THE

OVERTURE, SONGS, AIRS, and CHORUSSES,

in the

JUBILEE or SHAKESPEAR's GARLAND

as Performed at Stratford *upon* Avon,

and the Theatre Royal Drury Lane.

To which is added a Cantata called

QUEEN MAB or the FAIRIES JUBILEE.

Composed by

CHARLES DIBDIN.

Pr. 6s.

London Printed & Sold by John Johnston. № 97) Drury-Lane & Longman Lukey & Broderip. № 26 (Cheapside

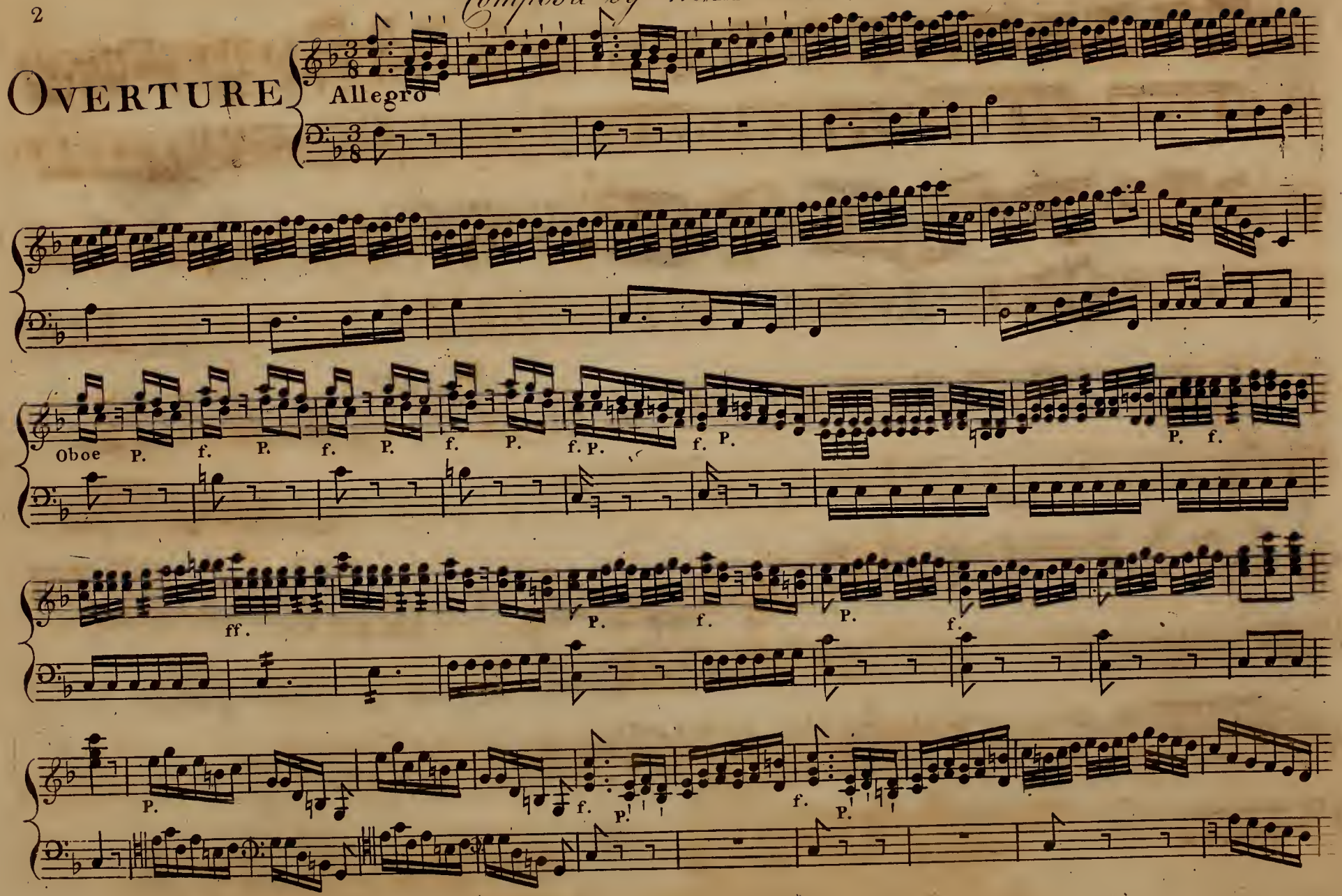
of whom may be had the above adapted for the Guittar & German Flute

