Coll. Feb. 1997

wm 1812

CYMON

A

Dramatic Romance

MS

Perform'd at the

Theatre Royal in Drury Lane

Compos'd by

MICHAEL ARNE

Pr. 10..6 s. d.

Printed by Longman, Clementi & Co. 26 Cheapside.

Where may be had

The Operas of King Arthur with the Choruſses, by Purcel . . . 10.. 6.
- - - - - - - School for Fathers or Lionel and Clariſs . . . 10.. 6.
- - - - - - - the Padlock - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 6.. 0.
- - - - - - - the Ephesian Matron by Dibdin - - - - - - - 6.. 0.
The above Operas adapted for the German flute or Guitar, eal .. 6.

New ſongs in the Witches, Twelfth night, with the new comic tunes . . . 2.. 6.
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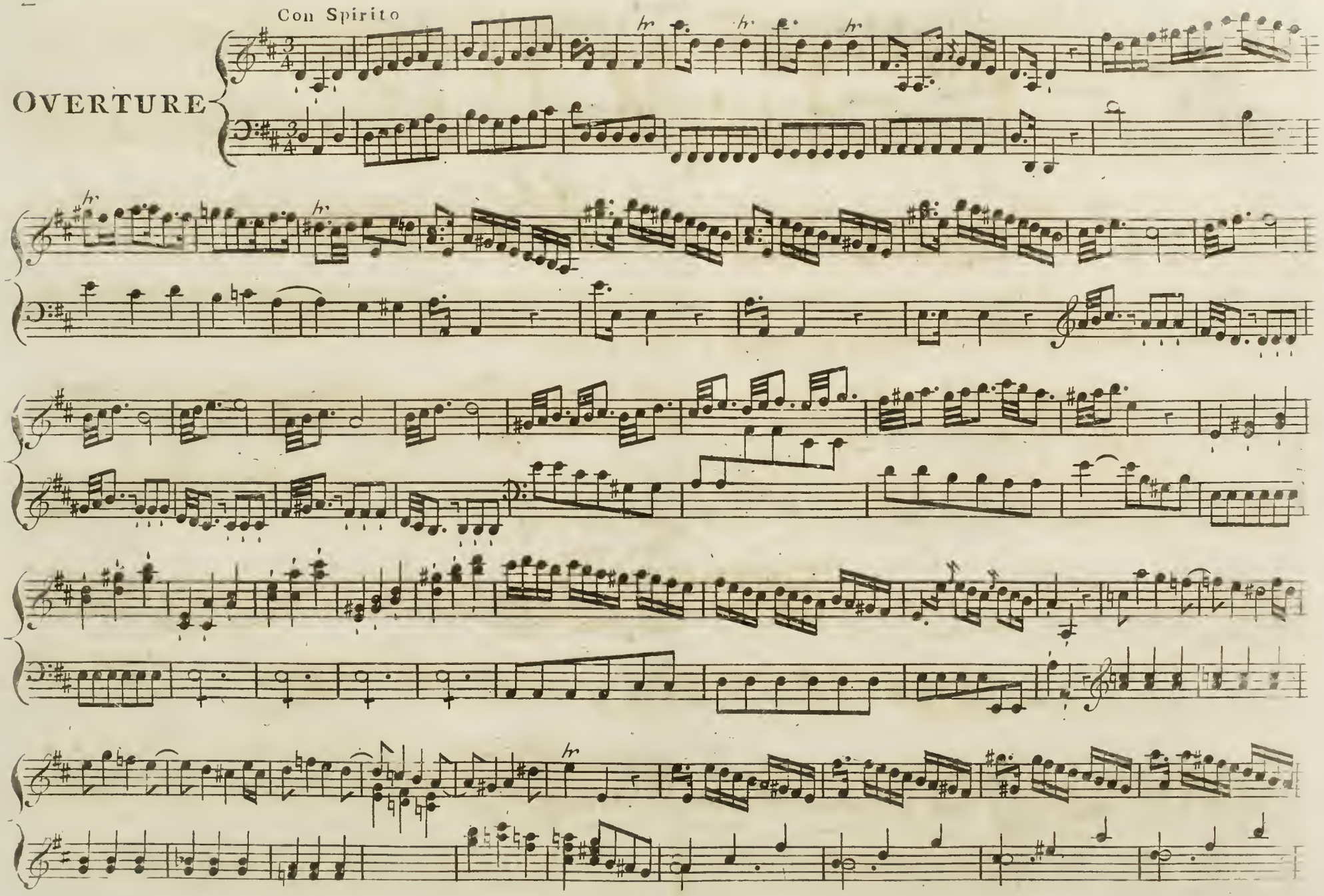
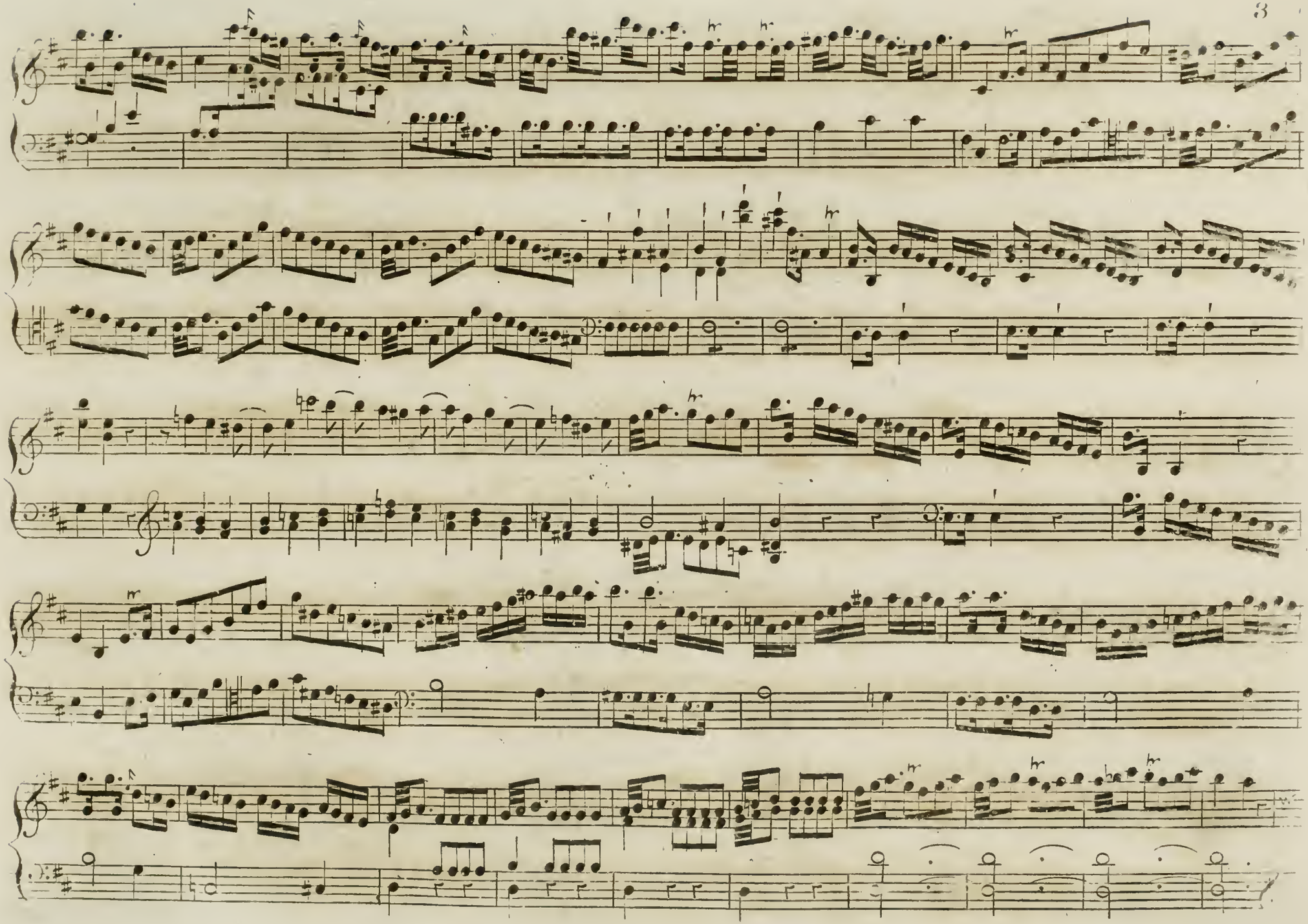
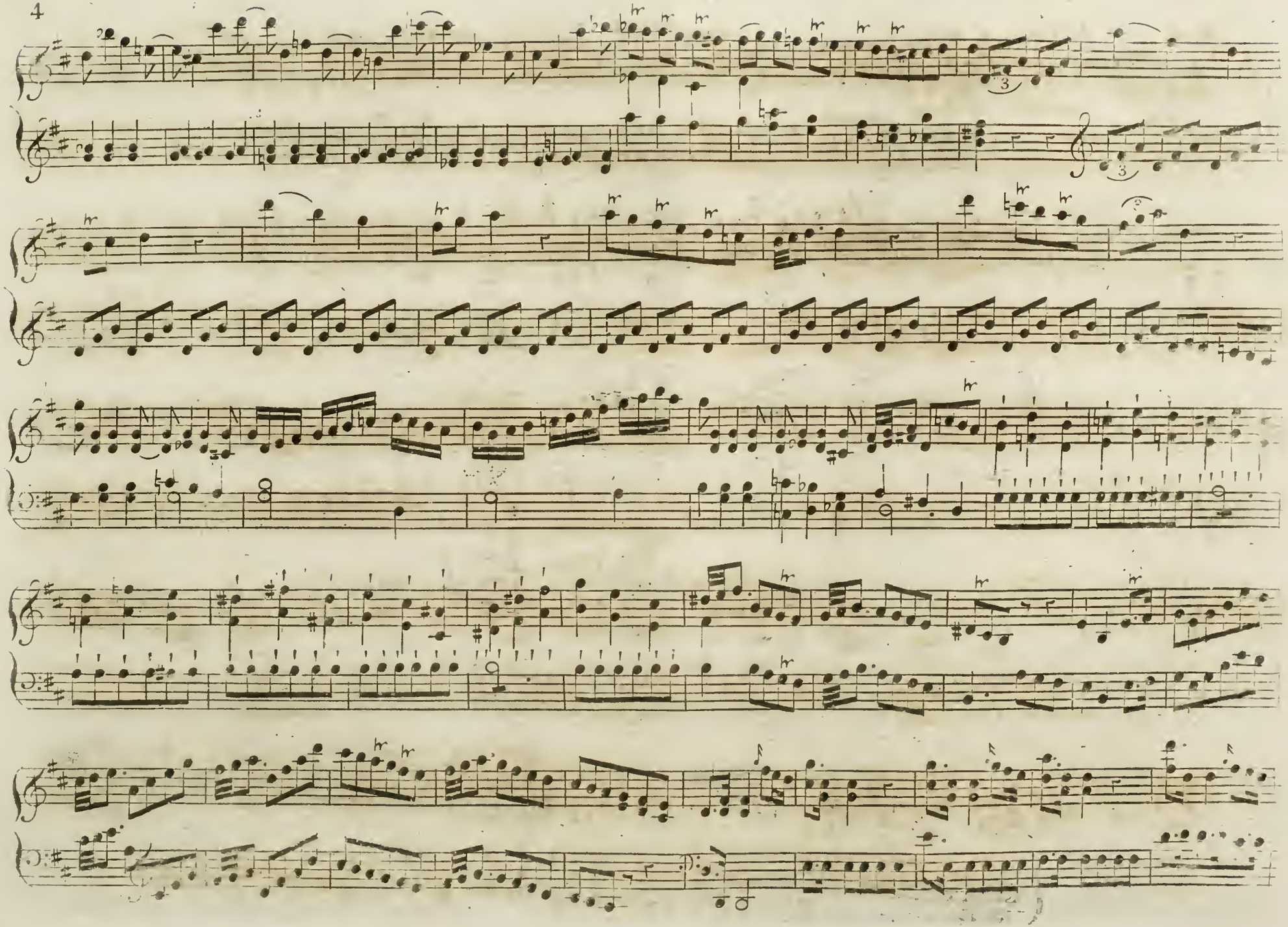
Ode to Shakespear by, Doctor Arne - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 4.. 0.
The new Vocal Collection of favorite Italian songs, adapted to English words, the Music by, Galluppi, Pergolesi, Haſse, Vinci, Piccini, S[illegible] Guglielmi Giordani & Co. sold in Numbers seperate at 18d. [illegible] the whole [illegible]

