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BISHOP

—

THE CIRCASSIAN BRIDE

The Dramatic Calendar.

23 February, 1809—THE CIRCASSIAN BRIDE, opera by Henry Rowley Bishop, produced at Drury Lane Theatre, London.

The production of Bishop's first opera, "The Cacassian Bride," while it did not perhaps foreshadow the composer's future fame, yet proved an opening for him, in spite of its brief career. Bishop, who had early showed a decided talent for music, had been placed under the tuition of Francesco Bianchi, an opera composer settled in London, and at fifteen had written the music for several ballets. In 1806 he had been appointed composer of ballet music at the Opera, and being ambitious, was naturally anxious to show what he could do in a more serious form of composition.

At last he succeeded in getting a three-act opera accepted at Drury Lane, and on the 23d of February, 1809, it was brought out with a cast which included some of the best actors and singers then in the company. Among the ladies were the popular Mrs. Mountain and Mrs. Bland, while Charles Mathews, John Braham, and Jack Bannister were a strong trio of players to carry any piece to success. It does not appear, however, that the opera was especially well received, and the loss of the theatre, the next day, with the destruction of the musical score, gave no chance for another opportunity to judge farther of the merits of Bishop's work.

The next day being a Friday in Lent, there was no performance at Drury Lane, but some careless workmen made an extra large fire in a small stove in the theatre and left it, with the result that the playhouse was soon a mass of flames, and was totally destroyed, the actors losing their wardrobes and the composer his score. It is a curious commentary on the supposed safety of a fireproof theatre that, when Drury Lane had been opened, only a short time before, after an expenditure of over £125,000, Miss Farren, in the opening address, had assured the public that a conflagration could never happen at that playhouse, as the management had provided water enough to drown all the spectators, after which the iron curtain and other safety appliances were exhibited to confirm the actress's statements.

"COME L'ARABA FENICE"
CIRCAS BRIDE
The Overture & most admired Songs & Duetts in the last Novelty Opera
OF THE CIRCASSIAN BRIDE,
as performed at the late Theatre Royal Drury Lane.
Composed & Arranged for the
Piano Sorte or Harp.
BY H. R. BISHOP
Drawn & Etch'd by G. Minoni
Stat. Hall,
Price
7023.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

I cannot resist the present Opportunity of expressing my Gratitude for the very liberal reception that was given to the Music of the CIRCASSIAN BRIDE, on the single Night of its performance at the late Theatre Drury Lane;* which alone has consoled me for the Loss of that Emolument, which, but for this unfortunate Accident, might have rewarded me for the Time and Study I had bestowed on the Composition: Nor can I forego the Impulse which presses me to acknowledge, in the warmest manner, the great Exertions and earnest Endeavours of every one of the Performers to do me the most ample Justice: To them, the greatest share of the Plaudits, so universally bestowed upon almost every piece of Music in the Opera, is assuredly due.

The whole of the Music, here published is revived solely from the power of recollection; and I flatter myself if not exactly according to the ORIGINAL Copy, (which was consumed) it is rather improved than otherwise: I know of no Instances, however, of material Variation; nor do I lament the utter impossibility I find of putting the Chorusses and Concerted pieces into their Original state: In private parties they are seldom used, and in this case, would only have delay'd the publication, and have encreased the price three-fold.

That the Music throughout bears a SERIOUS Character, is, (in private performance) rather a recommendation than denial: but, lest it should be urged as a Fault in the Composition, I must observe, that a Composer is bound by the cast and Character of the Author; And that he cannot with propriety produce a lively style of Music, where no situation is afforded him to introduce it.

My chief Object in the composition of this Opera, was to blend, as far as my Abilities would permit, the Tastes of the PUBLIC and the PROFESSOR; For I have ever conceived that no substantial reason could exist, (tho' the assertion has been often made) that the Public ear should not be pleased with Music which gratified Men of Science.

For myself — I can only say, that far from despising the national taste it is the Criterion which will decidedly direct the future exertions of.