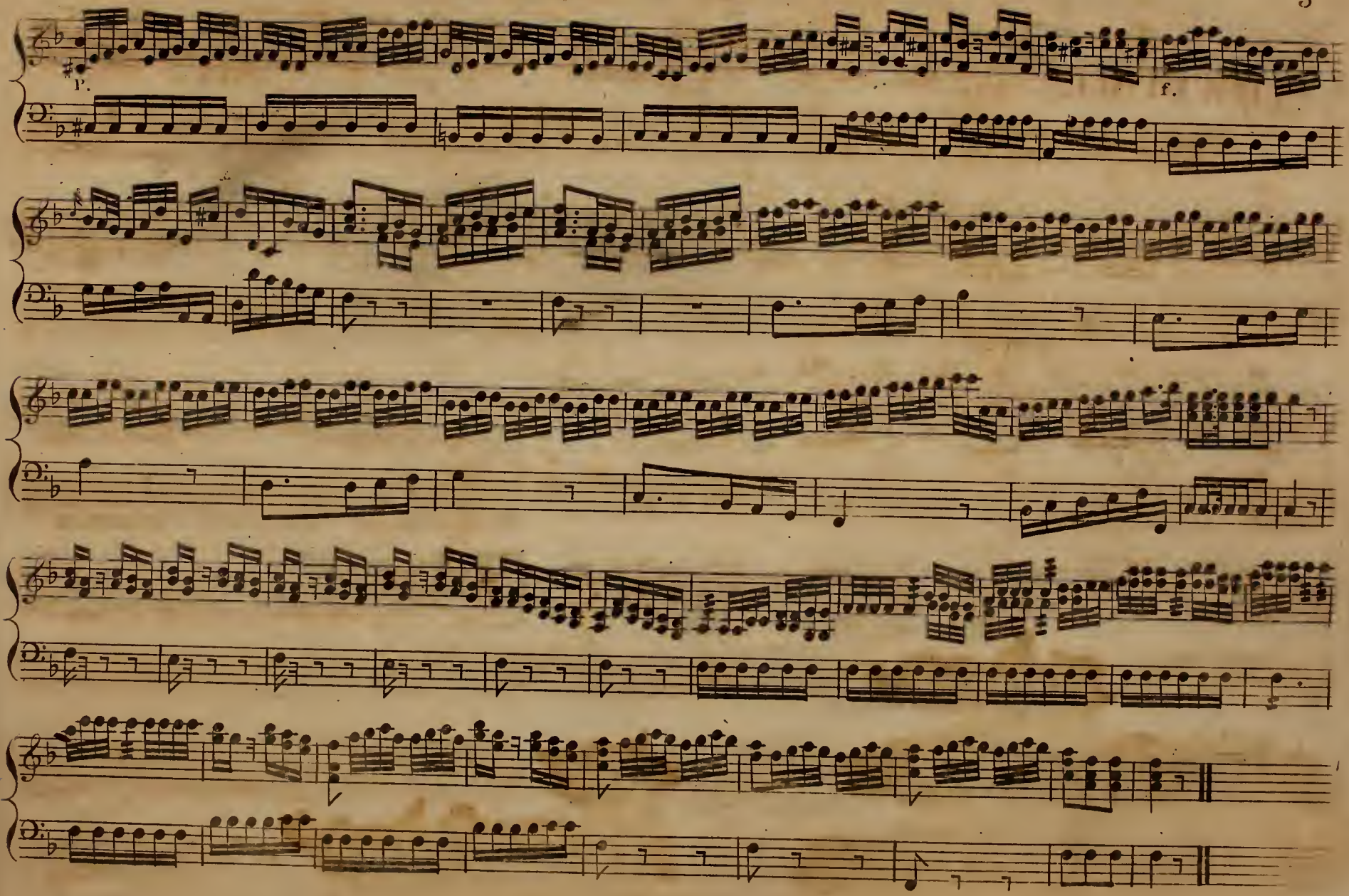
G. [illegible]
12

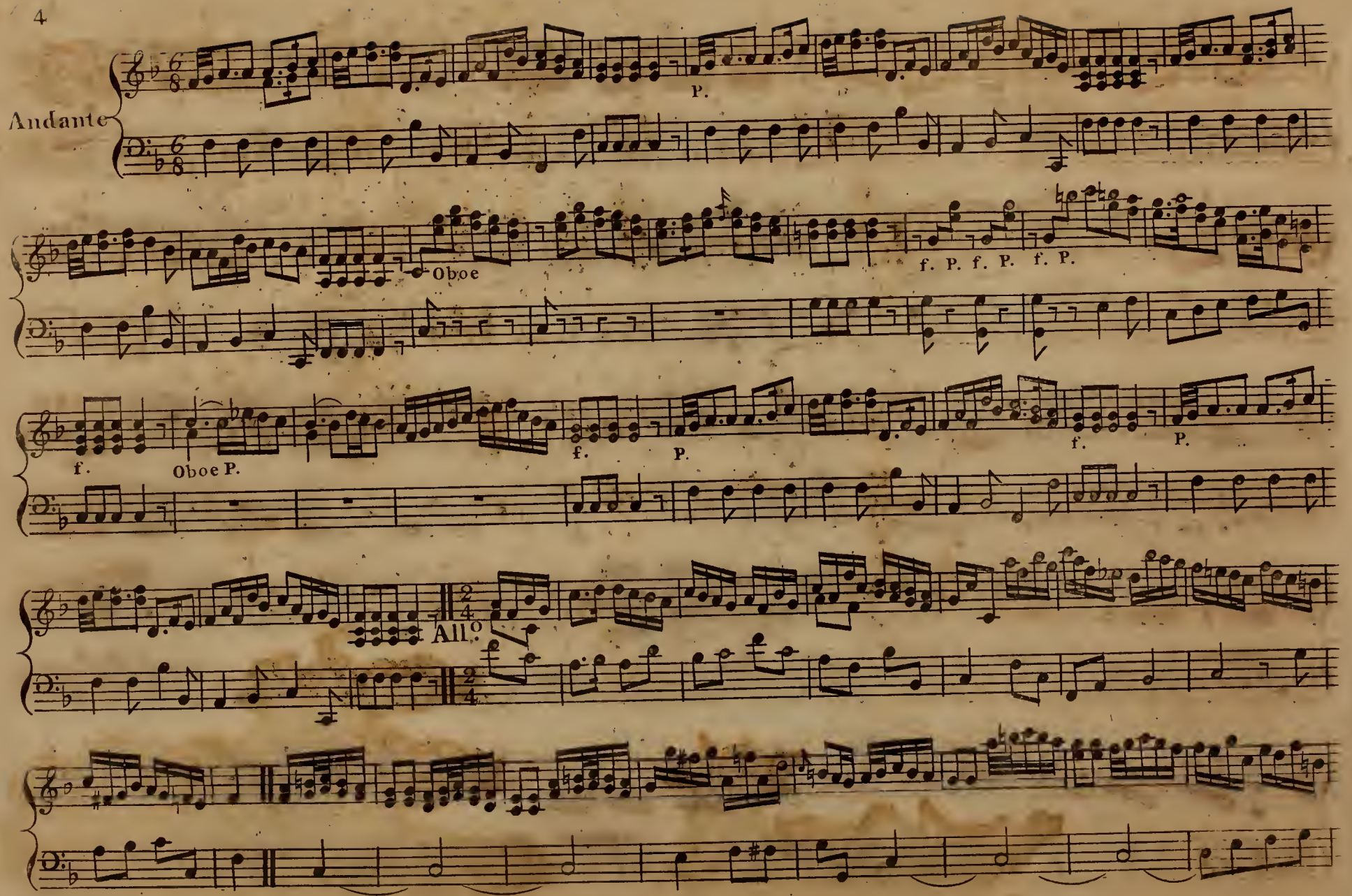
160.119

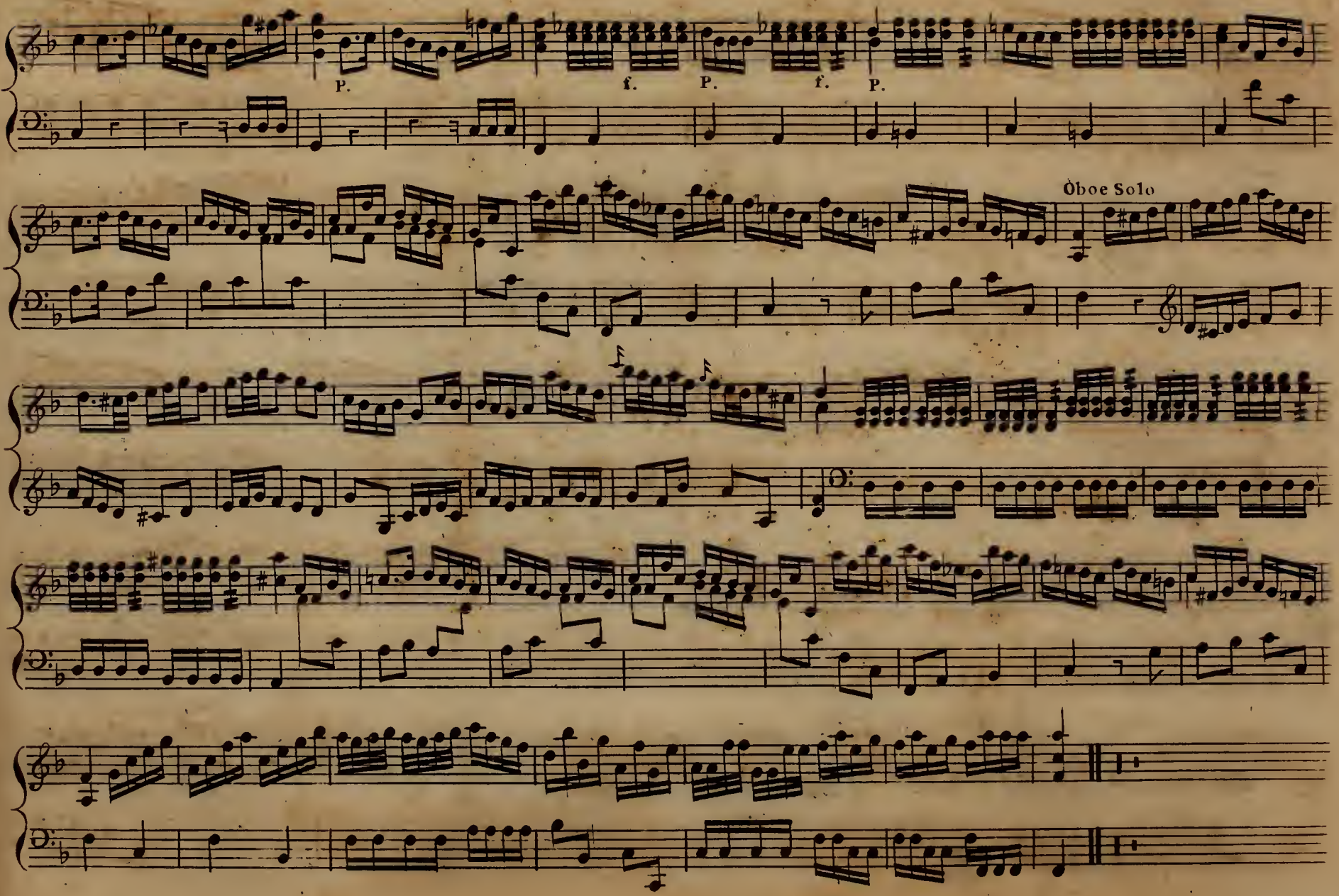
Compos'd by Mr. Dibden

Overture

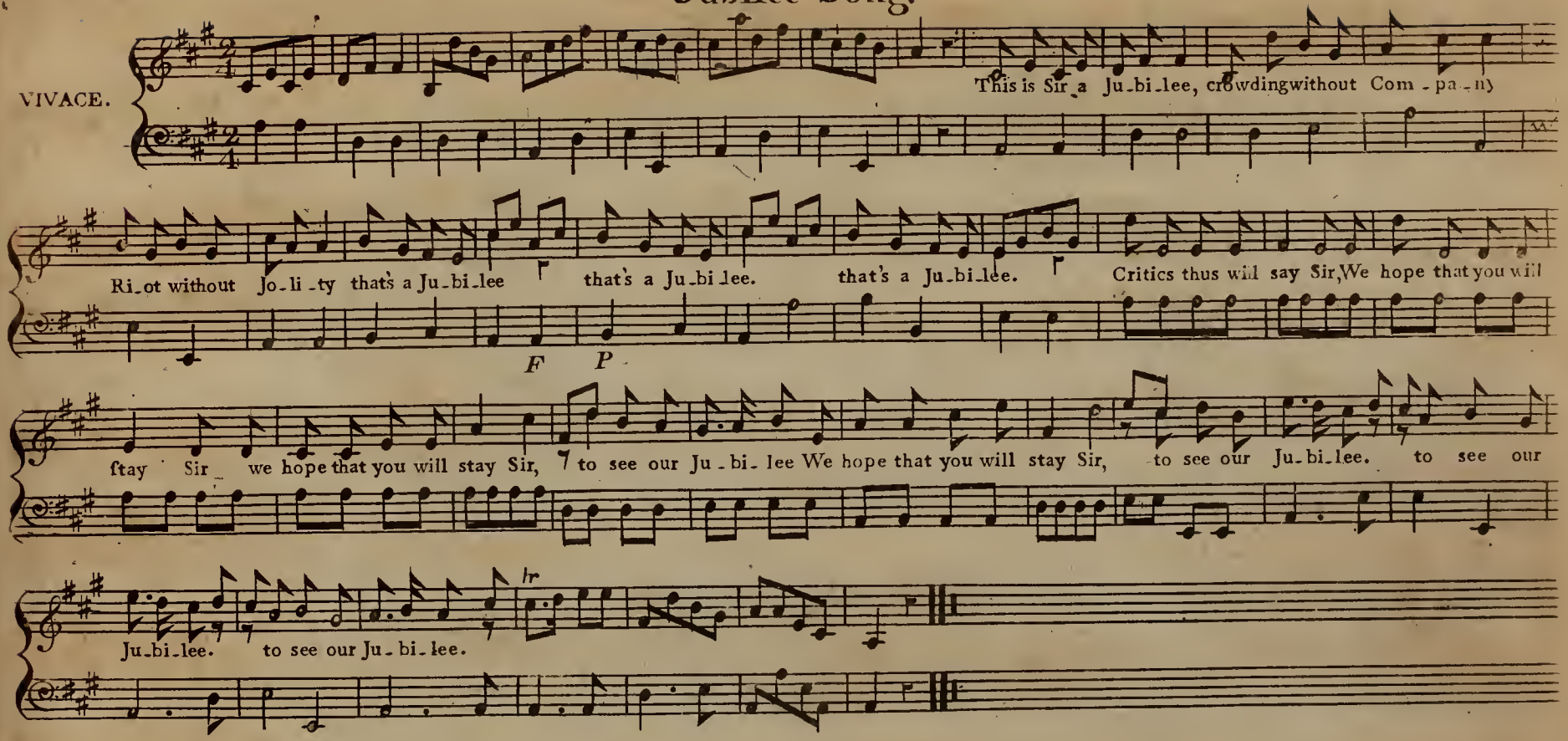



p.
f.