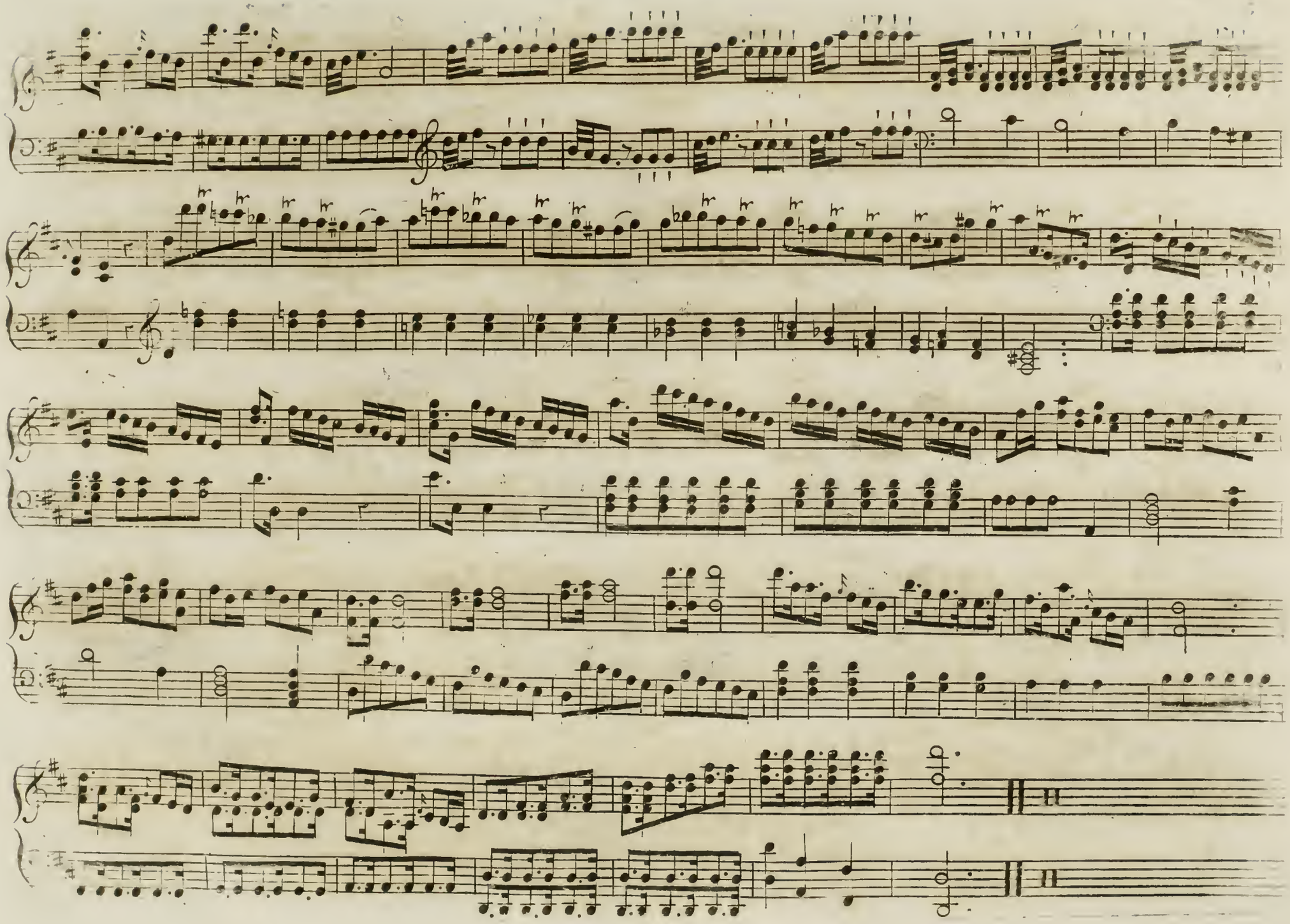
Con Spirito

OVERTURE

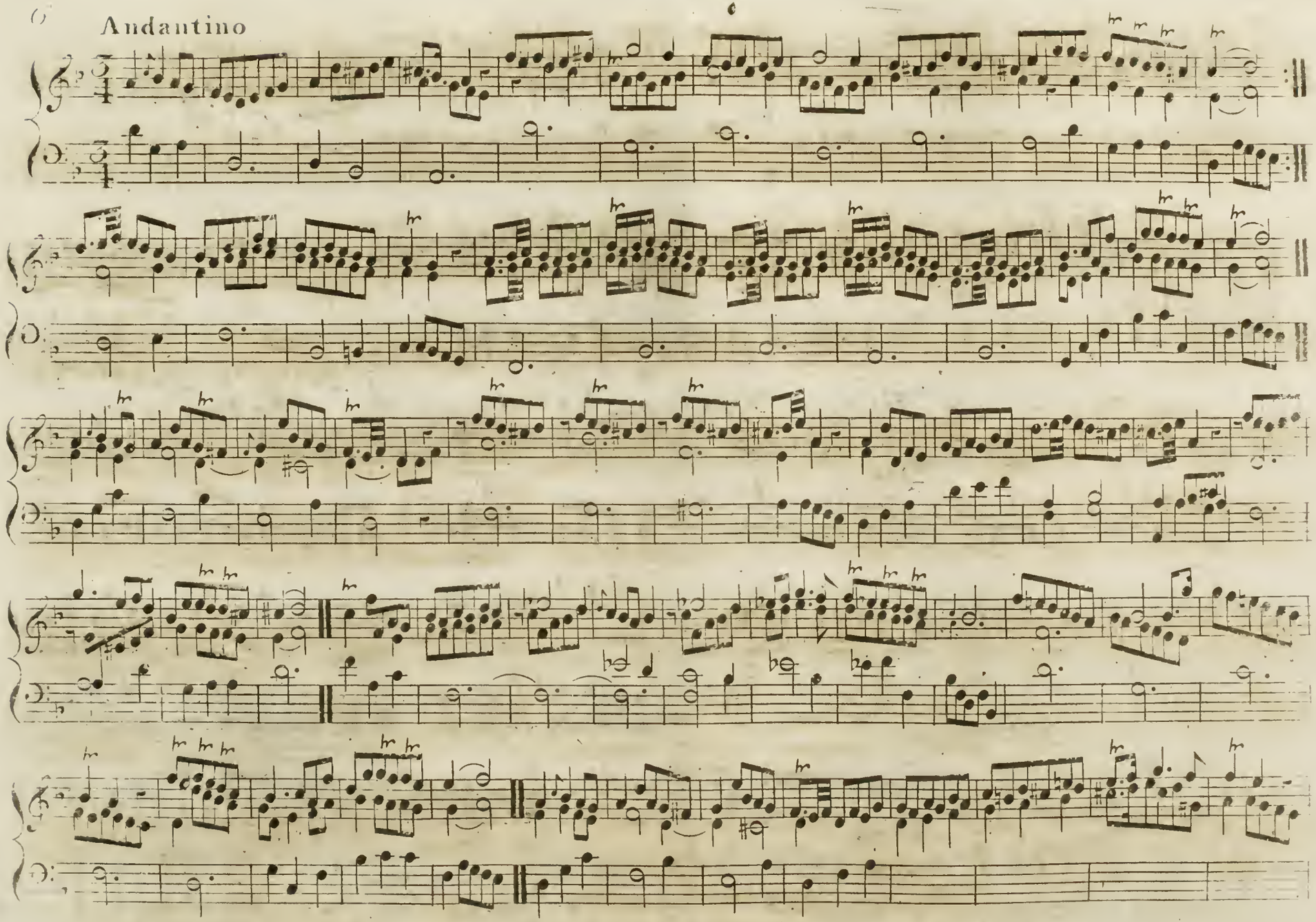


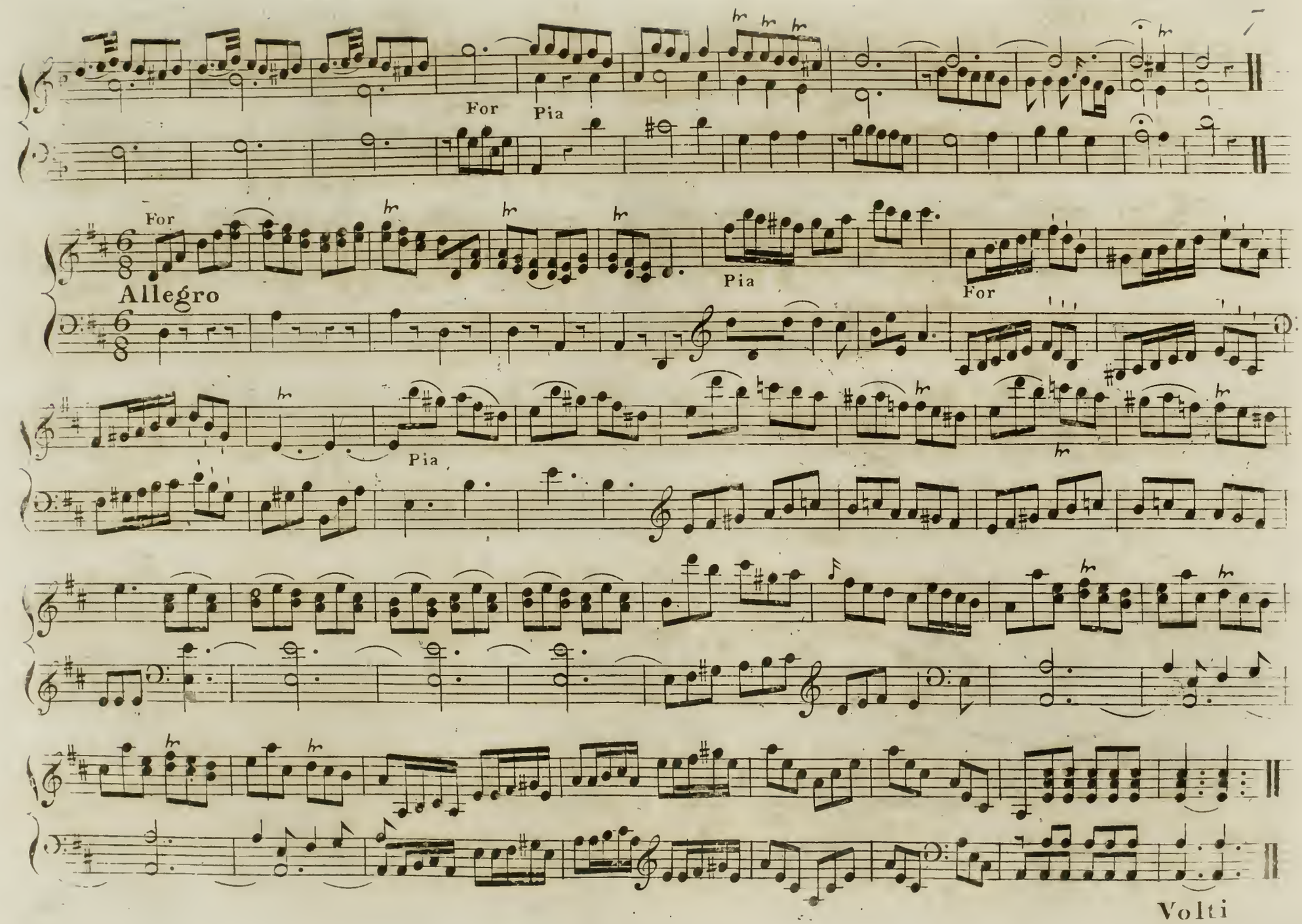


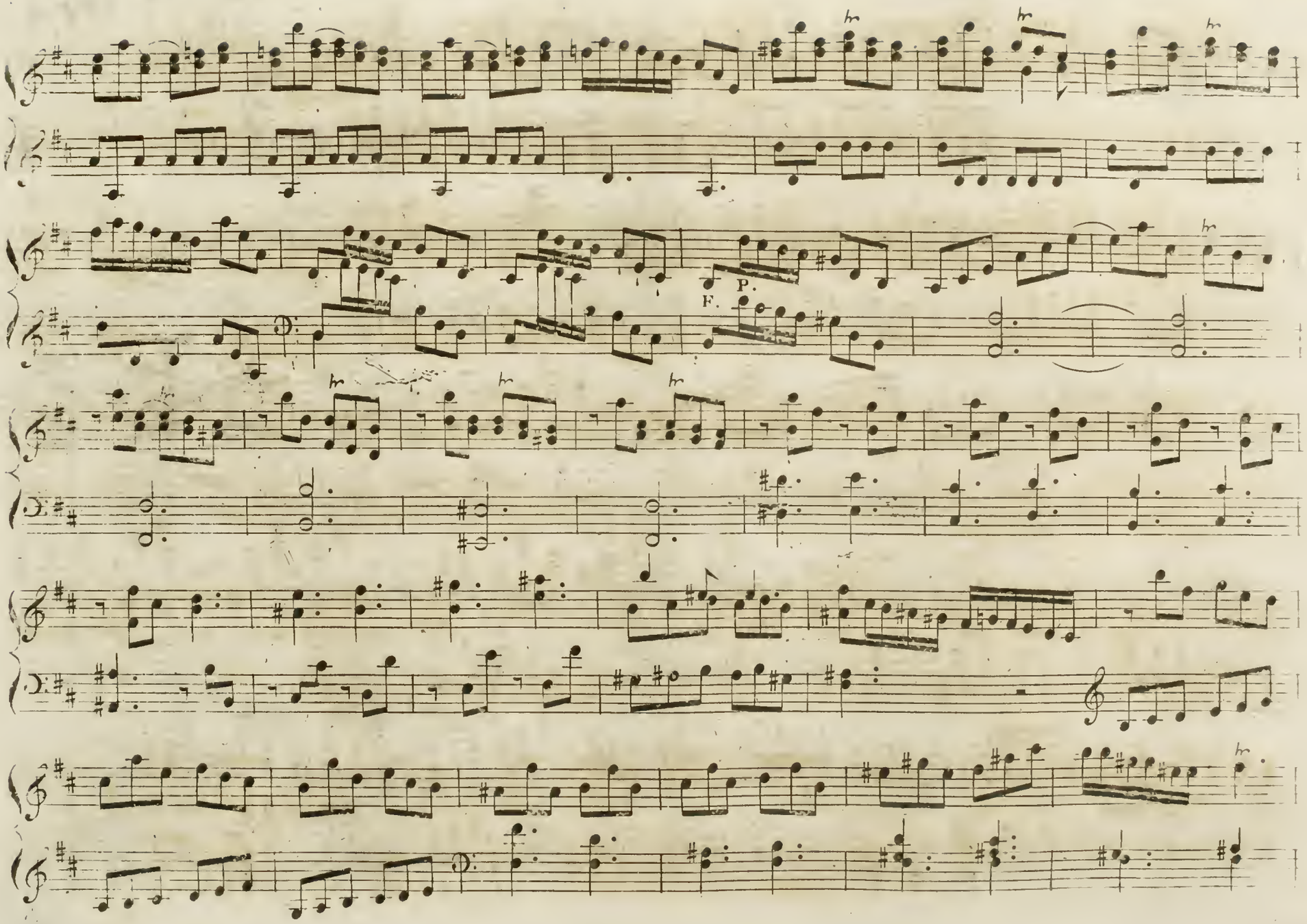


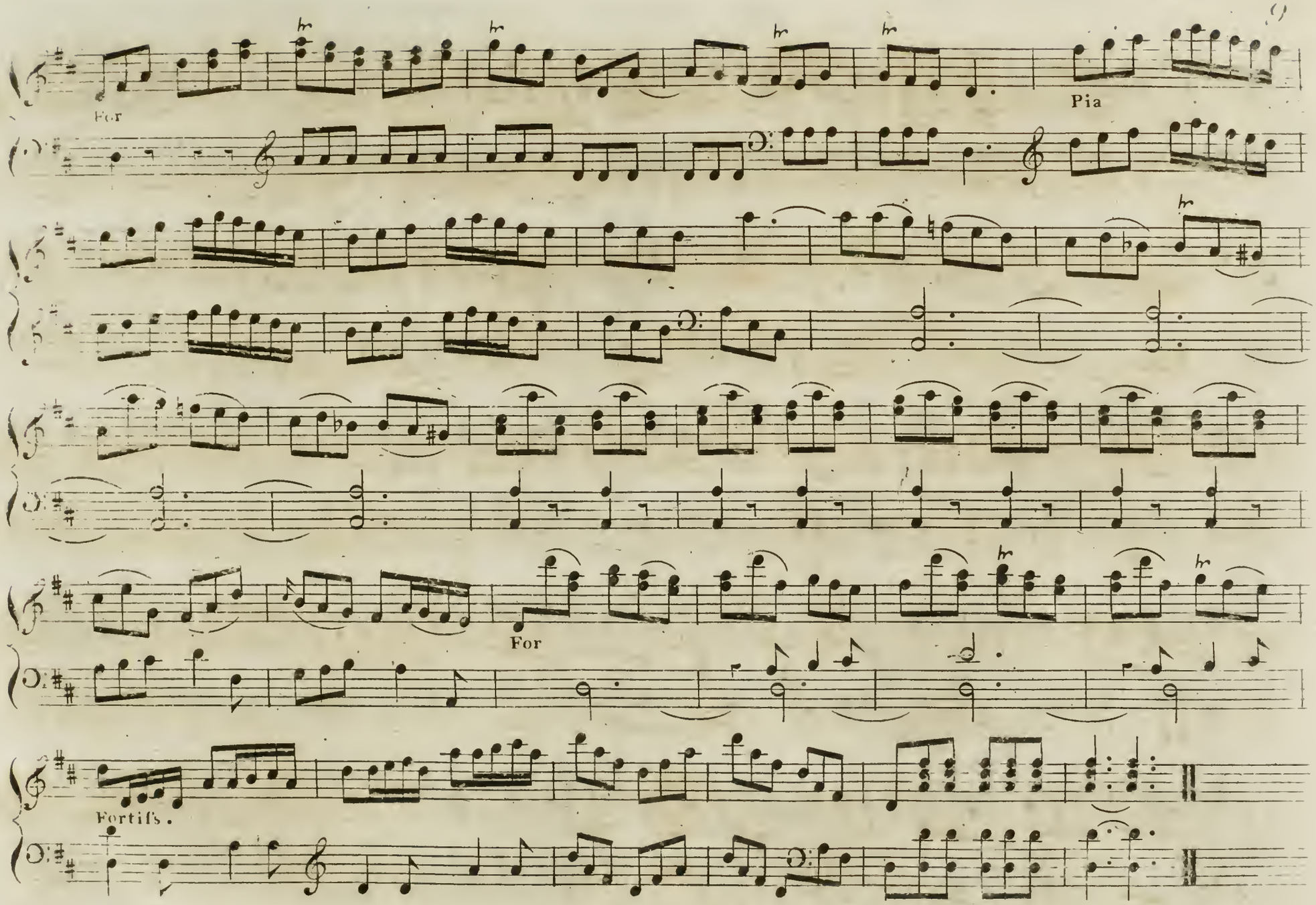


Andantino

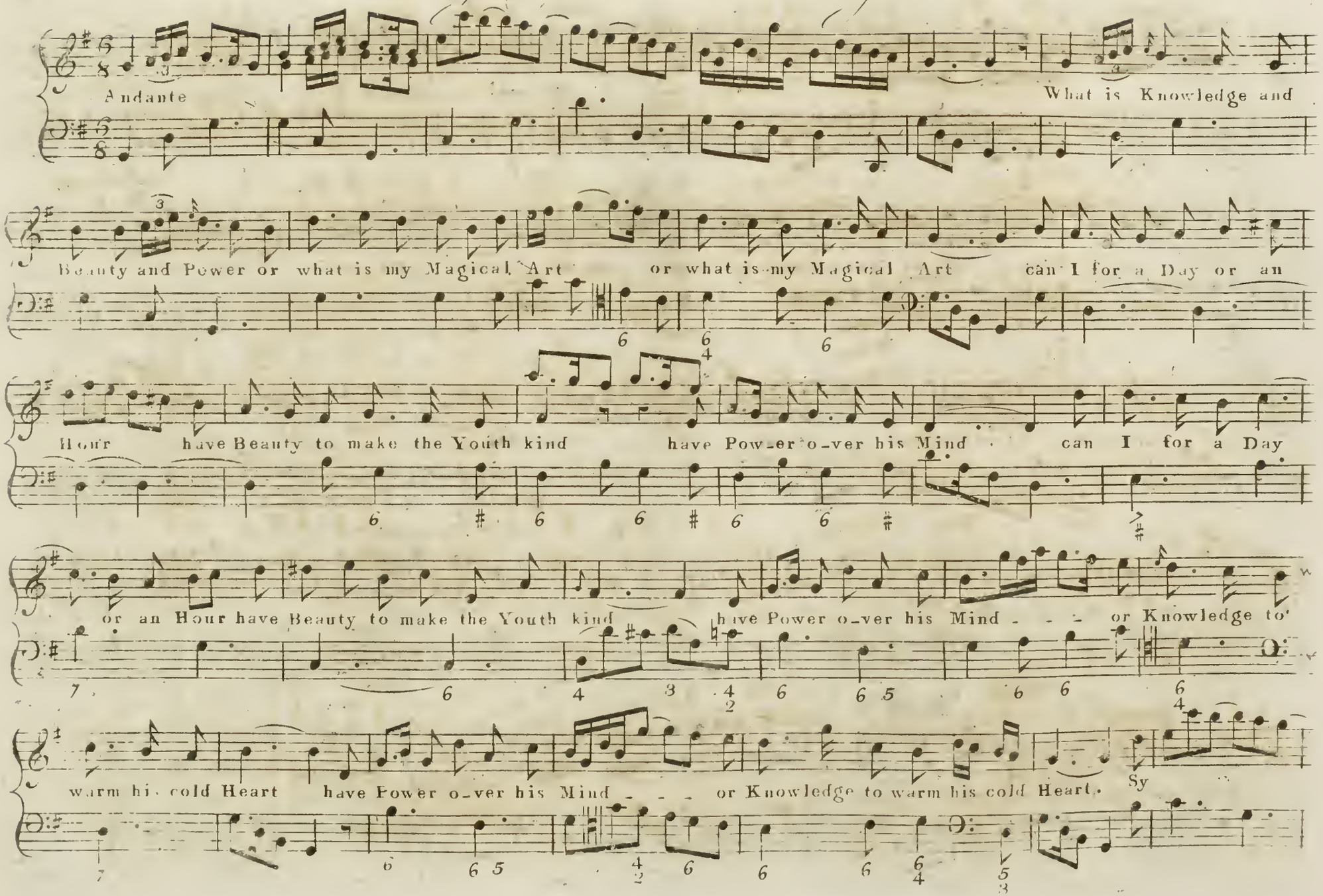


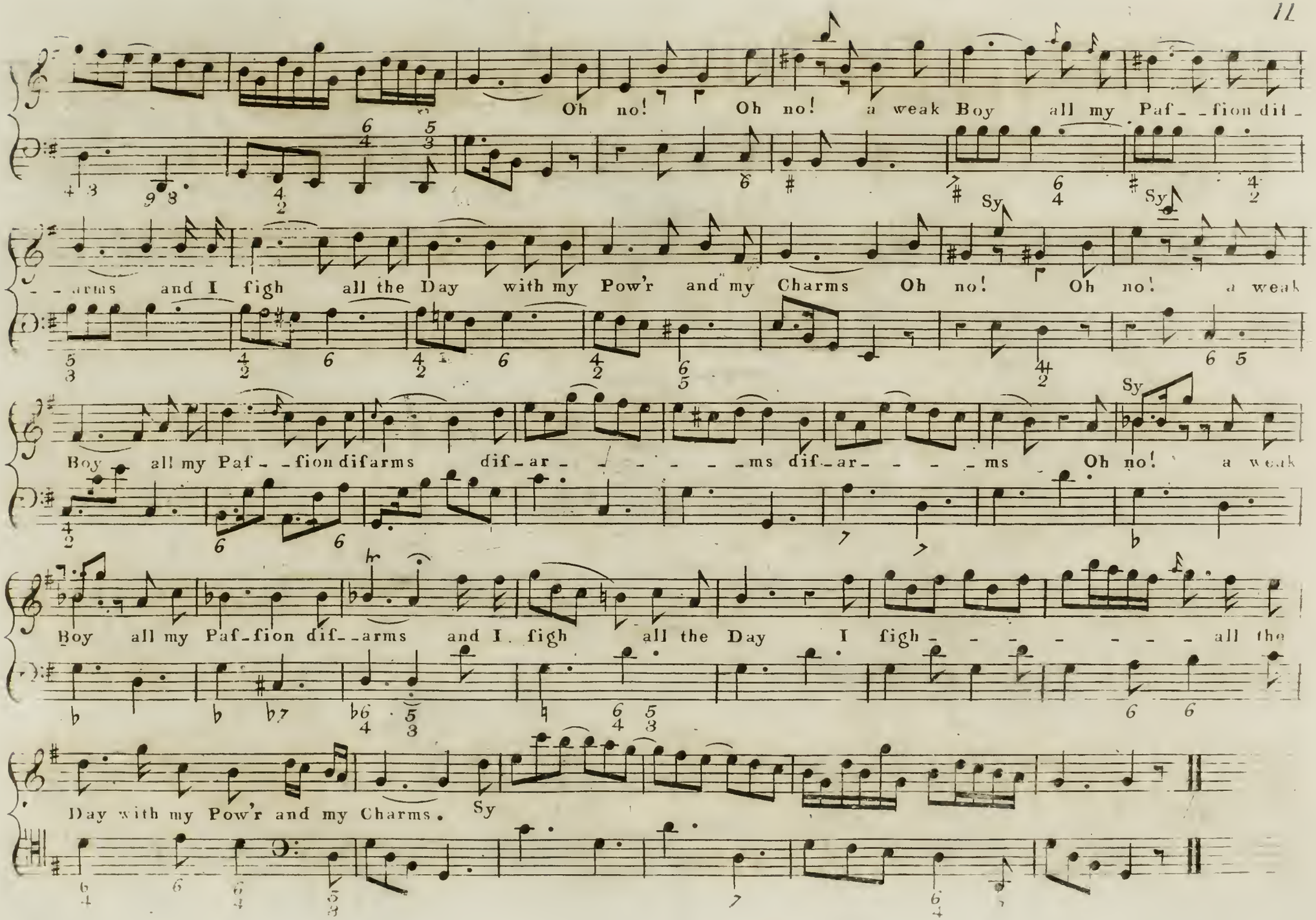

For
Pia
For
Allegro
Pia
Pia
For
Volti


F.
P.

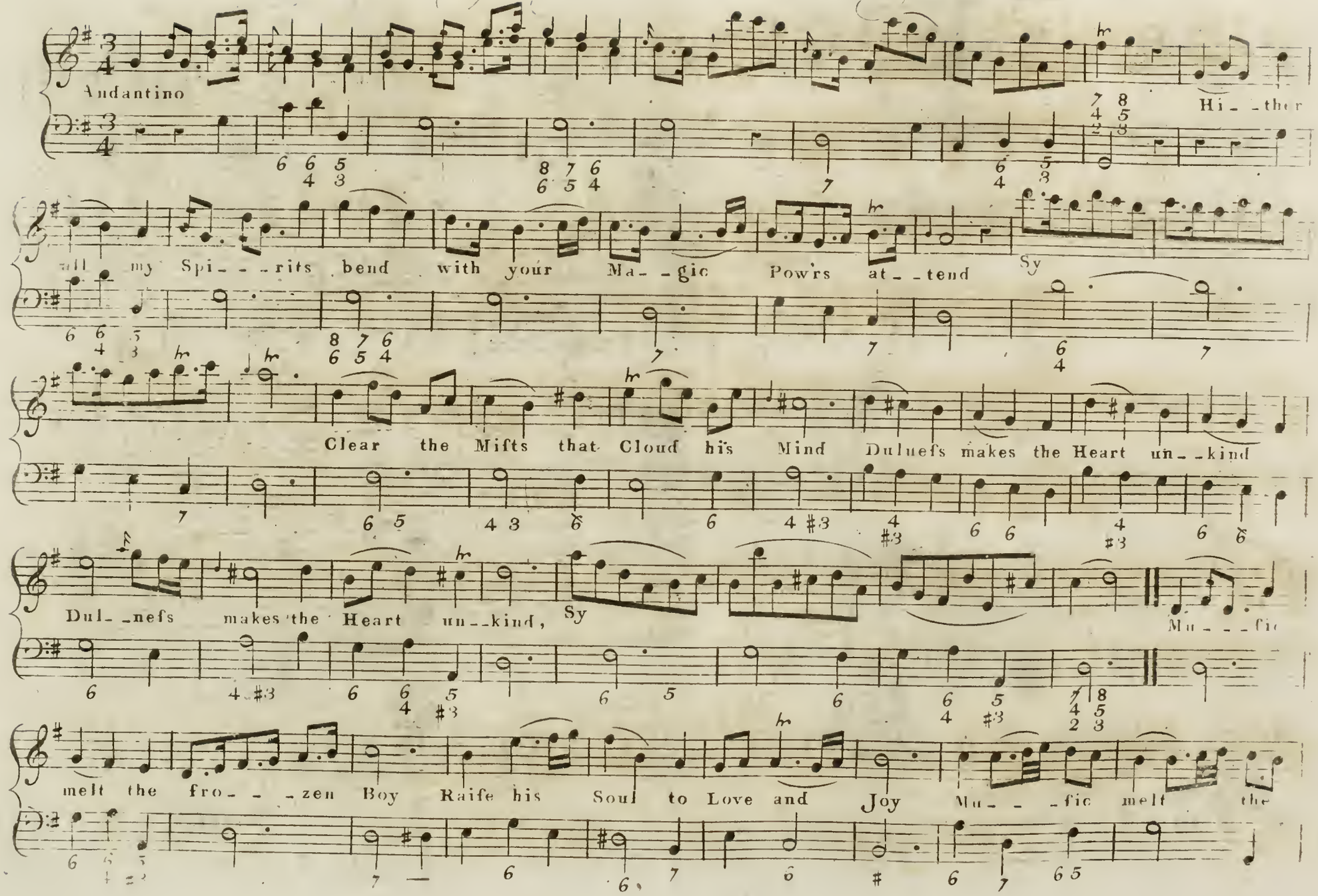

For
Pia
For
Fortifs.

Song for Mrs. Baddeley




Oh no! Oh no! a weak Boy all my Paf_ _fion dif_
_ _arms and I figh all the Day with my Pow'r and my Charms Oh no! Oh no! a weak
Sy
Sy
Sy
Boy all my Paf_ _fion difarms dif_ar_ _ _ _ _ _ms dif_ar_ _ _ _ms Oh no! a weak
Boy all my Paf_fion dif_ _arms and I figh all the Day I figh_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ all the
Day with my Pow'r and my Charms.
Sy

Sung by Mr. Beckley



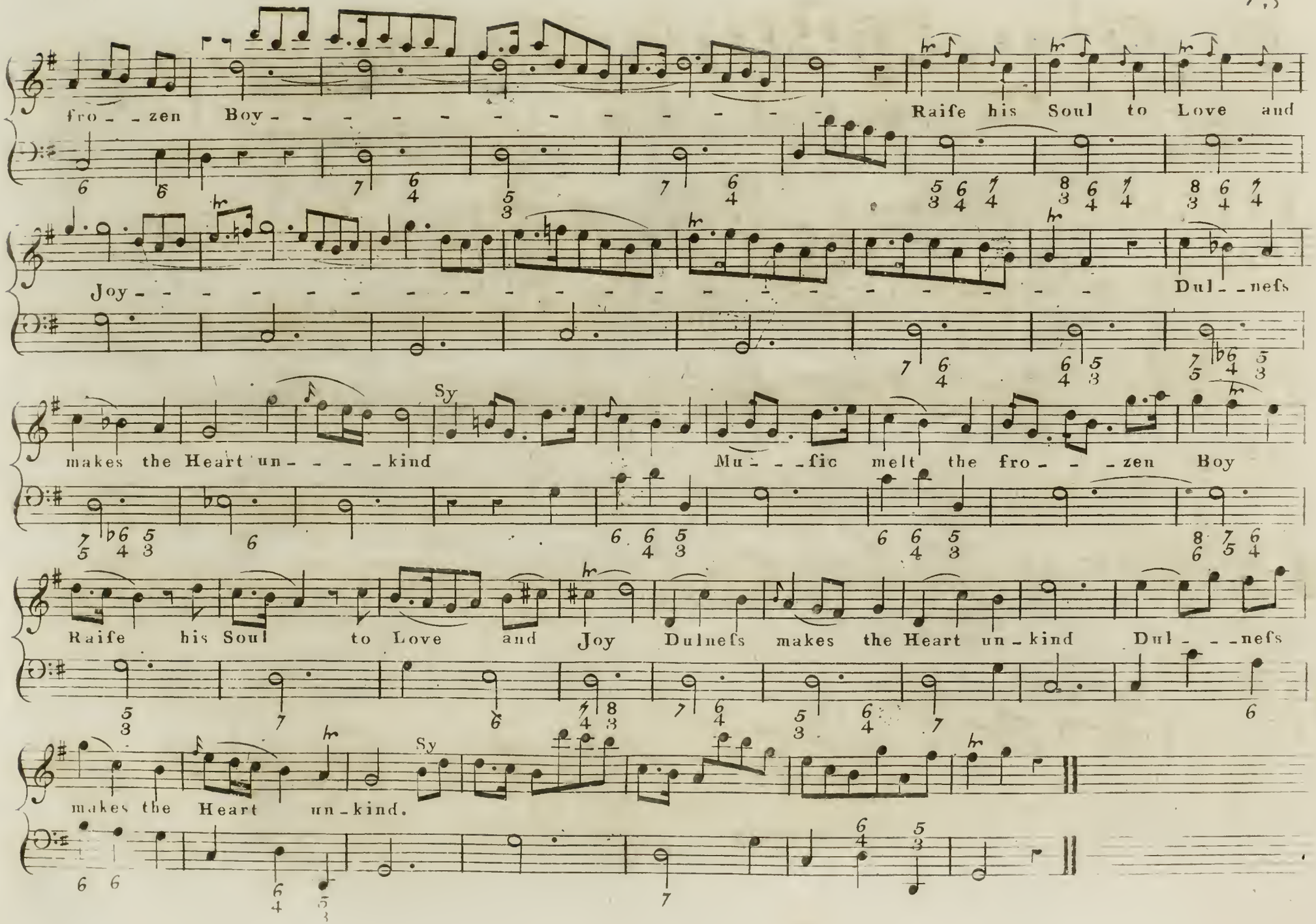
fro - - zen Boy - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Raiſe his Soul to Love and

Joy - Dul - - neſs

makes the Heart un - - - - kind Sy Mu - - - ſic melt the fro - - - zen Boy

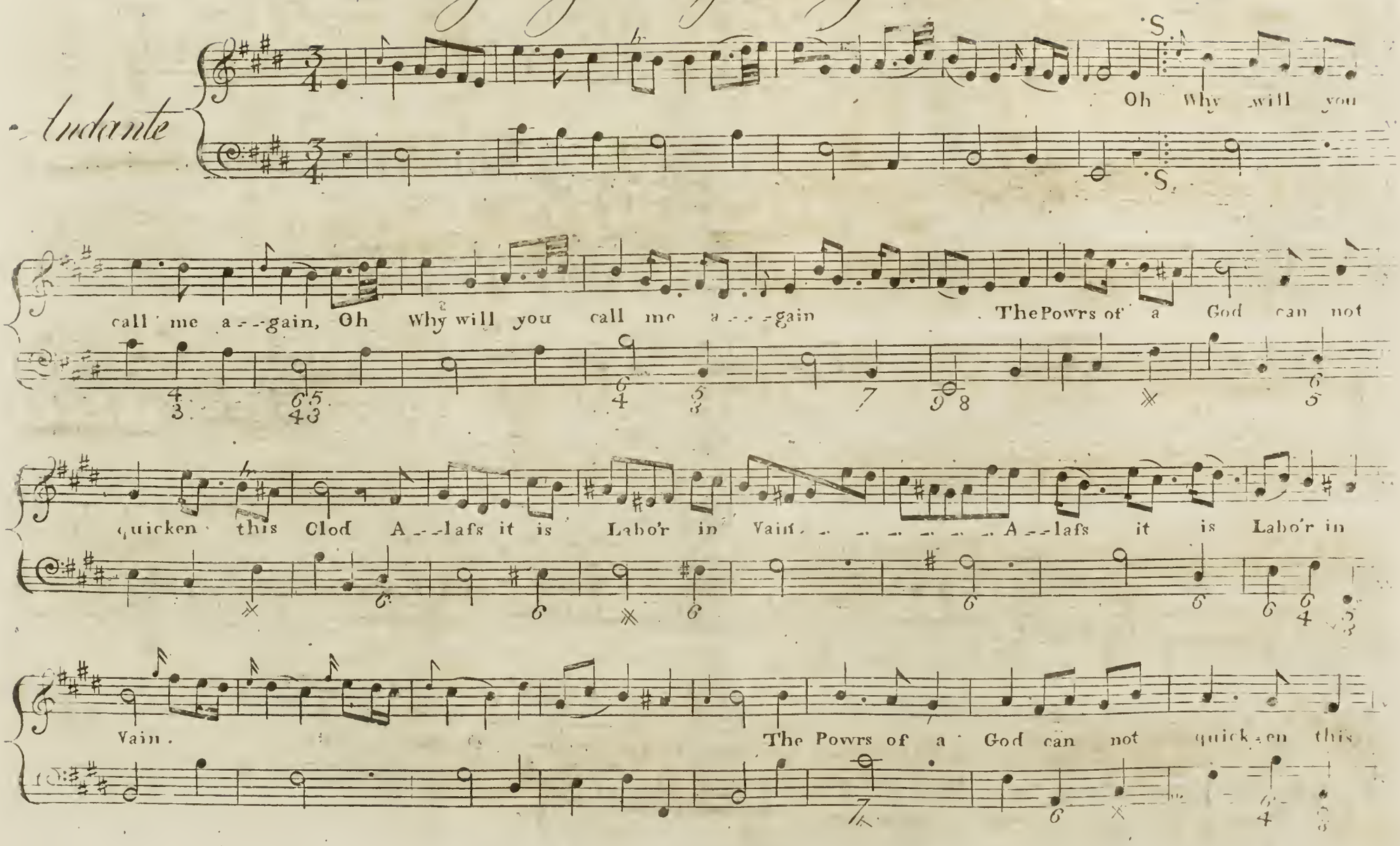
Raiſe his Soul to Love and Joy Dulneſs makes the Heart un - kind Dul - - - neſs

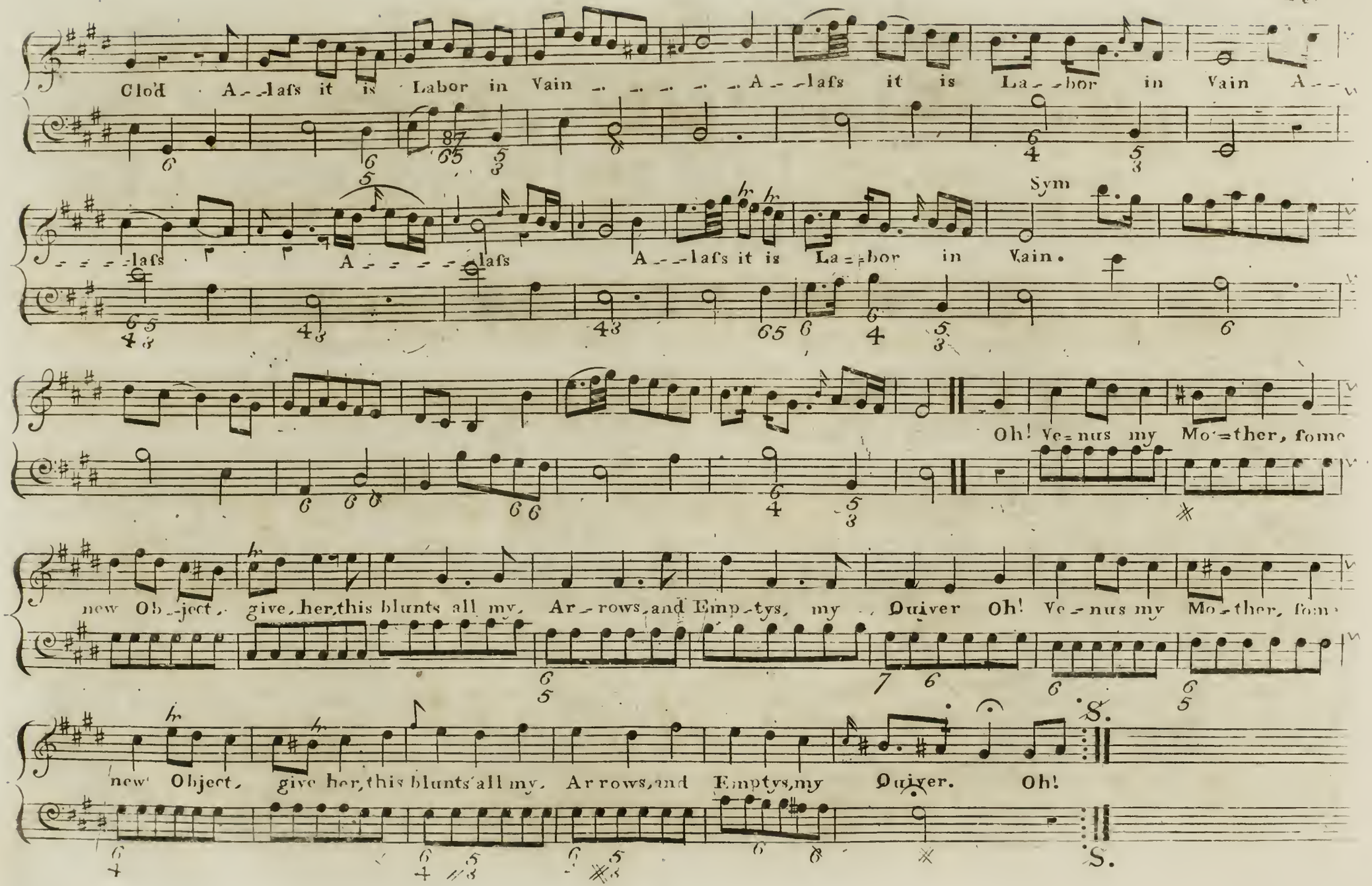
makes the Heart un - kind. Sy



Sung by Miss Rogers

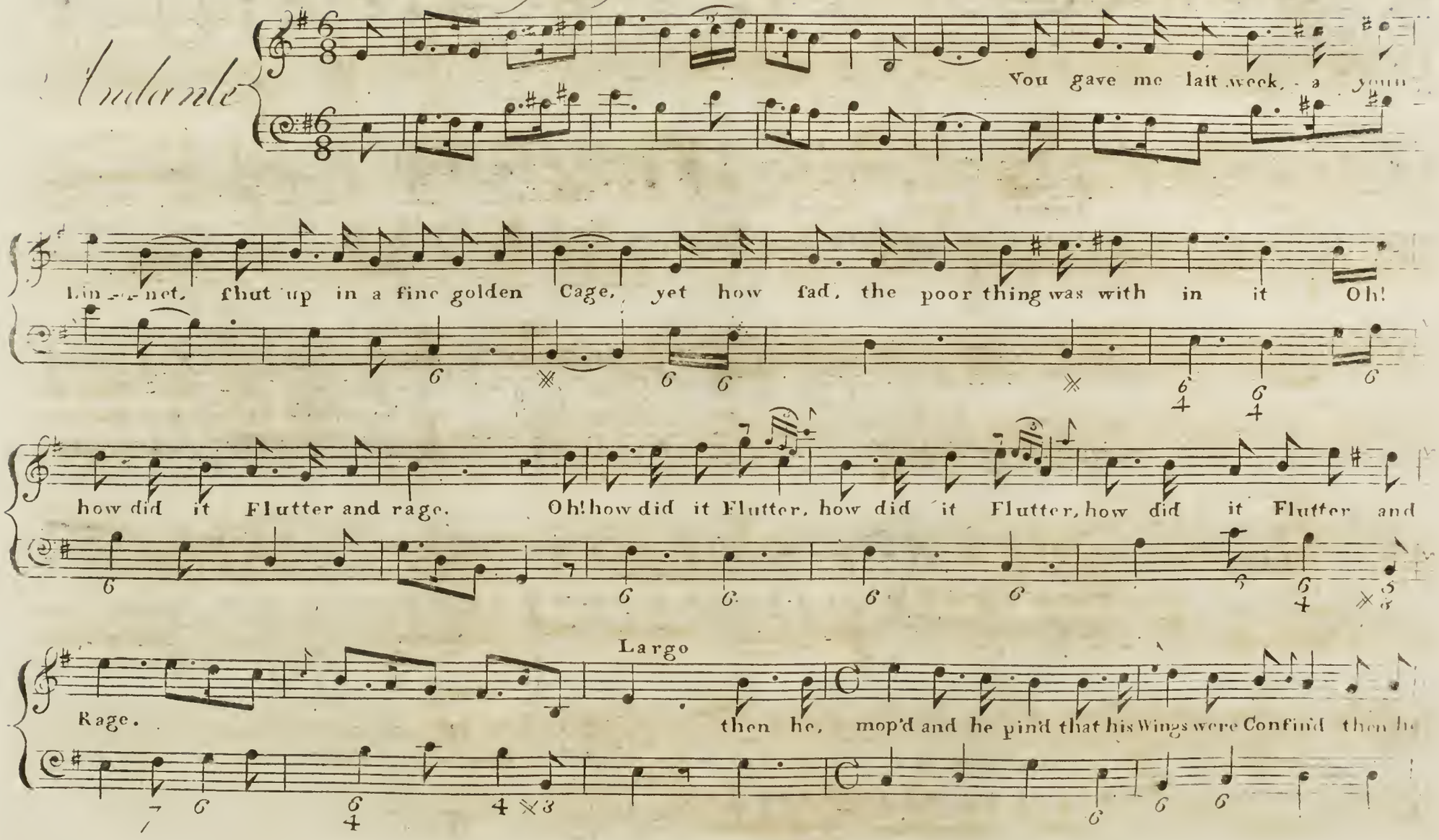
Andante




Clod A--lafs it is Labor in Vain - - - - - - A--lafs it is La--bor in Vain A--
-lafs A- - - - - -lafs A--lafs it is La--bor in Vain.
Sym
Oh! Ve=nus my Mo=ther, fome
new Ob--ject, give, her, this blunts all my, Ar--rows, and Emp--tys, my Quiver Oh! Ve--nus my Mo--ther, fom
new Object, give her, this blunts all my, Arrows, and Emptys, my Quiver. Oh!
S.
S.

Sung by Mr Vernon

Andante



Treble

mop'd, & he pin'd, that his Wings were Con - - fin'd. till I Open'd the Door of his

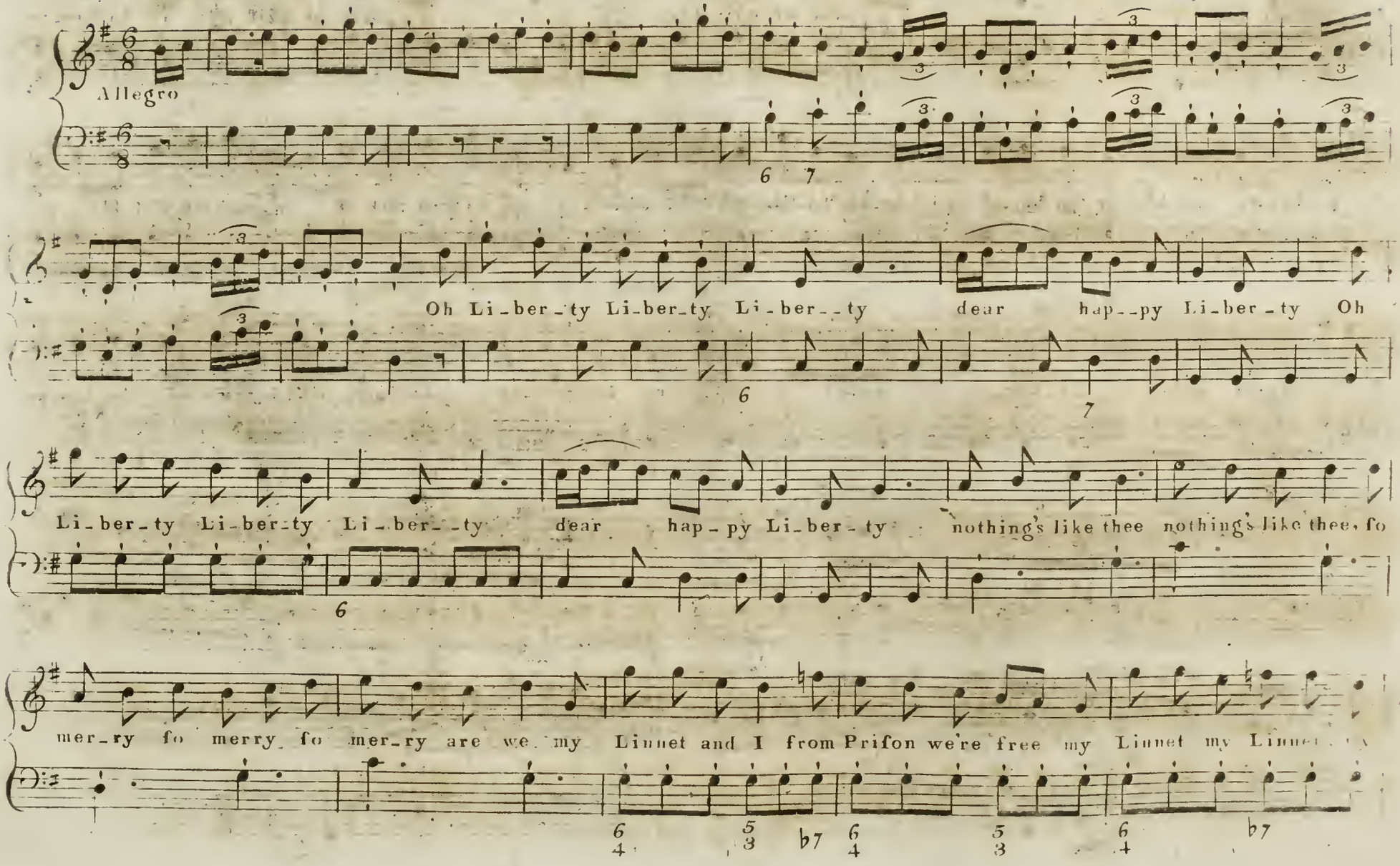
Treble

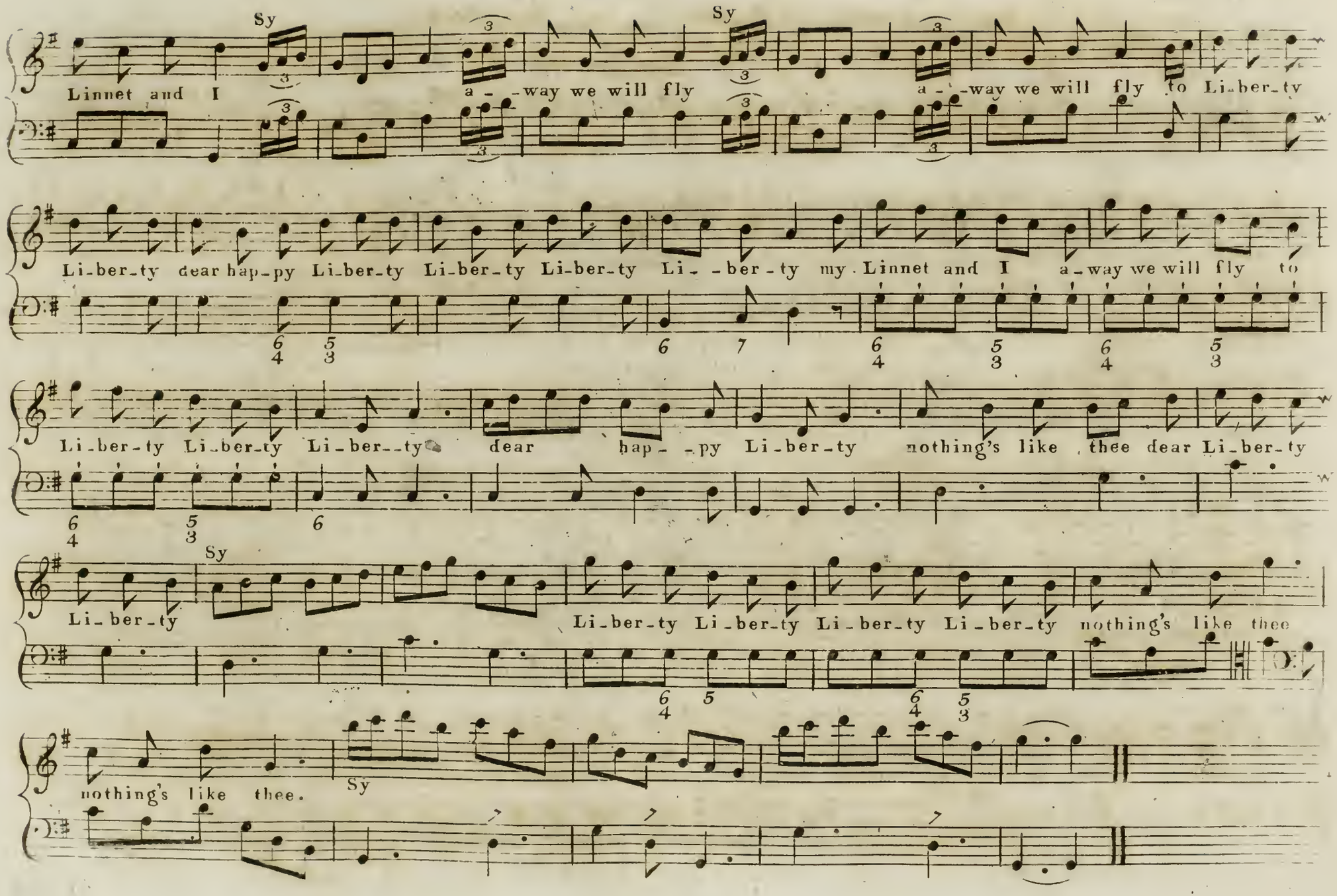
Den. then fo merry was he, and be - cauſe he was free, he

came to his Cage back a - 'gain. then fo Mer-ry fo Merry was he. and be - - cauſe be - - cauſe he was

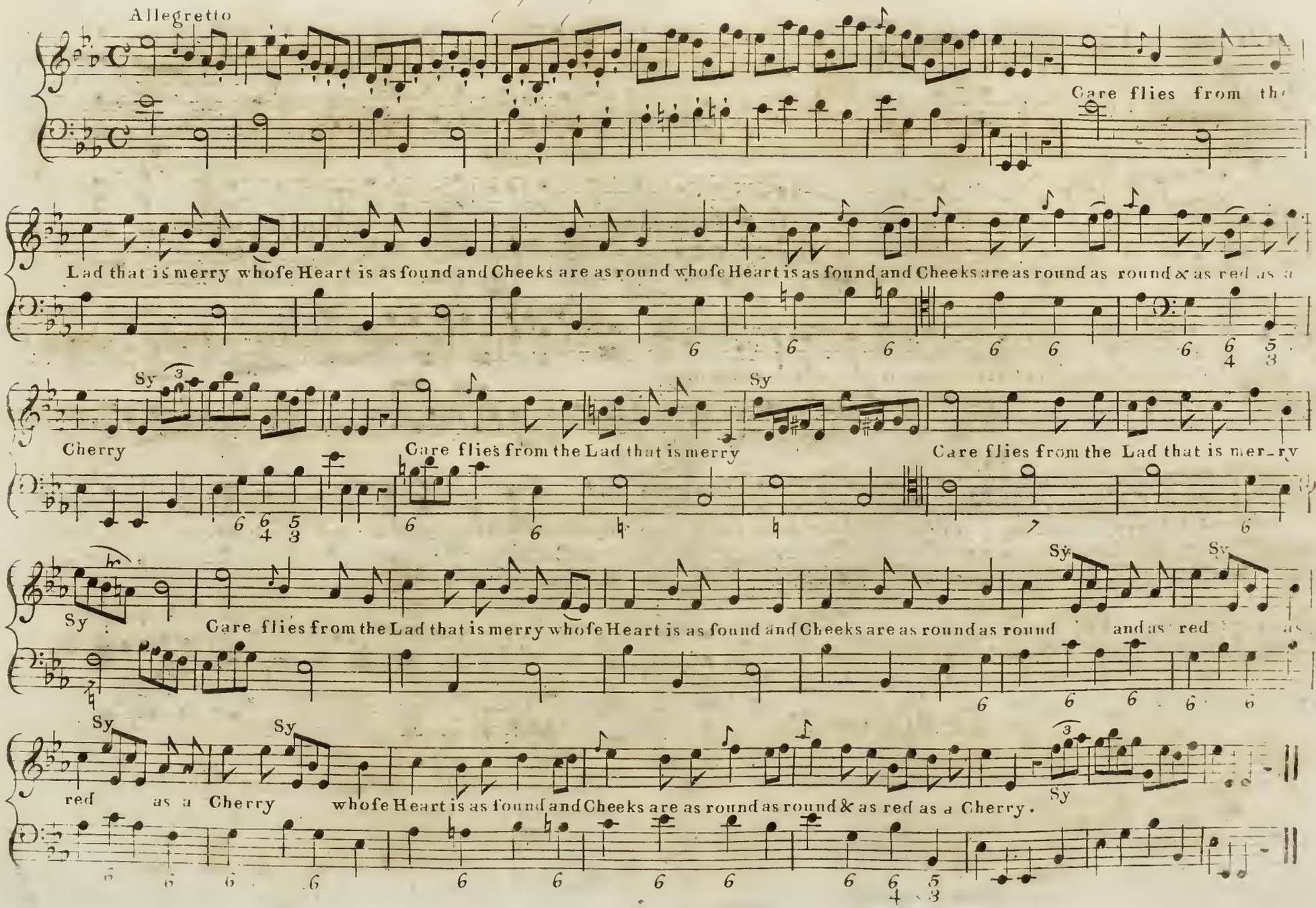
free. he Came to his Cage back a - - gain. - - - - - - - - - to his Cage back a - - gain.