the Public's

most devoted

And

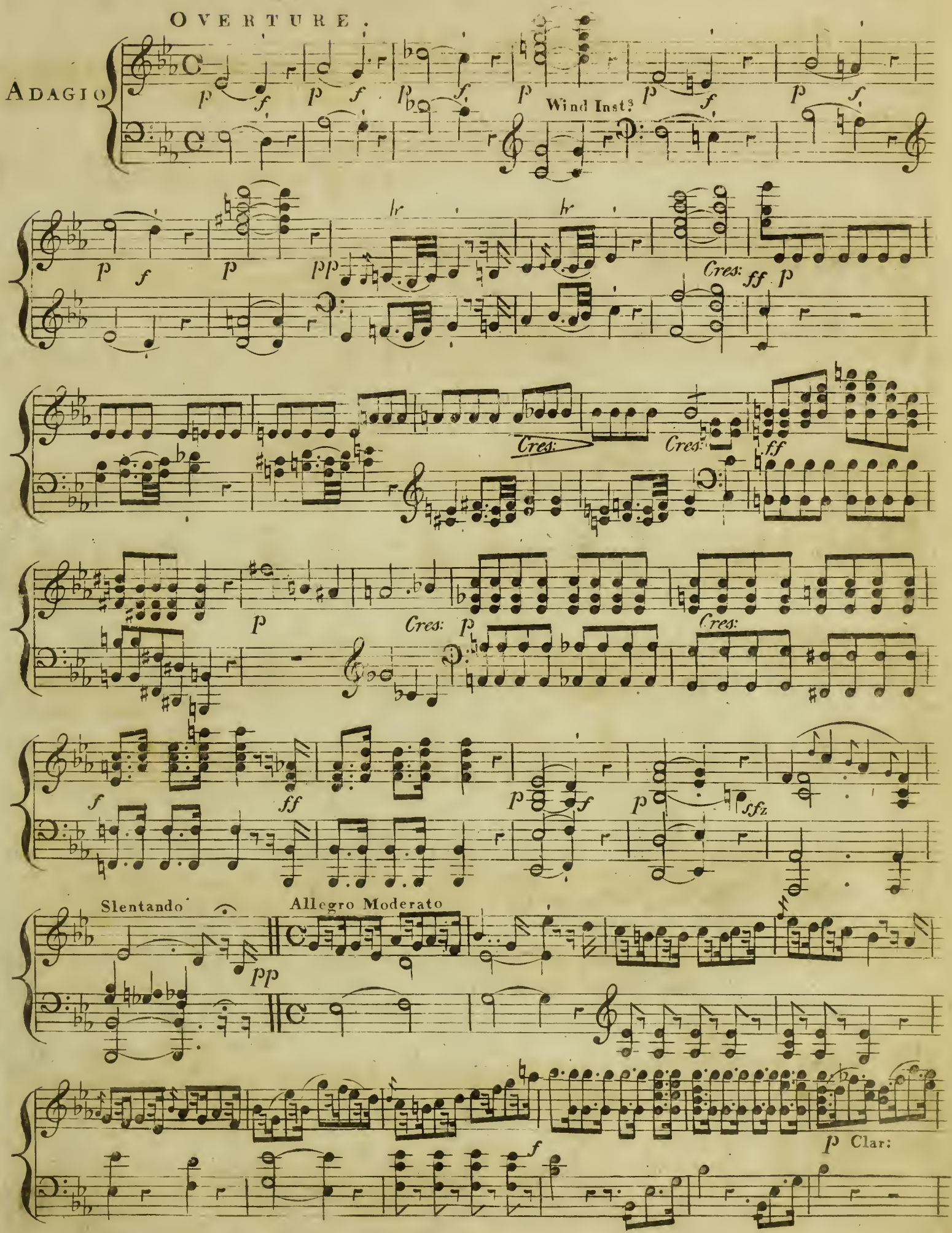
Most grateful Servant,

Henry R. Bishop

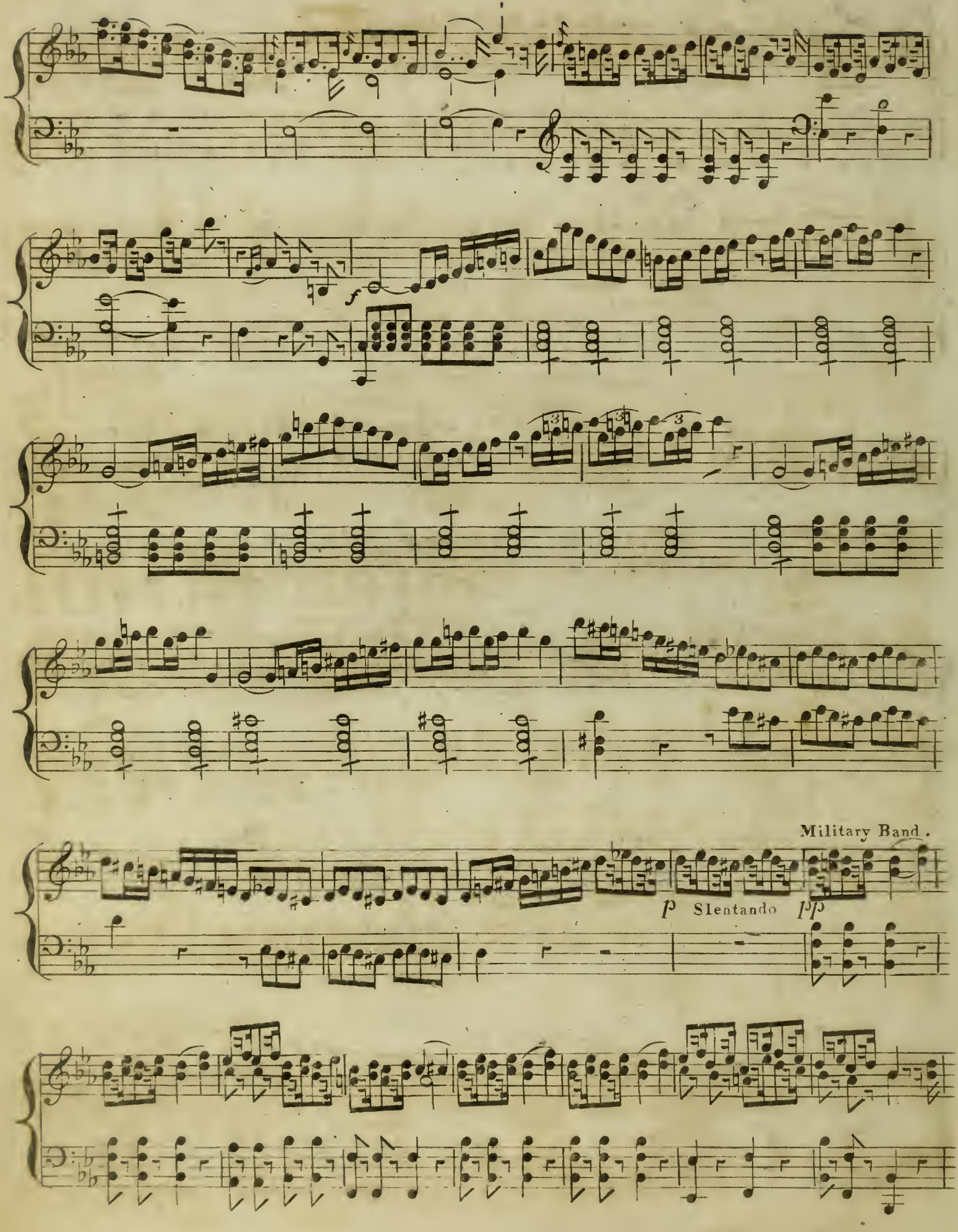
32 Panton St.
Haymarket.
April, 8th 1809.

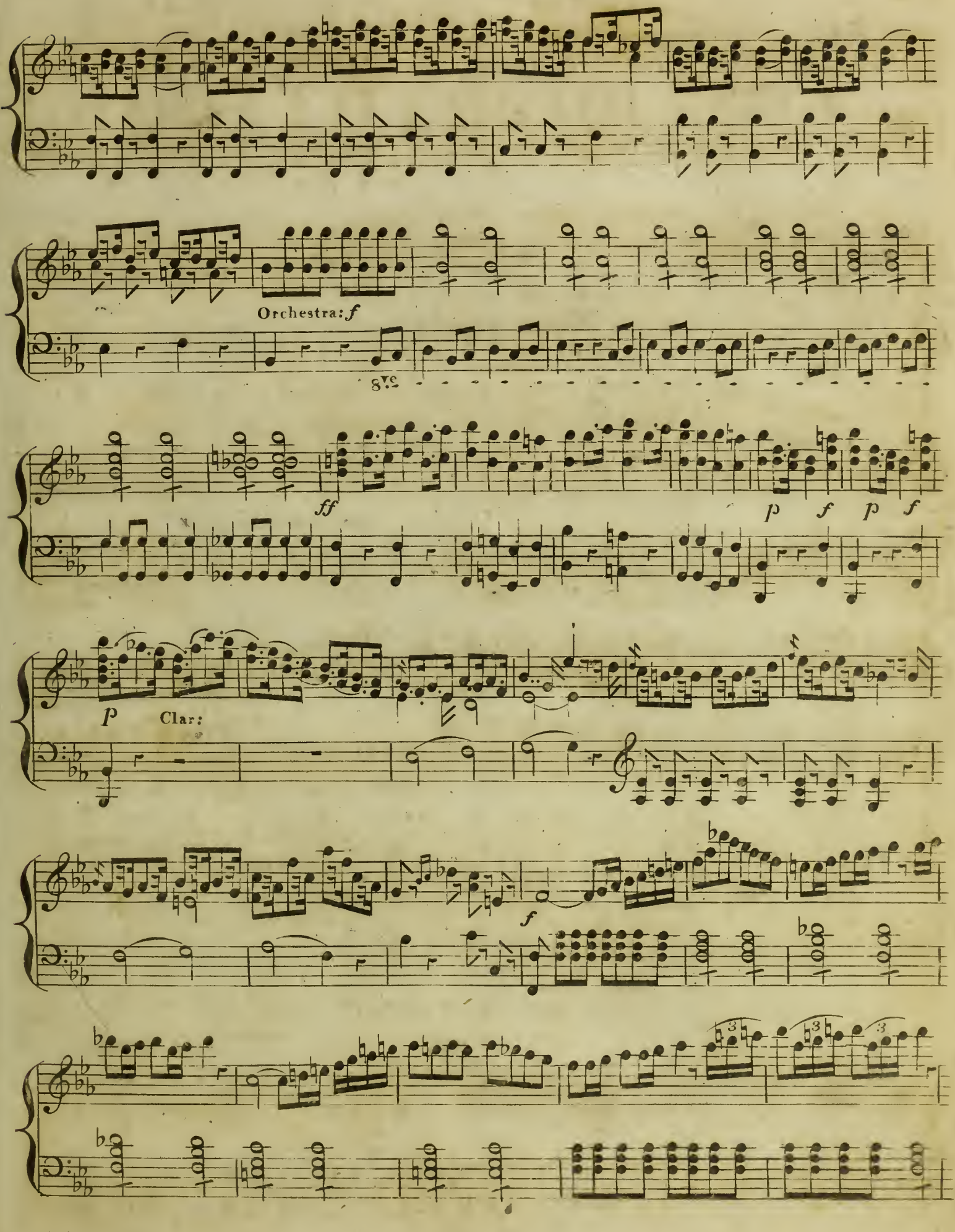
* The Circassian Bride, was performed for the first time on the Night previous to the destruction of The Theatre.