Andante
P.
Oboe
f. P. f. P. f. P.
f.
Oboe P.
f.
P.
f.
P.
All.o


P.
f.
P.
f.
P.
Oboe Solo

Jubilee Song.



2.

On the Road such croſses, Sir,
Cursing Jolts and toſses, Sir,
Posting without Horses, Sir,
This is, Sir, a Jubilee;
Critics thus will say, Sir,
I hope that you will stay, Sir,
To see our Jubilee.

3.

Odes, Sir, without Poetry,
Music without melody,
Singing without Harmony,
This is, Sir, a Jubilee;
Critics thus will say, Sir,
I hope that you will stay, Sir,
To see our Jubilee.

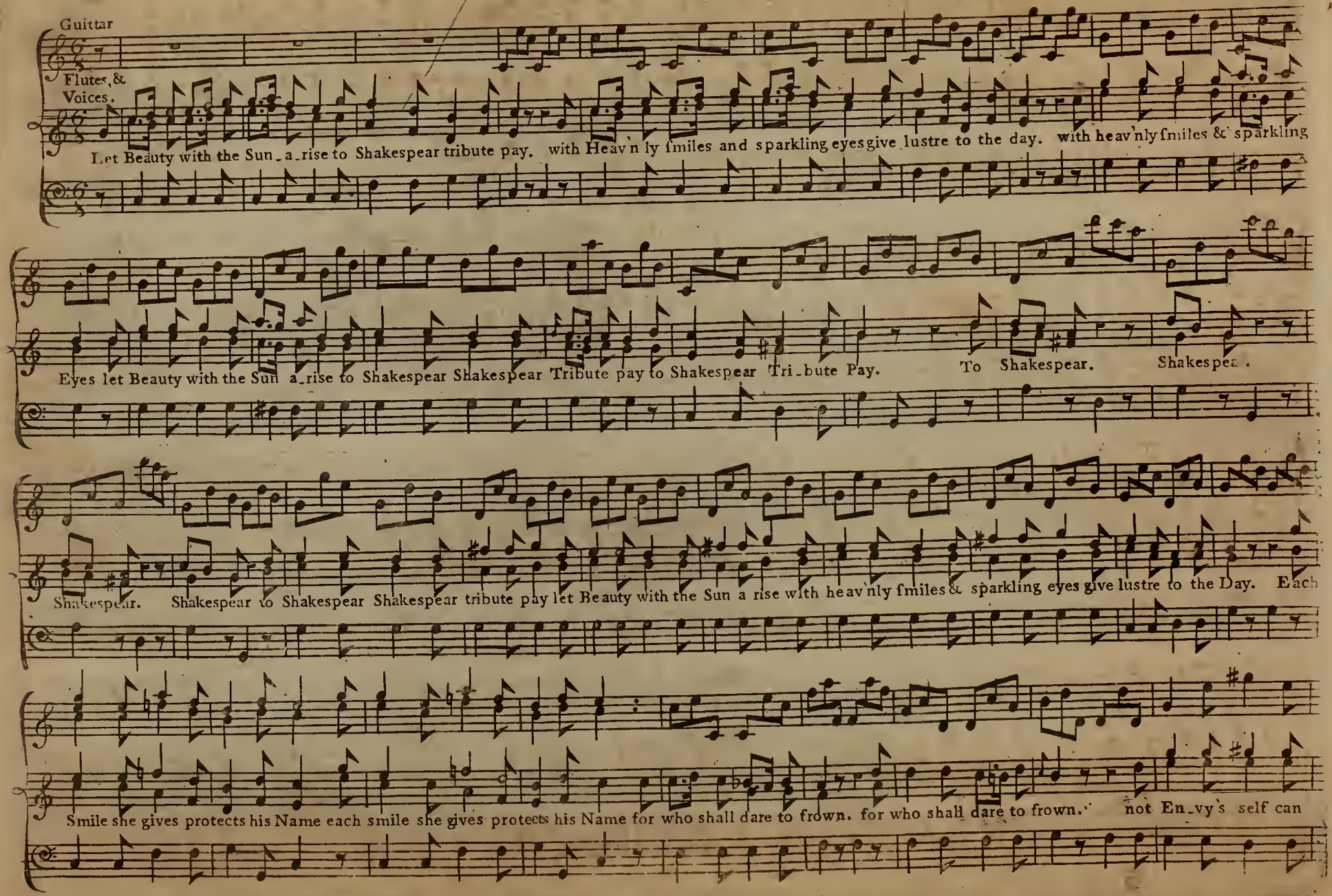
4.

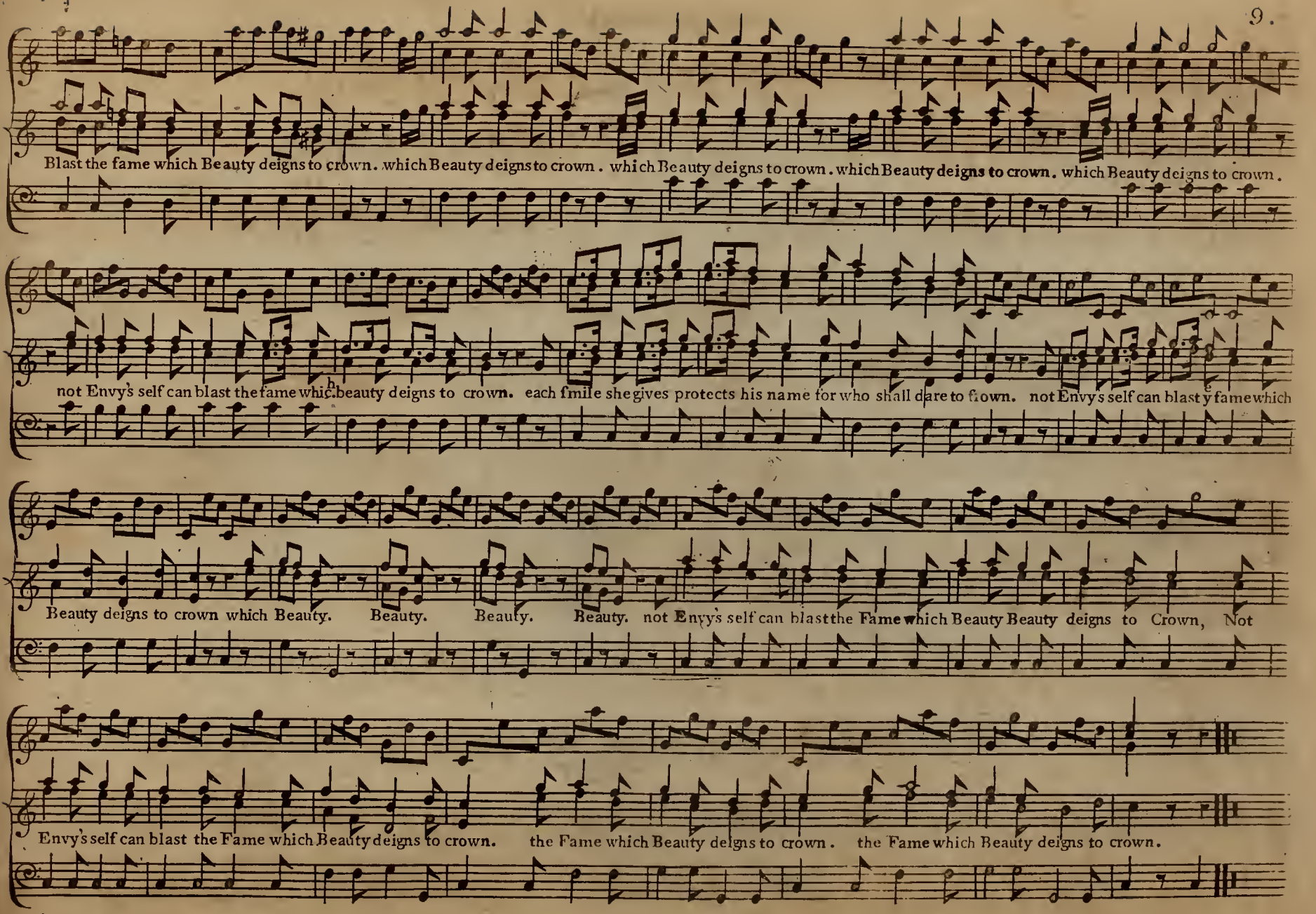
Holes to thrust your head in, Sir,
Lodgings without Bedding, Sir,
Beds as if they'd lead in, Sir,
This is Sir, a Jubilee;
Critics thus will say, Sir,
I hope that you will stay, Sir,
To see our Jubilee.

5.