Sung by Mr. Vernon

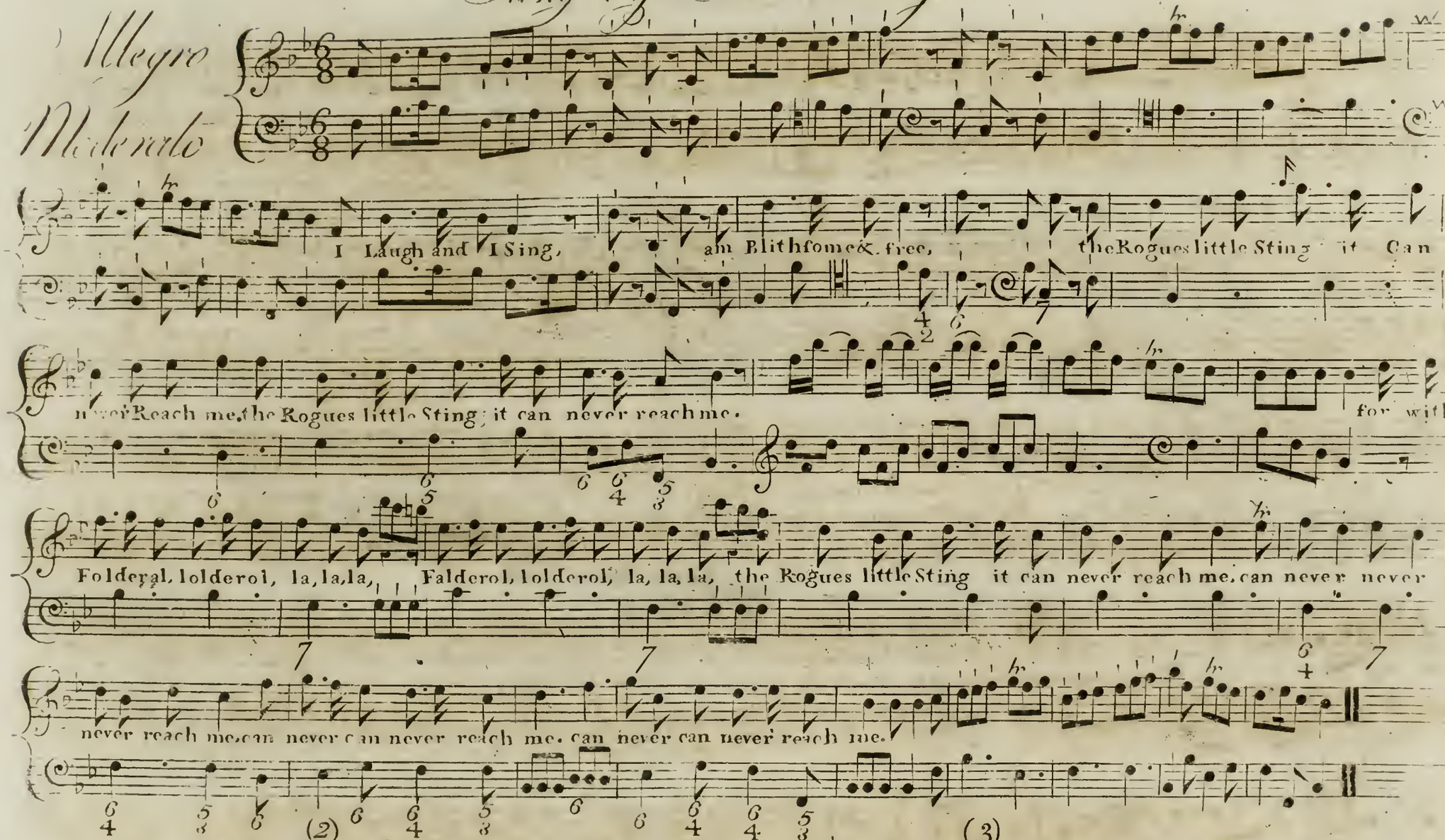



Sy
Linnet and I
a - - way we will fly
Sy
a - - way we will fly to Li-ber-ty
Li-ber-ty dear hap-py Li-ber-ty Li-ber-ty Li-ber-ty Li- - ber-ty my Linnet and I a-way we will fly to
Li-ber-ty Li-ber-ty Li-ber-ty dear hap- -py Li-ber-ty nothing's like thee dear Li-ber-ty
Sy
Li-ber-ty
Li-ber-ty Li-ber-ty Li-ber-ty Li-ber-ty nothing's like thee
nothing's like thee.
Sy

Sung by Mr. King



Sung by Mr. King



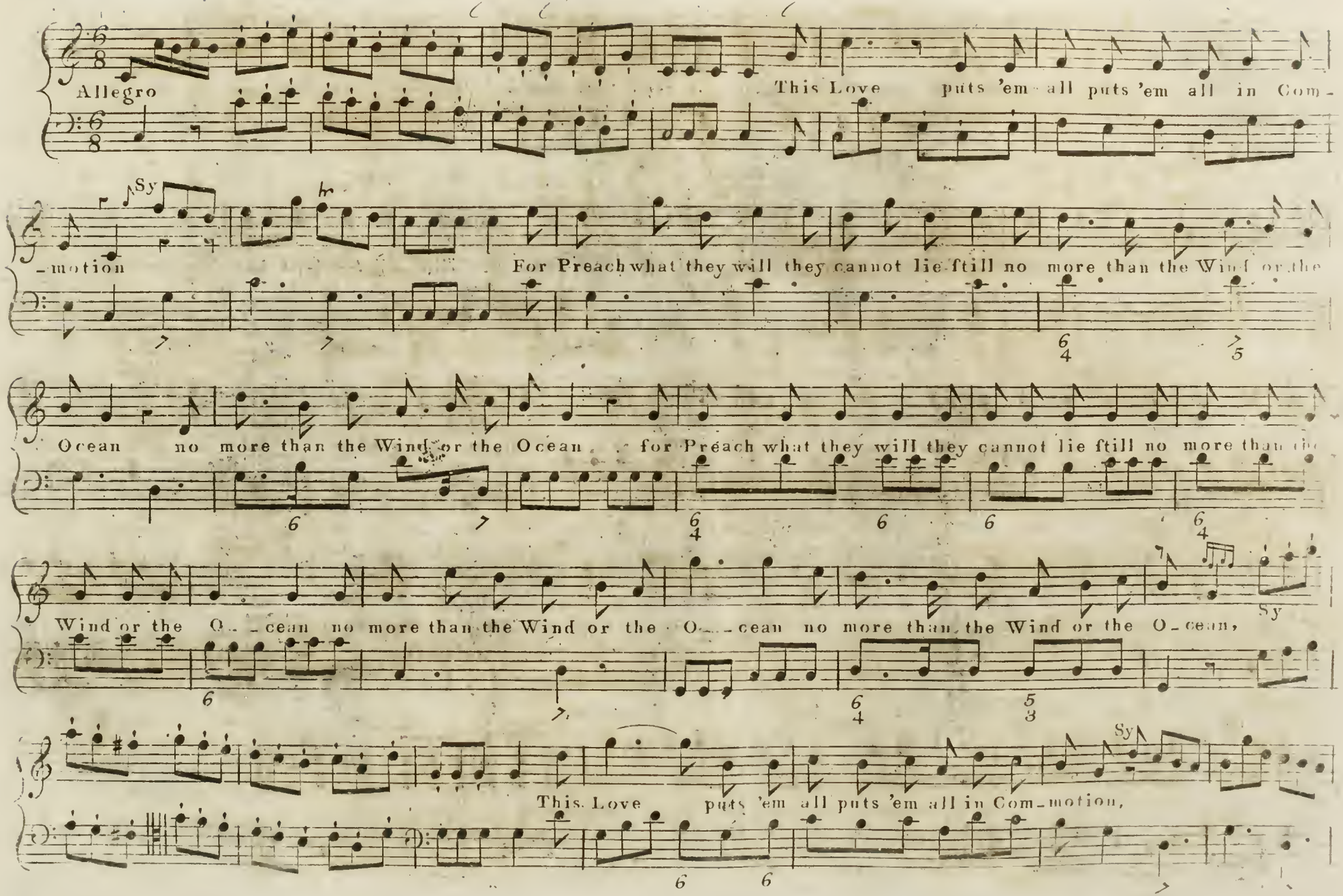
(2)

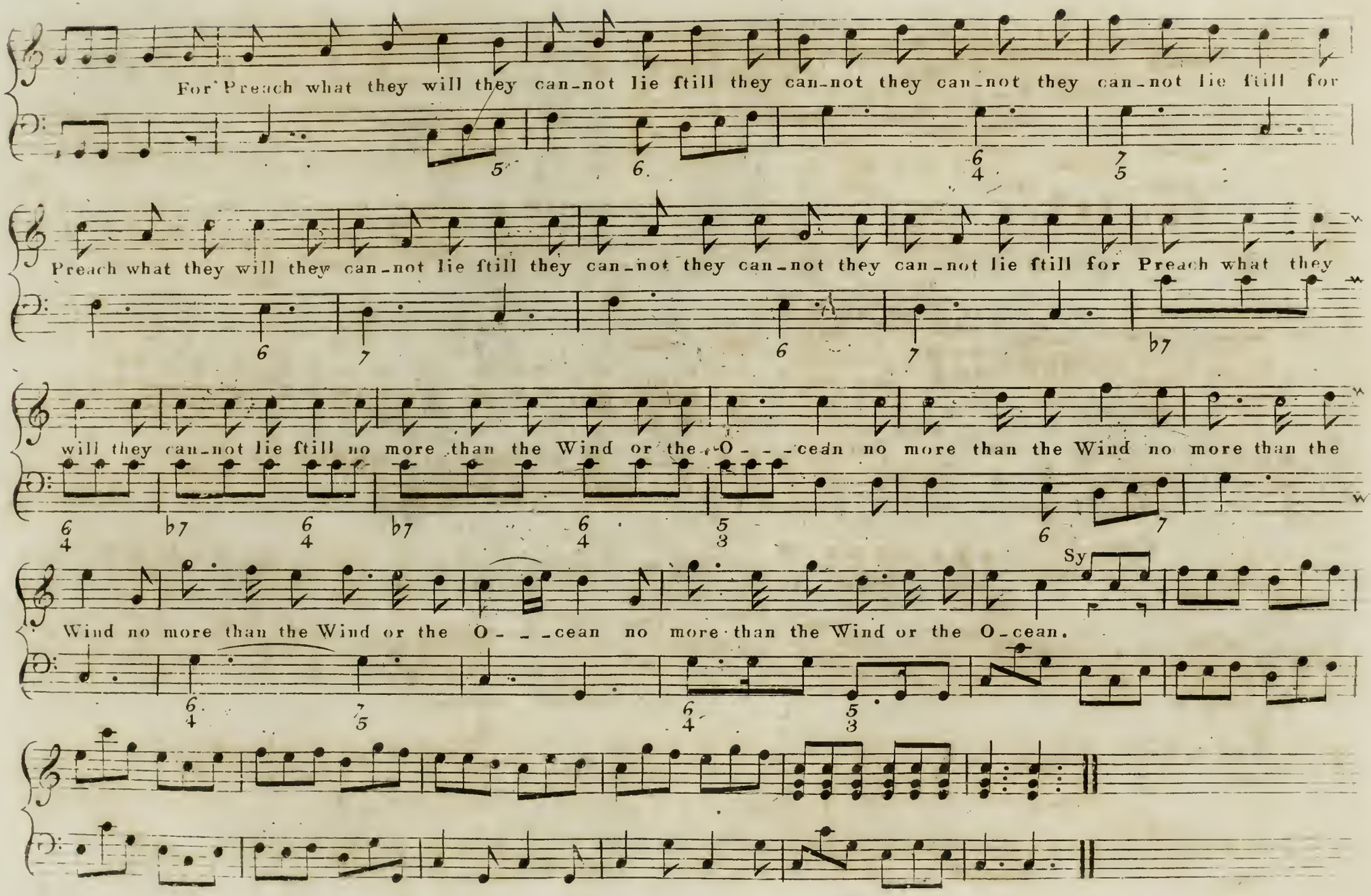
My Skin is so Tough, or so Blinking is he,
He can't Pierce my Buff, but misses poor me,
For with Fa, la, la, la,
And Ha, ha, ha, ha,
He misses poor me.

(3)

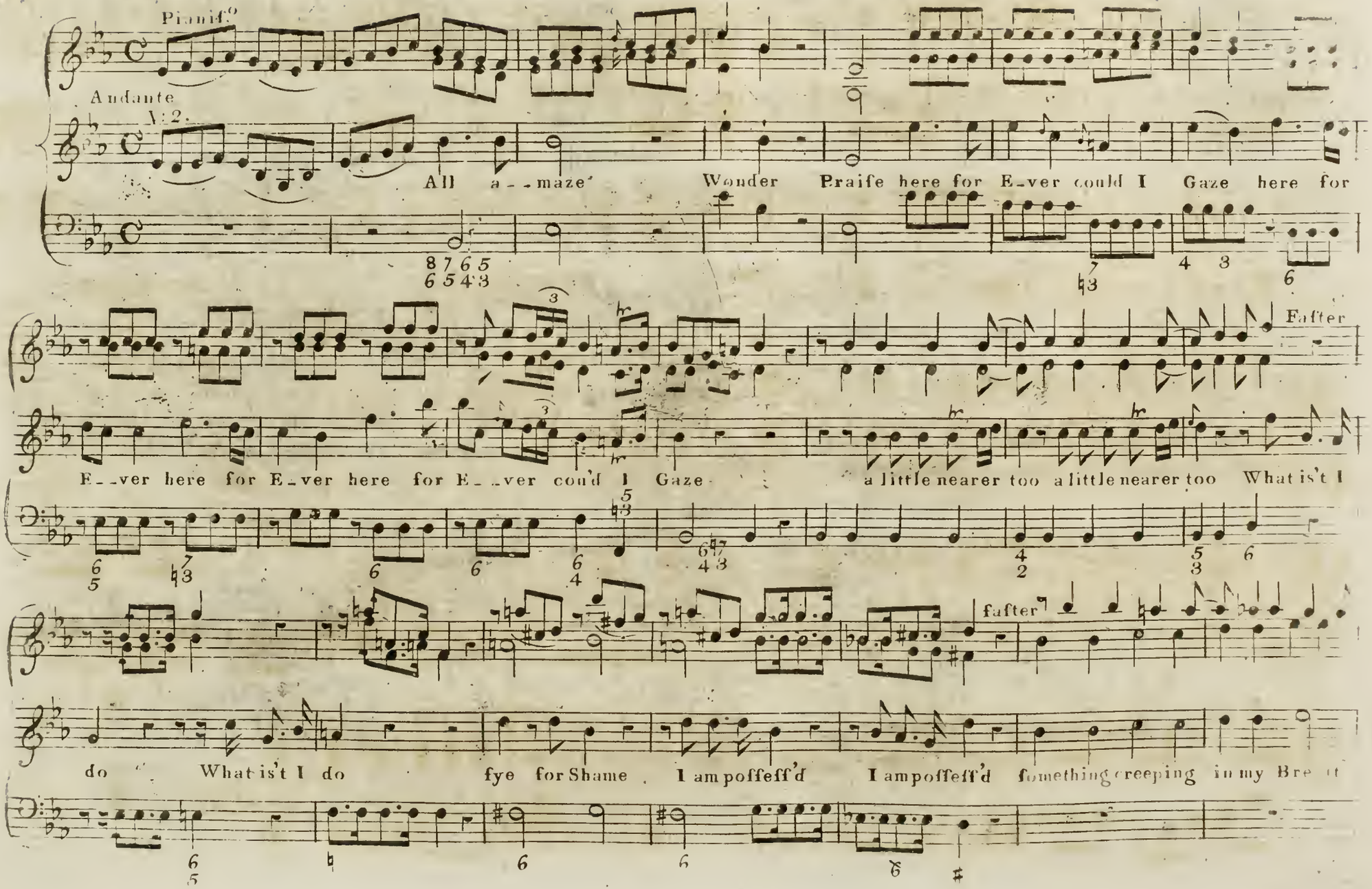
Oh, never be dull, by the sad Willow Tree,
Of Mirth be Brimfull and Run over like me,
For with Fa, la, la, la,
And Ho, ha, ha, ha,
Run over like me.

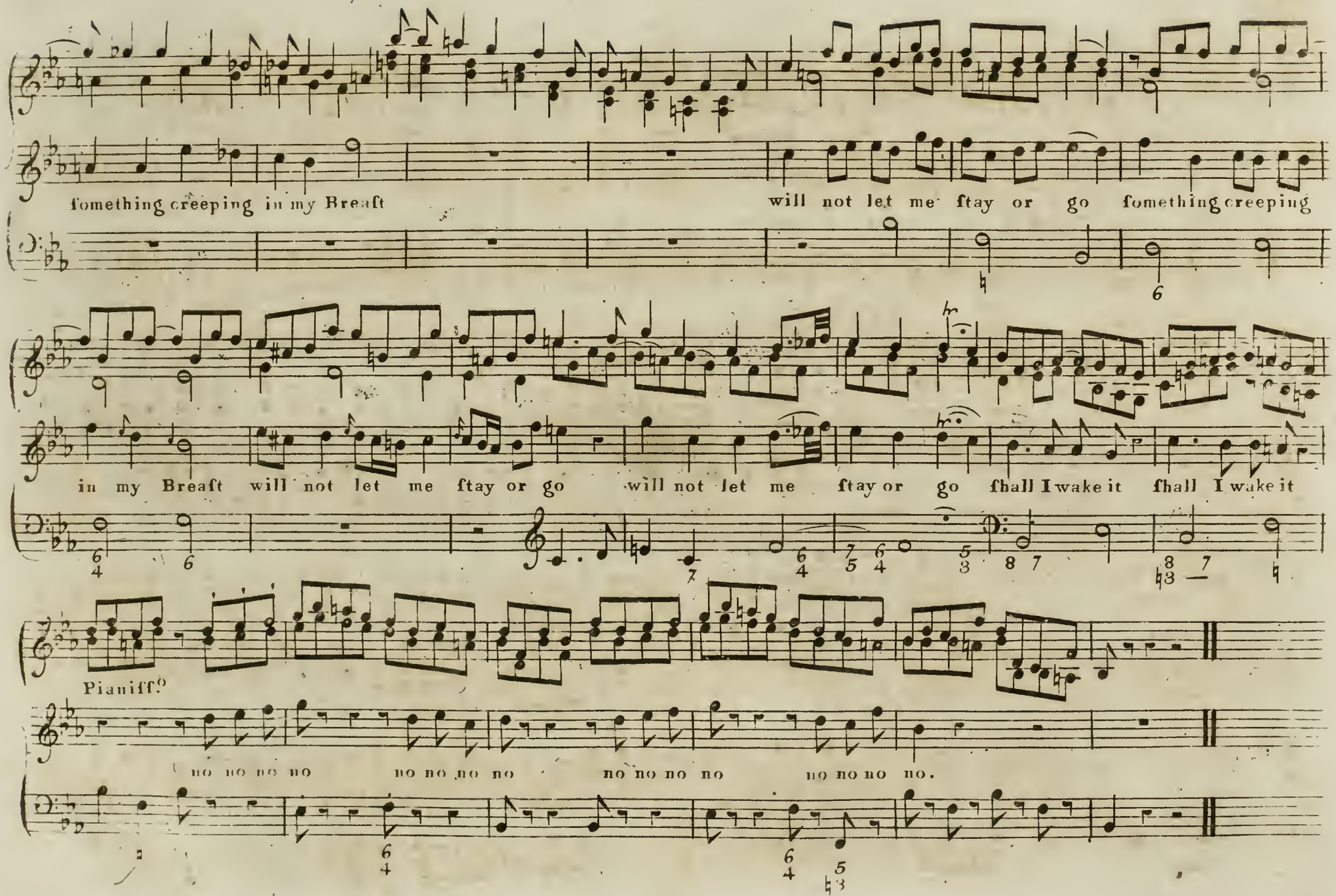
Sung by Mr. King



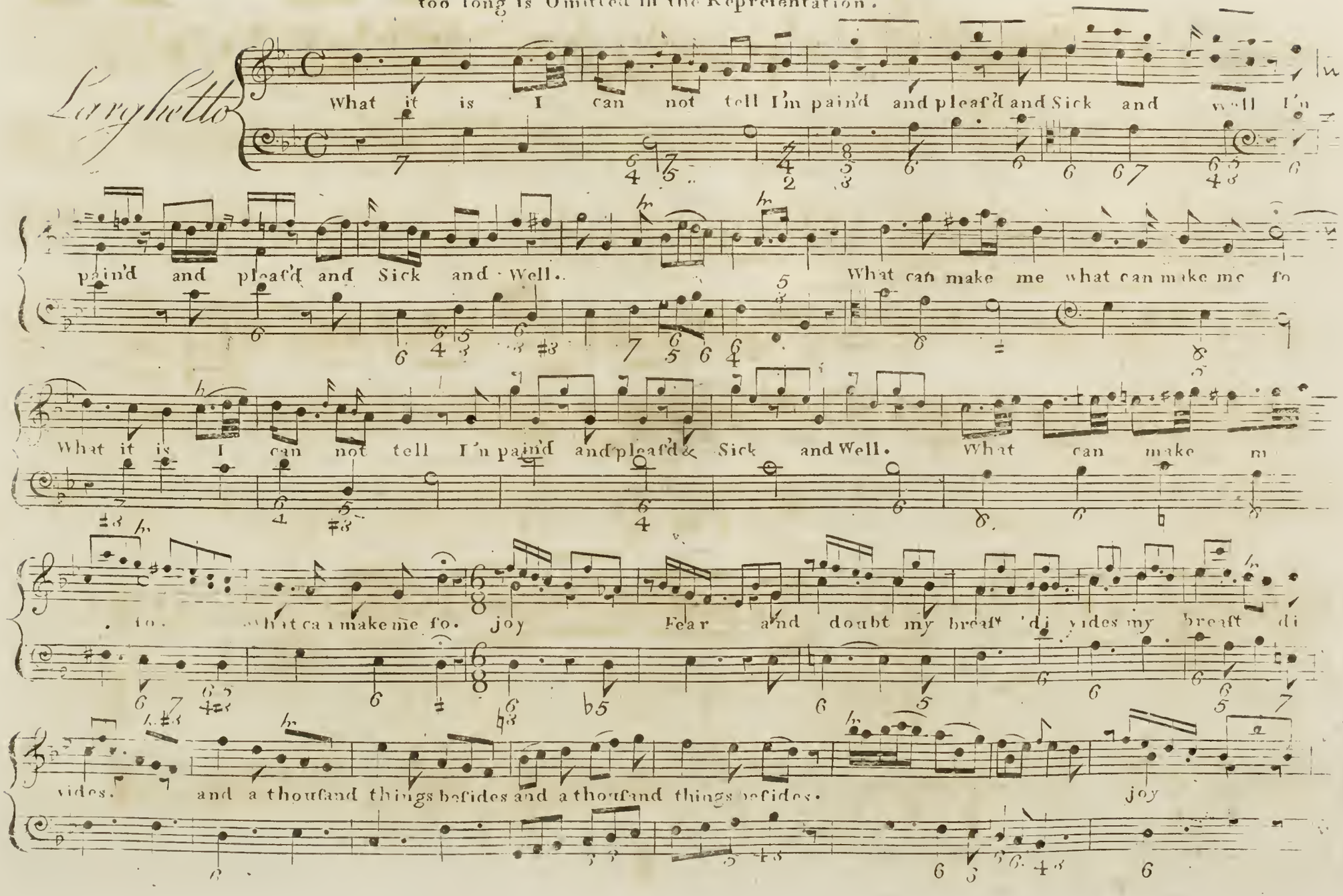

For Preach what they will they can-not lie ſtill they can-not they can-not they can-not lie ſtill for
Preach what they will they can-not lie ſtill they can-not they can-not they can-not lie ſtill for Preach what they
will they can-not lie ſtill no more than the Wind or the O - - -cean no more than the Wind no more than the
Sy
Wind no more than the Wind or the O - - -cean no more than the Wind or the O-cean.

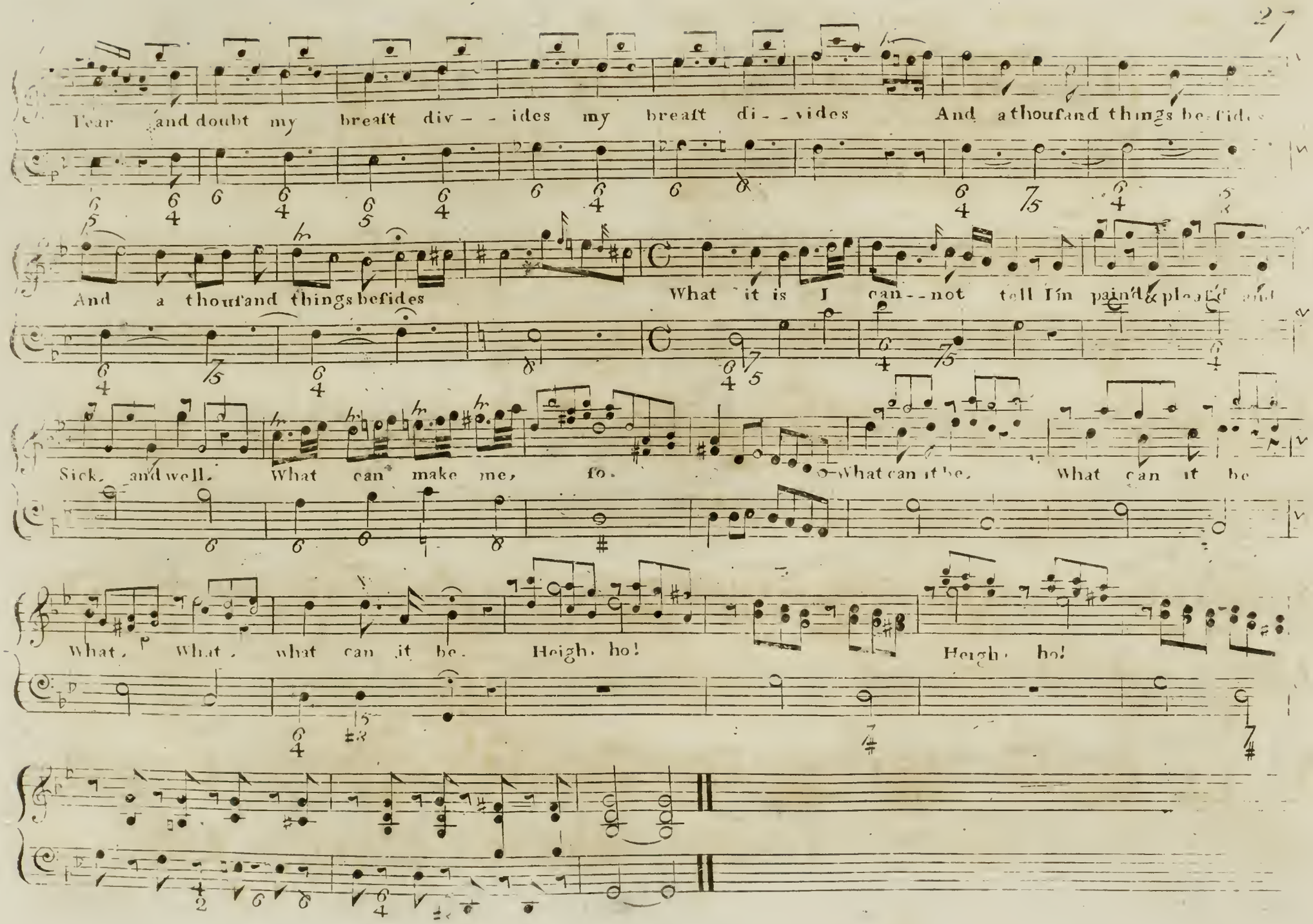
Sung by Mr. Vernon




fomething creeping in my Breaft
will not let me ftay or go fomething creeping
in my Breaft will not let me ftay or go will not let me ftay or go fhall I wake it fhall I wake it
Pianiff.
no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no.

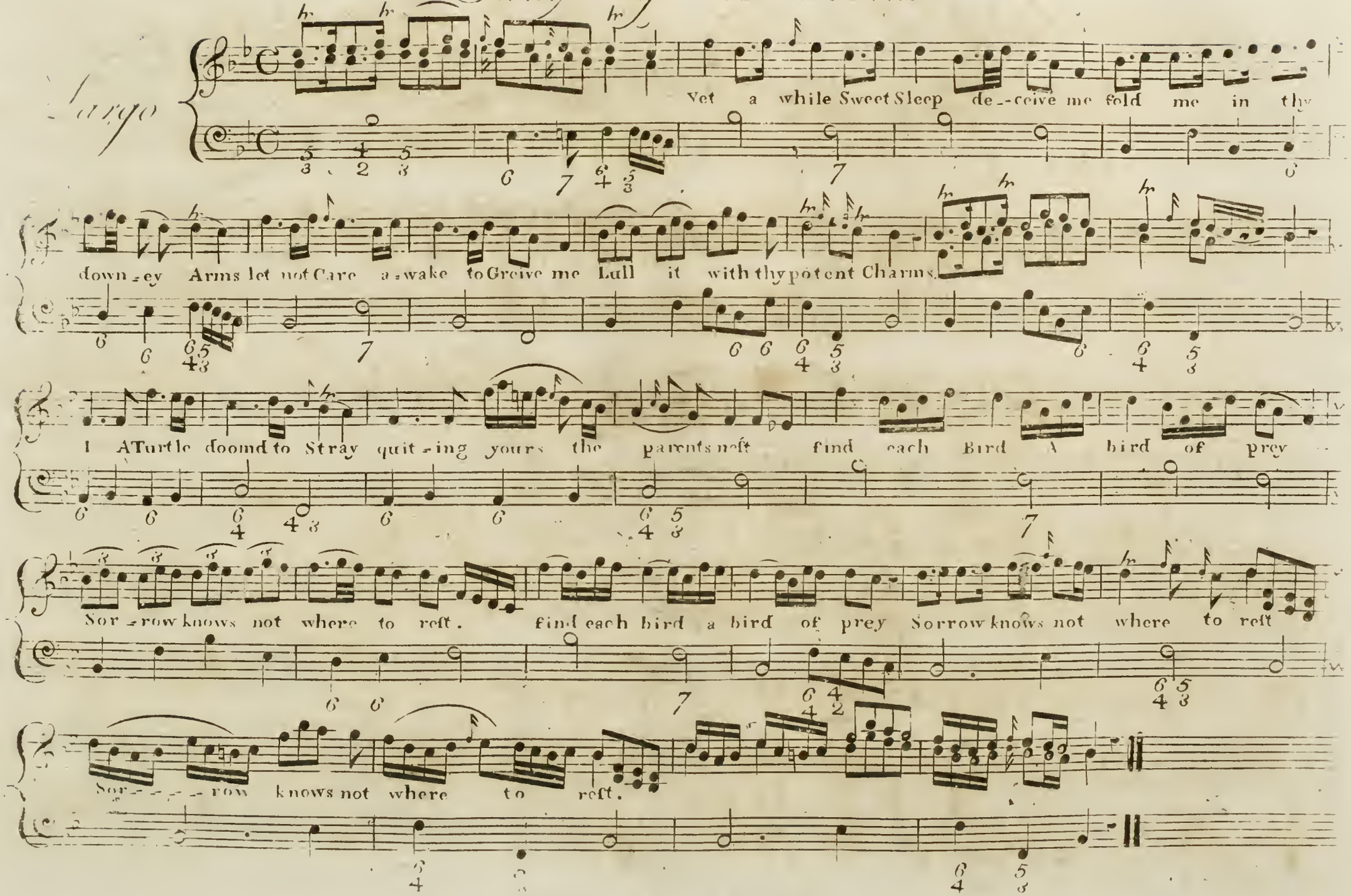
This belongs to the laſt AIR of CYMON but being thought too long is Omitted in the Repreſentation.




Fear and doubt my breaſt div – – ides my breaſt di – – vides And a thouſand things beſides
And a thouſand things beſides What it is I can – – not tell I'm pain'd & pleas'd and
Sick, and well. What can make me, ſo. What can it be. What can it be
What, what, what can it be. Heigh, ho! Heigh, ho!