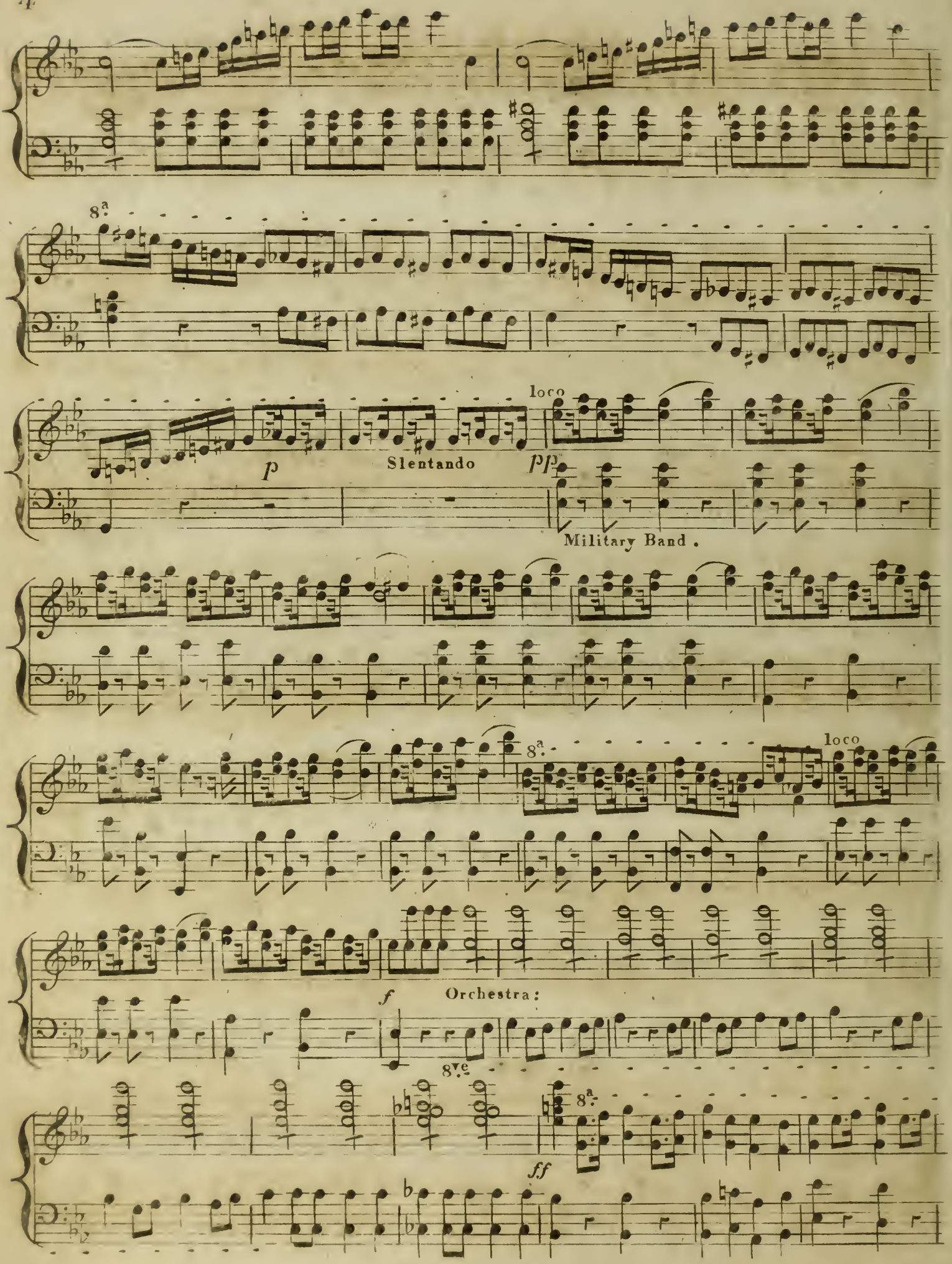
OVERTURE.



Circassian Bride.


Military Band.
p Slentando pp


Orchestra: f
8va
ff
p
f
p
f
p
Clar:
f



Circassian Bride.

8ª

Flauto Solo ad lib:

8ª

Andantino Grazioso

dolce

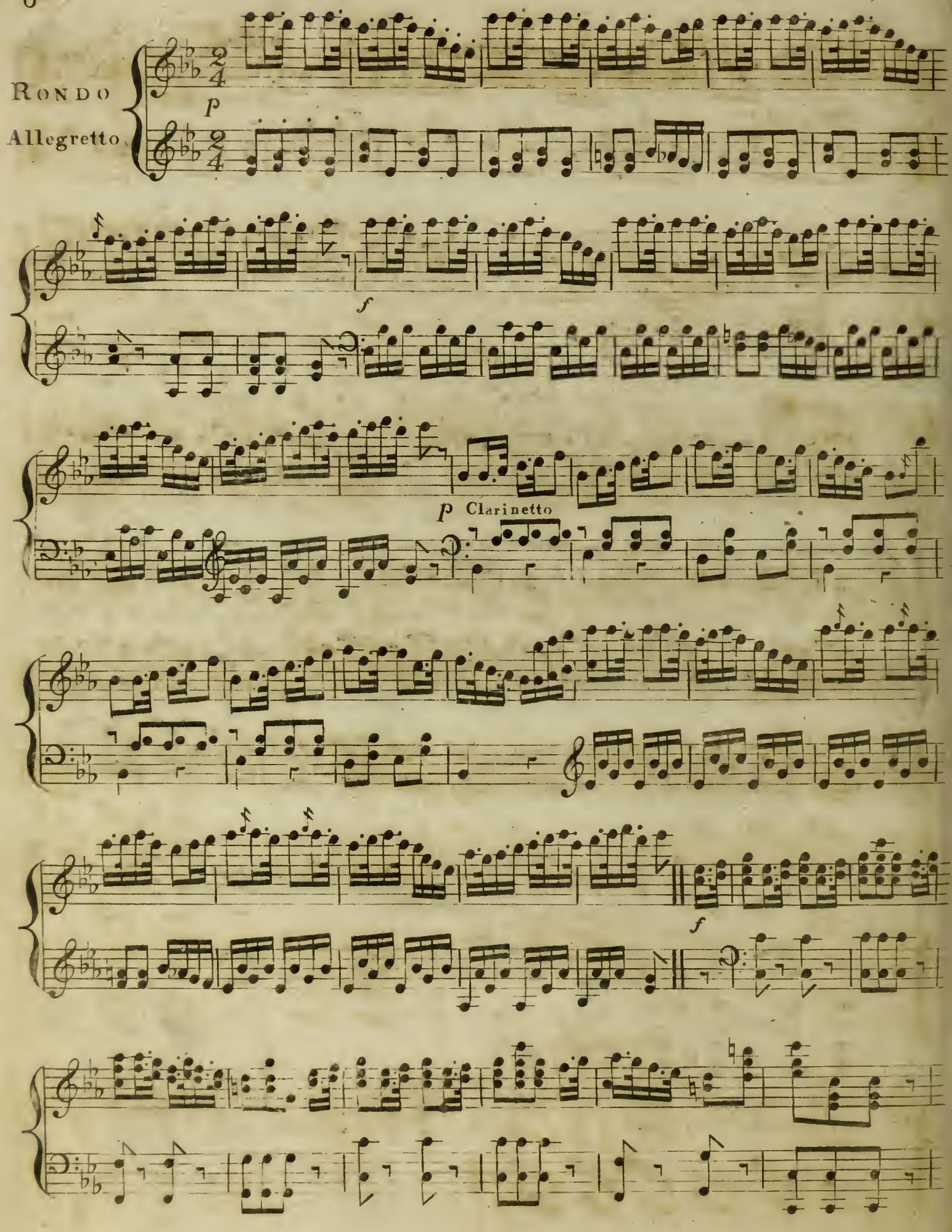
ad lib:

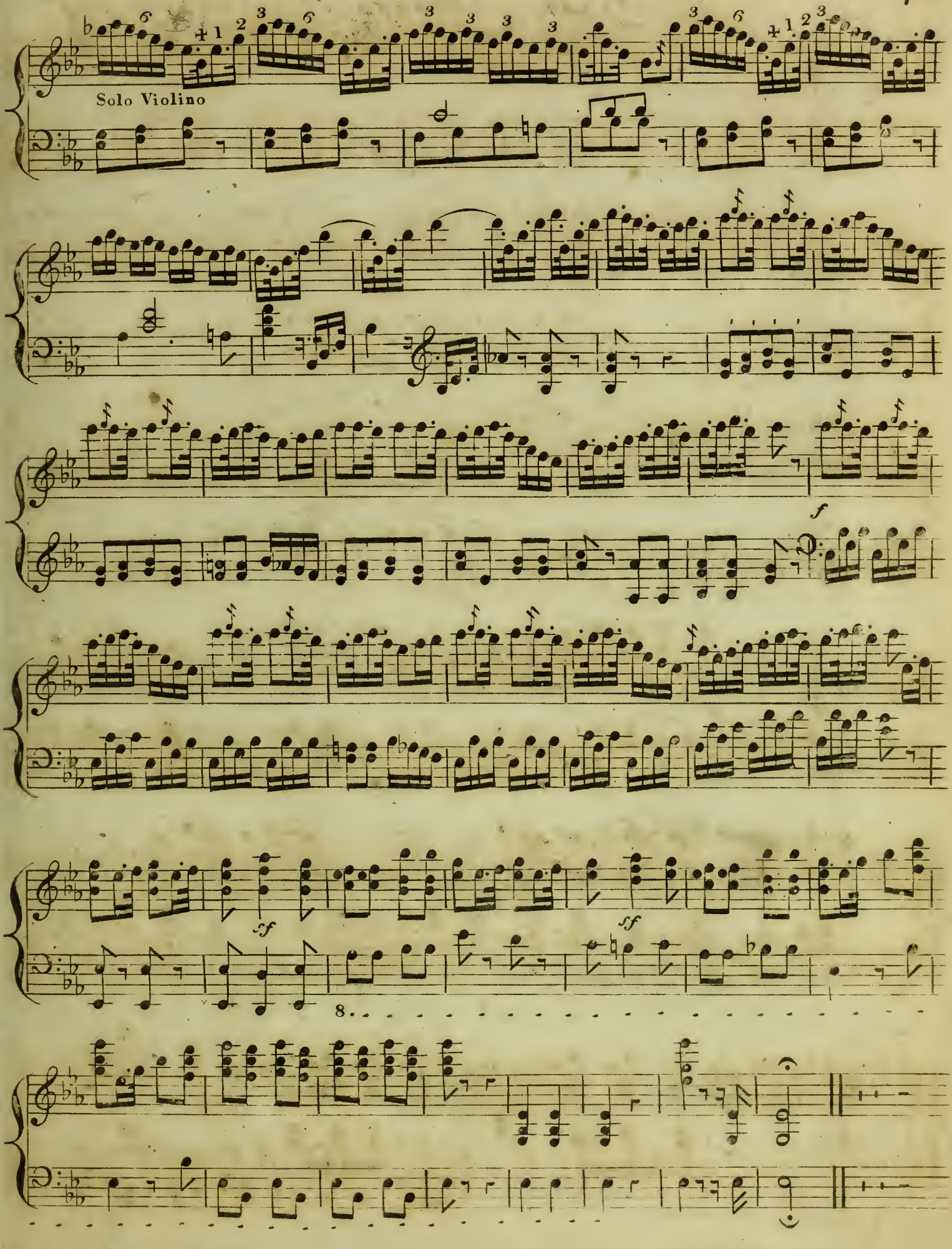
a tempo

loco

Cadenza ad lib:

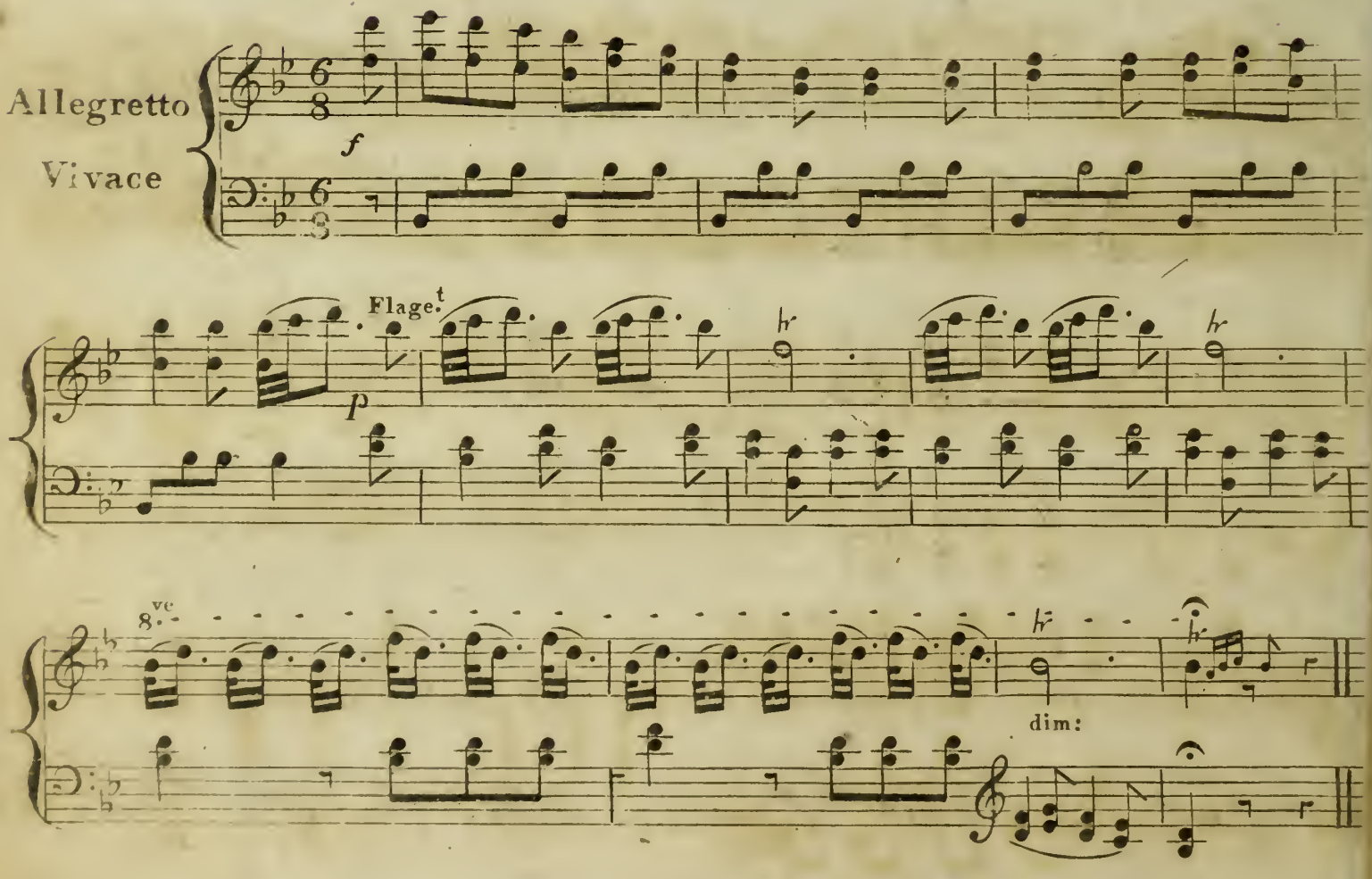
Largo

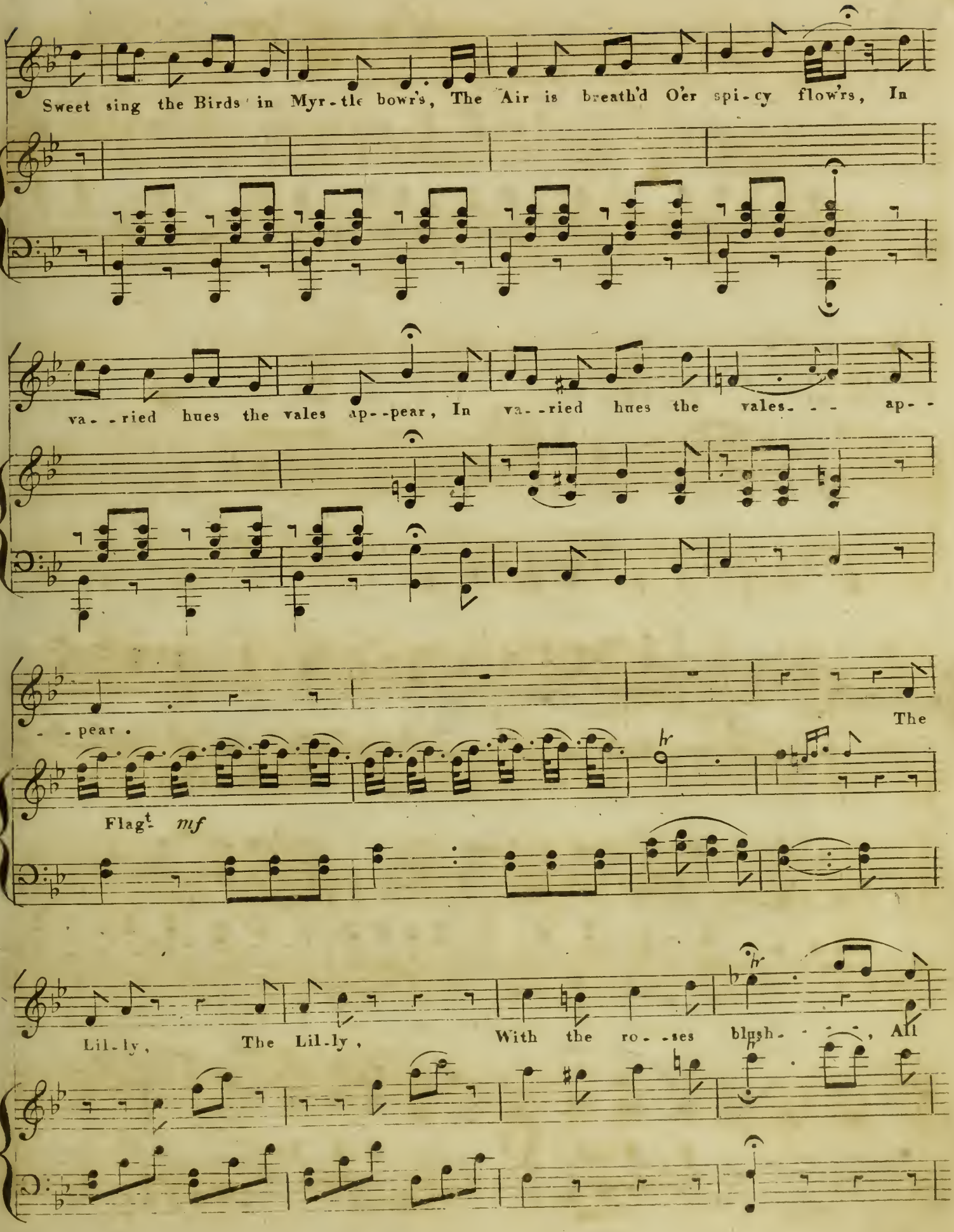

Rondo
Allegretto
p
f
p Clarinetto
f

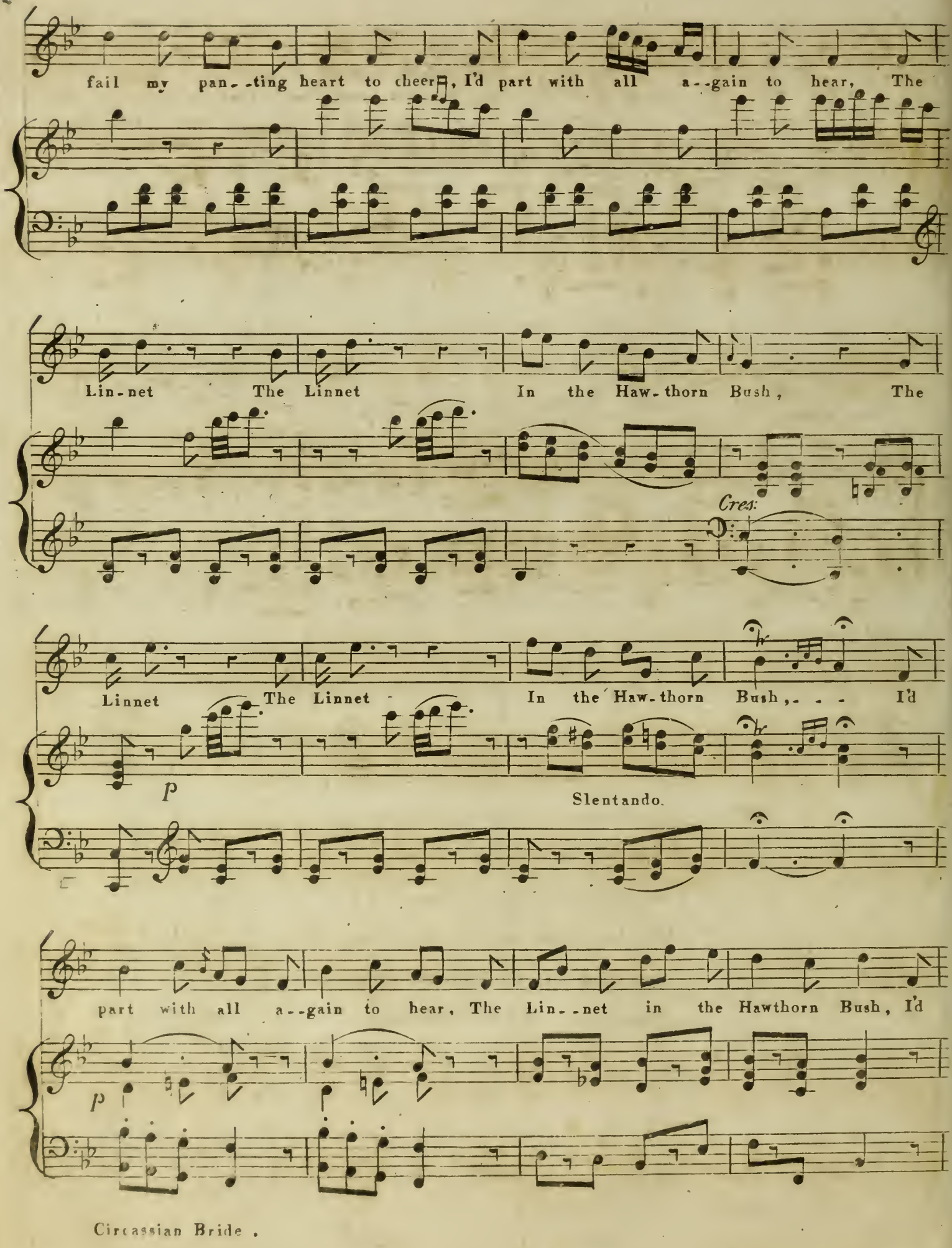

Solo Violino
f
sf
sf
8

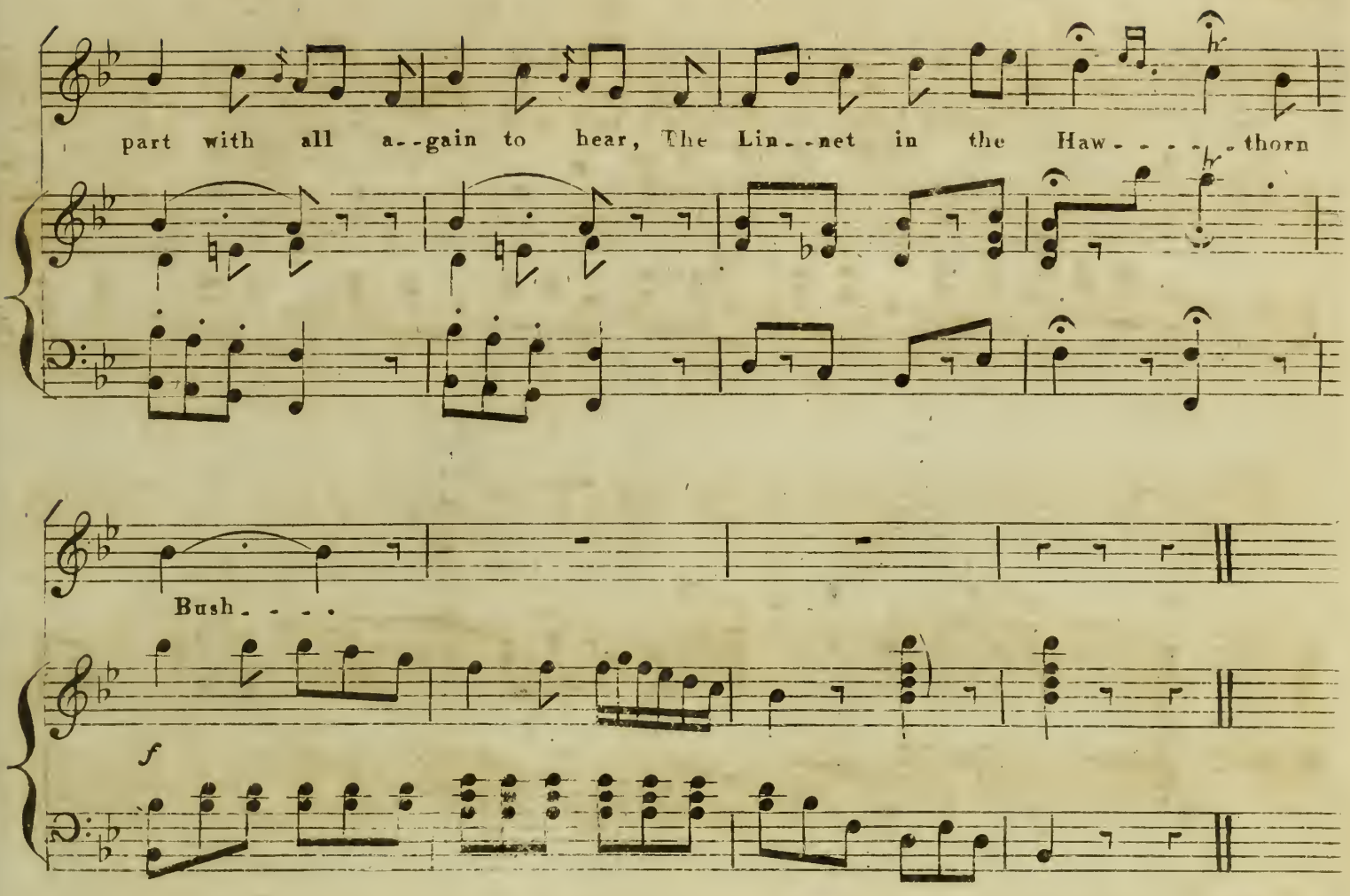
"The Linnet in the Hawthorn Bush".