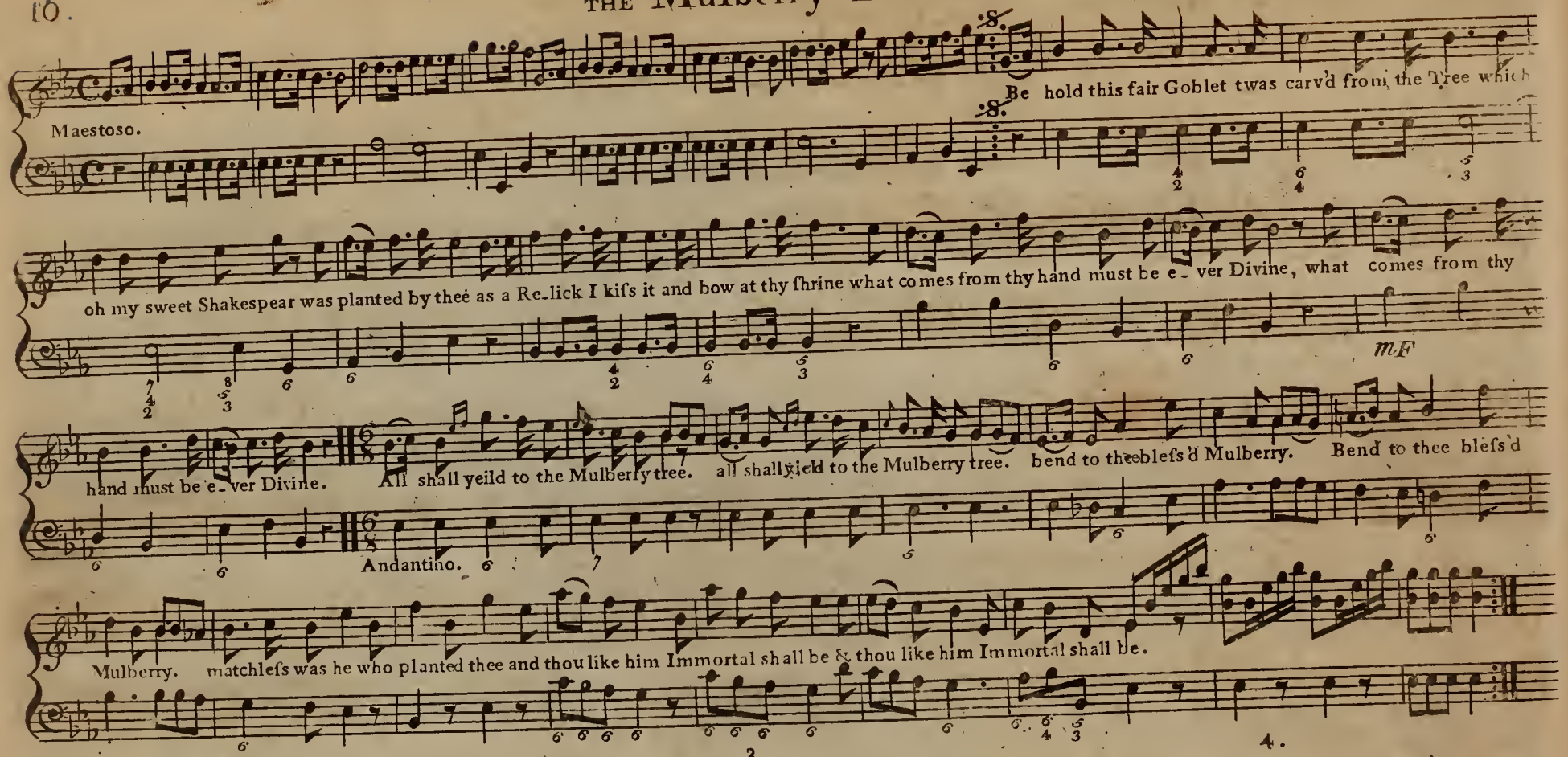
Blankets without Sheeting Sir,
Dinners without Eating, Sir,
Not without much Cheating, Sir,
This is Sir, a Jubilee;
Critics thus will say, Sir,
I hope that you will stay, Sir,
To see our Jubilee, O the rare Jubilee.

THE Serenade.




Blast the fame which Beauty deigns to crown. which Beauty deigns to crown . which Beauty deigns to crown . which Beauty deigns to crown. which Beauty deigns to crown .
not Envy's self can blast the fame whic.h beauty deigns to crown. each smile she gives protects his name for who shall dare to frown. not Envy's self can blast y fame which
Beauty deigns to crown which Beauty. Beauty. Beauty. Beauty. not Envy's self can blast the Fame which Beauty Beauty deigns to Crown, Not
Envy's self can blast the Fame which Beauty deigns to crown. the Fame which Beauty deigns to crown . the Fame which Beauty deigns to crown.

THE Mulberry Tree.



2.

Ye Trees of the Forest so rampant and high,
Who spread out your Branches whose heads sweep the sky;
Ye curious Exotics whom Taste has brought here,
To root out the Natives at Prices so dear.
All shall yeild to the Mulberry tree &c.

5.

With Learning and knowledge the well letter'd Birch,
Supplies Law and Physic and Grace for the Church;
But Law and the Gospel in Shakespear we find,
And he gives the best Physic for Body and Mind.
All shall yeild to the Mulberry Tree &c.

3.

The Oak is held Royal is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our King and will always our Coast;
Of the Fir we make ships there are thousands that fight,
But one only one like our Shakespear can write.
All shall yeild to the Mulberry tree & c.

6.

The fame of the Patron gives fame to the Tree,
From him and his merits this takes its degree;
From him and his merits this takes its degree;
Give Phœbus, and Bacchus, their Laurel and Vine,
The Tree of our Shakespear is still more divine.
All shall yeild to the Mulberry Tree &c.

4.

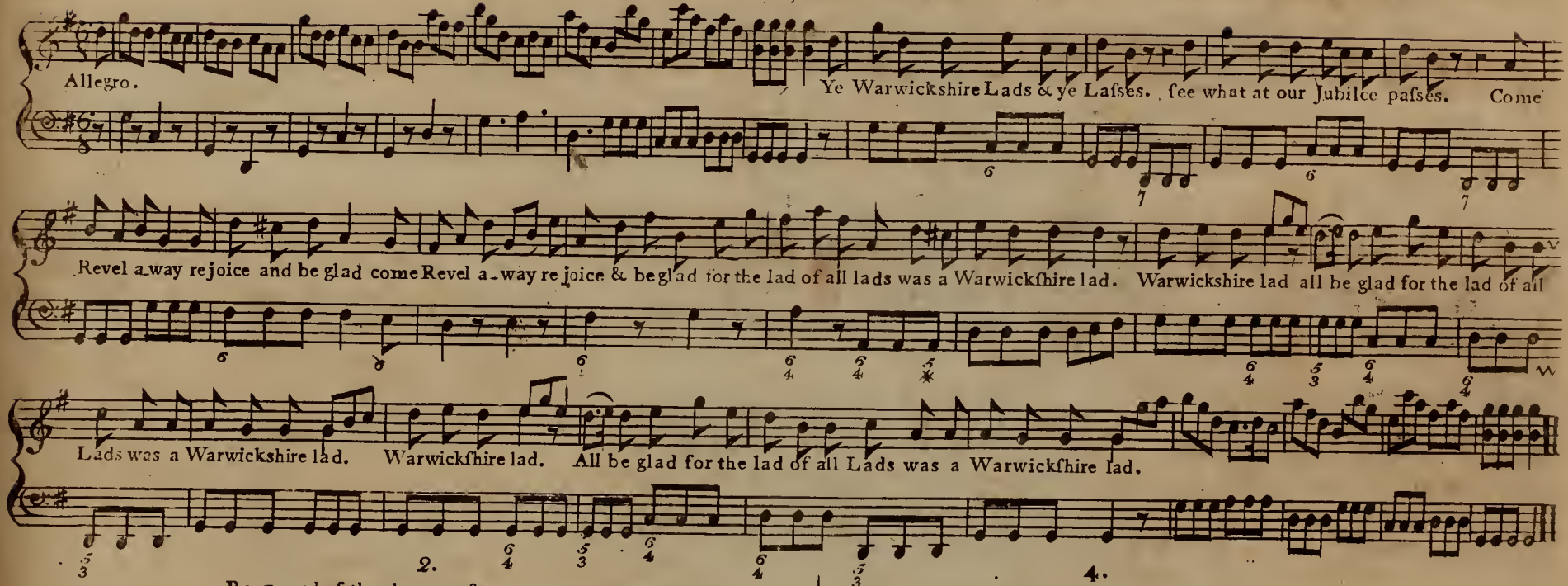
Let Venus delight in her gay Myrtle bow'rs,
Pomona in Fruit trees and Flora in flow'rs;
The Garden of Shakespear all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flow'rs & the fairest of fruit.
All shall yeild to the Mulberry tree &c.

7.

As the Genius of Shakespear outshines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
So the Tree which he planted by making his own.
Has the Laurel, and Bays, and the Vine, all in one.
All shall yeild to the Mulberry Tree &c.

Then each take a Relick of this hallowd Tree,
From Folly and Fashion a charm let it be,
Come fill to the Planter the Cup to the brim;
To honor your Country do honor to him.
All shall yeild to the Mulberry Tree &c.

THE Warwickſhire Lad.



2.

Be proud of the charms of your county,
Where Nature has lavish'd her bounty;
Where much has been given and some to be spar'd,
For the Bard of all Bards was a Warwickſhire Bard.
Warwickſhire Bard, never paird,
For the Bard of all Bards was a Warwickſhire Bard.

3

Our Shakespear compard is to no man,
Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman;
Their Swans are all Geese to the Avon's sweet Swan,
For the Man of all Men was a Warwickſhire Man,
Avon's Swan, a Warwickshire Man,
For the Man of all Men was a Warwickſhire Man,