Sung by Mr Clive

Largo



(Duett) Sung by Mrs Arne & Mrs Vernon

Andante

Sylvia

Take this Nofegay

Cymon

gen=tle youth and you fweet maid take mine. Un like thefe flowr's le thy fair Truth Un like thefe flowers le

Cymon

thine. Un like thefe flowers le thine. keep that nofegay gen=tle youth and you fweet maid keep mine

Sylvia

Un like thefe flowers be thy fair truth Un like thefe flowrs be

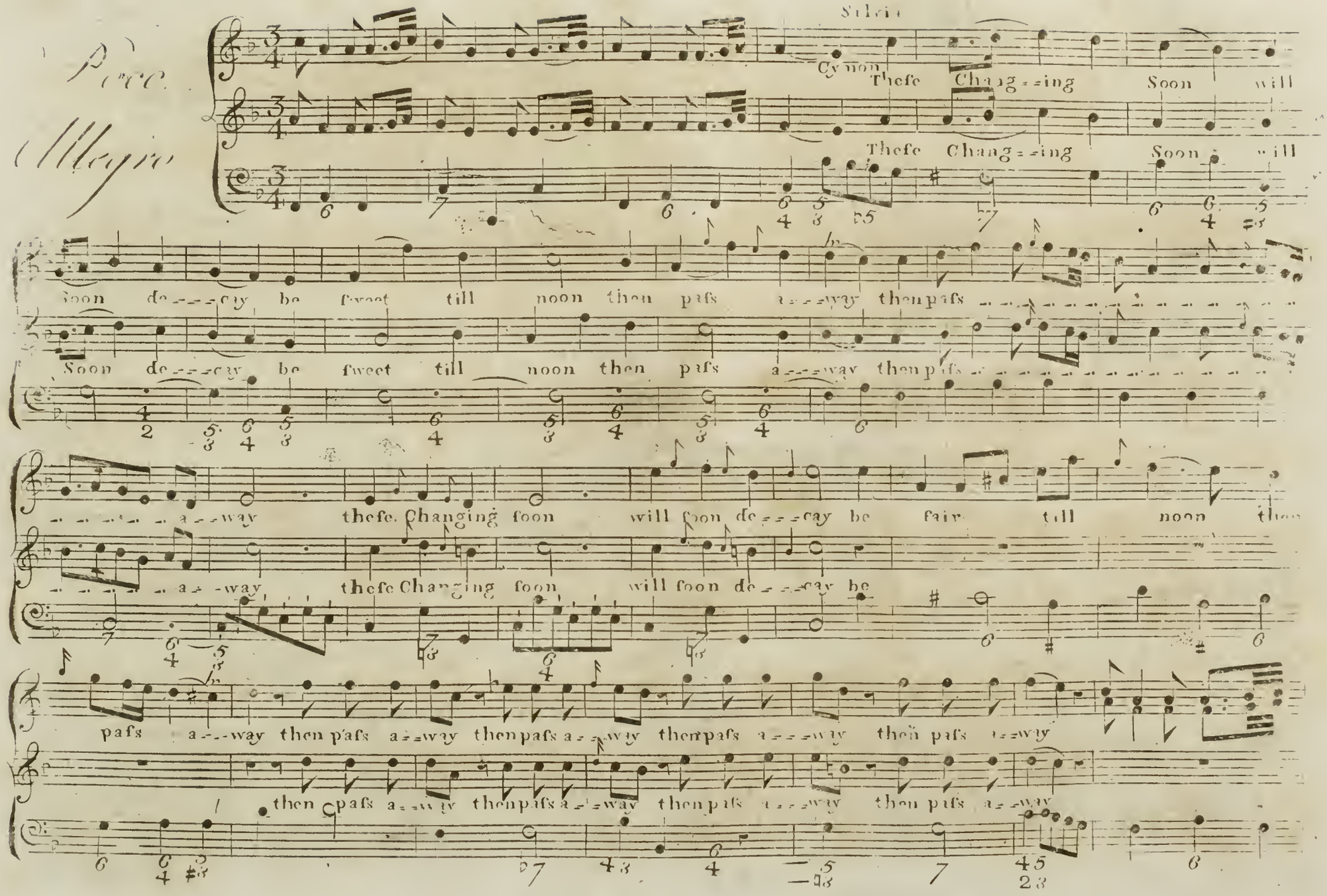
Sylvia

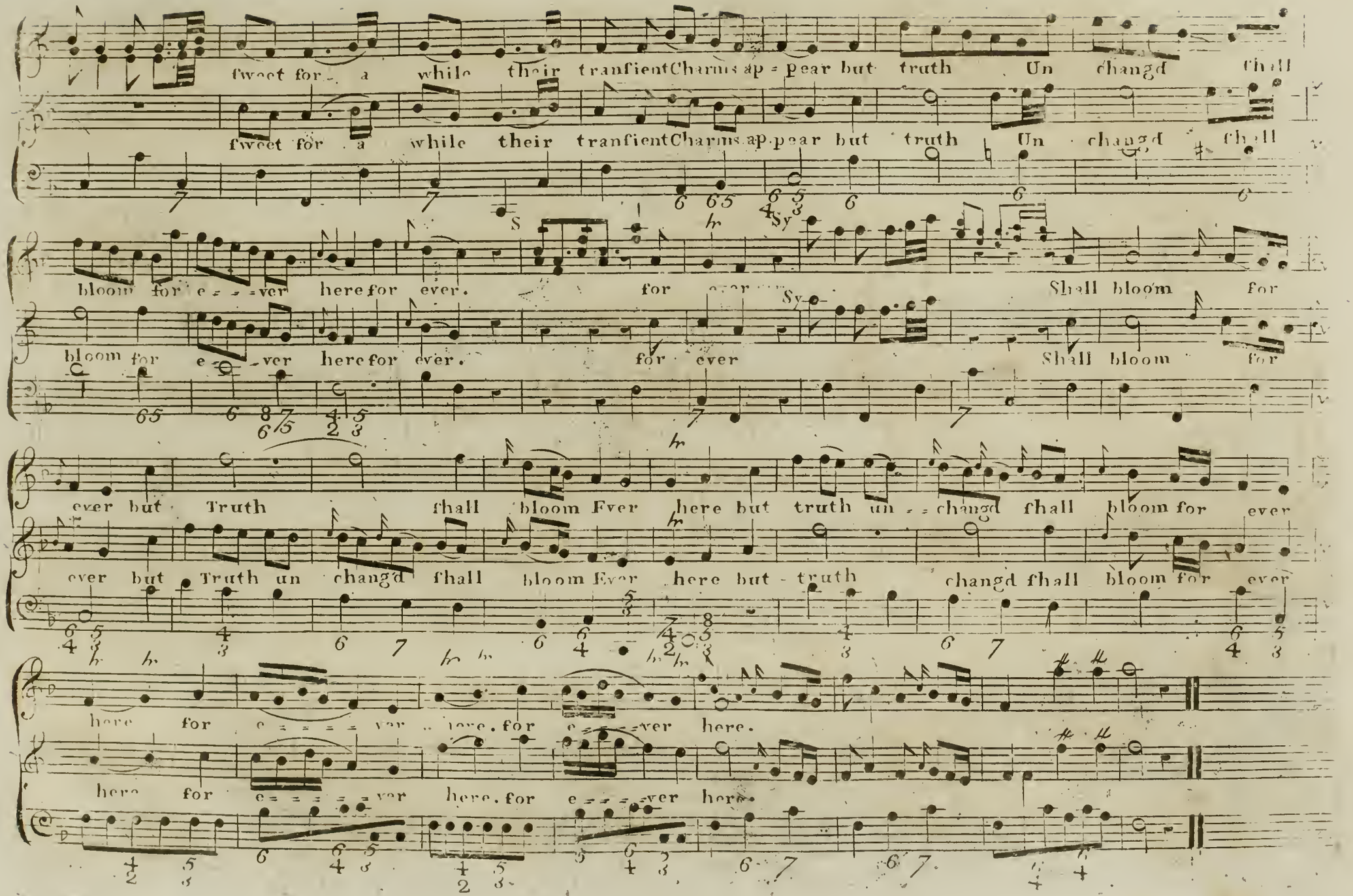
thine. Un like thefe flowr's be thy fair truth Un like thefe flowers be thine.

Un like thefe flowr's be thy fair truth Un like thefe flowers be thine.

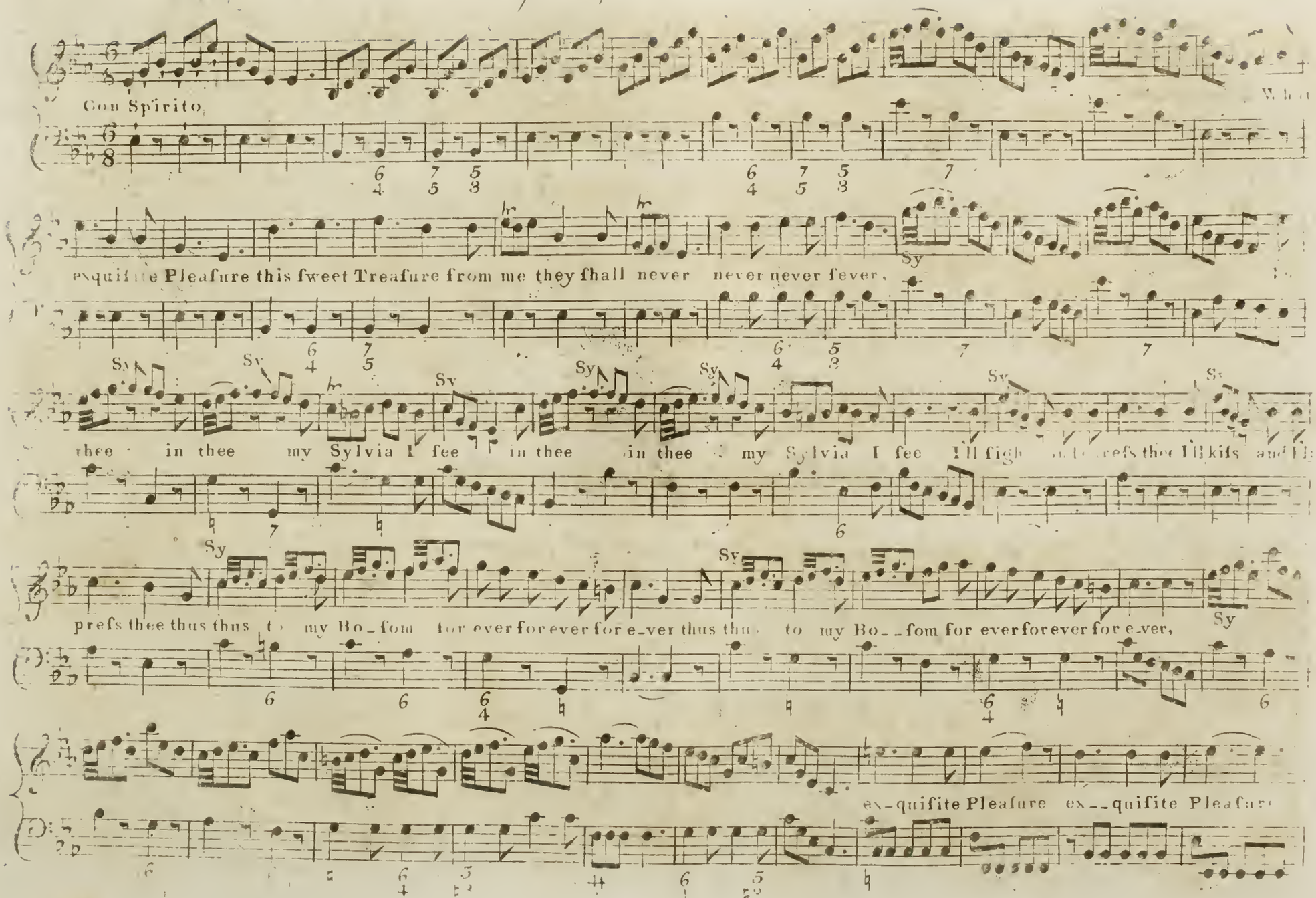
Pia.

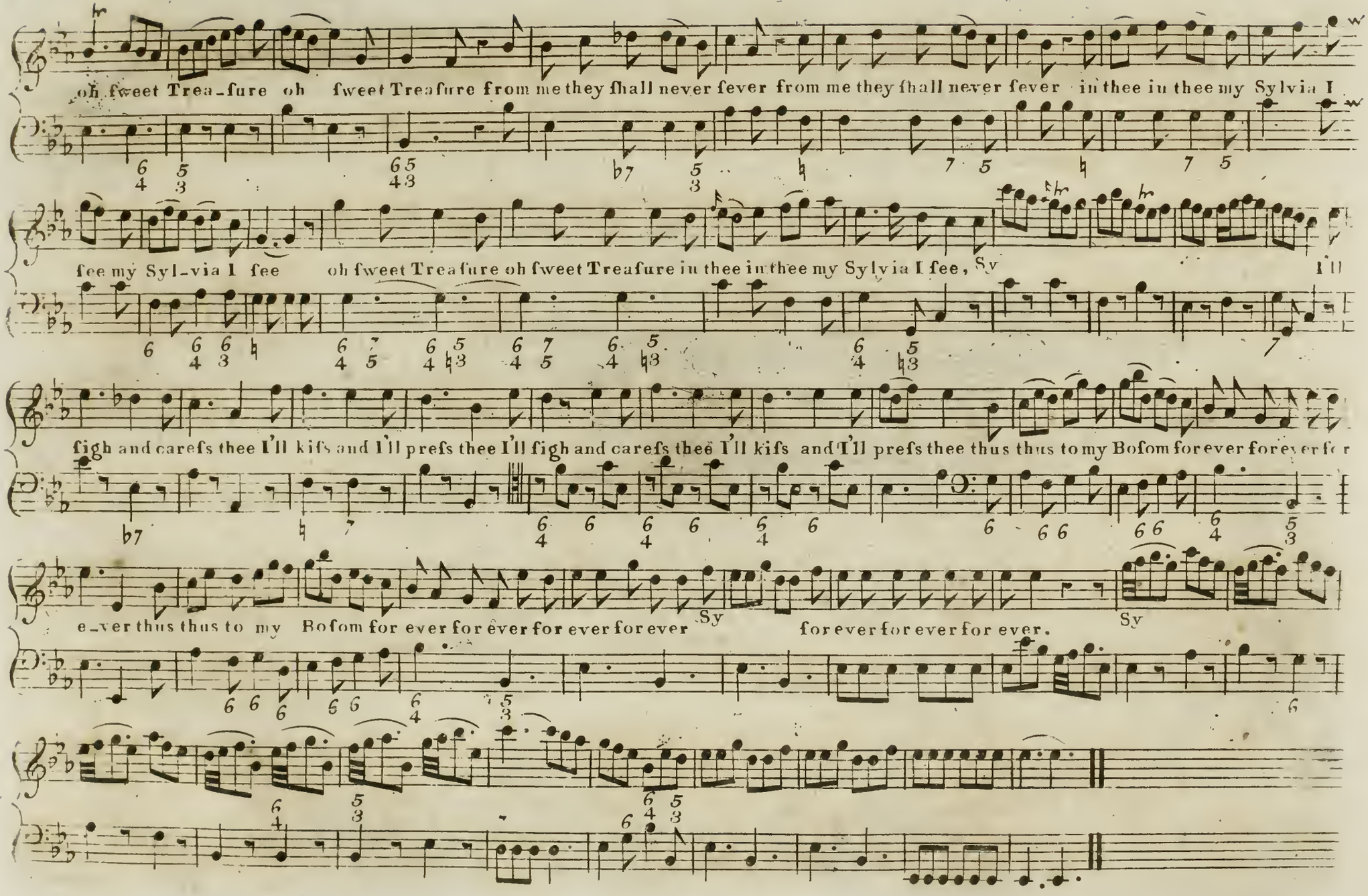
Allegro


Sylvia
Cymon
Thefe Chang=ing Soon will
Thefe Chang=ing Soon will
Soon de=cay be fweet till noon then pafs a=way then pafs
Soon de=cay be fweet till noon then pafs a=way then pafs
a=way thefe Changing foon will foon de=cay be fair till noon then
a=way thefe Changing foon will foon de=cay be
pafs a=way then pafs a=way then pafs a=way then pafs a=way then pafs a=way
then pafs a=way then pafs a=way then pafs a=way then pafs a=way

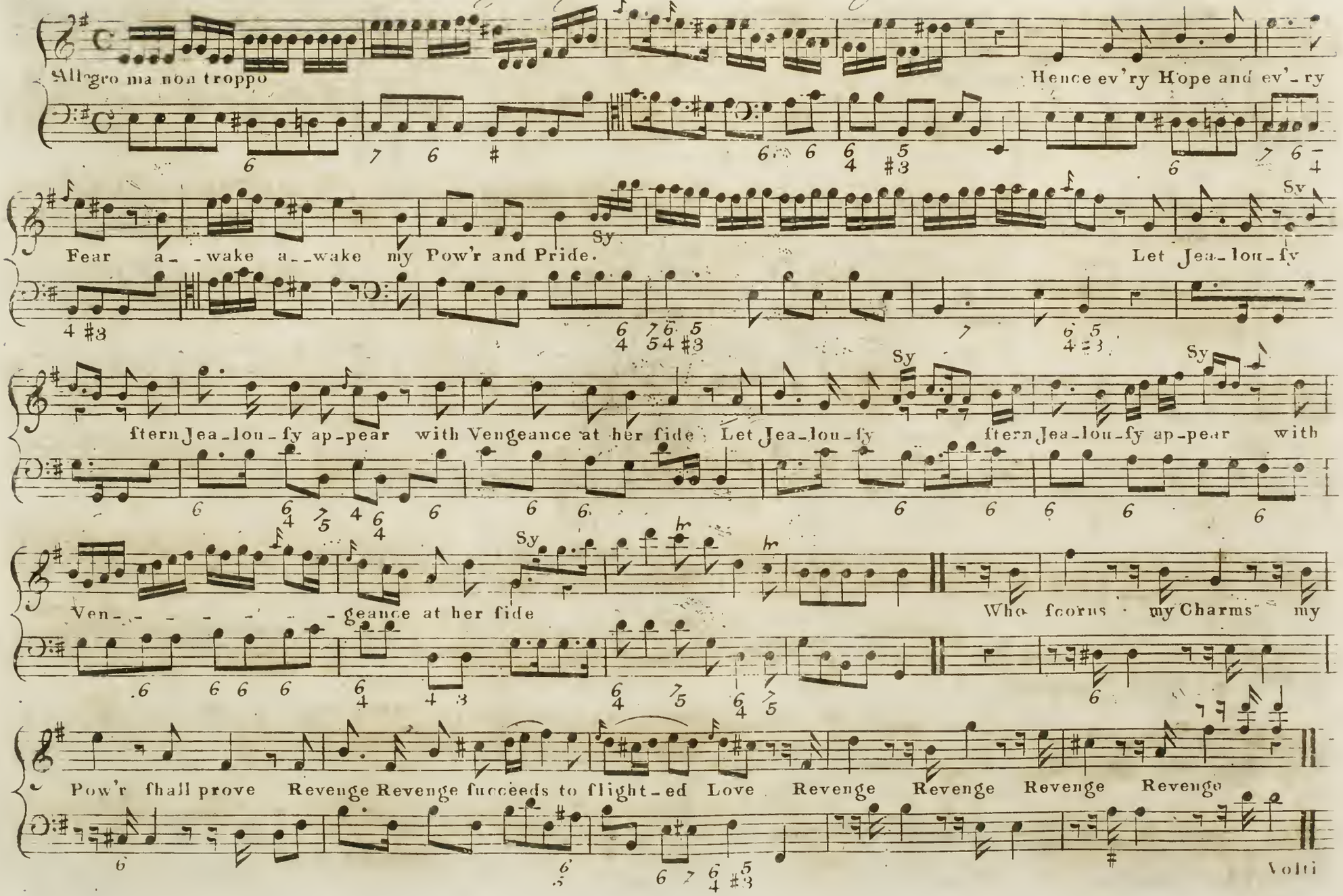

fweet for a while their tranfient Charms ap = pear but truth Un changd fhall
fweet for a while their tranfient Charms ap = pear but truth Un changd fhall
bloom for e = = = ver here for ever. for ever Shall bloom for
bloom for e = = ver here for ever. for ever Shall bloom for
ever but Truth fhall bloom Ever here but truth un = = changd fhall bloom for ever
ever but Truth un changd fhall bloom Ever here but truth changd fhall bloom for ever
here for e = = = = = ver here. for e = = = ver here.
here for e = = = = = ver here. for e = = = ver here.

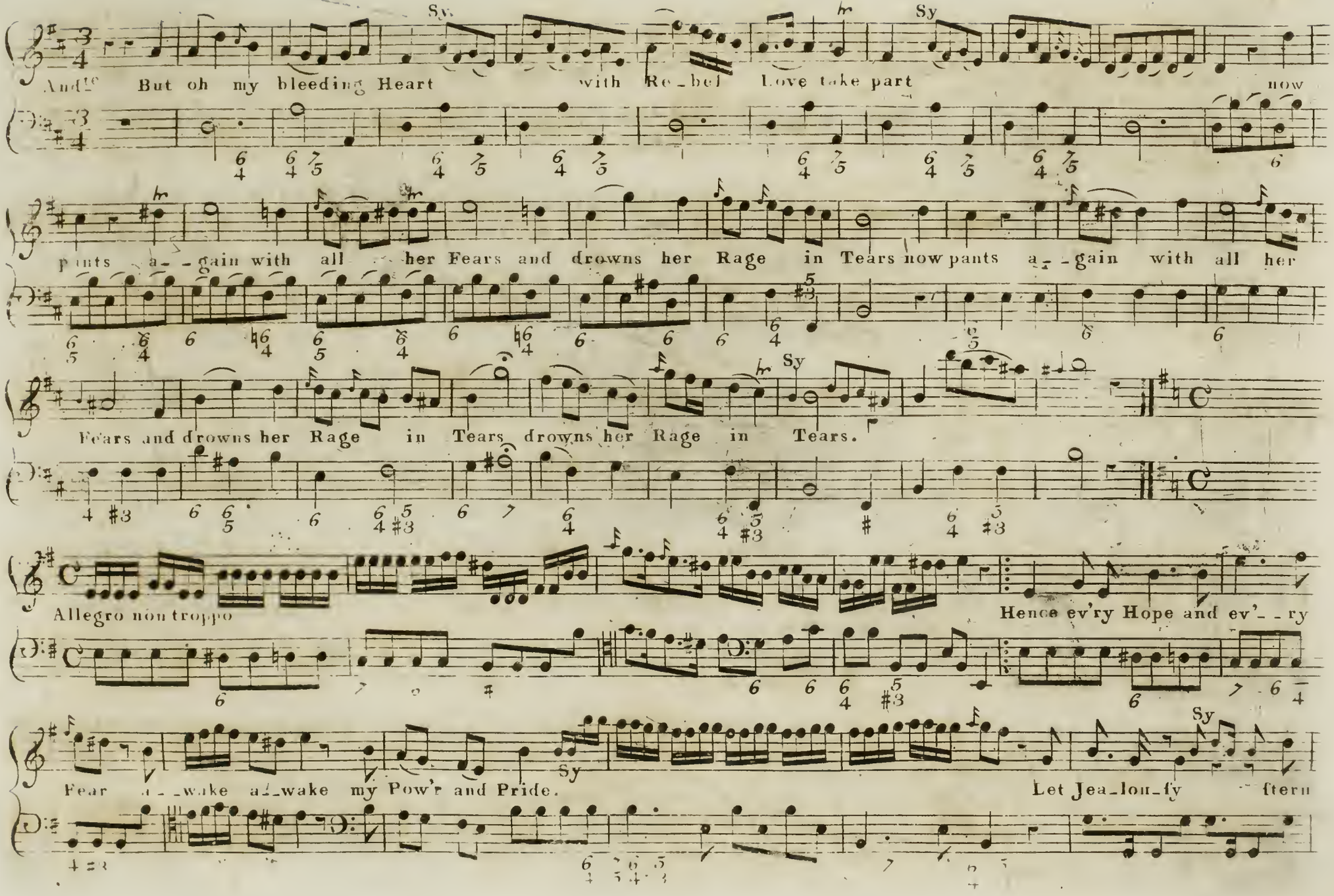
Song by Mr. Vernon




oh ſweet Trea-ſure oh ſweet Treaſure from me they ſhall never ſever from me they ſhall never ſever in thee in thee my Sylvia I
ſee my Syl-via I ſee oh ſweet Treaſure oh ſweet Treaſure in thee in thee my Sylvia I ſee, Sy I'll
ſigh and careſs thee I'll kiſs and I'll preſs thee I'll ſigh and careſs thee I'll kiſs and I'll preſs thee thus thus to my Boſom for ever for ever for
e-ver thus thus to my Boſom for ever for ever for ever for ever Sy for ever for ever for ever. Sy

Sung by Mrs. Baddeley




Sy.
Sy
And[e] But oh my bleeding Heart with Re_bel Love take part now
pants a_ _gain with all her Fears and drowns her Rage in Tears now pants a_ _gain with all her
Fears and drowns her Rage in Tears drowns her Rage in Tears.
Sy
Allegro non troppo
Hence ev'ry Hope and ev'_ _ry
Fear a_ _wake a_wake my Pow'r and Pride.
Sy
Let Jea_lou_sy ftern

Sy

Jea_lou_ſy ap_pear with Vengeance at her ſide Let Jea_lou_ſy ſtern Jea_lou_ſy ap_

Sy

pear with Ven _ _ _ _ _ _ _geance at her ſide, Sy Who

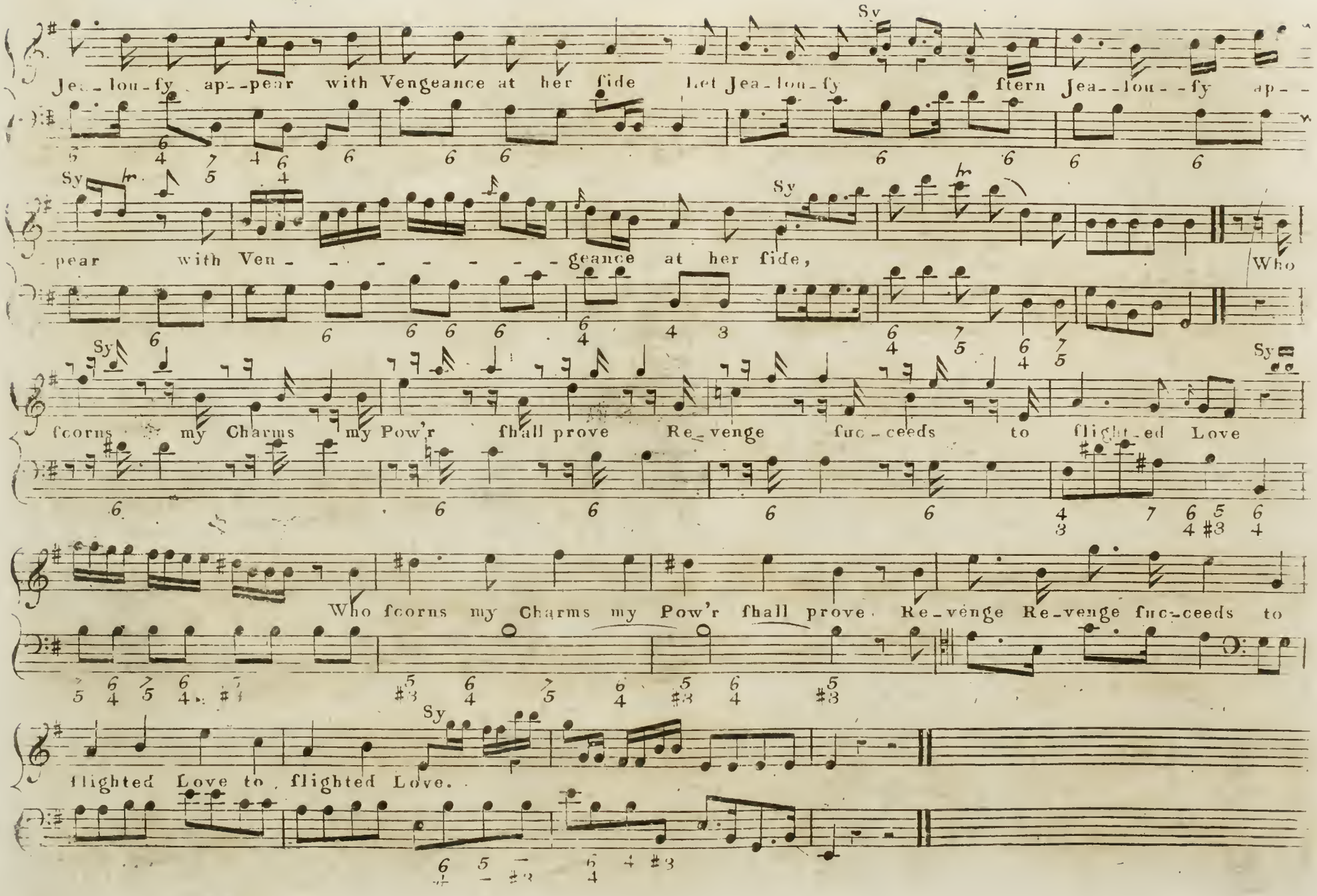
Sy

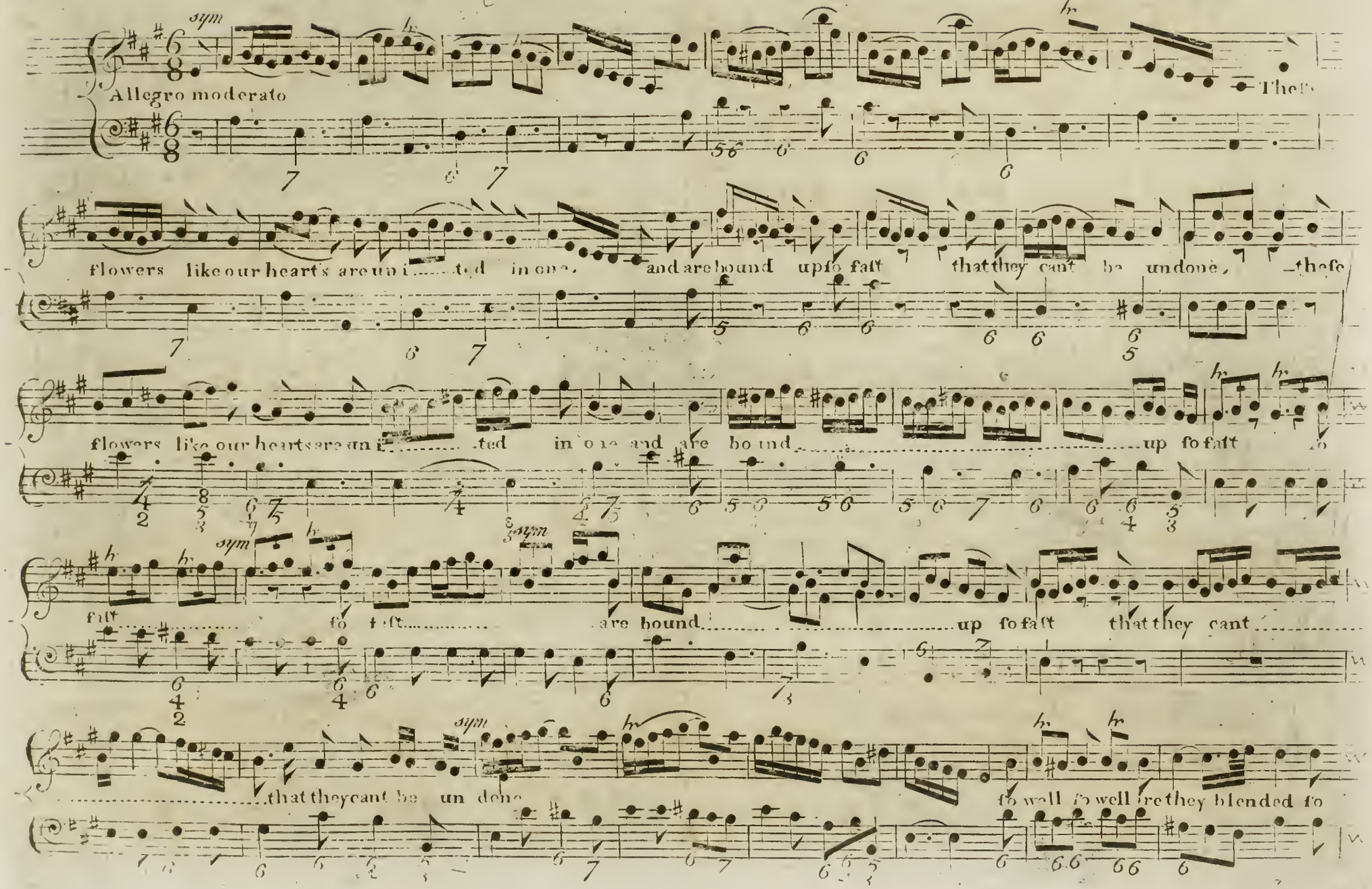
ſcorns my Charms my Pow'r ſhall prove Re_venge ſuc_ceeds to flight_ed Love Sy

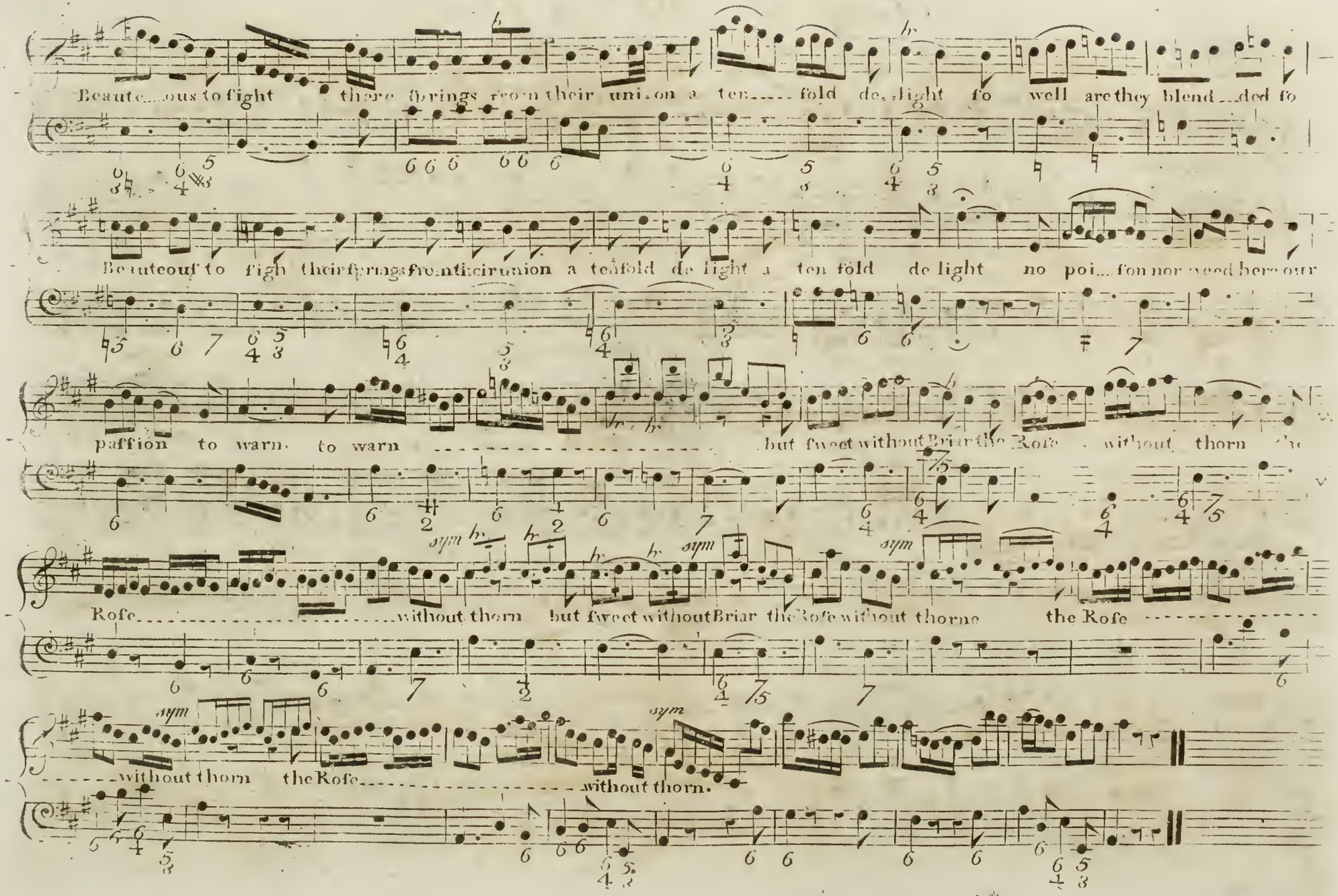
Who ſcorns my Charms my Pow'r ſhall prove Re_venge Re_venge ſuc_ceeds to

Sy

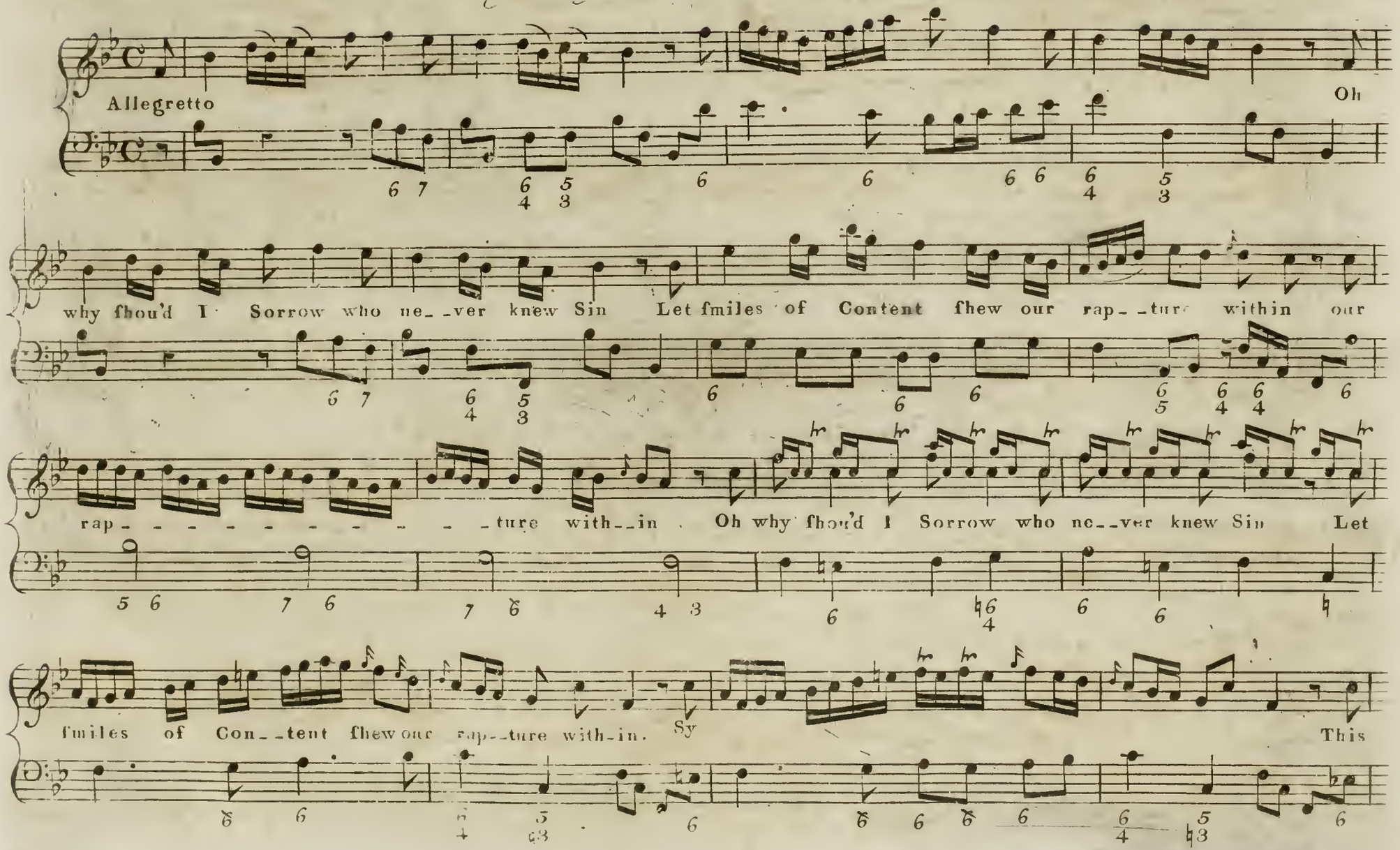
flighted Love to flighted Love.