SUNG BY Mrs. MOUNTAIN.




Sweet sing the Birds in Myr-tle bowr's, The Air is breath'd O'er spi-cy flow'rs, In
va--ried hues the vales ap--pear, In va--ried hues the vales--- ap--
--pear.
The
Flag.t mf
Lil-ly, The Lil-ly, With the ro--ses blush---, All


fail my pan-ting heart to cheer, I'd part with all a-gain to hear, The
Lin-net The Linnet In the Haw-thorn Bush, The
Cres:
Linnet The Linnet In the Haw-thorn Bush, I'd
p
Slentando.
part with all a-gain to hear, The Lin-net in the Hawthorn Bush, I'd
p

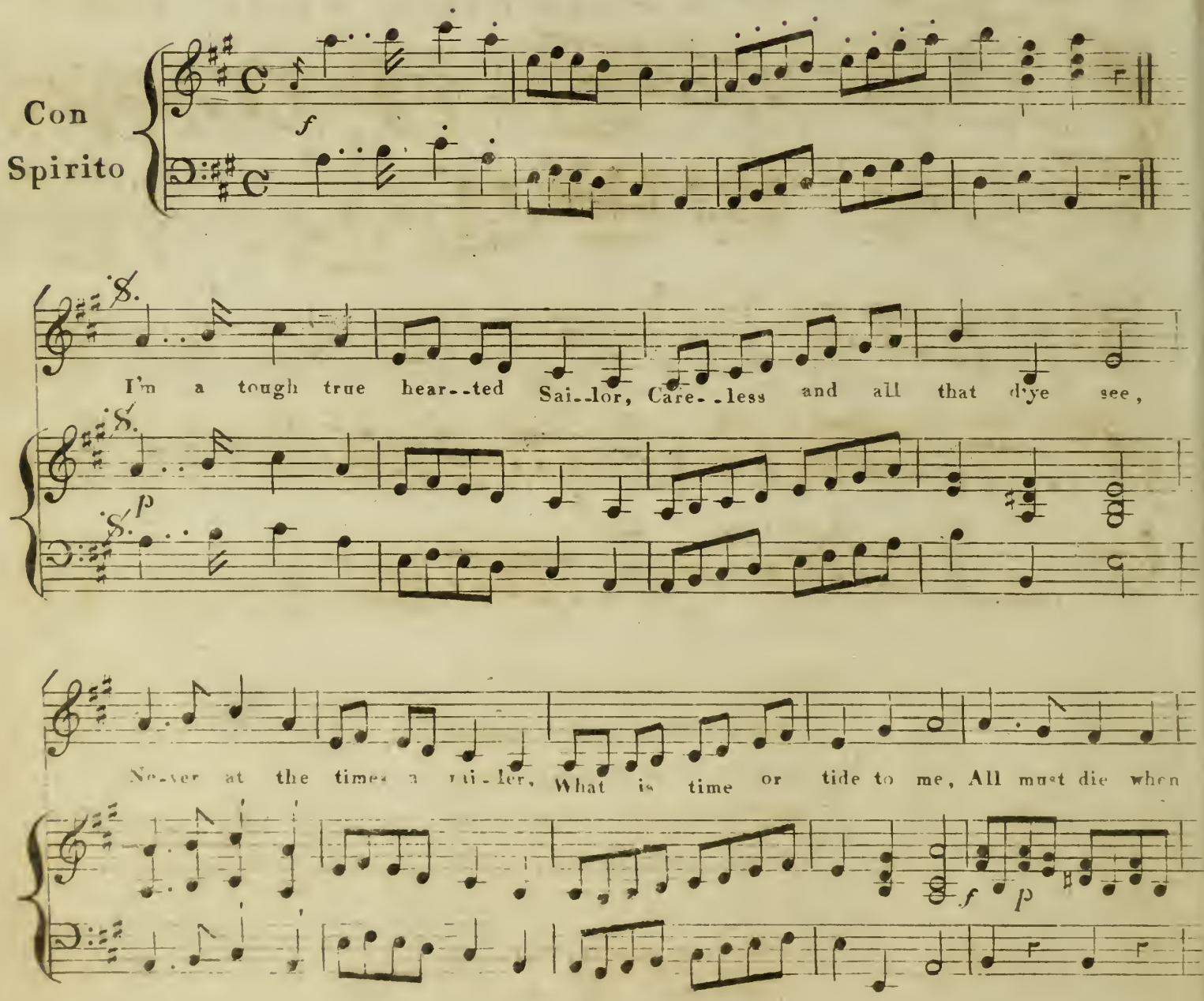


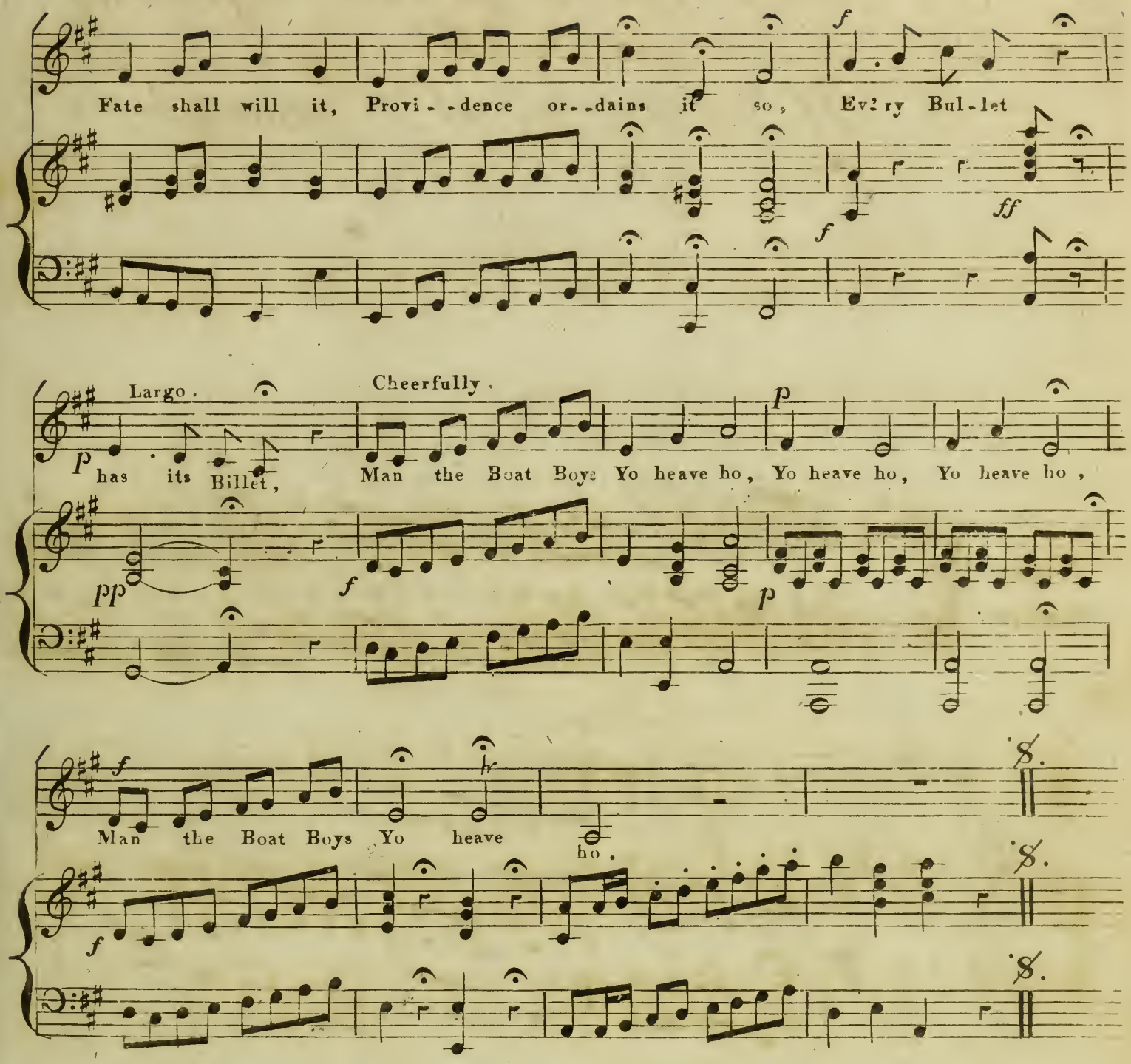
2.