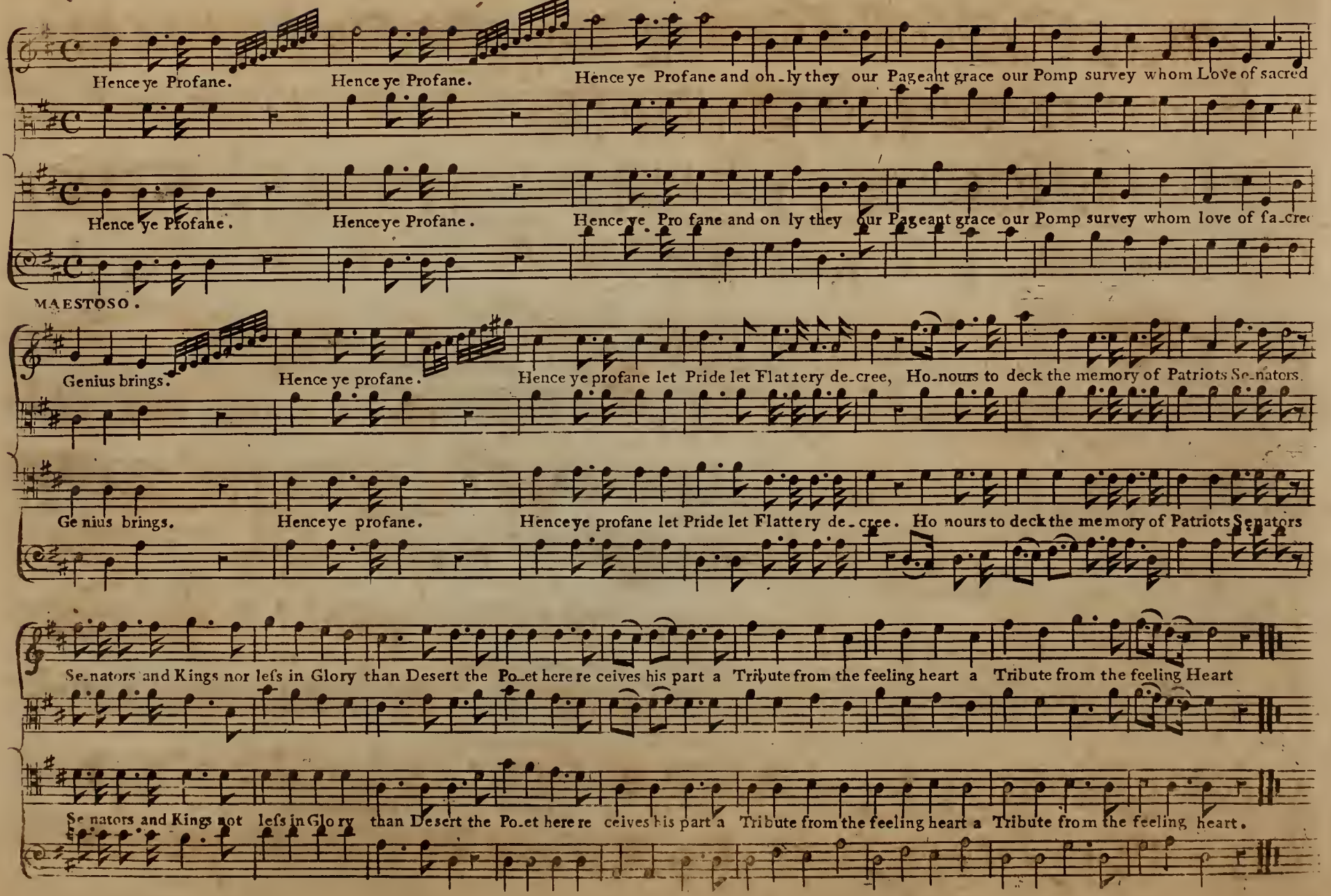
4.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, Iohn Dryden,
And half a score more we take pride in;
Of famous Will Congreve, we boast too the ſkill,
But the Will of all Wills was a Warwickſhire Will.
Warwickſhire Will, matchleſs still,
But the Will of all Wills was a Warwickſhire Will.

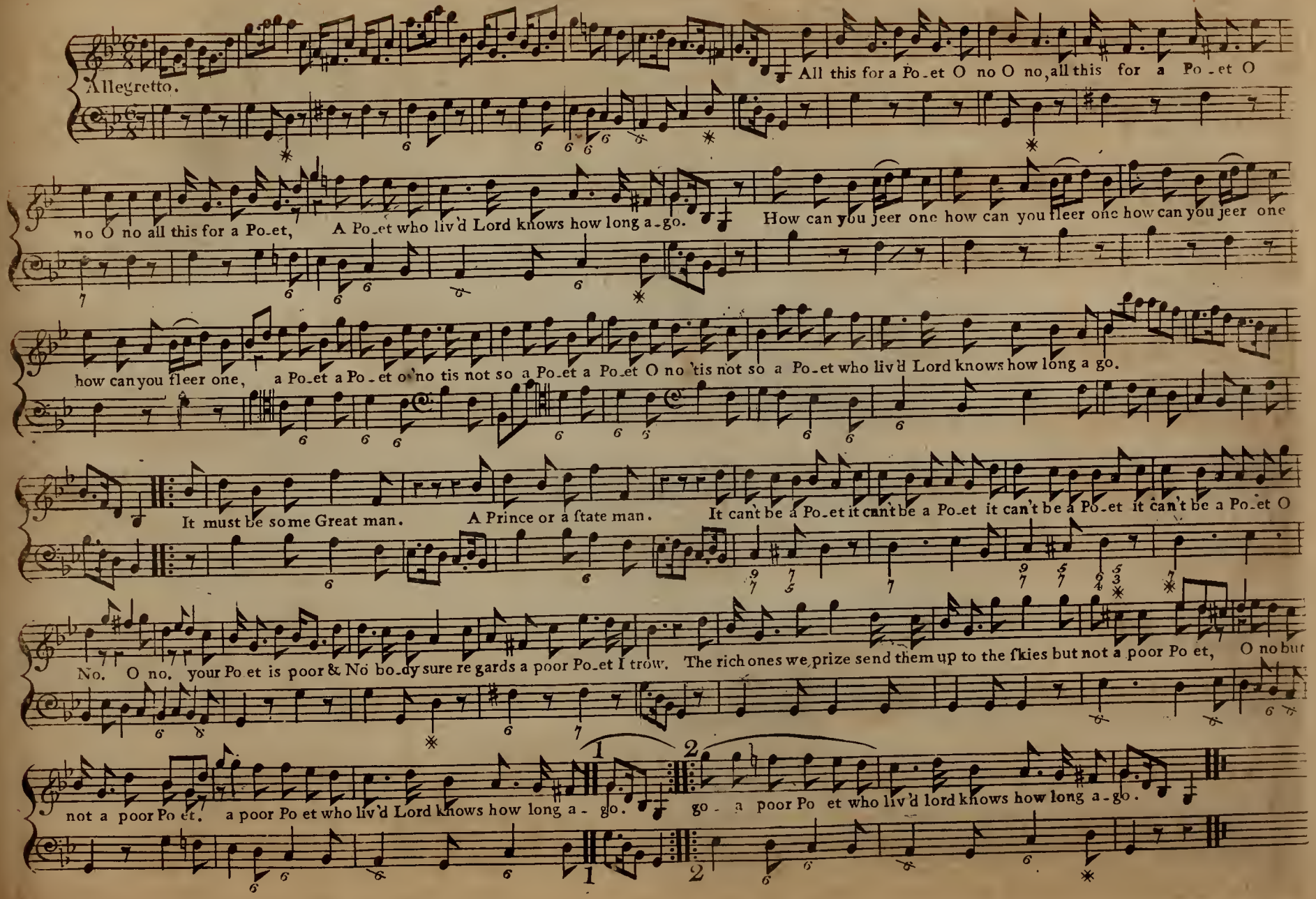
5

There never was sure such a creature,
Of all she was worth he rob'd Nature;
He took all her smiles and he took all her grief,
For the Thief of all Thieves was a Warwickſhire Thief
A Warwickſhire Thief, Hes the chief,
For the Thief of all Thieves was a Warwickſhire Thief,

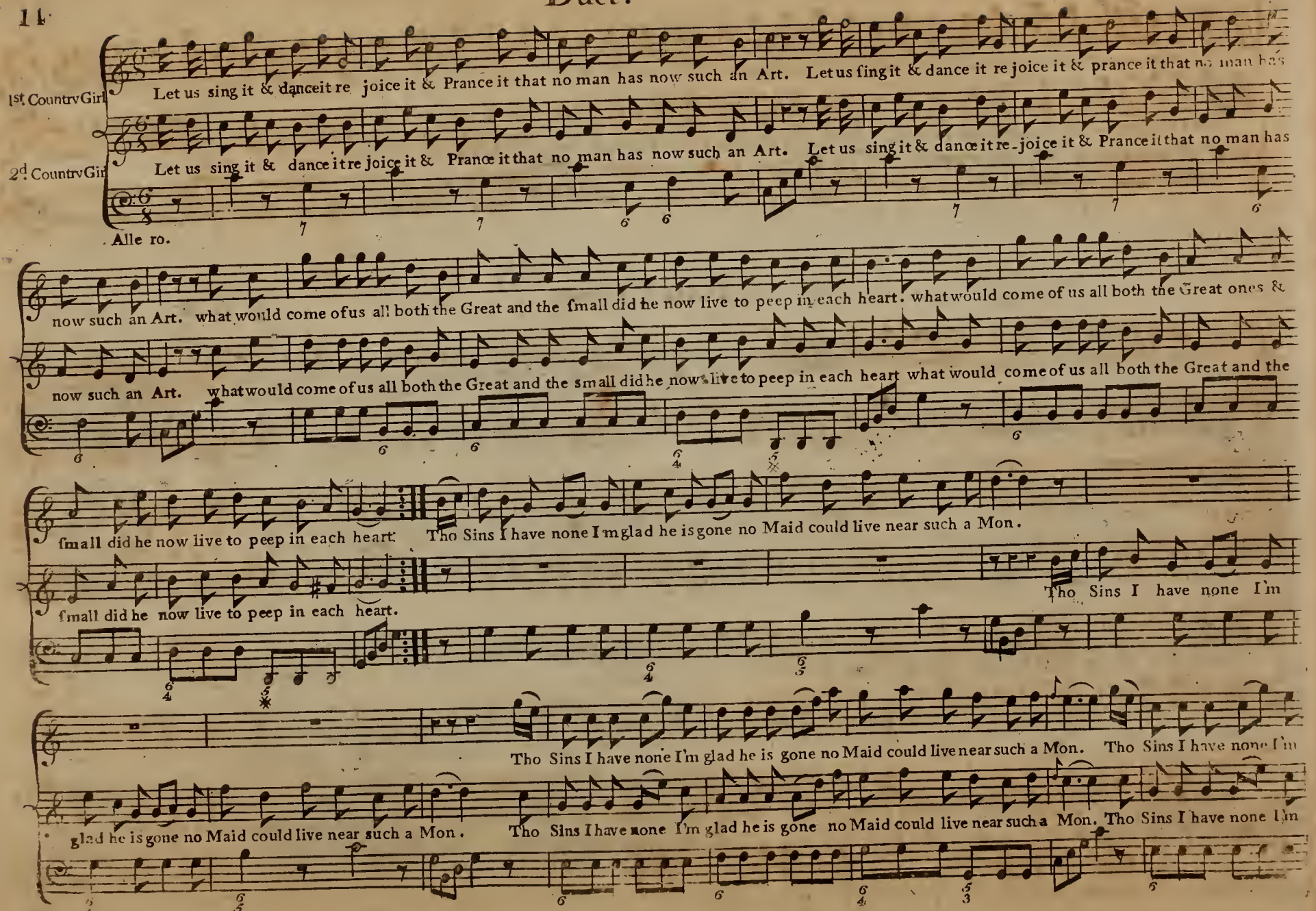
Chorus FOR THE Pageant.