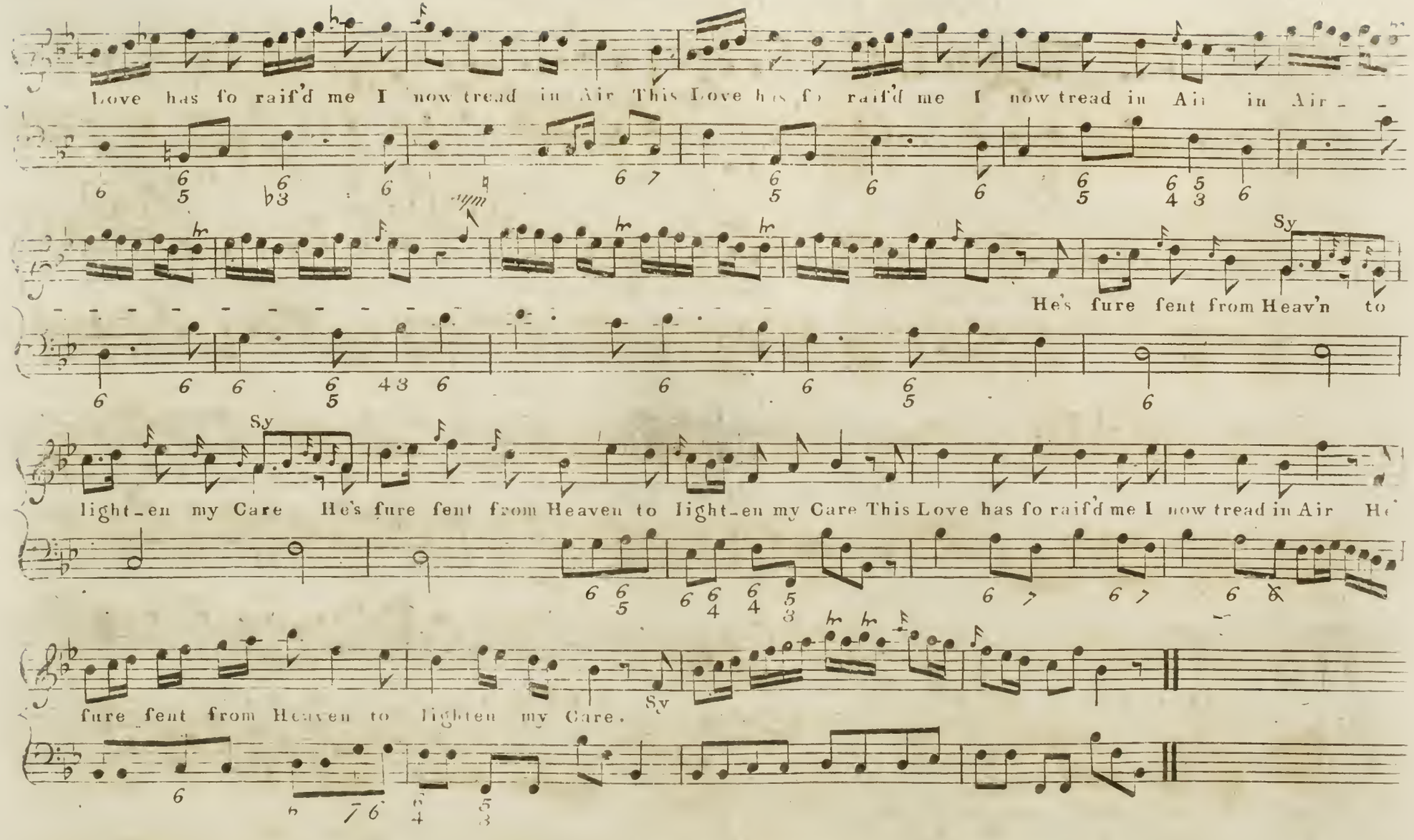



Allegro moderato
flowers like our heart's are uni...ted in one, and are bound up so fast that they cant be undone, these
flowers like our hearts are uni...ted in one and are bound up so fast
fast so fast are bound up so fast that they cant
that they cant be un done so well so well are they blended so


Beaute...ous to fight there springs from their uni..on a ten..... fold de..light fo well are they blend...ded fo
Beauteouf to figh their springs from their union a tenfold de light a ten fold de light no poi...fon nor weed here our
paffion to warn to warn ..... but fweet without Briar the Rofe without thorn the
Rofe ..... without thorn but fweet without Briar the Rofe without thorne the Rofe .....
without thorn the Rofe ..... without thorn.

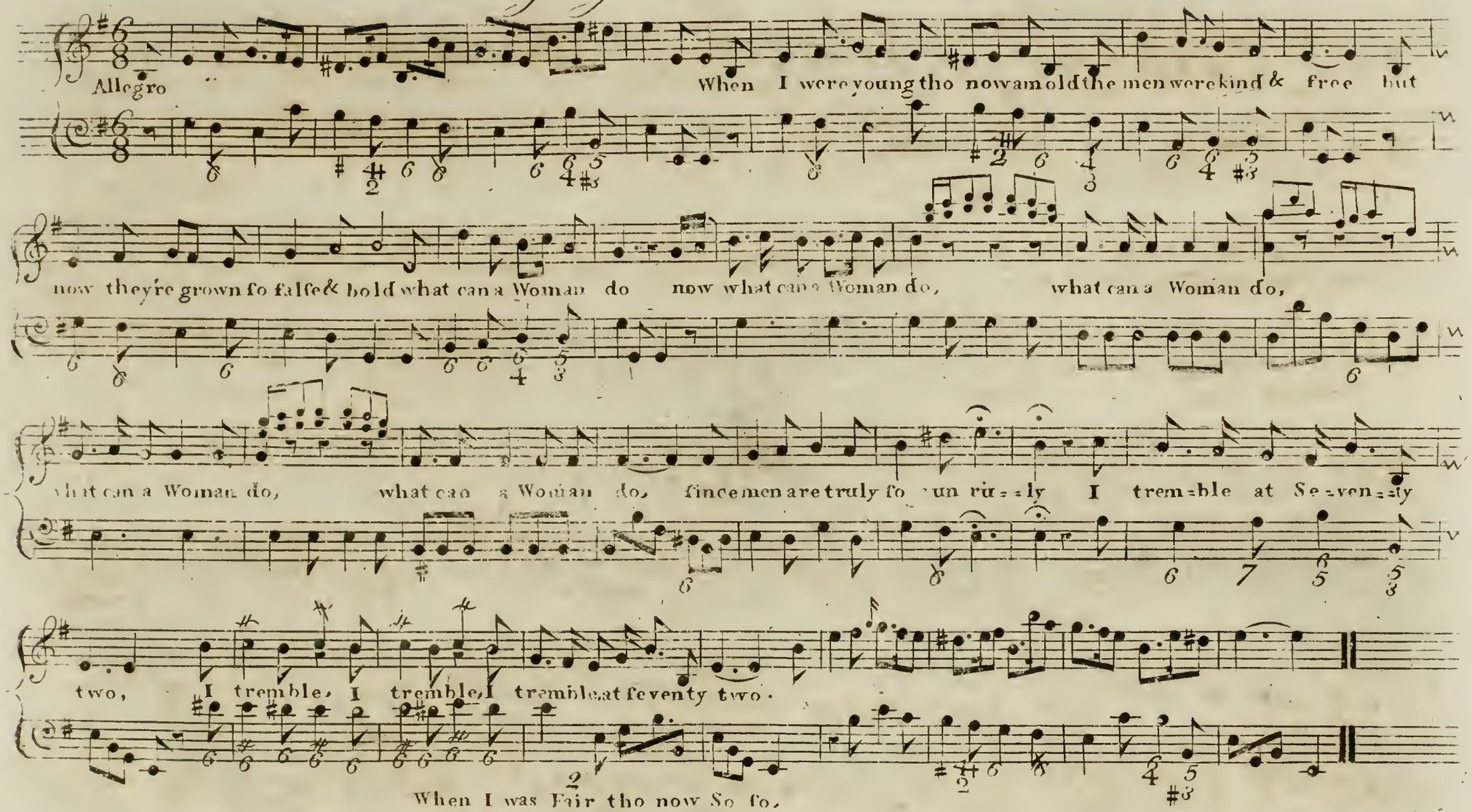
Sung by Mrs. Trico





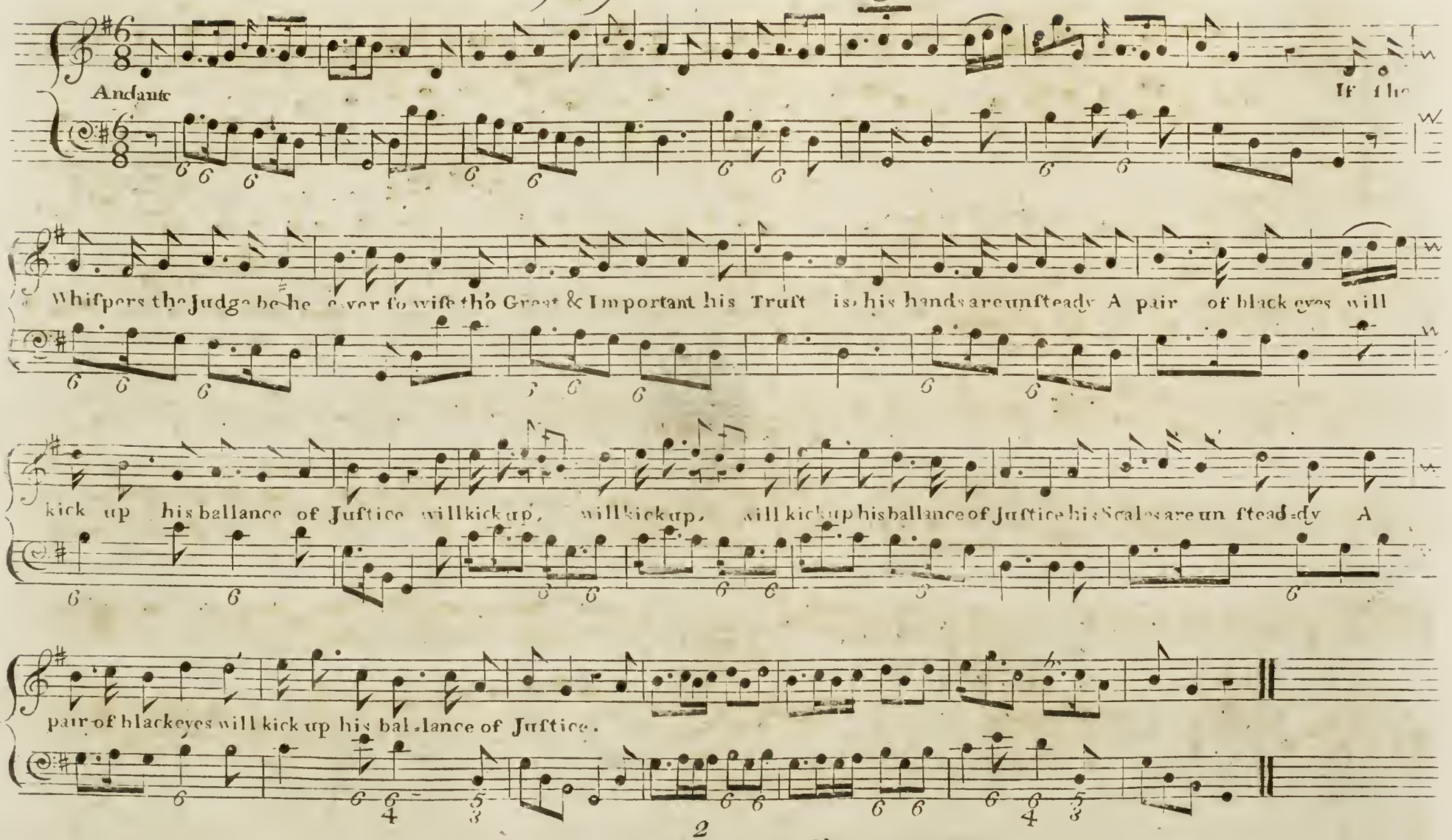
Each Shepherdeſs views me with Scorn and Diſdain;
Each Shepherd purſues me but all is in Vain:
No more will I Sorrow no longer Deſpair,
He's fure fent from Heaven to lighten my Care.

Sung by Mrs. Bradshaw.



When I was Fair tho now So so,
No Sparks were given to Rove;
Our Pulses beat nor fast nor slow,
But all was truth and love:
Now what can a Woman do?
The Men are truly,
So unruly,
I tremble at Seventy two.

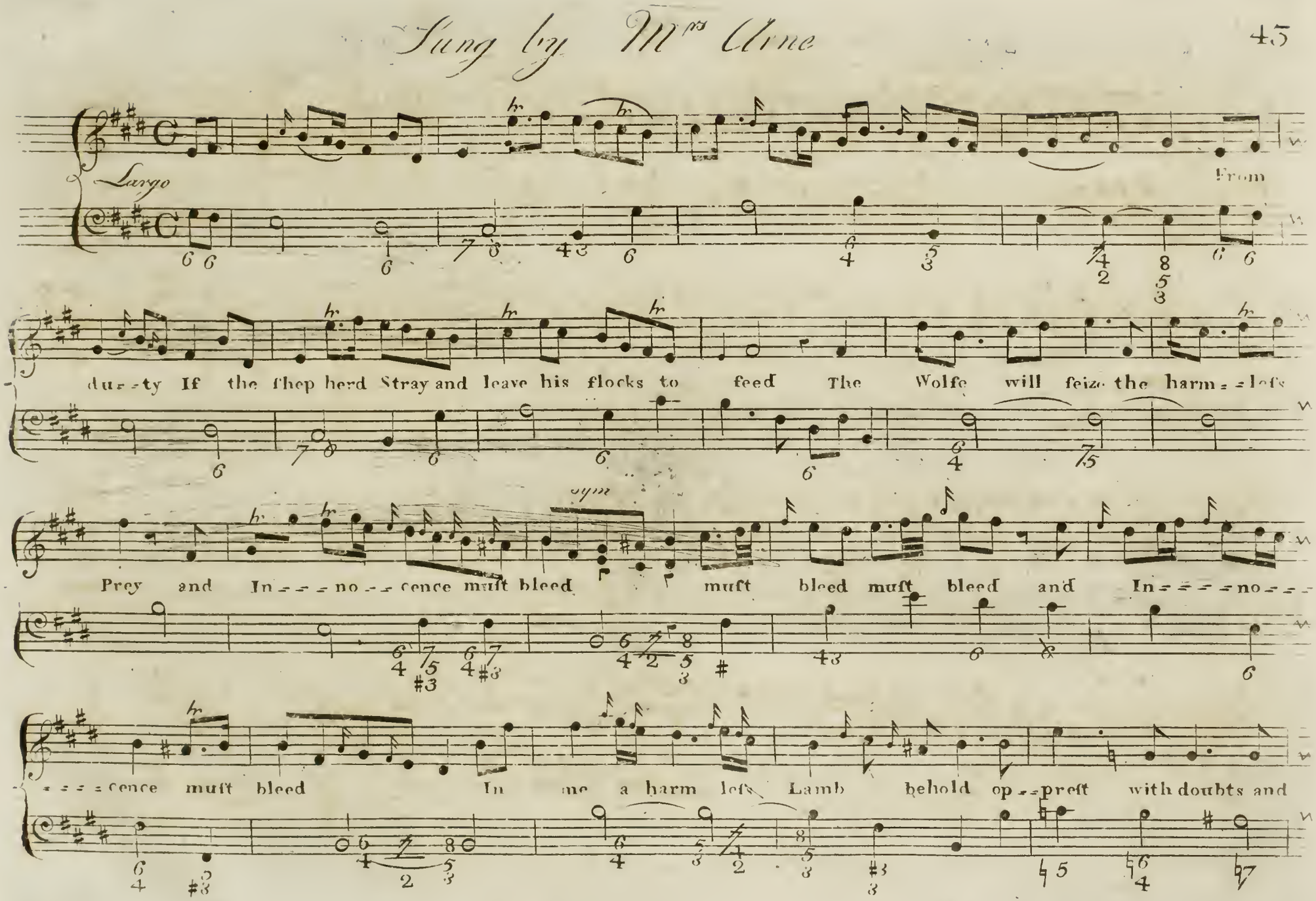
Sung by Mr. King

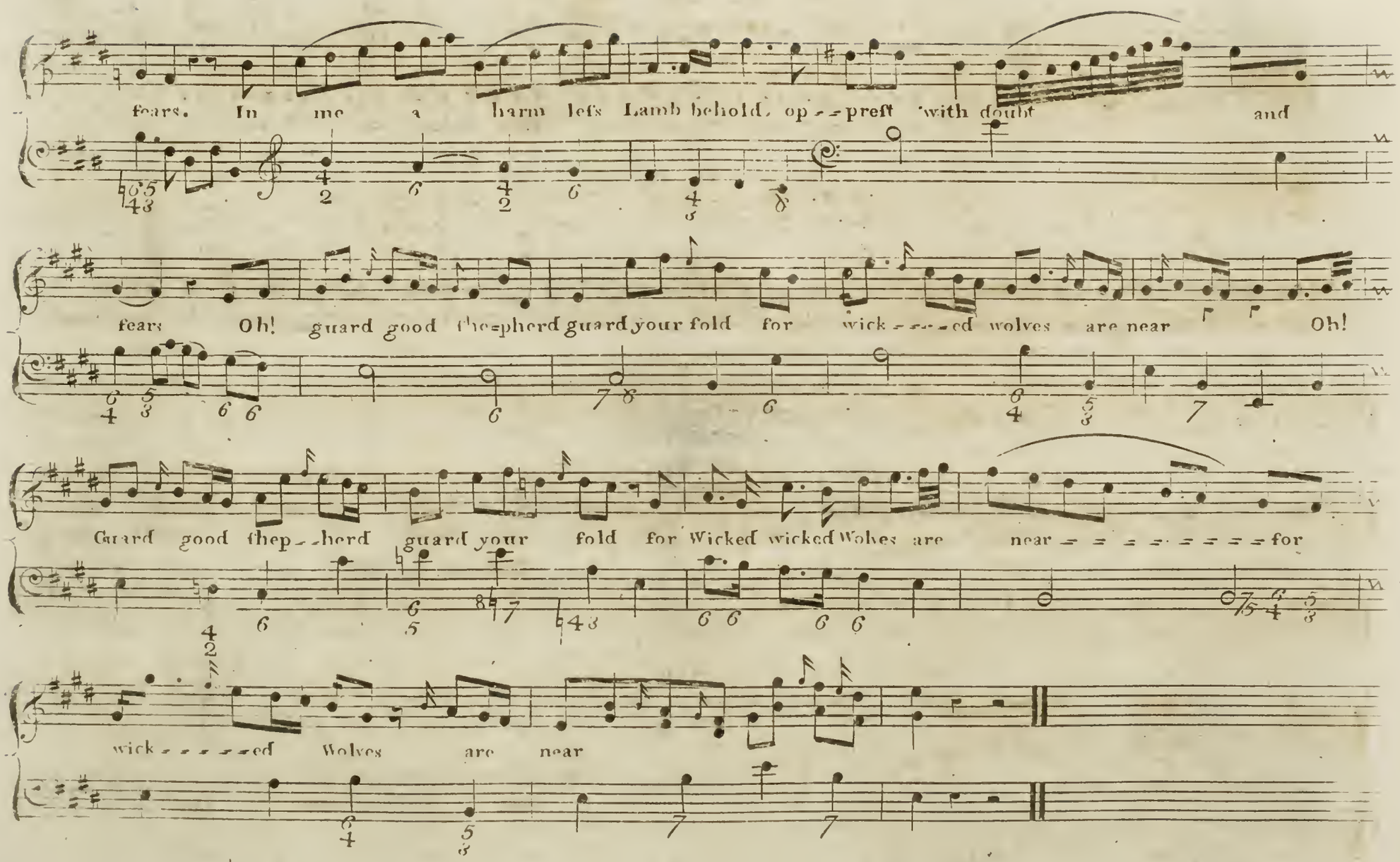


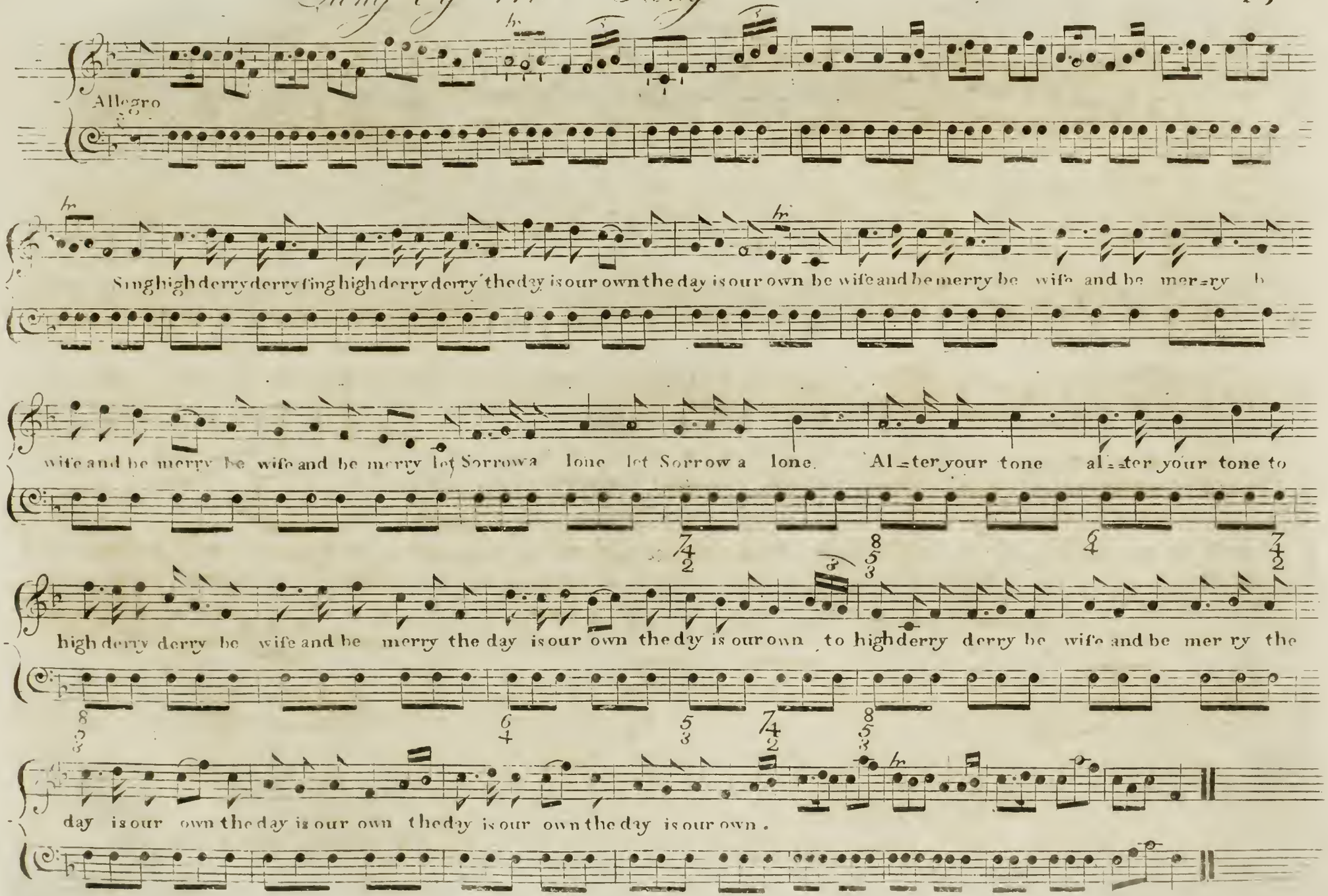
2

The Sword too is Ufeleſs his hand's are grown Weak,
For love thro his Veins will be Creeping;
And his Worſhip when near to a round dimple cheek,
Tho he ought to be blind will be peeping.

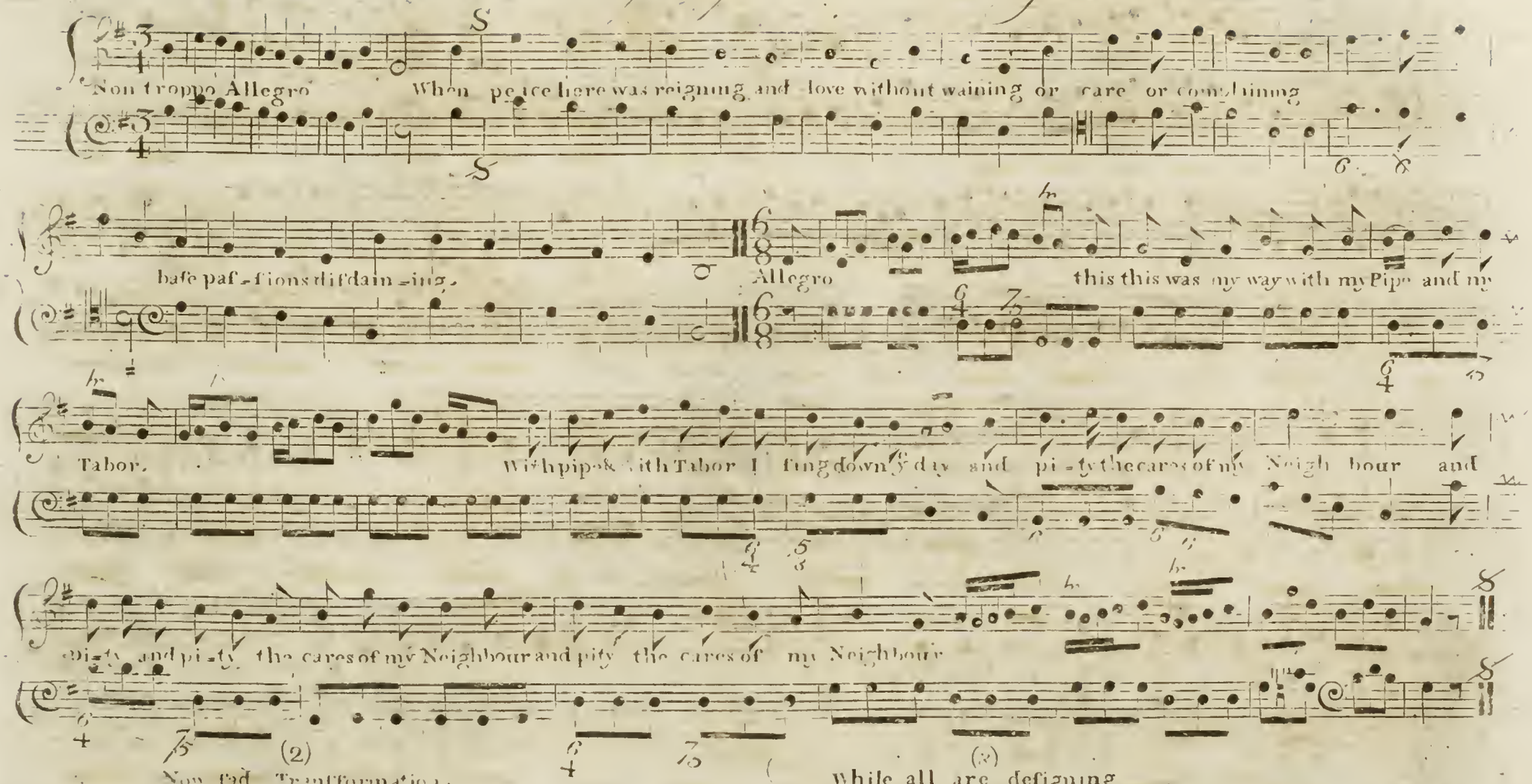
Sung by Mrs Arne




fears. In me a harm less Lamb behold, op - preft with doubt and
fears Oh! guard good Shep-herd guard your fold for wick - - - ed wolves are near Oh!
Guard good shep - herd guard your fold for Wicked wicked Wolves are near - - - - - - - - for
wick - - - - - ed Wolves are near


Allegro
Sing high derry derry sing high derry derry the day is our own the day is our own be wife and be merry be wife and be mer=ry b
wife and be merry be wife and be merry let Sorrow a lone let Sorrow a lone. Al=ter your tone al=ter your tone to
high derry derry be wife and be merry the day is our own the day is our own to high derry derry be wife and be mer ry the
day is our own the day is our own the day is our own the day is our own.

