Daughter.

4
 Wilm^a And now, good Friends, pray take my part,
 I kept them to their tether;
 For I had sworn my hand and heart,
 Should always go together.
 From fops and beaux,
 A Maiden chose,
 An honest Heart that fought her:
 See her appear,
 On tryal here,
 This very night,
 If she was right,
 Applaud the Gardener's Daughter.

3
 Bund. My Child, you've fairly won my Heart,
 You took no Counsel from us;
 But prizing love, and scorning art,
 Prefer'd your honest Thomas:
 'Twas wisely done,
 Shake hands, my son,
 Love's lesson you have taught her;
 And now, my dear,
 Be but sincere,
 I do not fear,
 There'll ne'er appear,
 So good a Wife and Daughter.

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