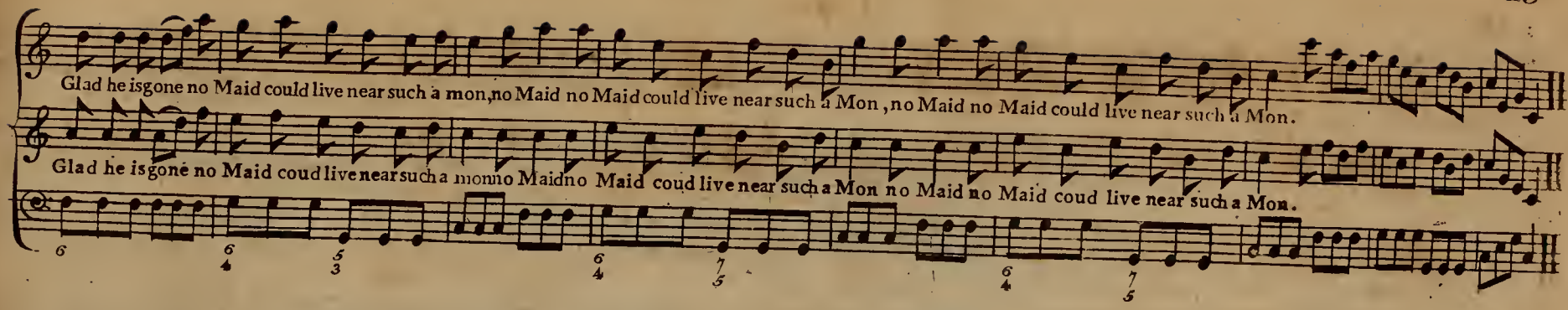


All this for a Poet.

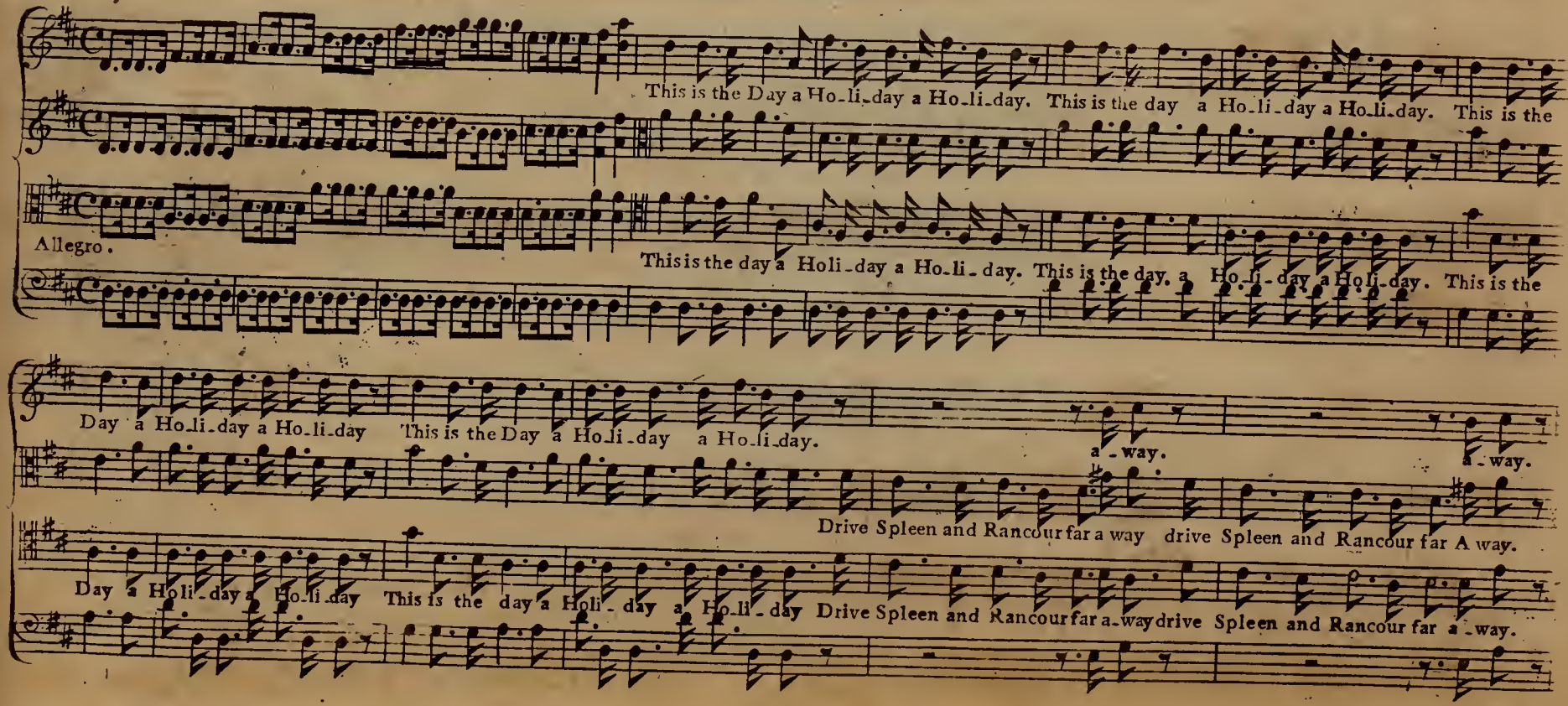


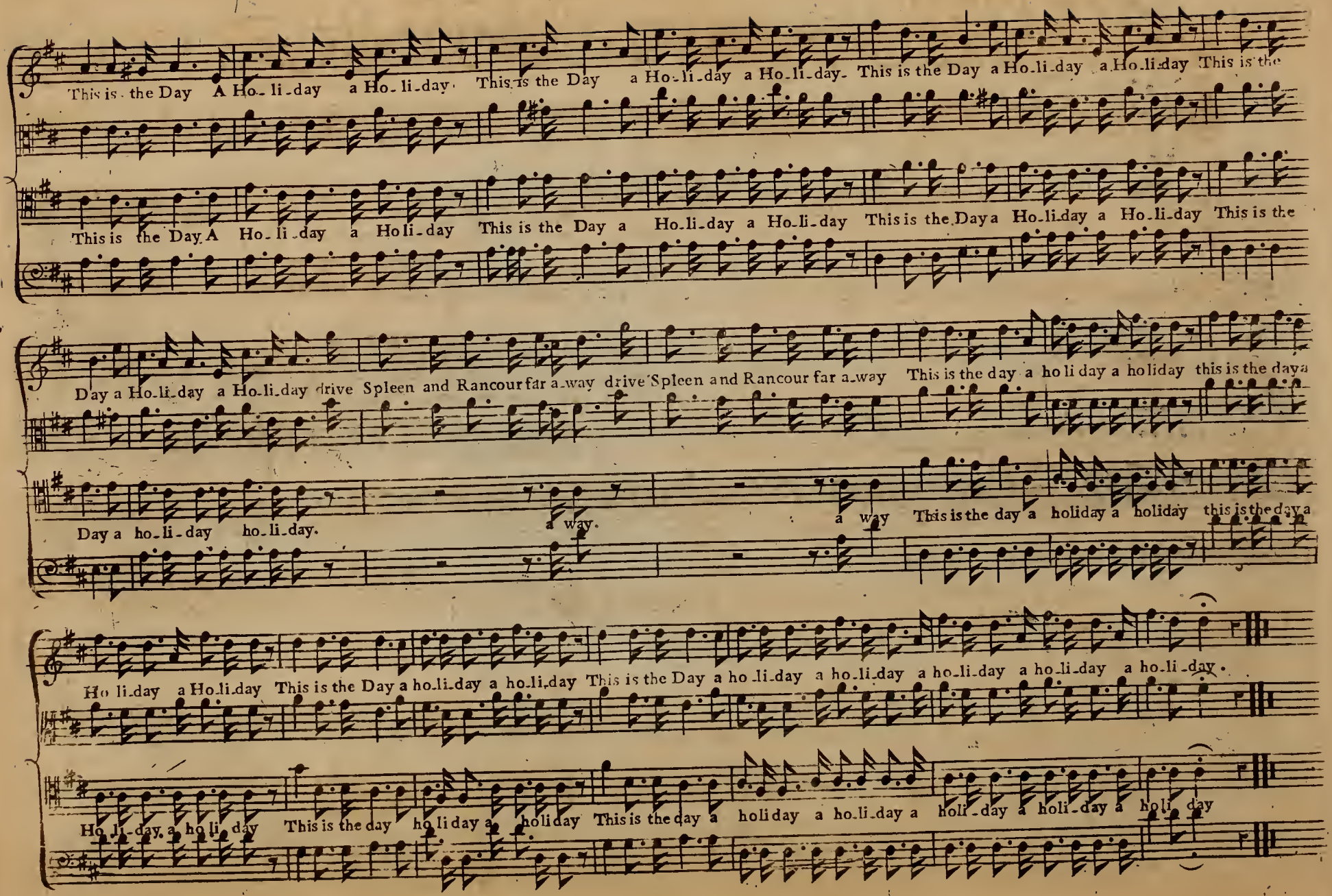
Duet.