Sung by Mr. King



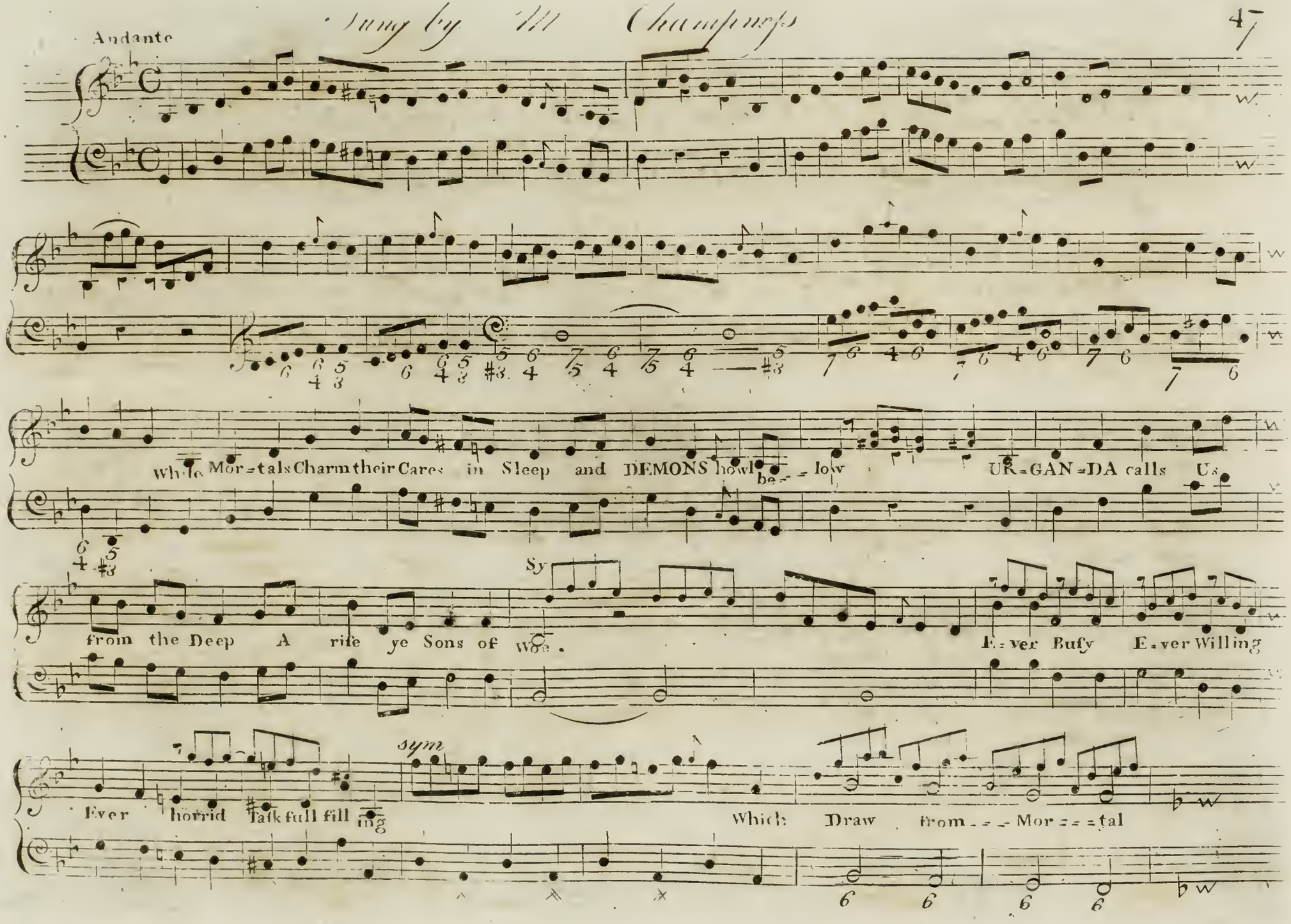
(2)

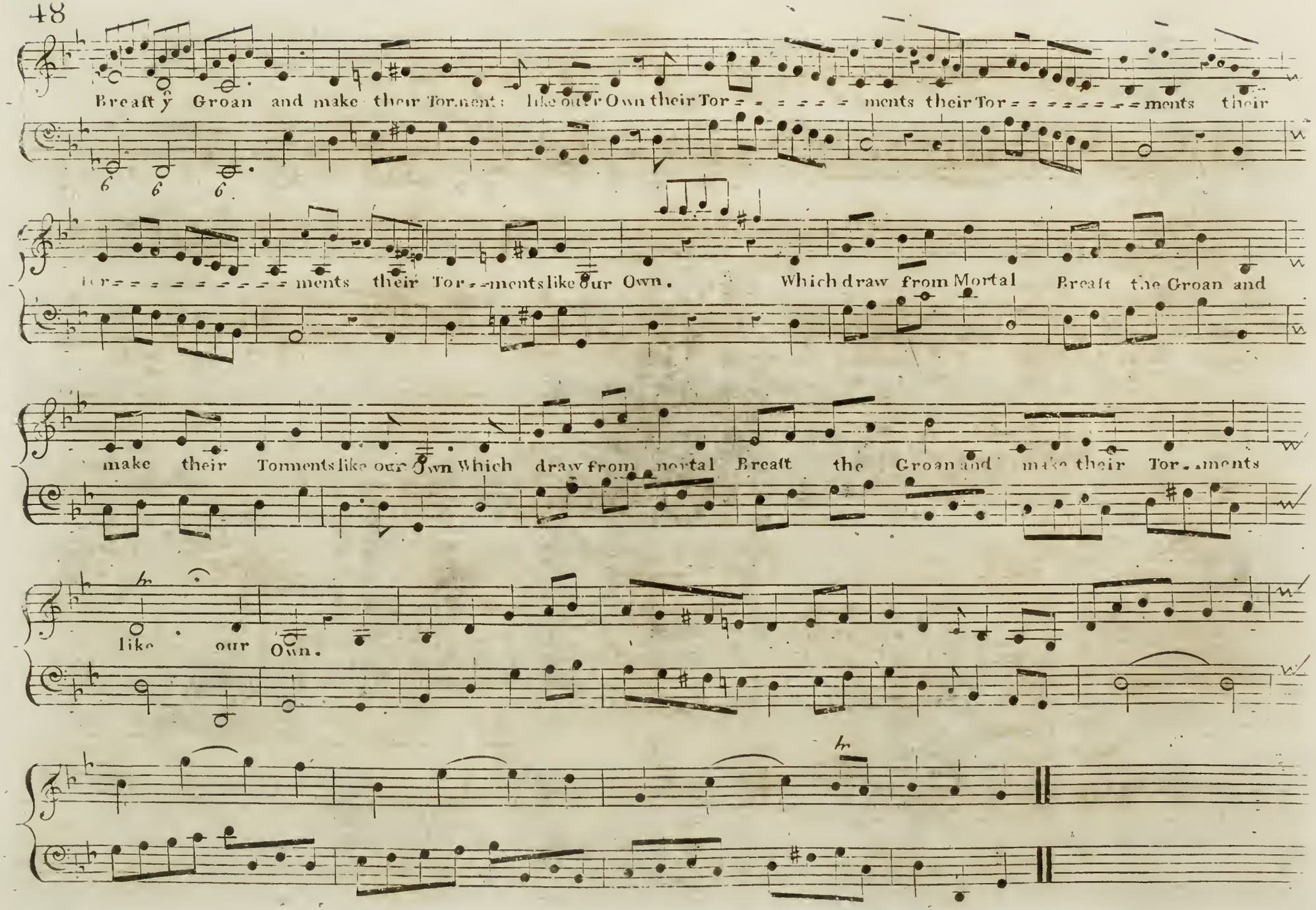
Now Pad Transformation
Runs thro the Whole Nation
Peace love recreation
All chang'd to Vexation
This this is my way
With my Pipe and my Tabor
I fling down the day
And pity the cares of my Neighbour

(3)

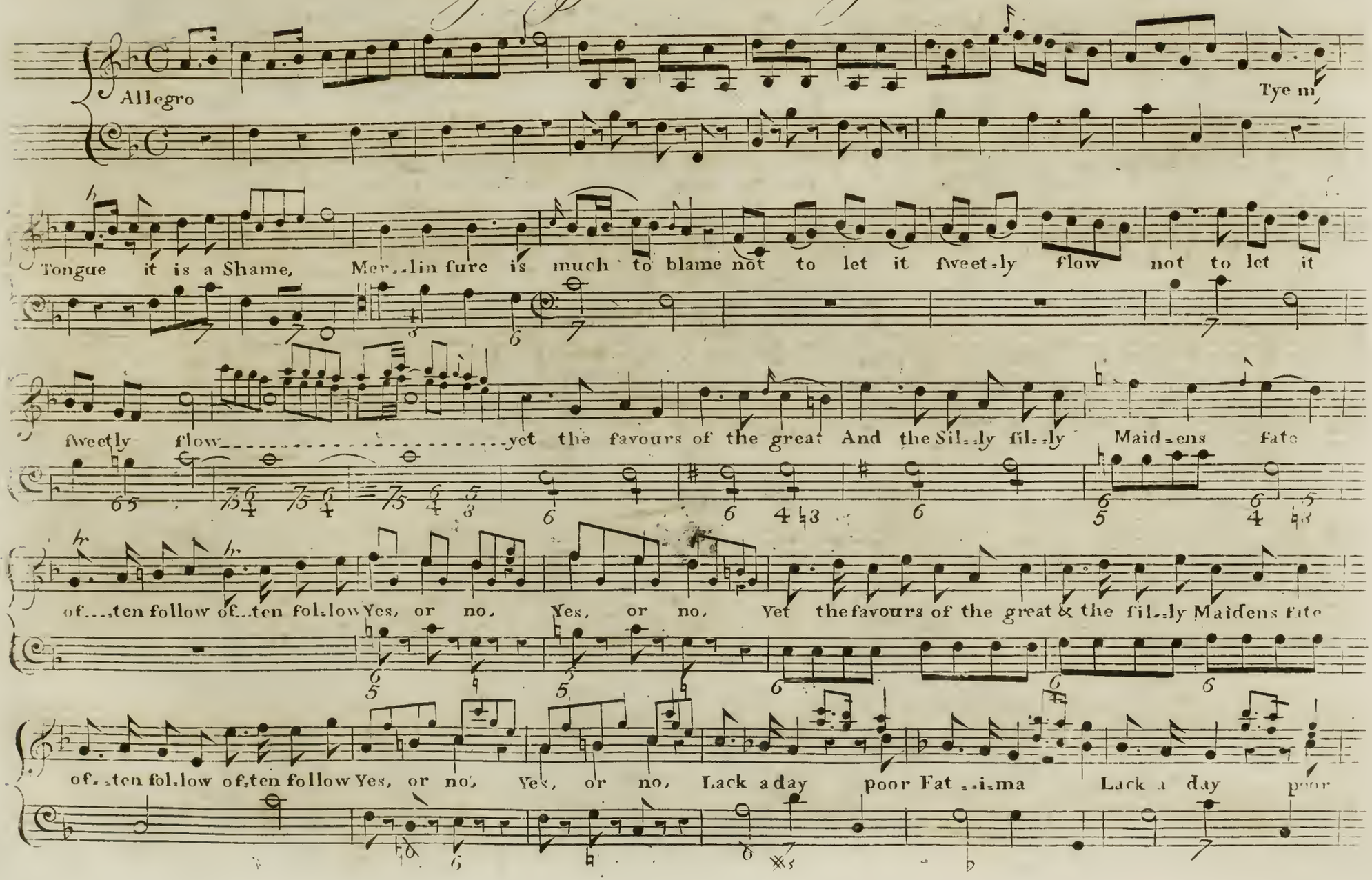
While all are designing
Their friends undermining
Reviling repining
To mischief inclining
This this is my way
With my Pipe and my Tabor
I fling down the day
And pity the cares of my Neighbour

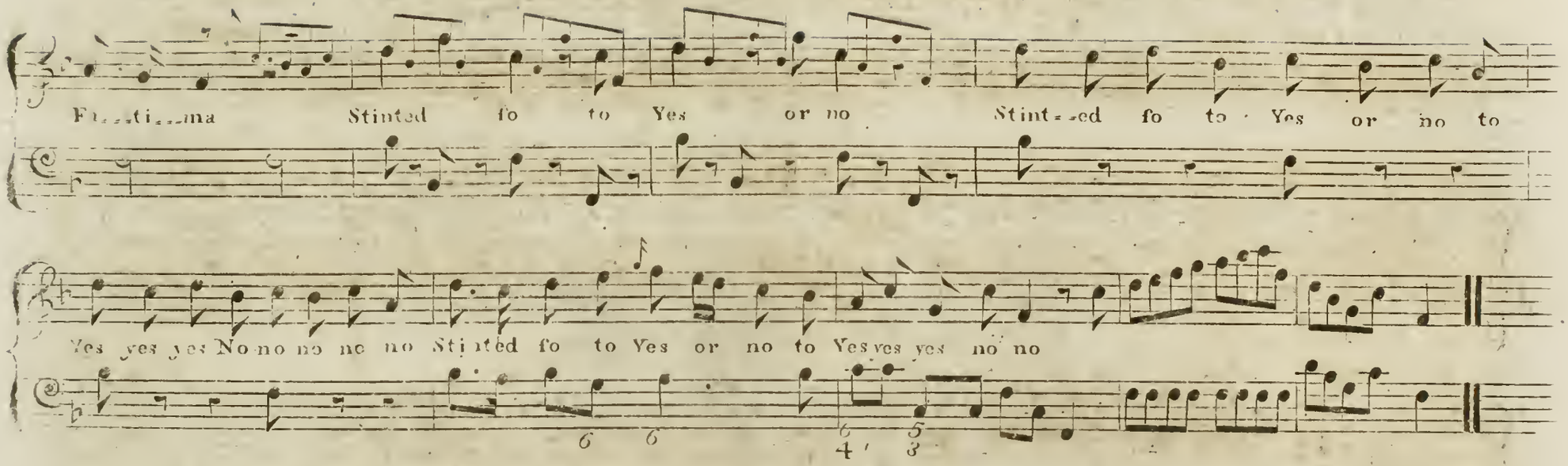
Sung by Mr Champness




Breaft y Groan and make their Torment: like our Own their Tor = = = = = ments their Tor = = = = = = = ments their
Tor = = = = = = = = = ments their Tor = ments like our Own. Which draw from Mortal Breaft the Groan and
make their Toments like our Own Which draw from mortal Breaft the Groan and make their Tor = ments
like our Own.

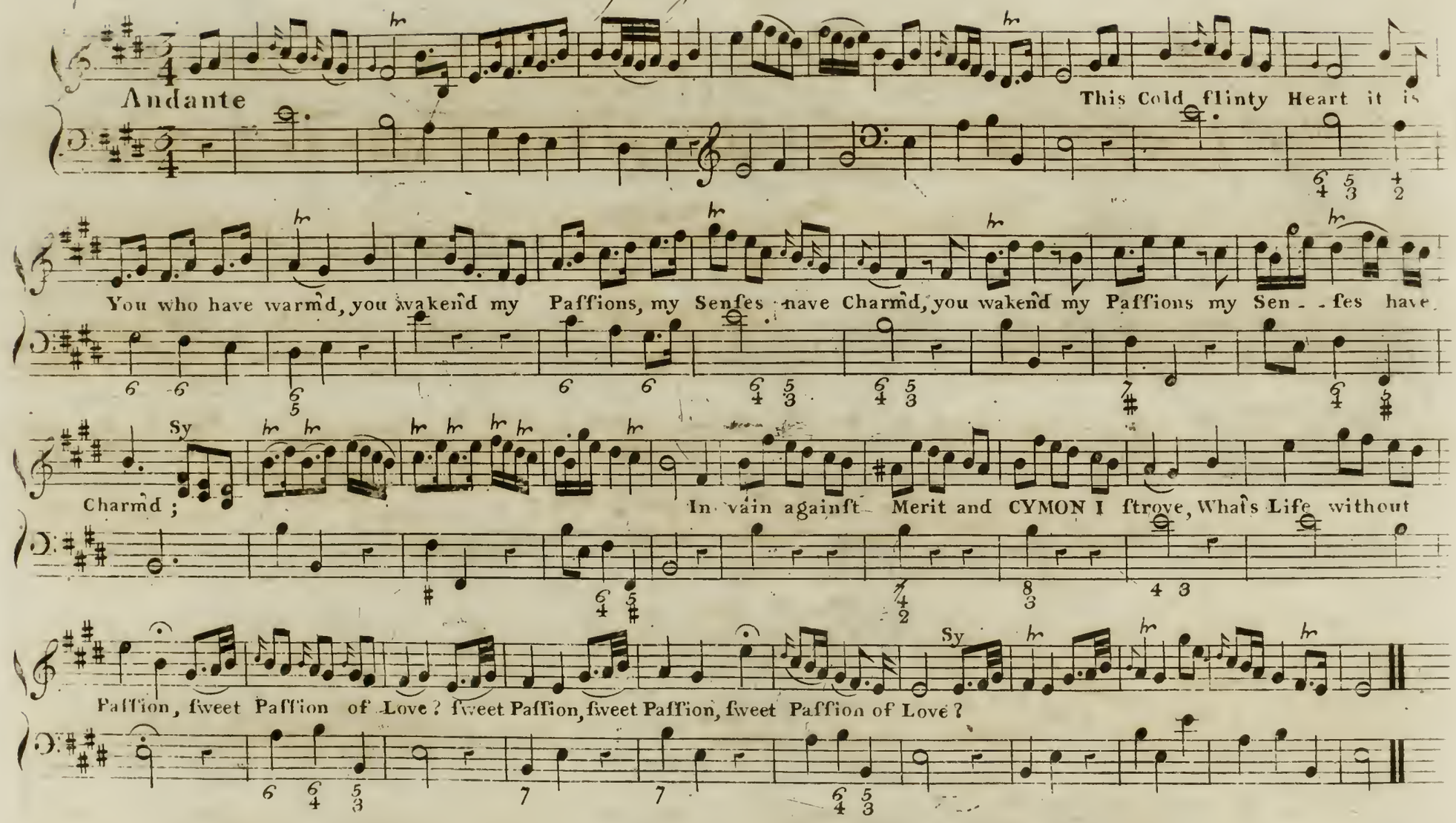
Sung by Mr. Ullington





(2)

Should I want to talk and Chat,
Tell URGANDA this or that,
How ſhould I about it Go,
Let her aſk me what ſhe will,
I muſt keep my Clapper ſtill.
Striking only Yes or no,
Lack aday,
Poor FATAMA.
Stinted ſo,
To Yes or no.



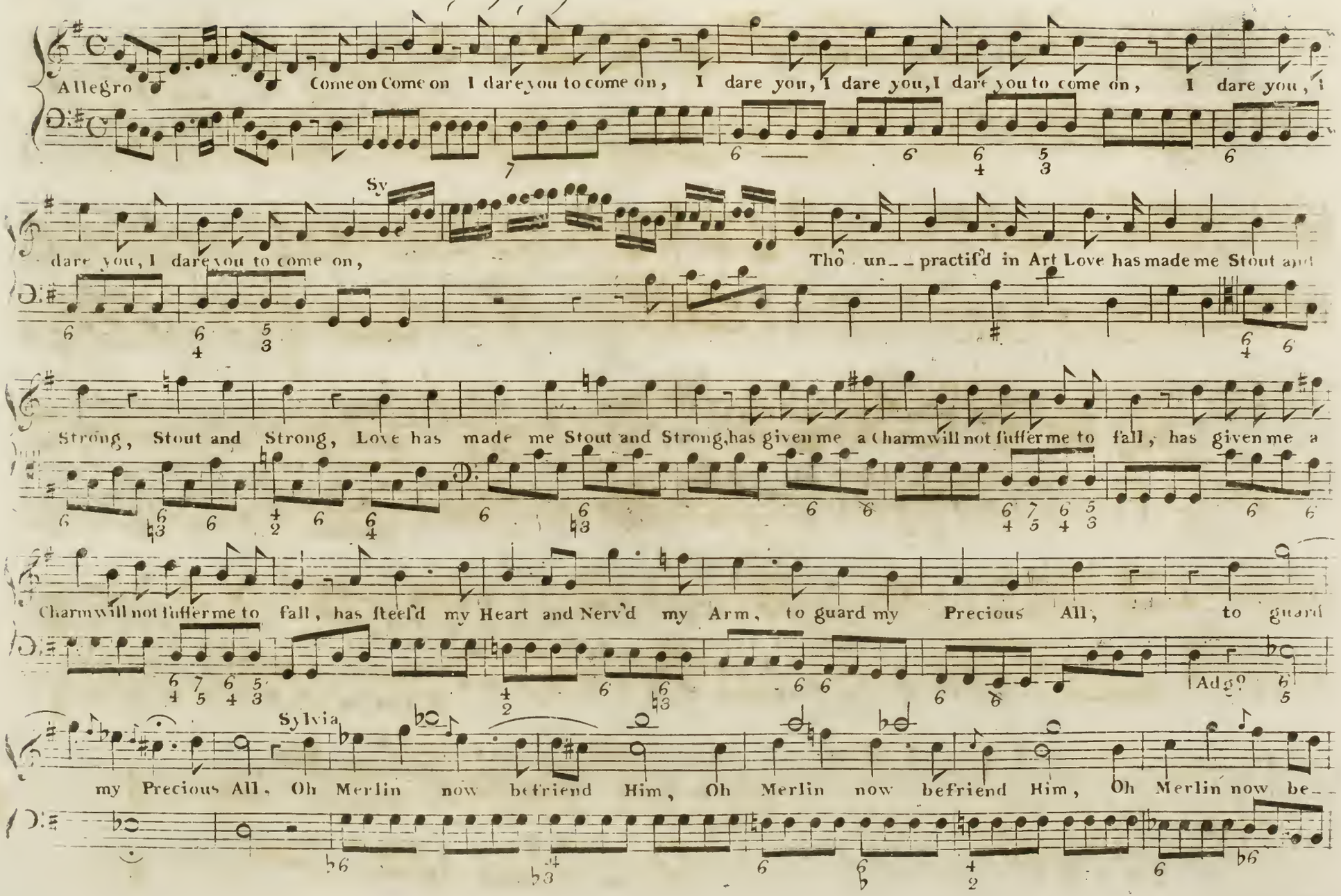
(2)

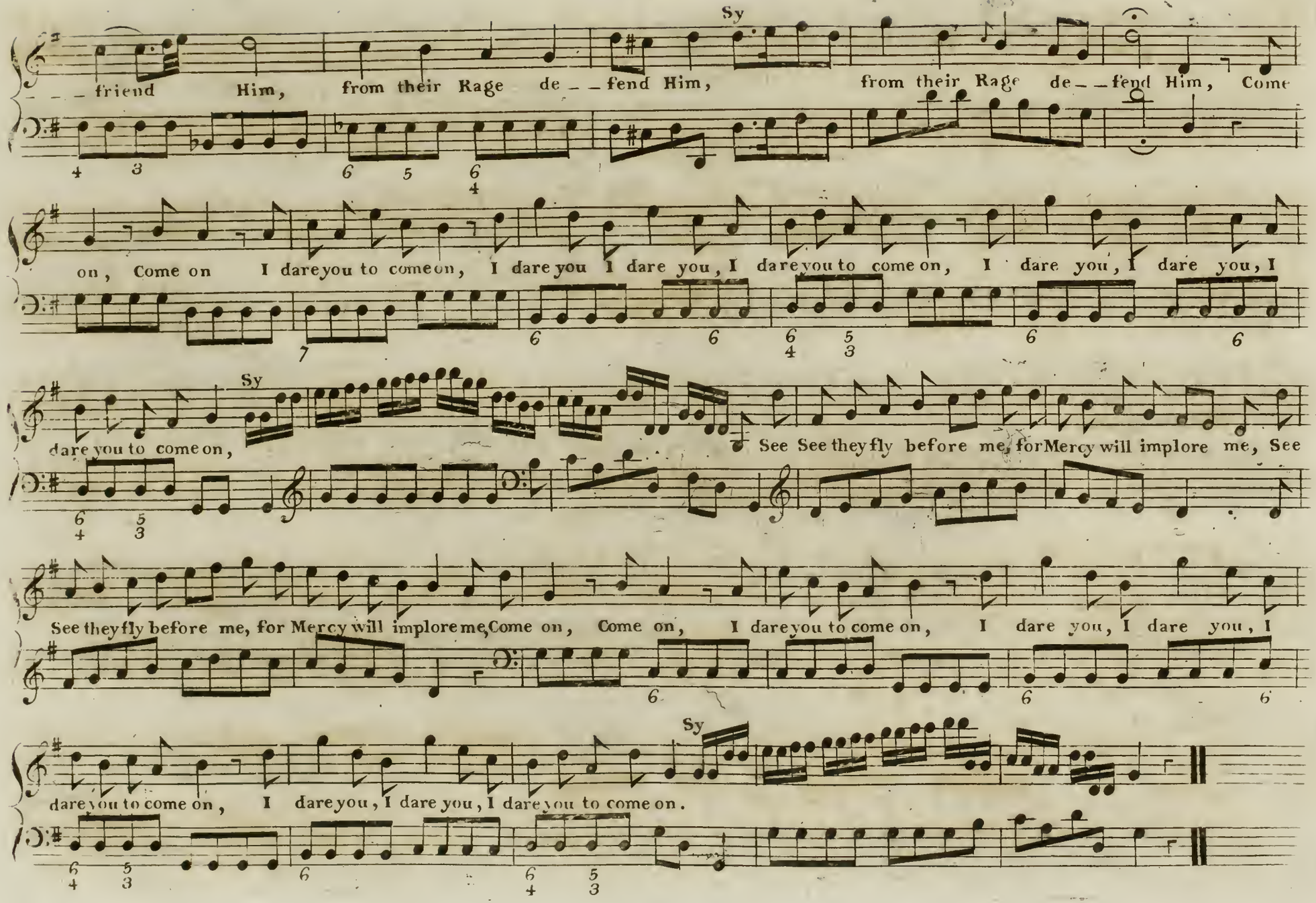
The Froft nips the Bud, and the Rofe cannot blow,
From Youth that is Froft nipt no raptures can flow,
Elyfium to him but a Defert will prove,
Whats Life without Paffion — fweet Paffion of Love?

(3)

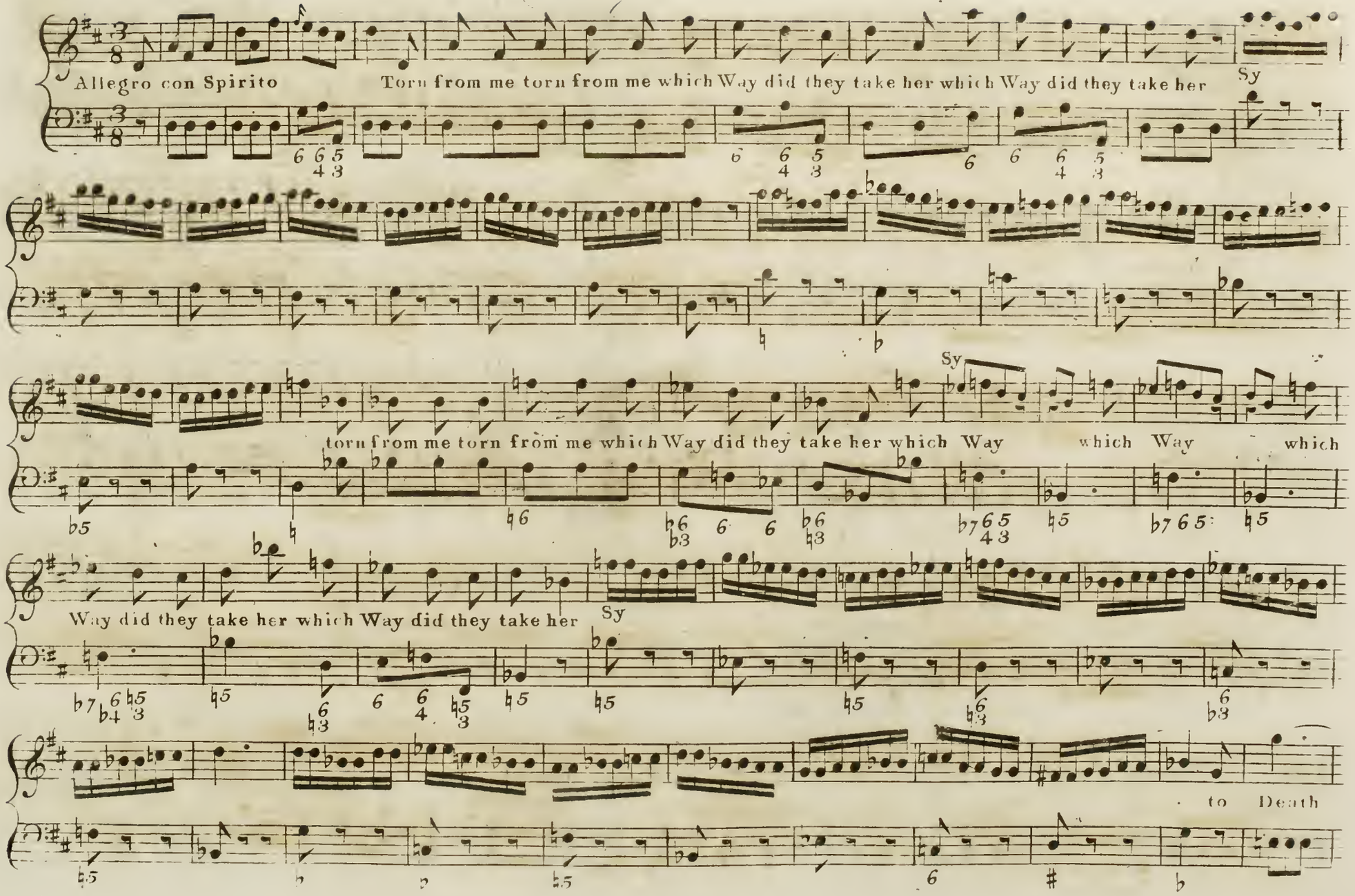
The Spring fhoud be warm, the young Seafon be gay,
Her Birds and her flowrets make blithfome fweet May,
Love bleffes the Cottage, and Sings thro the Grove,
Whats Life without Paffion — fweet Paffion of Love ?

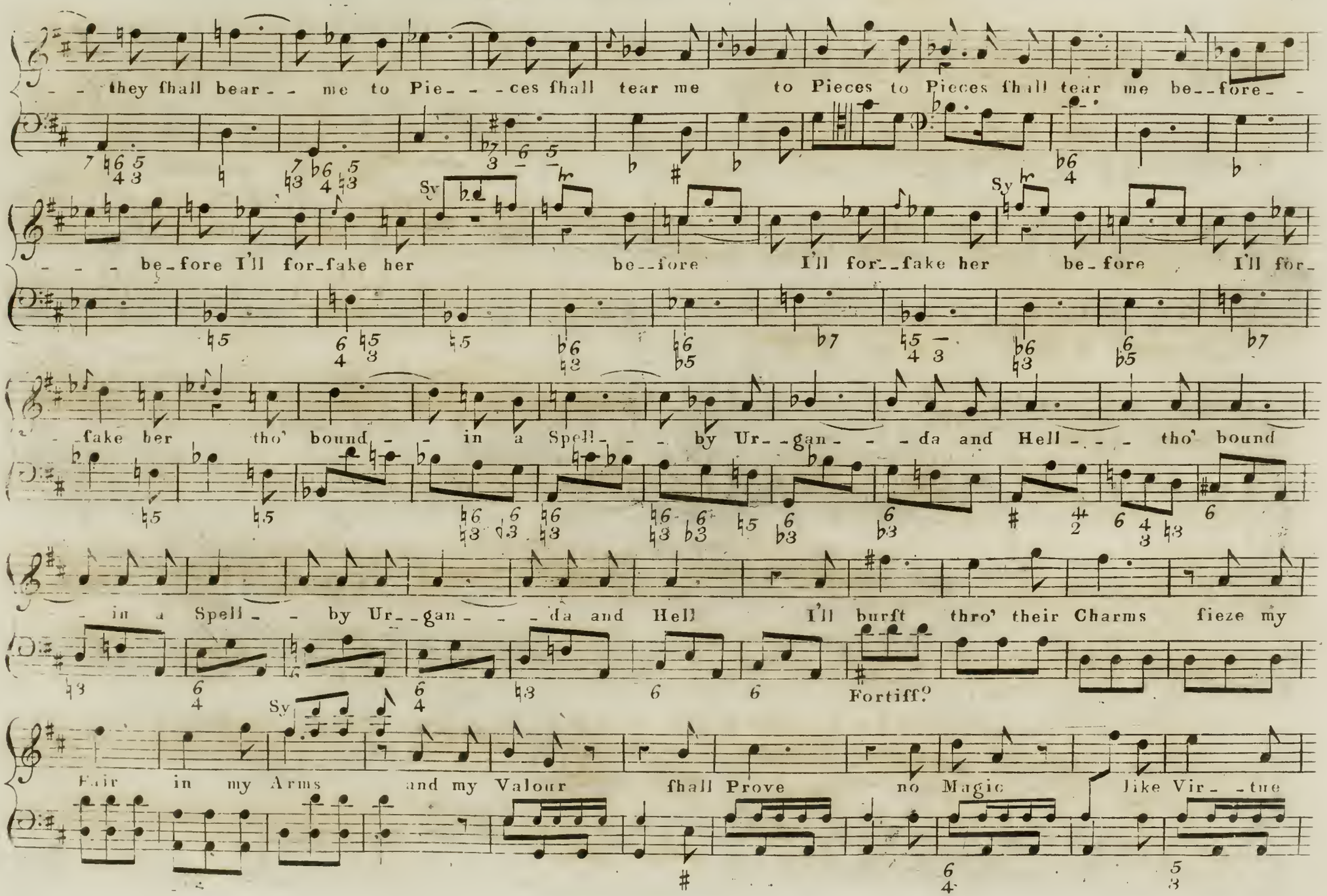
Sung by Mr. Vernon

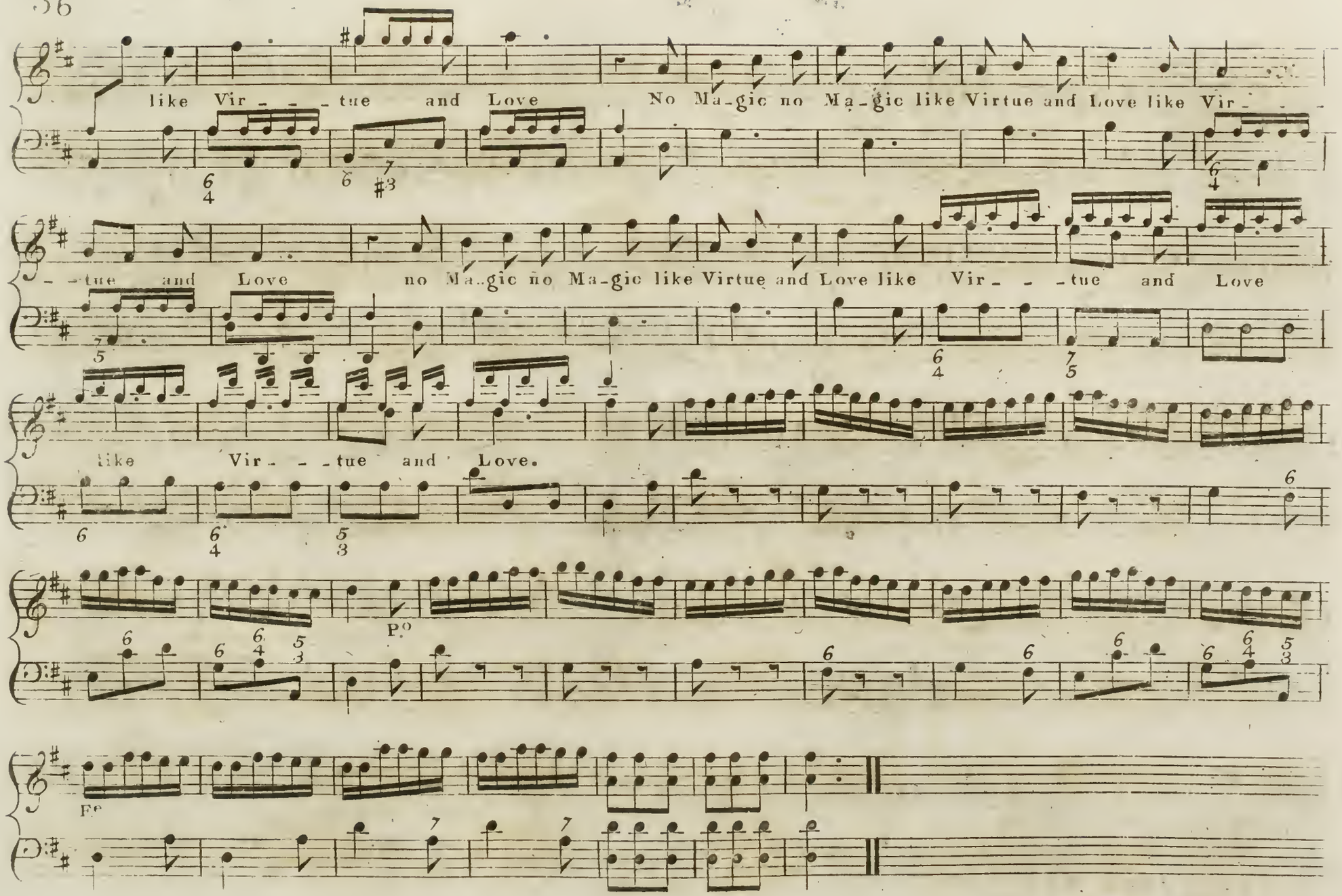



Sy
friend Him, from their Rage de – fend Him, from their Rage de – fend Him, Come
on, Come on I dare you to come on, I dare you I dare you, I dare you to come on, I dare you, I dare you, I
Sy
dare you to come on, See See they fly before me, for Mercy will implore me, See
See they fly before me, for Mercy will implore me, Come on, Come on, I dare you to come on, I dare you, I dare you, I
Sy
dare you to come on, I dare you, I dare you, I dare you to come on.