But Ah 'tis idle to complain,
I must not, will not, sigh in vain,
Nor damp my pleasure with a tear.
Should sad reflection on me rush,
I'll fancy home my heart to cheer,
And think each Bird that charms my ear,
The Linnet in the Hawthorn Bush.

"Ev'ry Bullet has its Billet"

SUNG BY Mr. G. SMITH.





2.

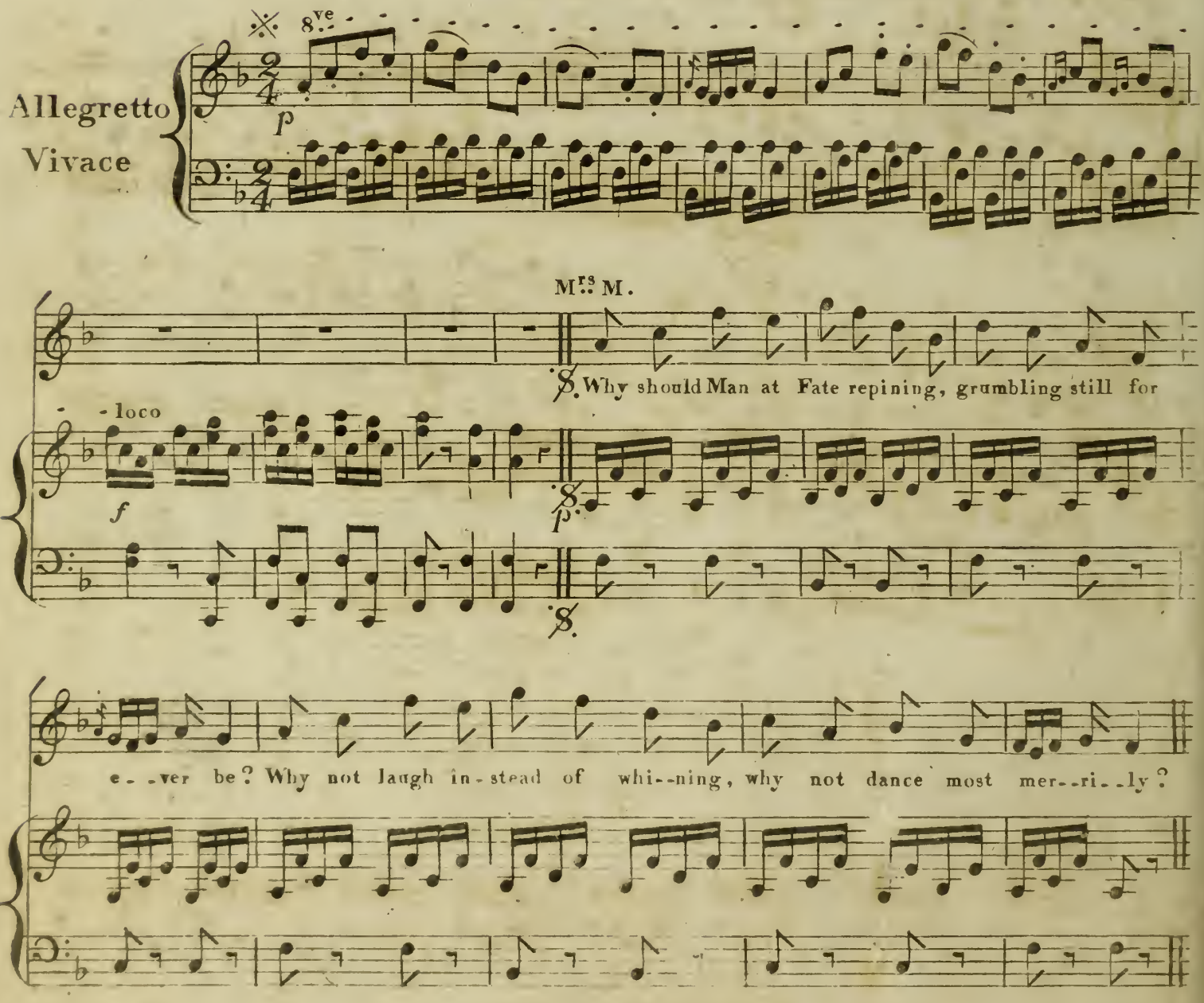
Life's at best a Sea of trouble,
He who stems it is a dunce;
Deaths to me an empty bubble,
Man can never die but once.
Bring the Can Boys, let us fill it,
Shall we shun the fight, Oh no!
Ev'ry Bullet has its Billet,
Man the Boat Boys, Yo heave ho.

Circassian Bride.

"Why should Man at fate Repining"