1st Country Girl
Let us sing it & dance it re joice it & Prance it that no man has now such an Art. Let us sing it & dance it re joice it & prance it that no man has
2d Country Girl
Let us sing it & dance it re joice it & Prance it that no man has now such an Art. Let us sing it & dance it re-joice it & Prance it that no man has
Alle ro.
now such an Art. what would come of us all both the Great and the small did he now live to peep in each heart. what would come of us all both the Great ones &
now such an Art. what would come of us all both the Great and the small did he now live to peep in each heart what would come of us all both the Great and the
small did he now live to peep in each heart Tho Sins I have none I'm glad he is gone no Maid could live near such a Mon.
small did he now live to peep in each heart.
Tho Sins I have none I'm
Tho Sins I have none I'm glad he is gone no Maid could live near such a Mon. Tho Sins I have none I'm
glad he is gone no Maid could live near such a Mon. Tho Sins I have none I'm glad he is gone no Maid could live near such a Mon. Tho Sins I have none I'm

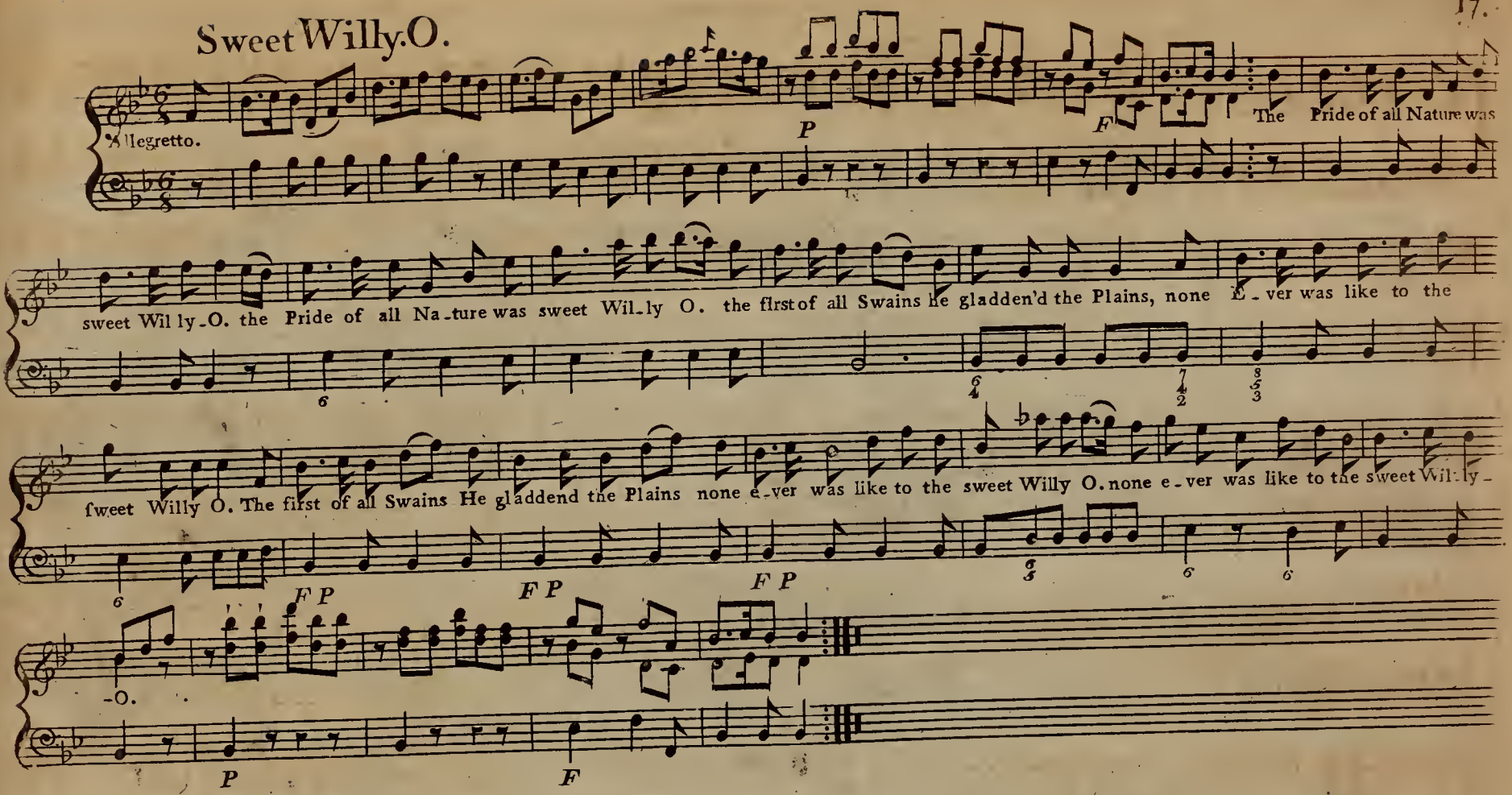

Glad he is gone no Maid could live near such a mon, no Maid no Maid could live near such a Mon, no Maid no Maid could live near such a Mon.
Glad he is gone no Maid coud live near such a mon no Maid no Maid coud live near such a Mon no Maid no Maid coud live near such a Mon.

Last Chorus.


This is the Day a Ho_li_day a Ho_li_day. This is the day a Ho_li_day a Ho_li_day. This is the
Allegro.
This is the day a Holi_day a Ho_li_day. This is the day. a Ho_li_day a Ho_li_day. This is the
Day a Ho_li_day a Ho_li_day This is the Day a Ho_li_day a Ho_li_day.
a_way.
a_way.
Drive Spleen and Rancour far a way drive Spleen and Rancour far A way.
Day a Ho_li_day a Ho_li_day This is the day a Holi_day a Ho_li_day Drive Spleen and Rancour far a_way drive Spleen and Rancour far a_way.


This is the Day A Ho-li-day a Ho-li-day. This is the Day a Ho-li-day a Ho-li-day. This is the Day a Ho-li-day a Ho-li-day This is the
This is the Day A Ho-li-day a Ho-li-day This is the Day a Ho-li-day a Ho-li-day This is the Day a Ho-li-day a Ho-li-day This is the
Day a Ho-li-day a Ho-li-day drive Spleen and Rancour far a-way drive Spleen and Rancour far a-way This is the day a ho li day a holiday this is the day a
Day a ho-li-day ho-li-day. a way. a way This is the day a holiday a holiday this is the day a
Ho li-day a Ho-li-day This is the Day a ho-li-day a ho-li-day This is the Day a ho-li-day a ho-li-day a ho-li-day a ho-li-day a ho-li-day.
Ho li-day, a ho li day This is the day ho li day a holiday This is the day a holiday a ho-li-day a holi-day a holi-day a holi day

Sweet Willy.O.



He sung it so rarely did sweet Willy O;
He melted each Maid,
So skillfull he play'd,
No Shepherd e'er pip'd like the fweet Willy O.

3.

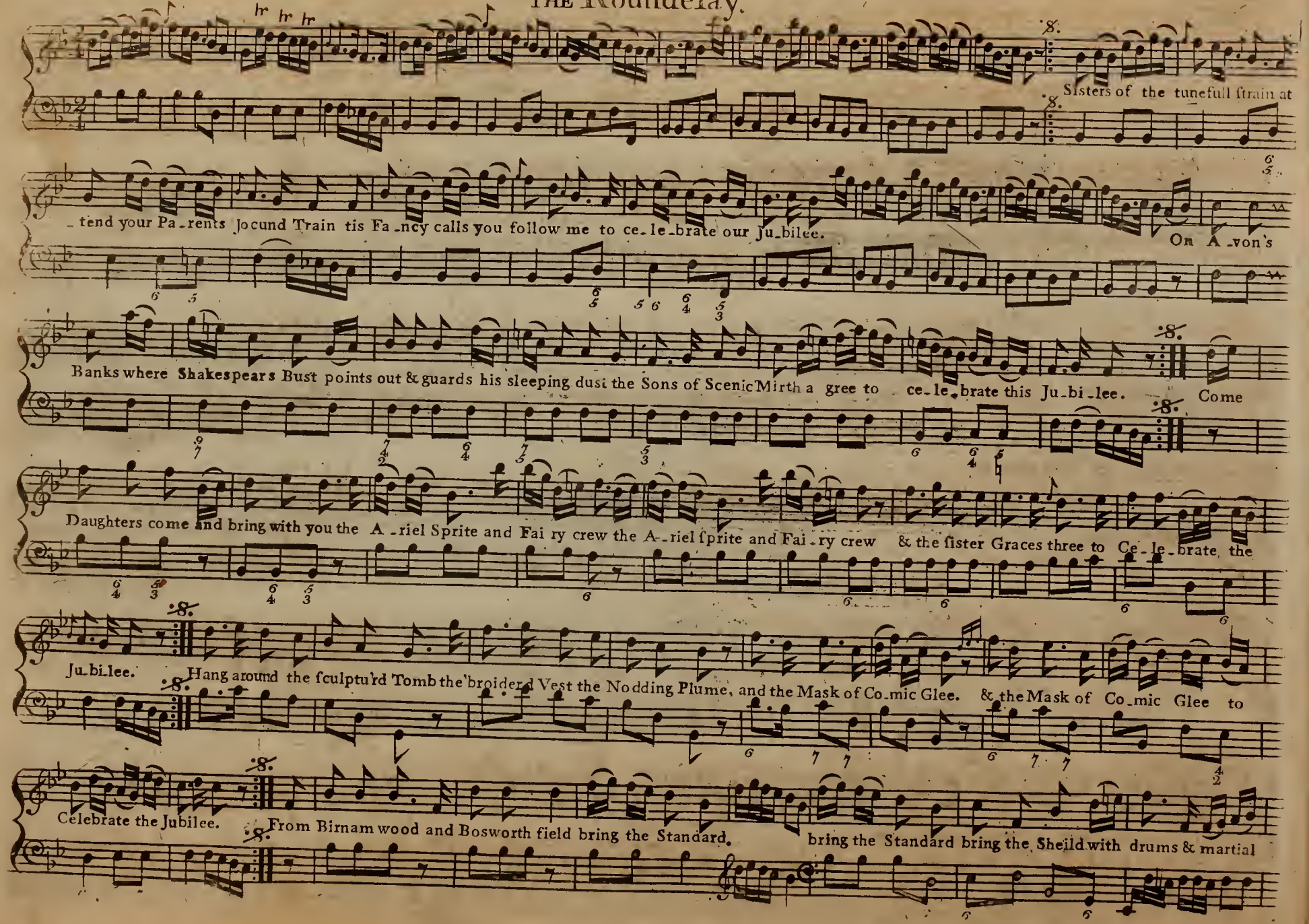
All Nature obey'd him the sweet Willy O;
Wherever he came,
What e'er had a name,
Whenever he fung follow'd sweet Willy O.