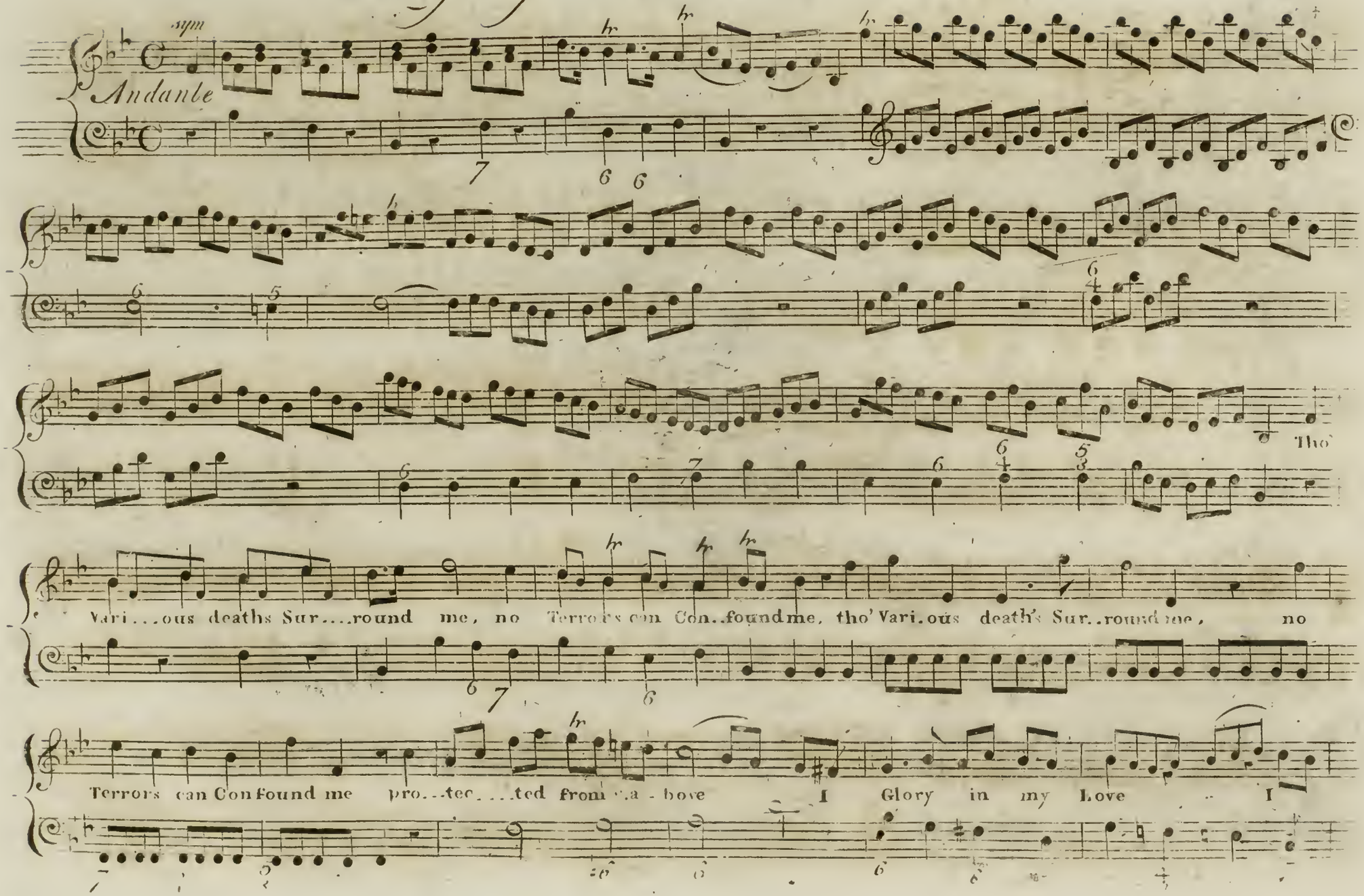
Sung by Mr. Vernon

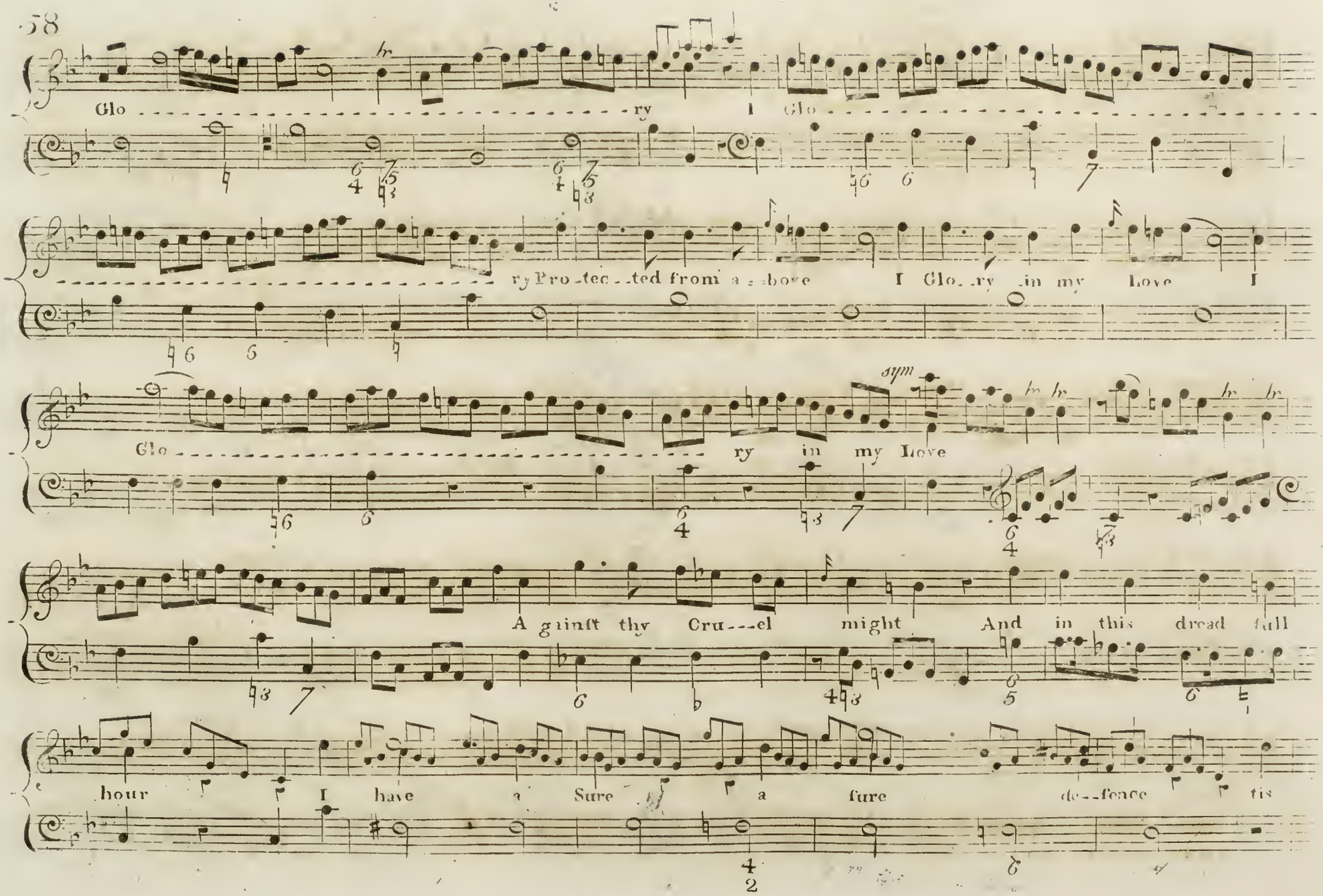


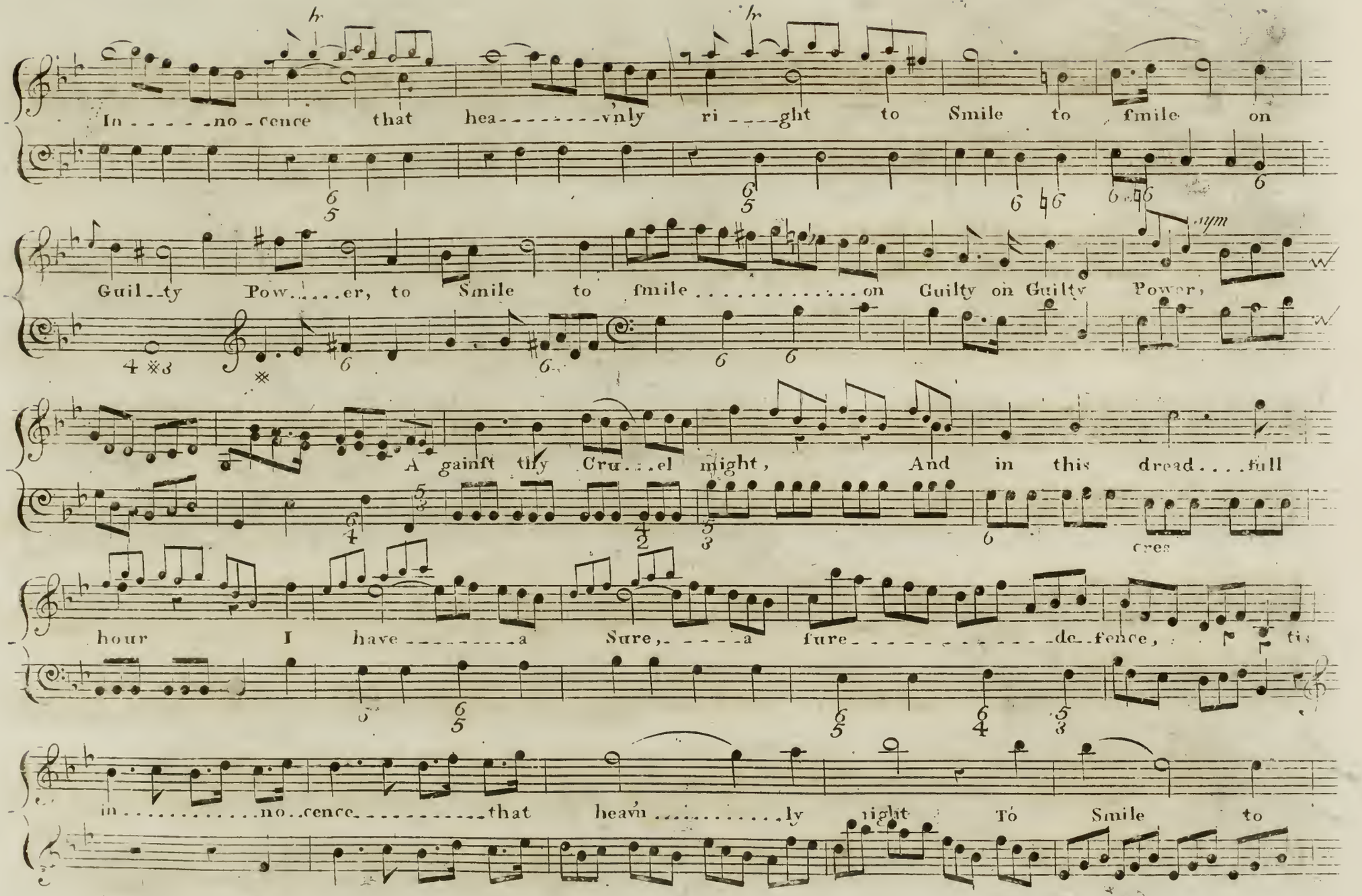

they fhall bear me to Pie ces fhall tear me to Pieces to Pieces fhall tear me be fore
be fore I'll for fake her be fore I'll for fake her be fore I'll for
fake her tho' bound in a Spell by Ur gan da and Hell tho' bound
in a Spell by Ur gan da and Hell I'll burft thro' their Charms fieze my
Sy
Fortiff.o
Sy
Fair in my Arms and my Valour fhall Prove no Magic like Vir tue

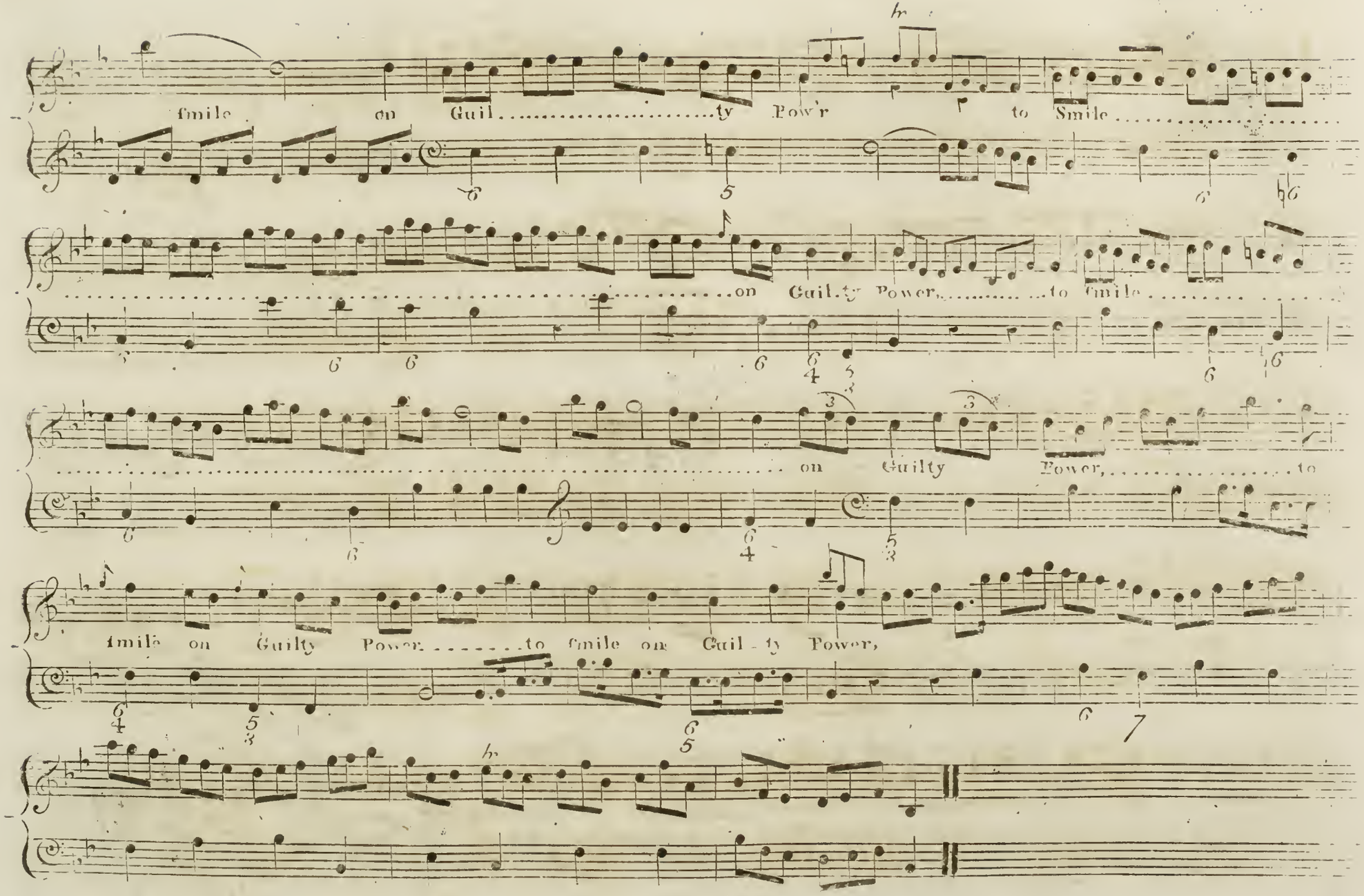

like Vir - - - tue and Love No Ma-gic no Ma-gic like Virtue and Love like Vir - - -
- - tue and Love no Ma-gic no Ma-gic like Virtue and Love like Vir - - - tue and Love
like Vir - - - tue and Love.
P.o
Fe

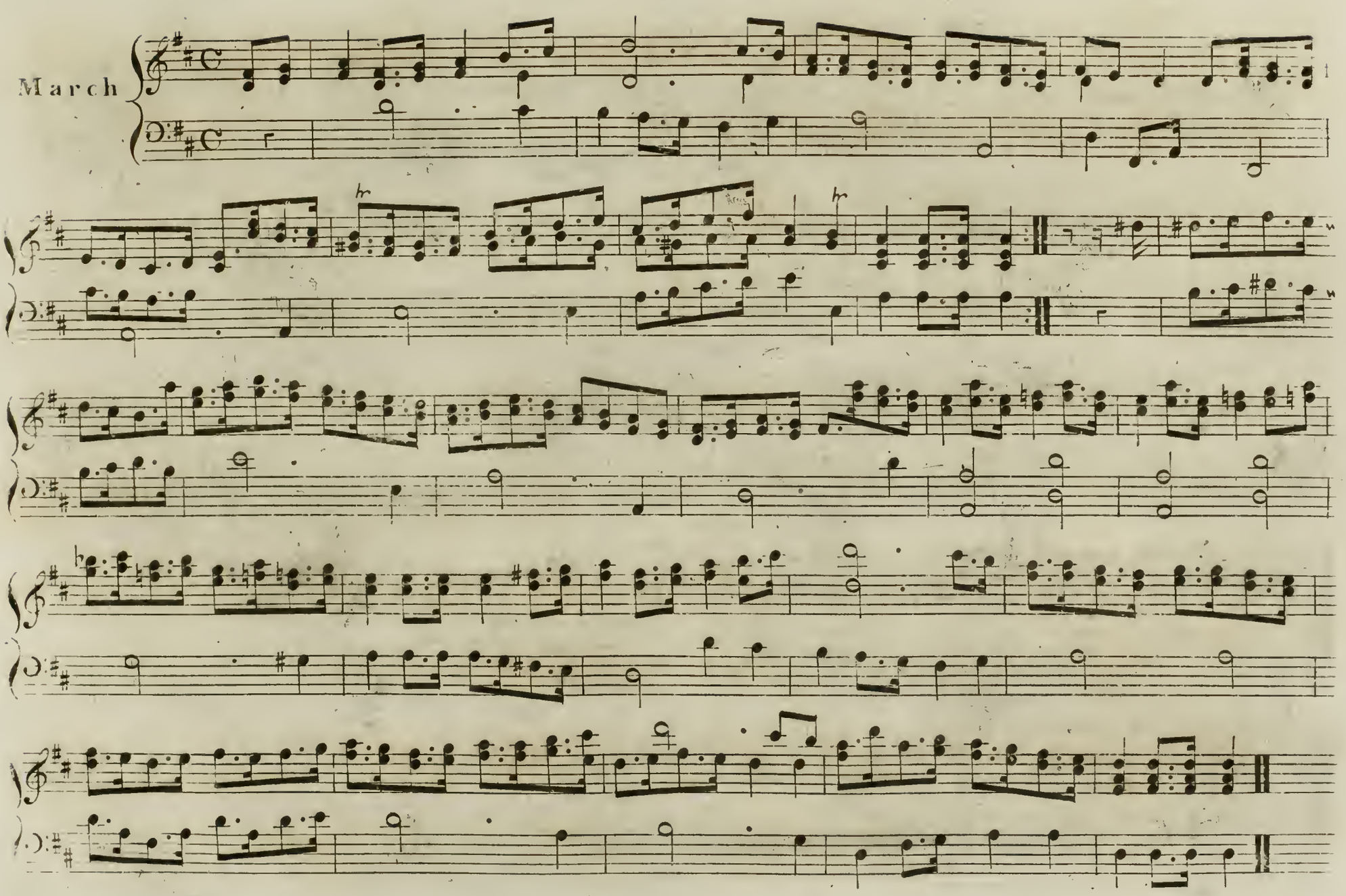
Sung by Mrs Arne




Glo ry I Glo
ry Pro tec ted from a bove I Glo ry in my Love I
Glo ry in my Love
A gainst thy Cru el might And in this dread full
hour I have a Sure a fure de fence tis

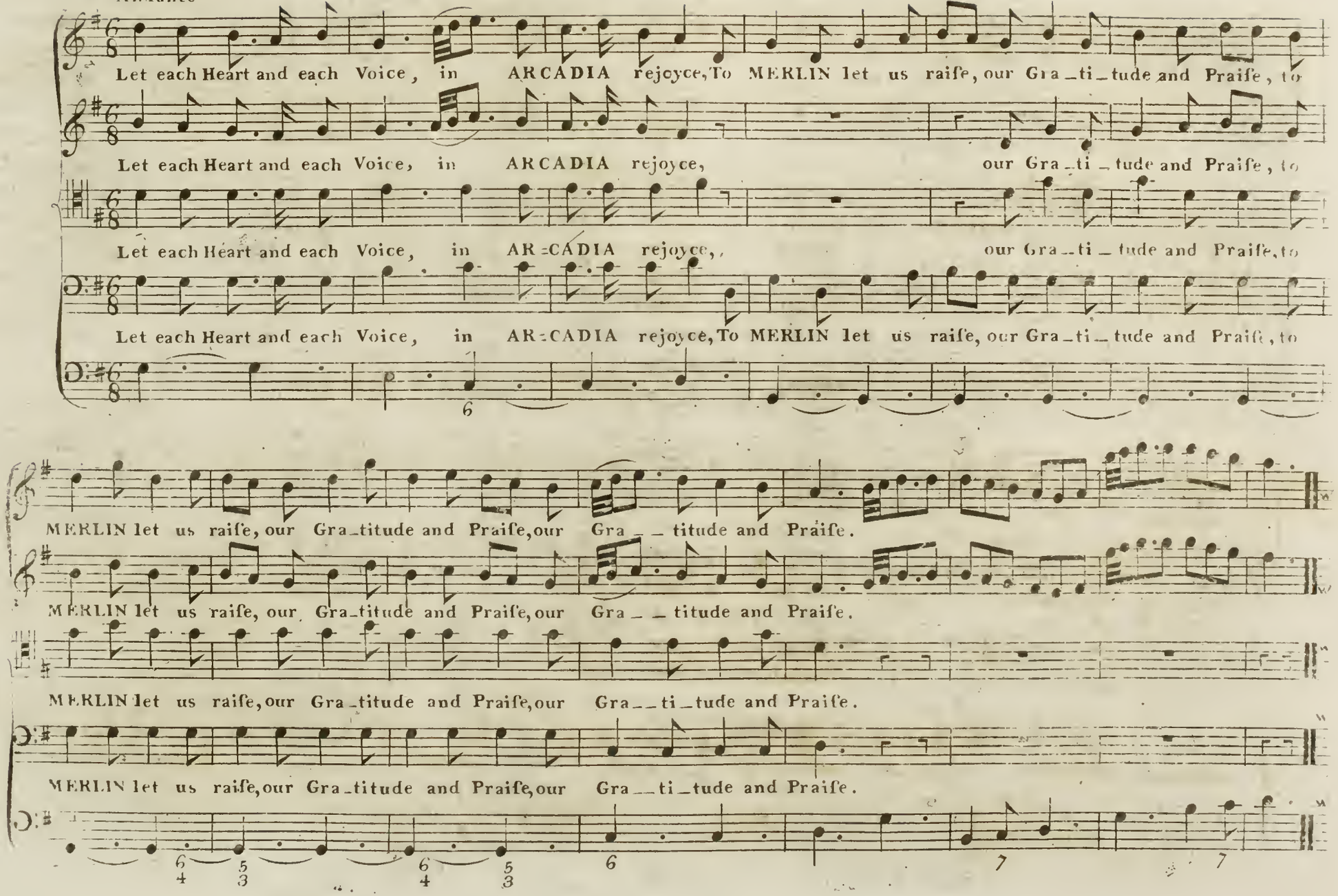

In - - - - - no - cence that hea - - - - - - - vnly ri - - - - ght to Smile to fmile on
Guil - - ty Pow. . . . . er, to Smile to fmile . . . . . on Guilty on Guilty Power,
A gainft thy Cru. . . el might, And in this dread . . . . full
cres
hour I have - - - - - - - - a Sure, - - - - a fure - - - - - - - - - - - - - de - fence, tis
in . . . . . no . . cence - - - - - - - - - - that heavn . . . . . ly night To Smile to

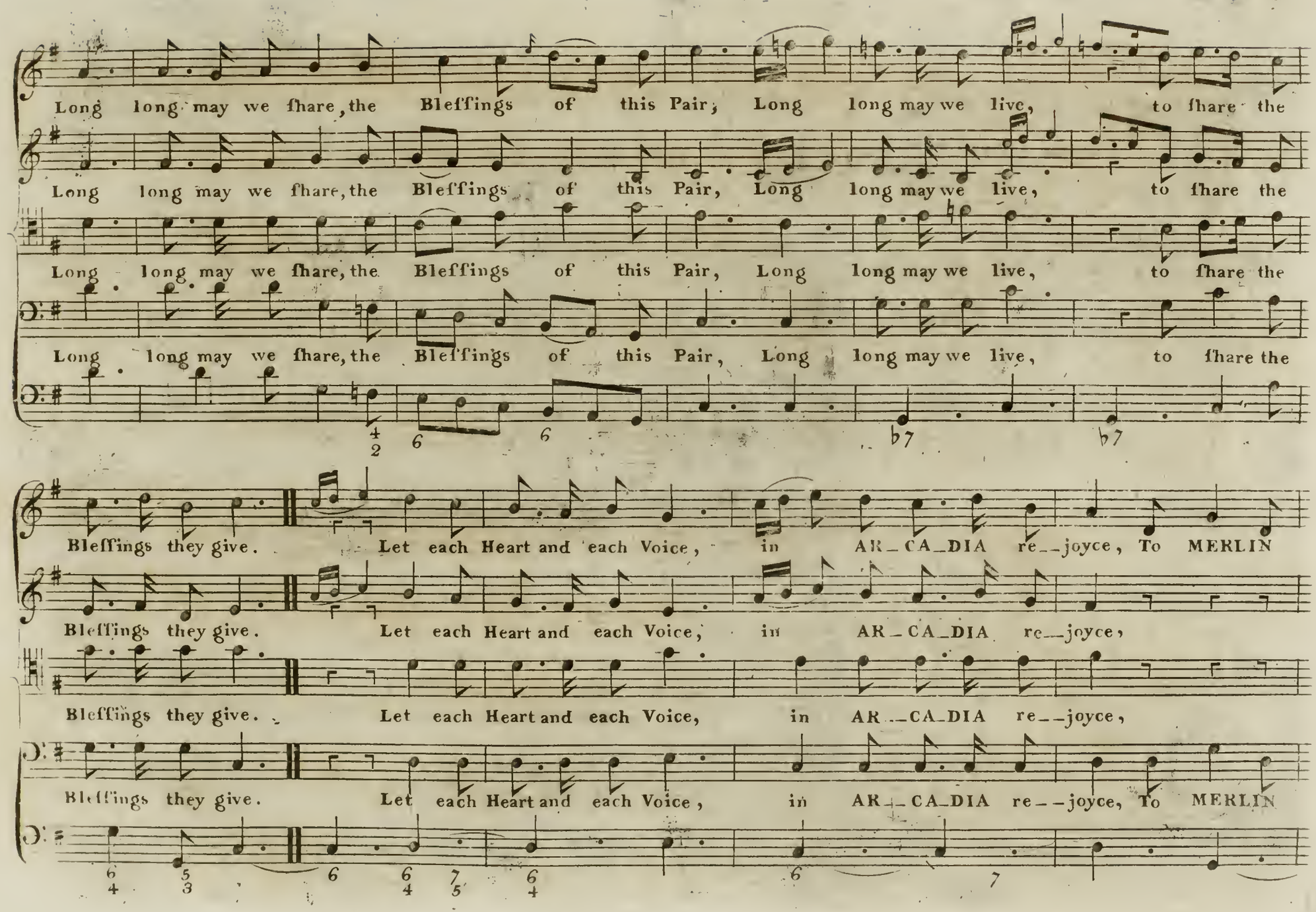

fmile on Guil.....ty Pow'r to Smile.....
.....on Guil.ty Power,.....to fmile.....
.....on Guilty Power,.....to
fmile on Guilty Power.....to fmile on Guil-ty Power,

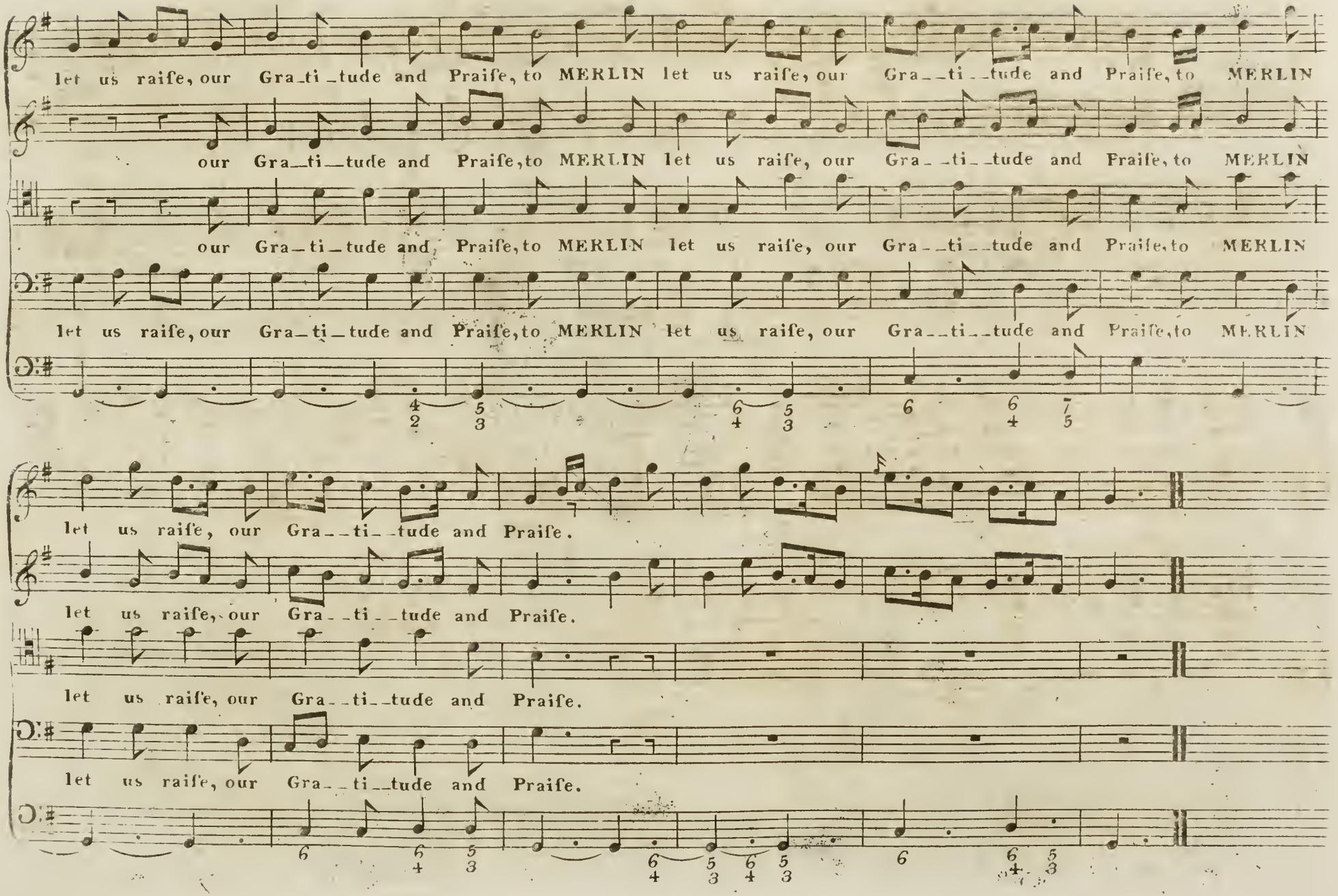

March

Chorus

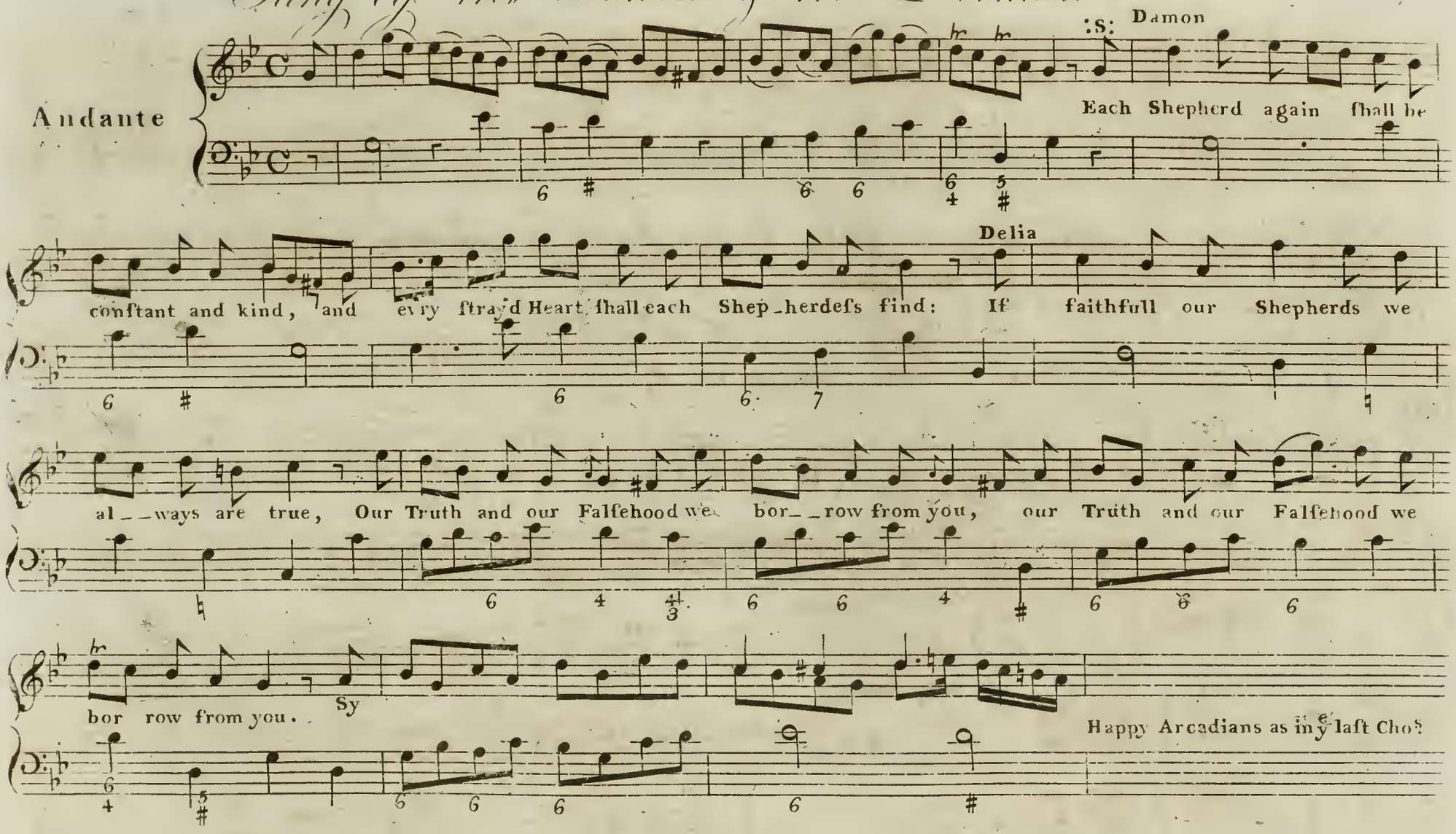
Andante




Long long may we ſhare, the Bleſſings of this Pair; Long long may we live, to ſhare the
Long long may we ſhare, the Bleſſings of this Pair, Long long may we live, to ſhare the
Long long may we ſhare, the Bleſſings of this Pair, Long long may we live, to ſhare the
Long long may we ſhare, the Bleſſings of this Pair, Long long may we live, to ſhare the
Bleſſings they give. Let each Heart and each Voice, in AR_CA_DIA re__joyce, To MERLIN
Bleſſings they give. Let each Heart and each Voice, in AR_CA_DIA re__joyce,
Bleſſings they give. Let each Heart and each Voice, in AR_CA_DIA re__joyce,
Bleſſings they give. Let each Heart and each Voice, in AR_CA_DIA re__joyce, To MERLIN


let us raiſe, our Gra_ti_tude and Praiſe, to MERLIN let us raiſe, our Gra__ti__tude and Praiſe, to MERLIN
our Gra_ti_tude and Praiſe, to MERLIN let us raiſe, our Gra__ti__tude and Praiſe, to MERLIN
our Gra_ti_tude and Praiſe, to MERLIN let us raiſe, our Gra__ti__tude and Praiſe, to MERLIN
let us raiſe, our Gra_ti_tude and Praiſe, to MERLIN let us raiſe, our Gra__ti__tude and Praiſe, to MERLIN
let us raiſe, our Gra__ti__tude and Praiſe.
let us raiſe, our Gra__ti__tude and Praiſe.
let us raiſe, our Gra__ti__tude and Praiſe.
let us raiſe, our Gra__ti__tude and Praiſe.

Sung by Mr. Fawcet & Mrs. Perman

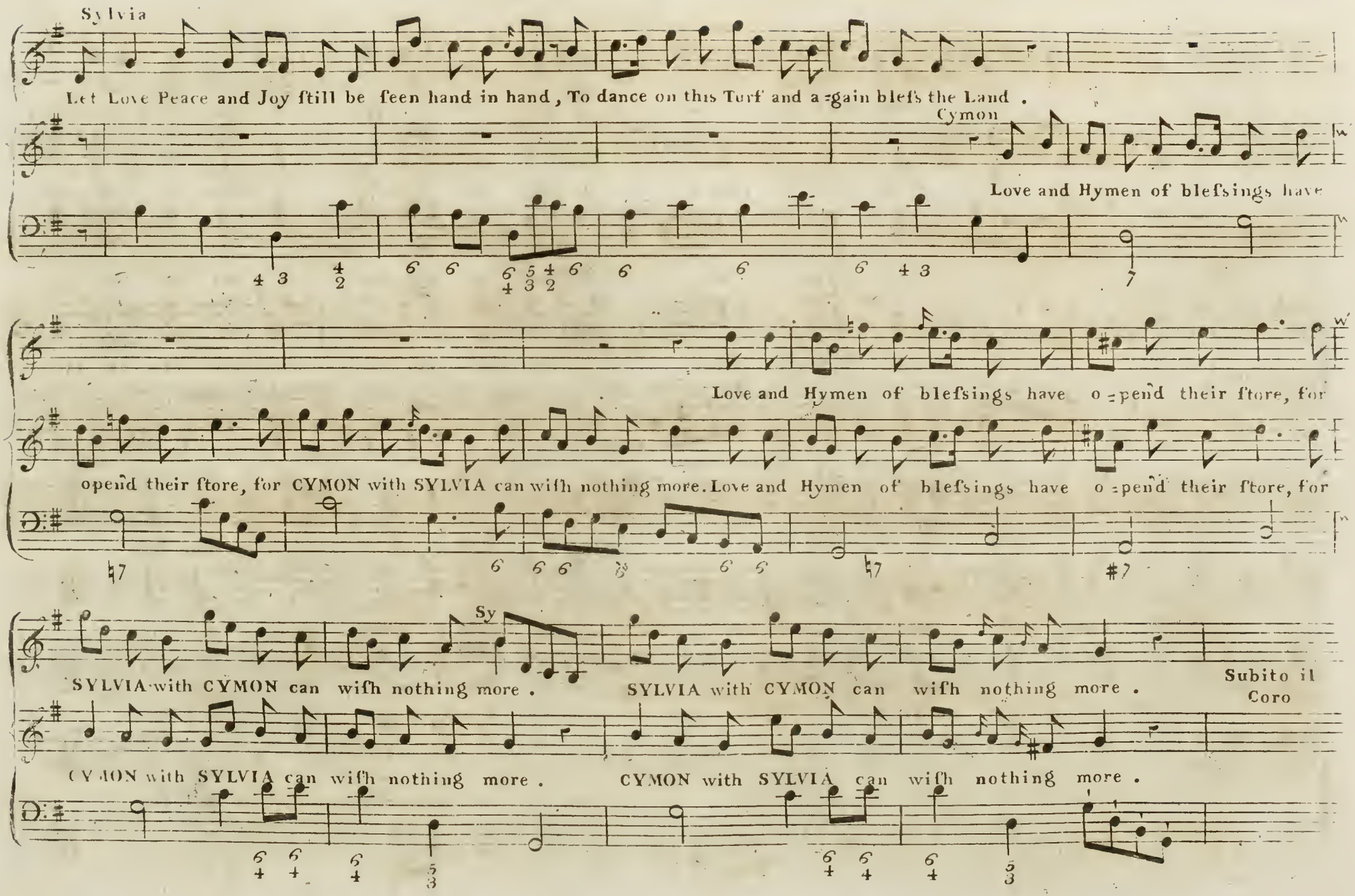


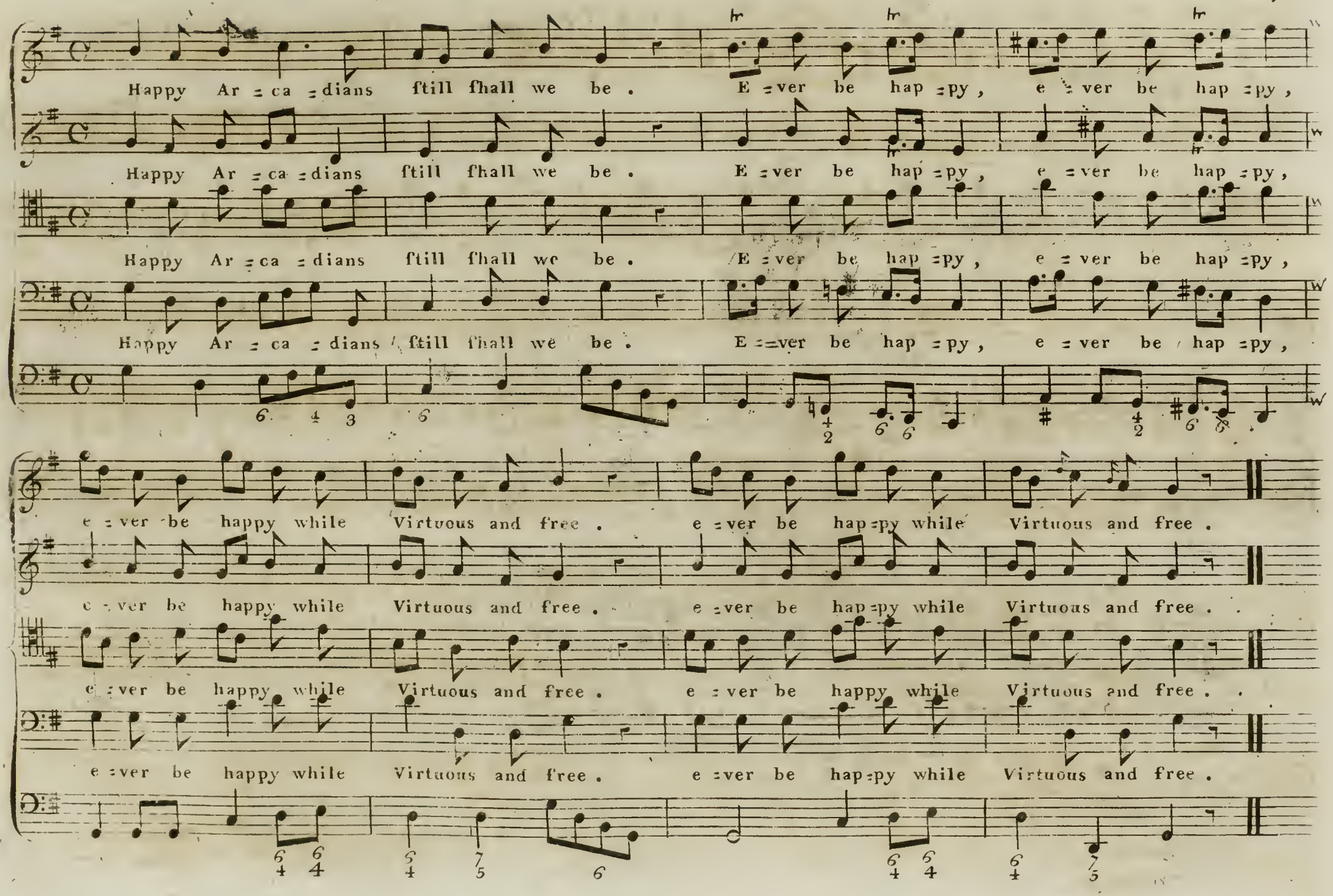
Fatima.

Let thoſe who the Sword and the Ballance muſt hold,
To Intereſt be blind and to Beauty be cold,
When Juſtice has Eyes her Integrity fails,
Her Sword becomes blunted and down drops her Scales.
Choꝰ Happy Arcadian &c.

Linco.

The Bliſs of your Heart no rude Care ſhall moleſt,
While innocent Mirth is your Boſom's ſweet gueſt.
Of that happy Pair let us Worthy be ſeen,
Love Honour and Copy your King and your Queen.
Choꝰ Happy Arcadian &c.

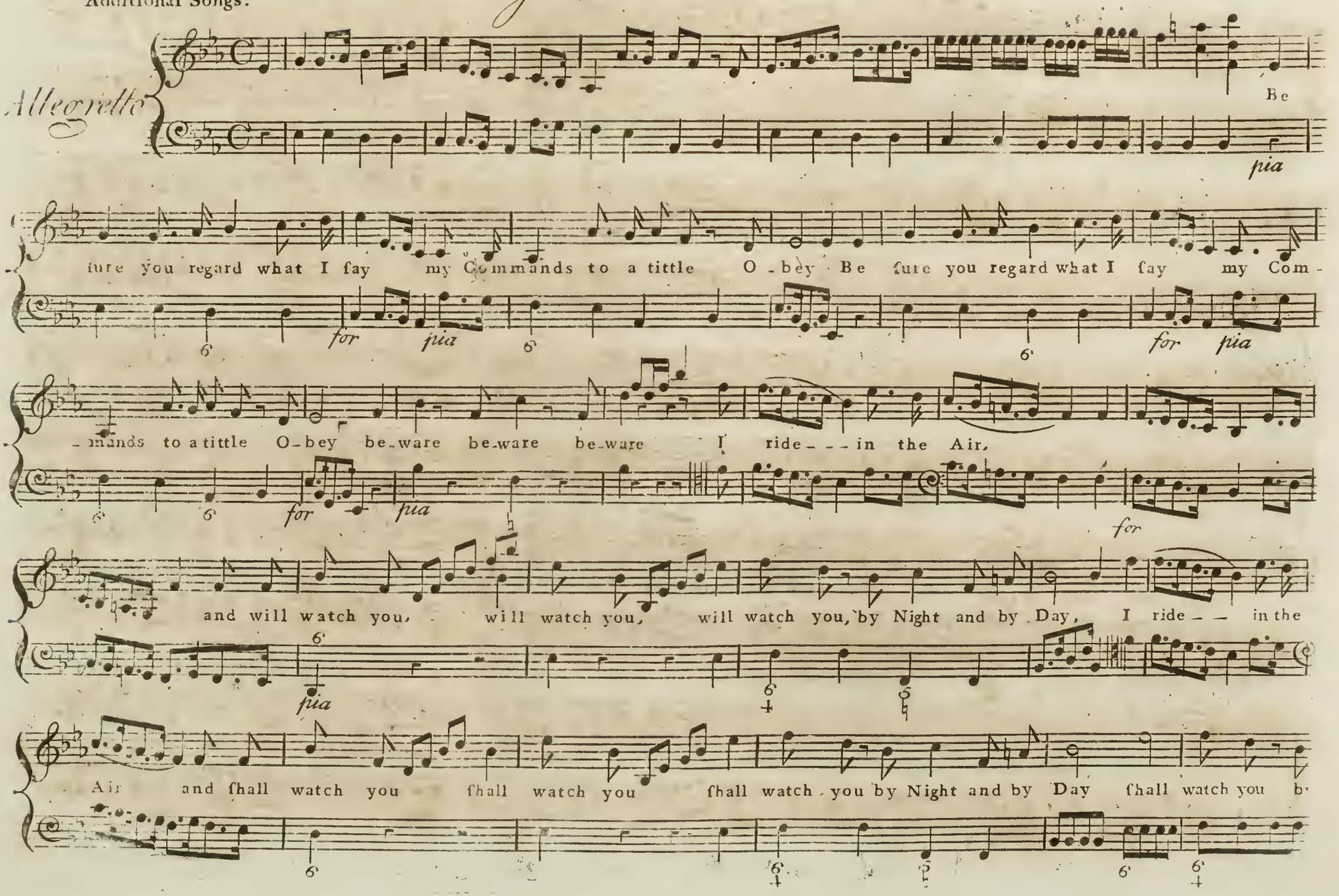

Sylvia
Let Love Peace and Joy ſtill be ſeen hand in hand, To dance on this Turf and a=gain bleſs the Land.
Cymon
Love and Hymen of bleſsings have
Love and Hymen of bleſsings have o=pend their ſtore, for
opend their ſtore, for CYMON with SYLVIA can wiſh nothing more. Love and Hymen of bleſsings have o=pend their ſtore, for
Sy
SYLVIA with CYMON can wiſh nothing more.
SYLVIA with CYMON can wiſh nothing more.
Subito il Coro
CYMON with SYLVIA can wiſh nothing more.
CYMON with SYLVIA can wiſh nothing more.


Happy Ar = ca = dians ſtill ſhall we be . E = ver be hap = py , e = ver be hap = py ,
Happy Ar = ca = dians ſtill ſhall we be . E = ver be hap = py , e = ver be hap = py ,
Happy Ar = ca = dians ſtill ſhall we be . E = ver be hap = py , e = ver be hap = py ,
Happy Ar = ca = dians ſtill ſhall we be . E = ver be hap = py , e = ver be hap = py ,
e = ver be happy while Virtuous and free . e = ver be hap = py while Virtuous and free .
e = ver be happy while Virtuous and free . e = ver be hap = py while Virtuous and free .
e = ver be happy while Virtuous and free . e = ver be happy while Virtuous and free .
e = ver be happy while Virtuous and free . e = ver be hap = py while Virtuous and free .

Additional Songs.

Sung by Mr Banister

Dibdin



Allegretto

Be

pia

ſure you regard what I ſay my Commands to a tittle O-bey Be ſure you regard what I ſay my Com-

for pia for pia

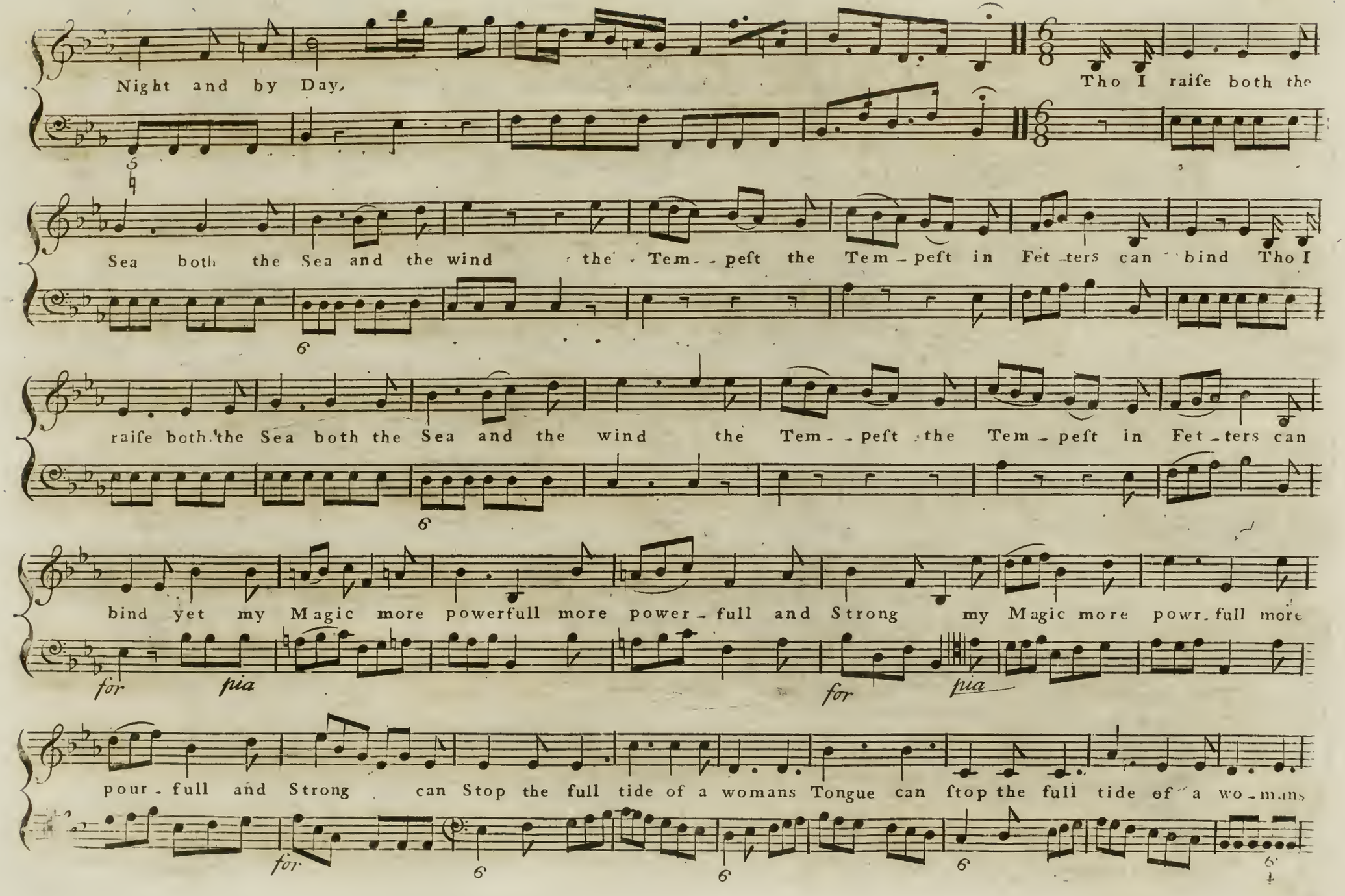
-mands to a tittle O-bey be-ware be-ware be-ware I ride---in the Air,

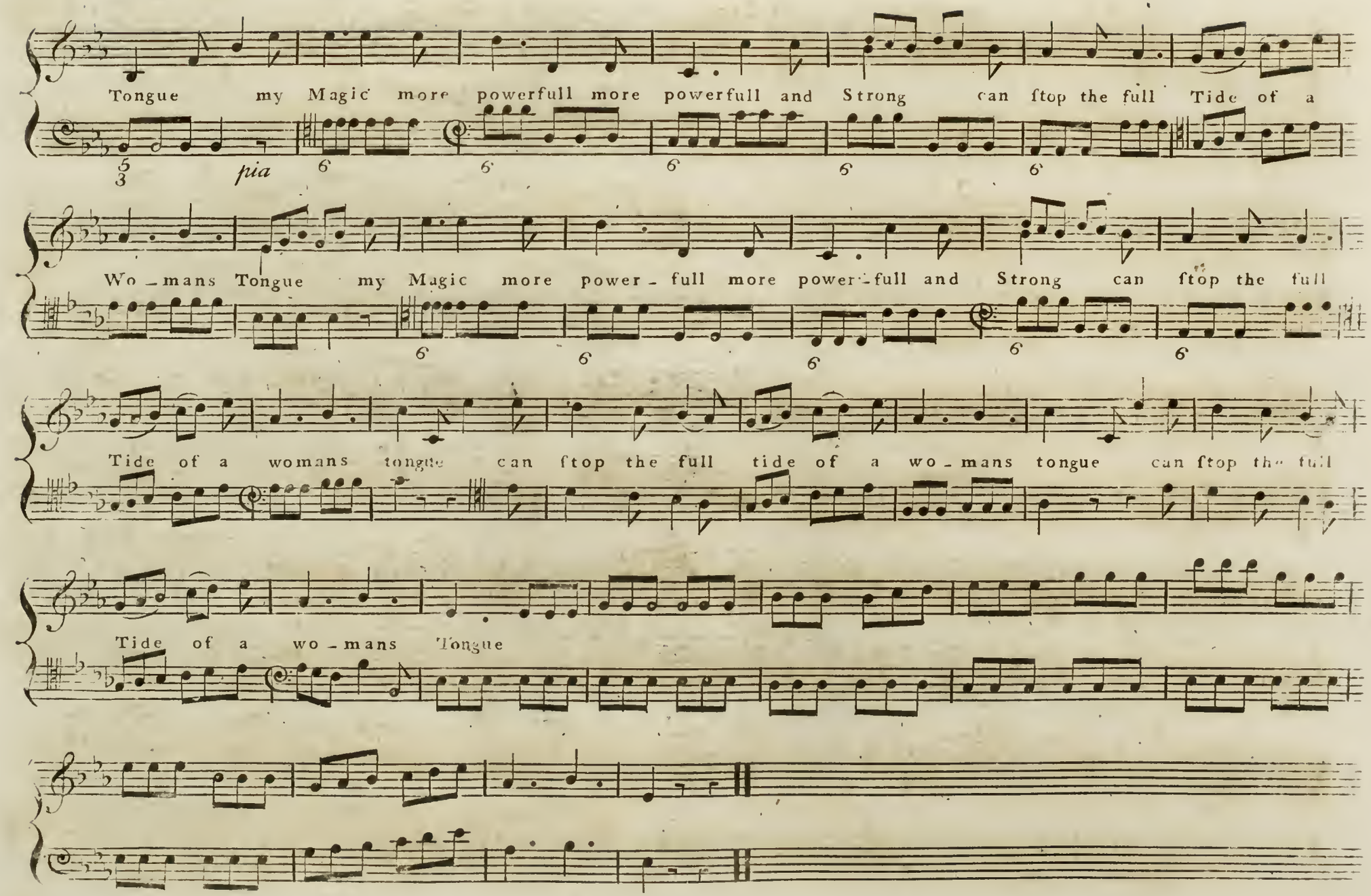
for pia for

and will watch you, will watch you, will watch you, by Night and by Day, I ride-- in the

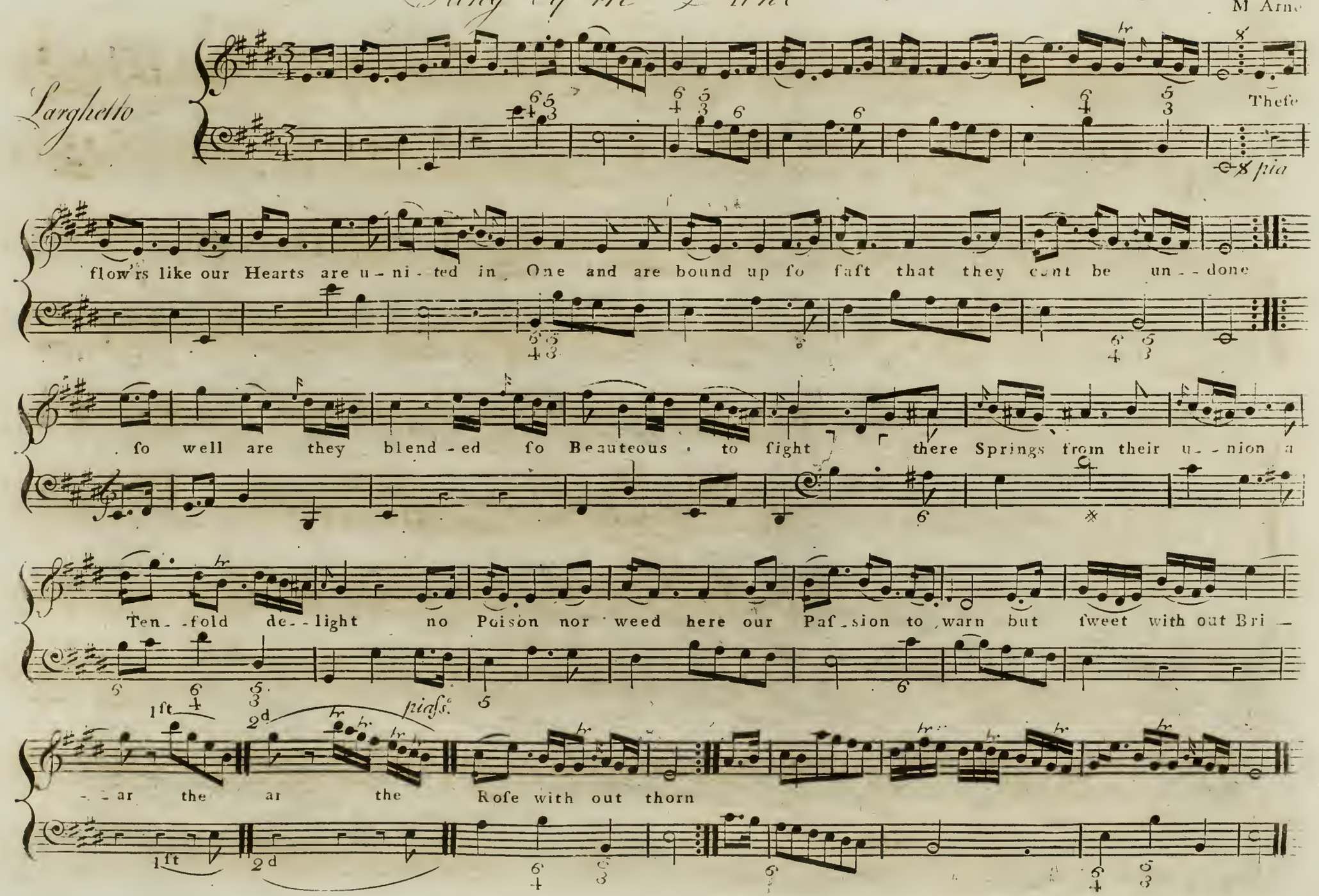
pia

Air and ſhall watch you ſhall watch you ſhall watch you by Night and by Day ſhall watch you b-


Night and by Day.
Tho I raiſe both the
Sea both the Sea and the wind the Tem-peſt the Tem-peſt in Fet-ters can bind Tho I
raiſe both the Sea both the Sea and the wind the Tem-peſt the Tem-peſt in Fet-ters can
bind yet my Magic more powerfull more power-full and Strong my Magic more powr-full more
for pia for pia
pour-full and Strong can Stop the full tide of a womans Tongue can ſtop the full tide of a wo-mans
for

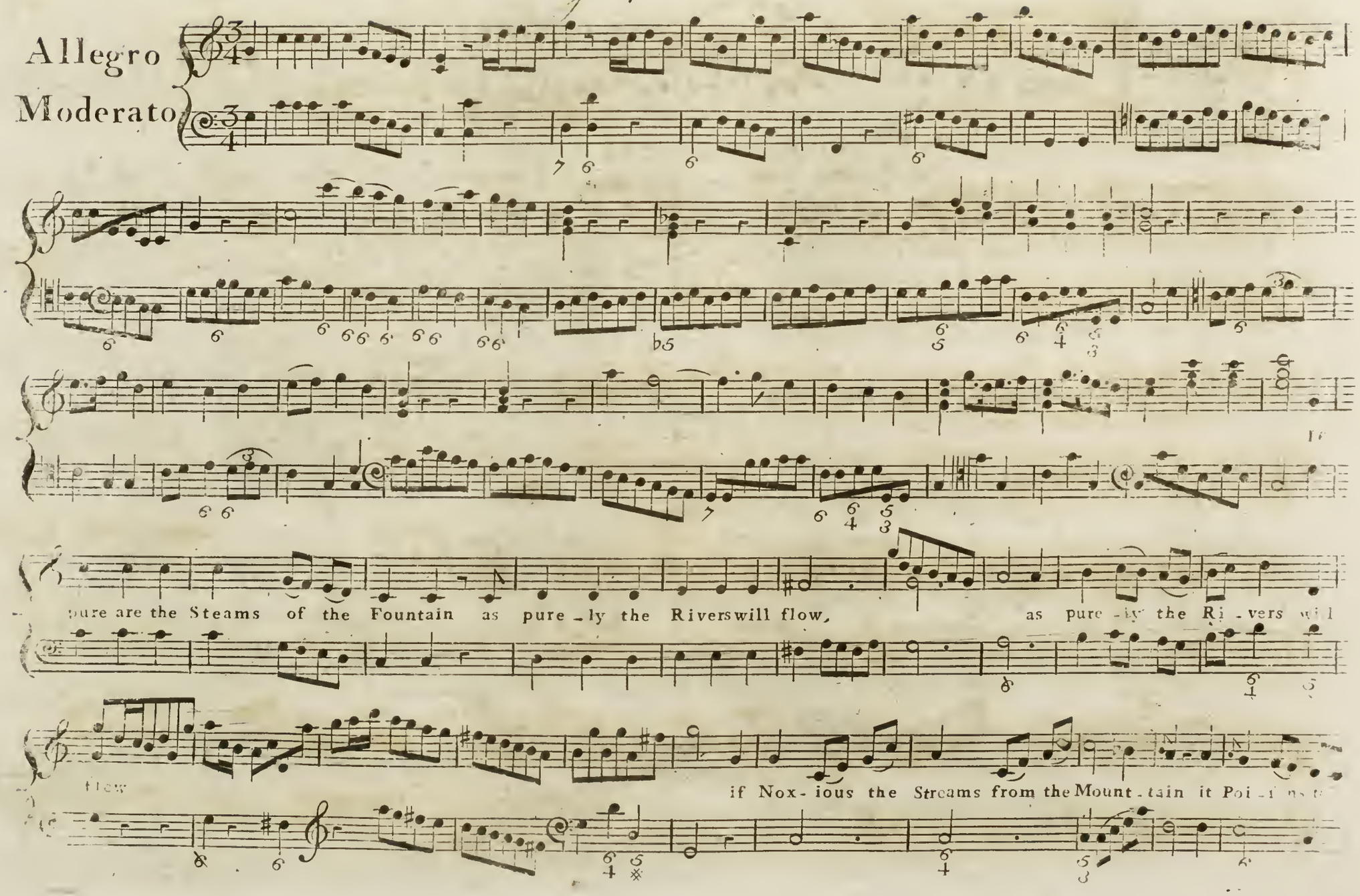

Tongue my Magic more powerfull more powerfull and Strong can ſtop the full Tide of a
pia
Wo_mans Tongue my Magic more power_full more power_full and Strong can ſtop the full
Tide of a womans tongue can ſtop the full tide of a wo_mans tongue can ſtop the full
Tide of a wo_mans Tongue

Sung by Mrs Arne

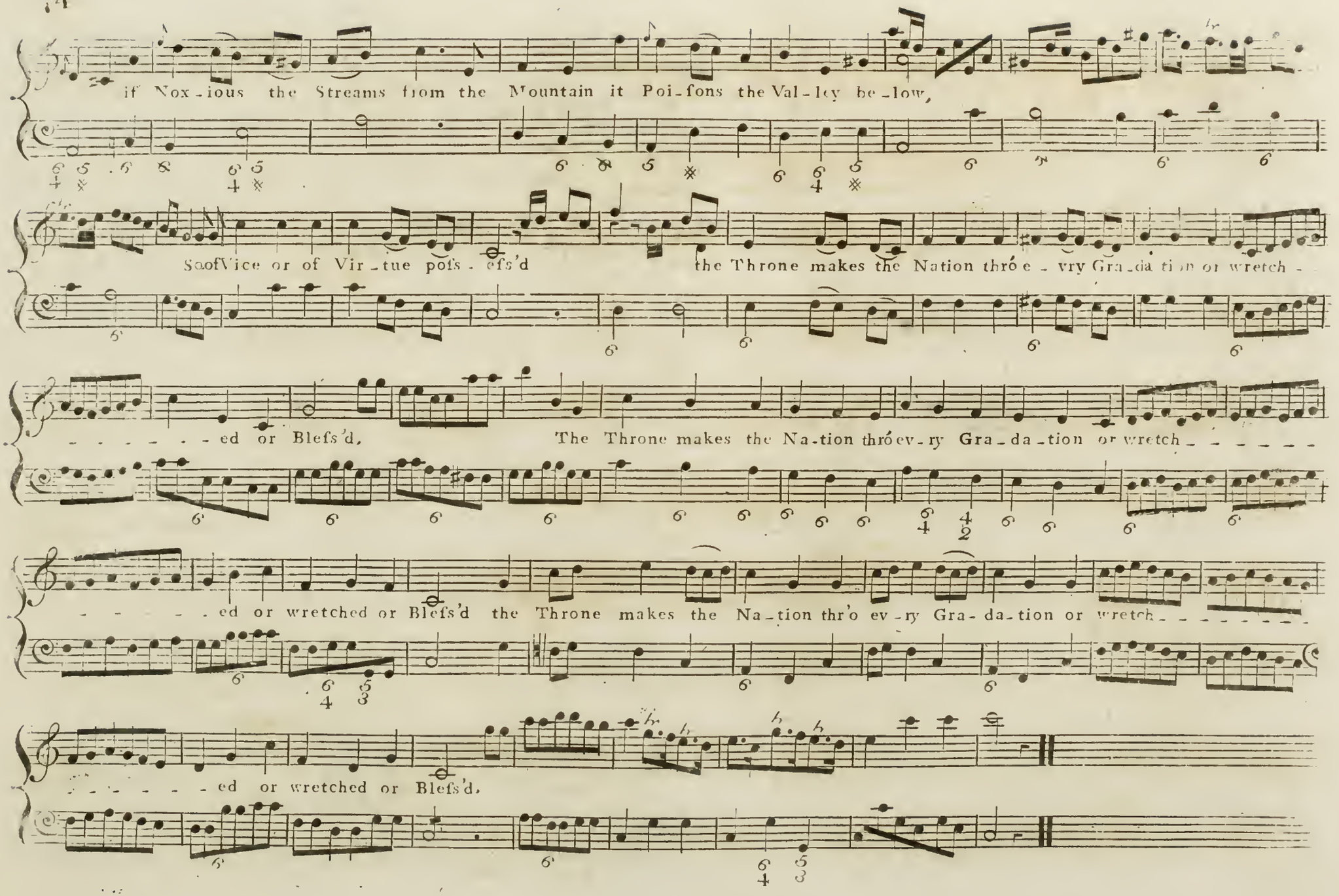


Sung by Mr Banister

M Arne.



Valley be-low the Val - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ley be-low the Val-ley be-low
tasto solo
It Poi-sons the Val-ley be low - - - - - - - - - -
If Pure are the Springs from the Mountain As pure-ly the Rivers will flow as
pure-ly the Riv-ers will flow - - - - - - - - - - - - if Nox-ious the Stream from the Mountain
tasto solo
tasto solo
it Poi-sons the Val - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ley be-low - - - - - -


if Nox-ious the Streams from the Mountain it Poi-fons the Val-ley be-low,
SoofVice or of Vir-tue pofs-efs'd the Throne makes the Nation thró e-vry Gra-da-tion or wretch-
-ed or Blefs'd, The Throne makes the Na-tion thró ev-ry Gra-da-tion or wretch
-ed or wretched or Blefs'd the Throne makes the Na-tion thr'o ev-ry Gra-da-tion or wretch
-ed or wretched or Blefs'd.