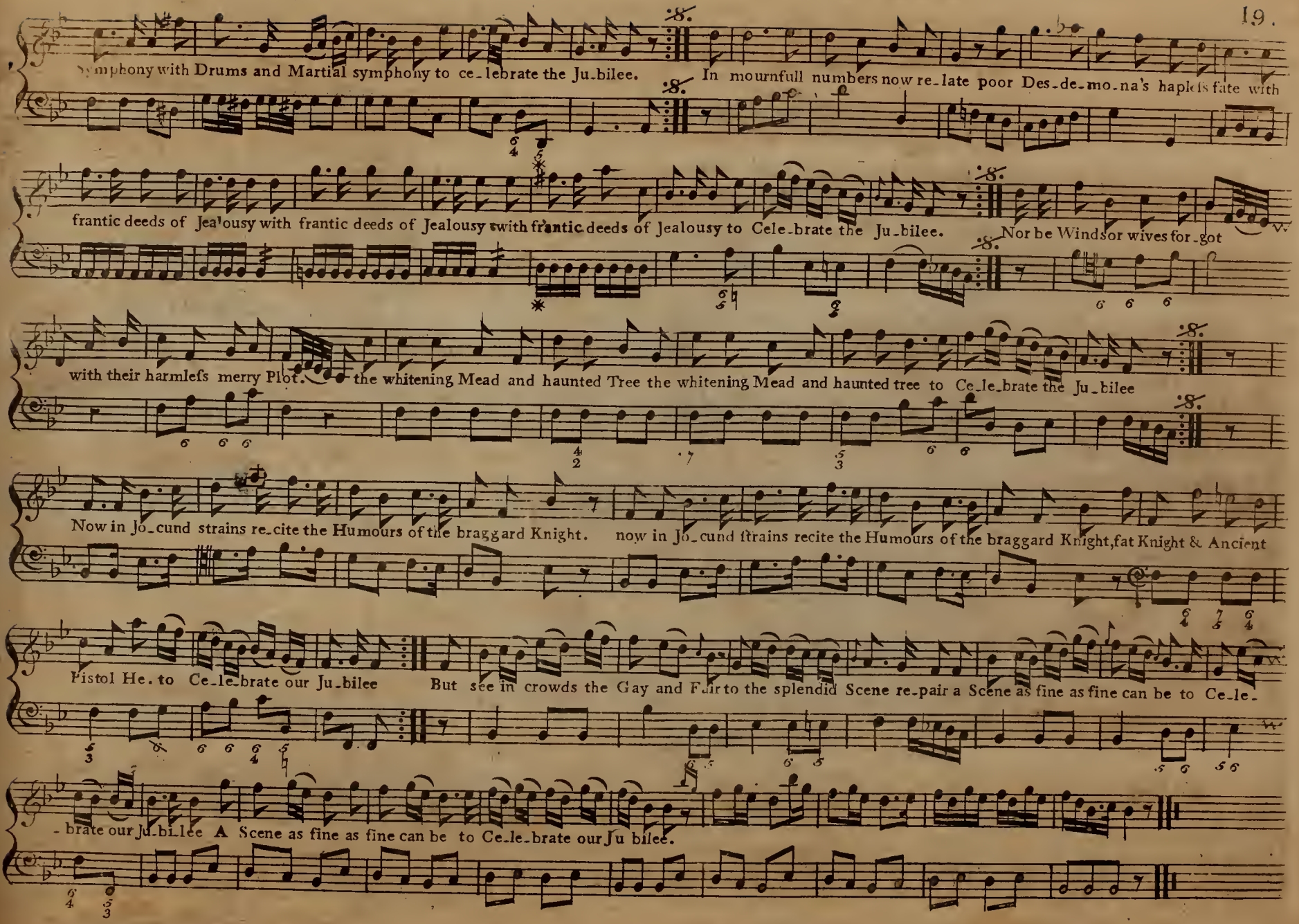
He would be a Soldier the sweet Willy O;
When arm'd in the field,
With sword and with shield,
The Laurel was won by the fweet Willy O.

5.

He charmd them when living the sweet Willy O;
And when Willy dy'd,
'Twas Nature that sighd,
To part with her All in her sweet Willy O.

THE Roundelay.




ymphony with Drums and Martial symphony to ce_lebrate the Ju_bilee.
In mournfull numbers now re_late poor Des_de_mo_na's hapleſs fate with
frantic deeds of Jea'lousy with frantic deeds of Jealousy with frantic deeds of Jealousy to Cele_brate the Ju_bilee.
Nor be Windsor wives for_got
with their harmleſs merry Plot.
the whitening Mead and haunted Tree the whitening Mead and haunted tree to Ce_le_brate the Ju_bilee
Now in Jo_cund strains re_cite the Humours of the braggard Knight.
now in Jo_cund ſtrains recite the Humours of the braggard Knight,fat Knight & Ancient
Piſtol He. to Ce_le_brate our Ju_bilee
But see in crowds the Gay and Fair to the splendid Scene re_pair a Scene as fine as fine can be to Ce_le_
_brate our Ju_bi_lee A Scene as fine as fine can be to Ce_le_brate our Ju bilee.

Tambourins Dance

Allegro

Oboe Solo

Da Capo

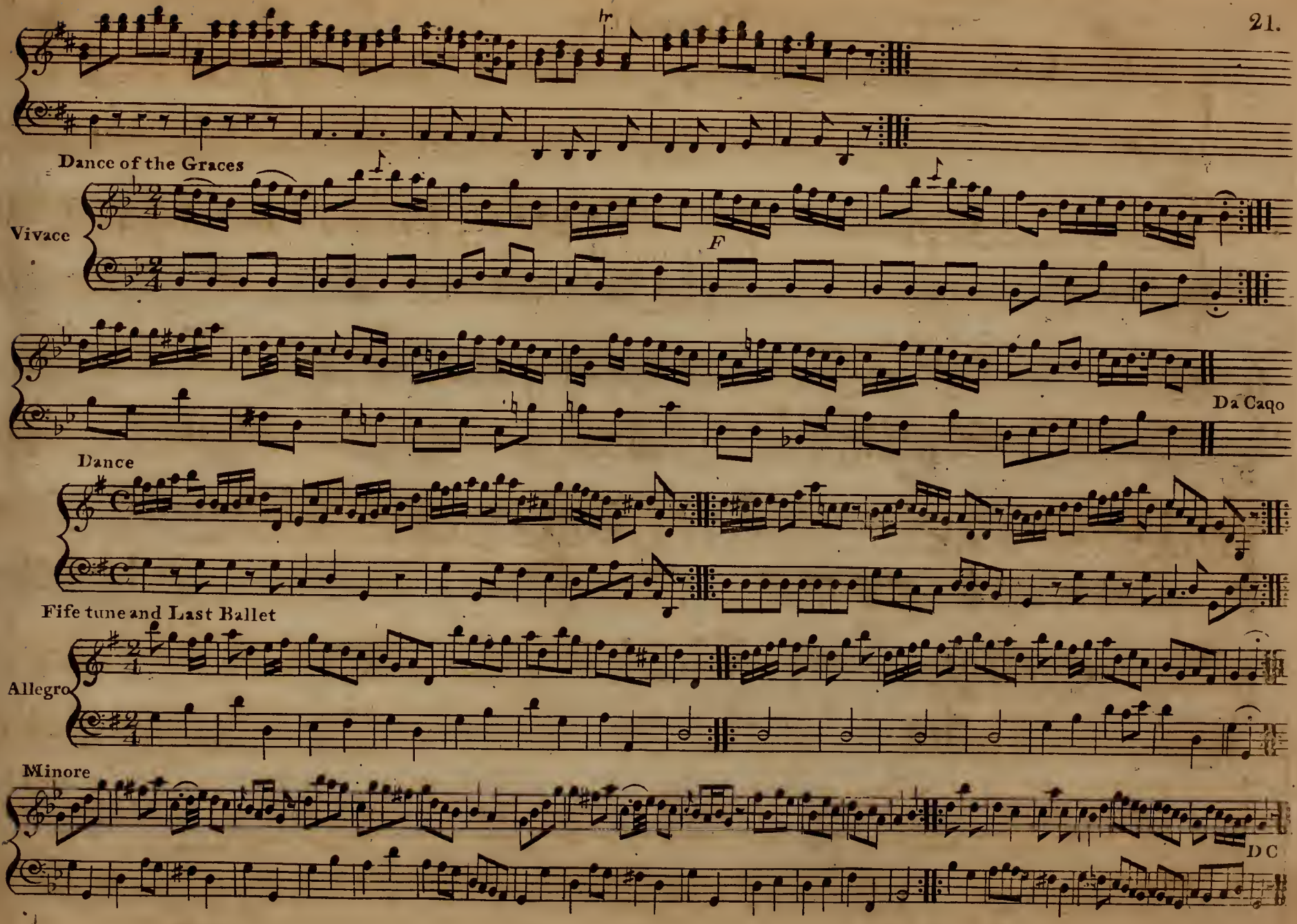
The Fairies

All^o

March for the Tragic Characters

Anthony and Cleopatra

Andante


Dance of the Graces
Vivace
F
Da Caqo
Dance
Fife tune and Last Ballet
Allegro
Minore
D C