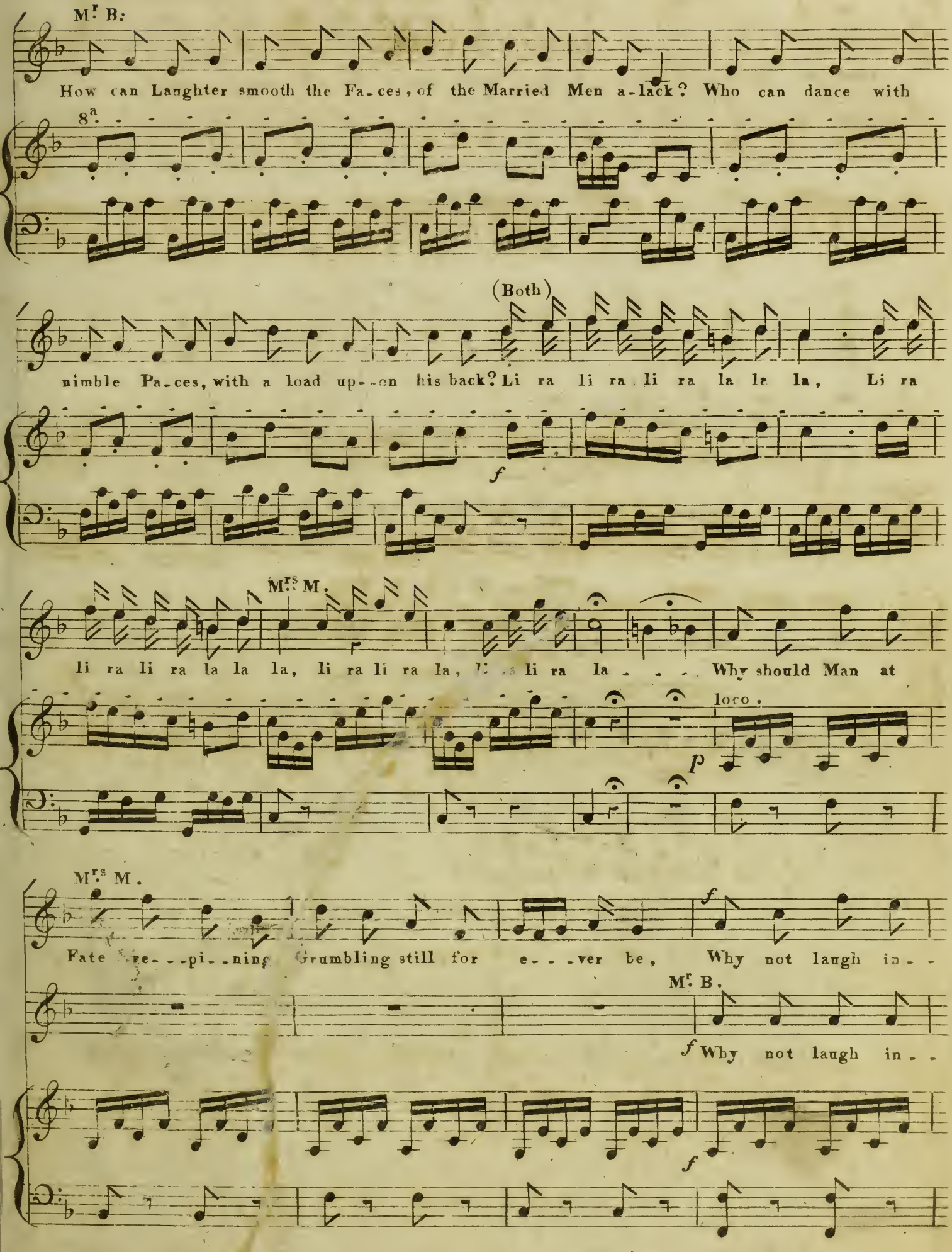
DUET, SUNG BY

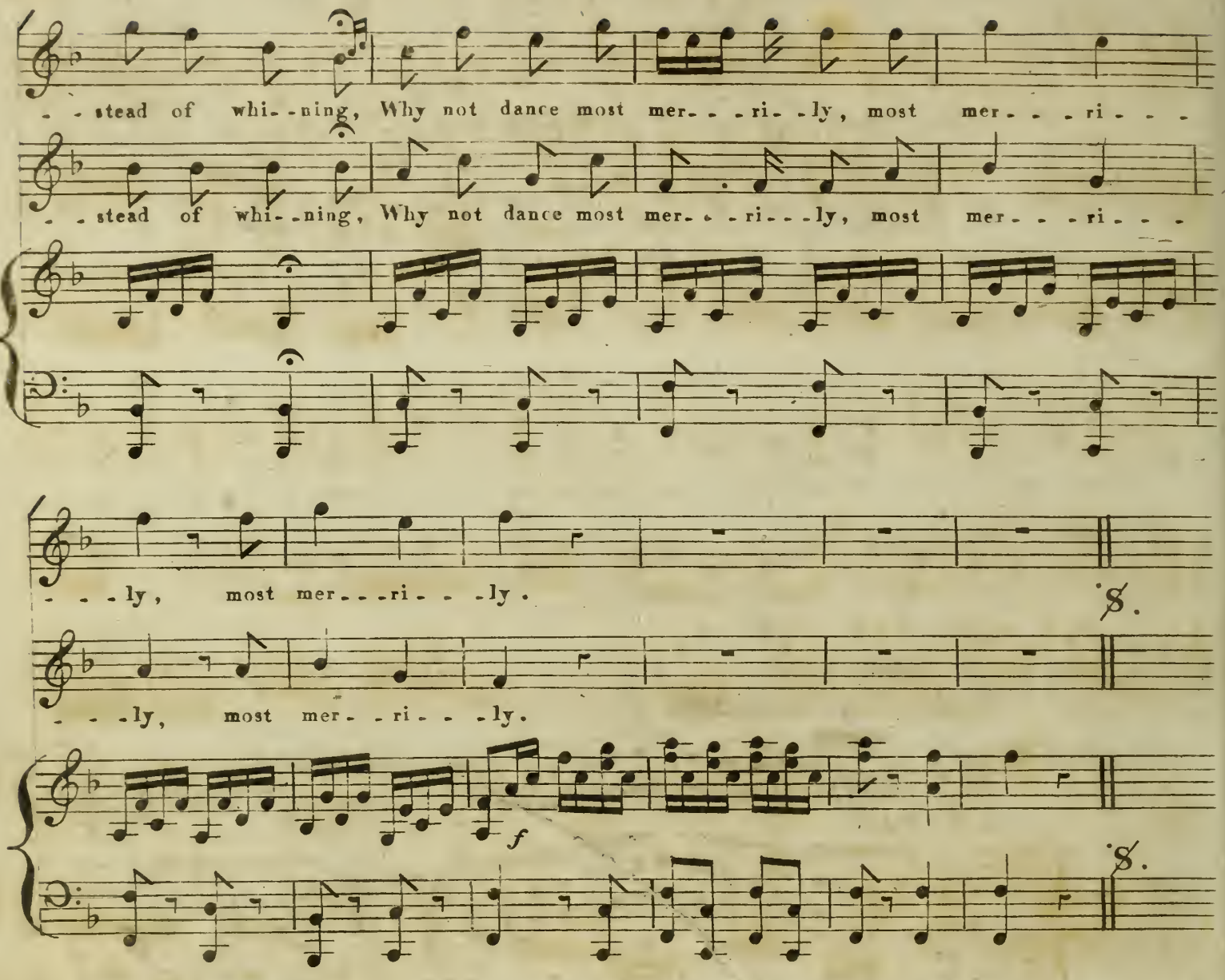
Mrs Mountain & Mr Bannister.



Cir- -sian Bride.

※ The Subject taken from Caractacus.


Mr. B:
How can Laughter smooth the Fa-ces, of the Married Men a-lack? Who can dance with
8a
(Both)
nimble Pa-ces, with a load up--on his back? Li ra li ra li ra la la la, Li ra
f
Mrs M.
li ra li ra la la la, li ra li ra la, li ra la . . . Why should Man at
loco.
p
Mrs M.
Fate re--pi--ning Grumbling still for e--ver be, Why not laugh in--
f
Mr. B.
f Why not laugh in--
f



2.

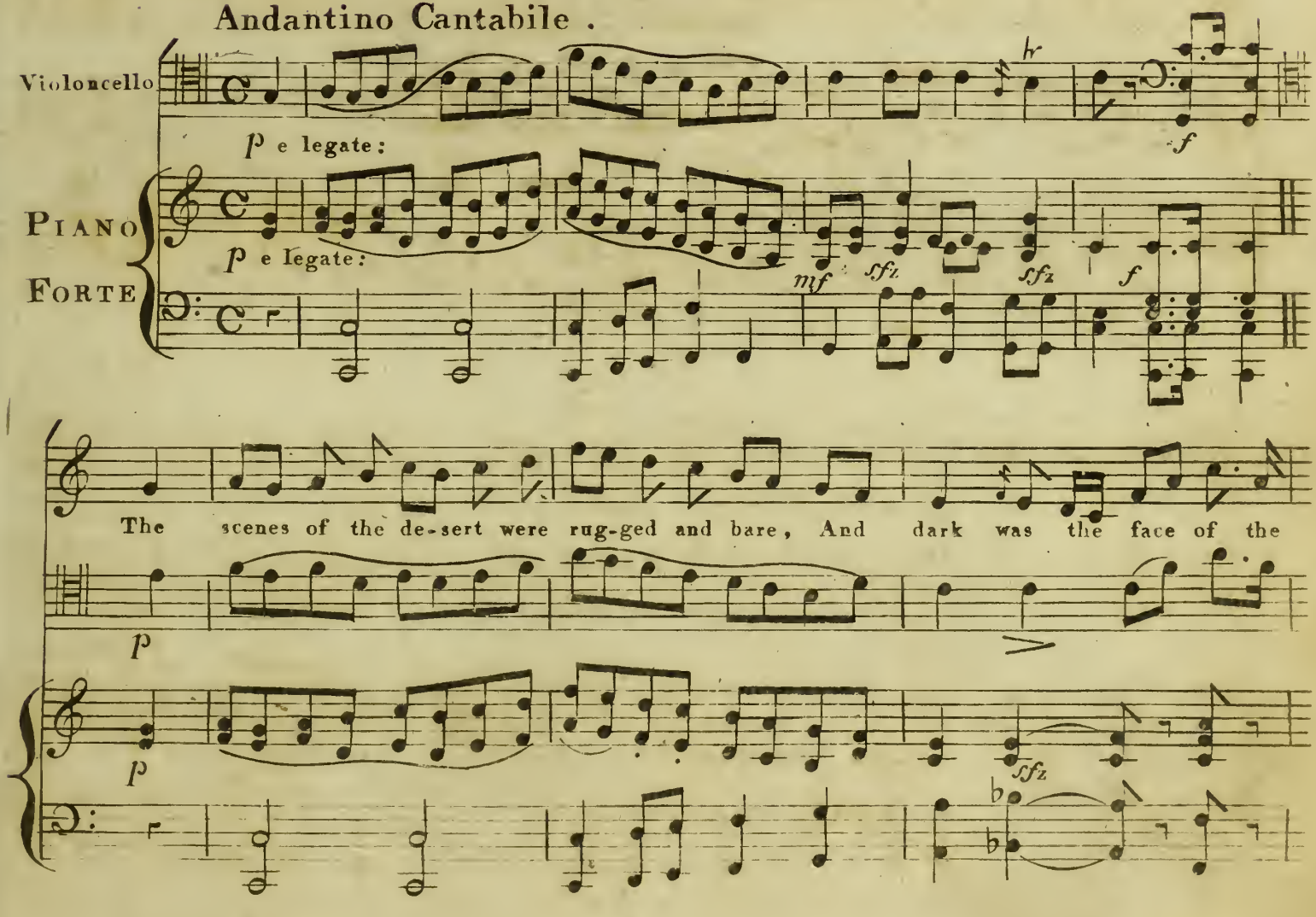
(Mrs M.) That's the Cause, a Husband weary
Of his Wife upon the Road,
Throws away his wedded deary,
And another takes his load.

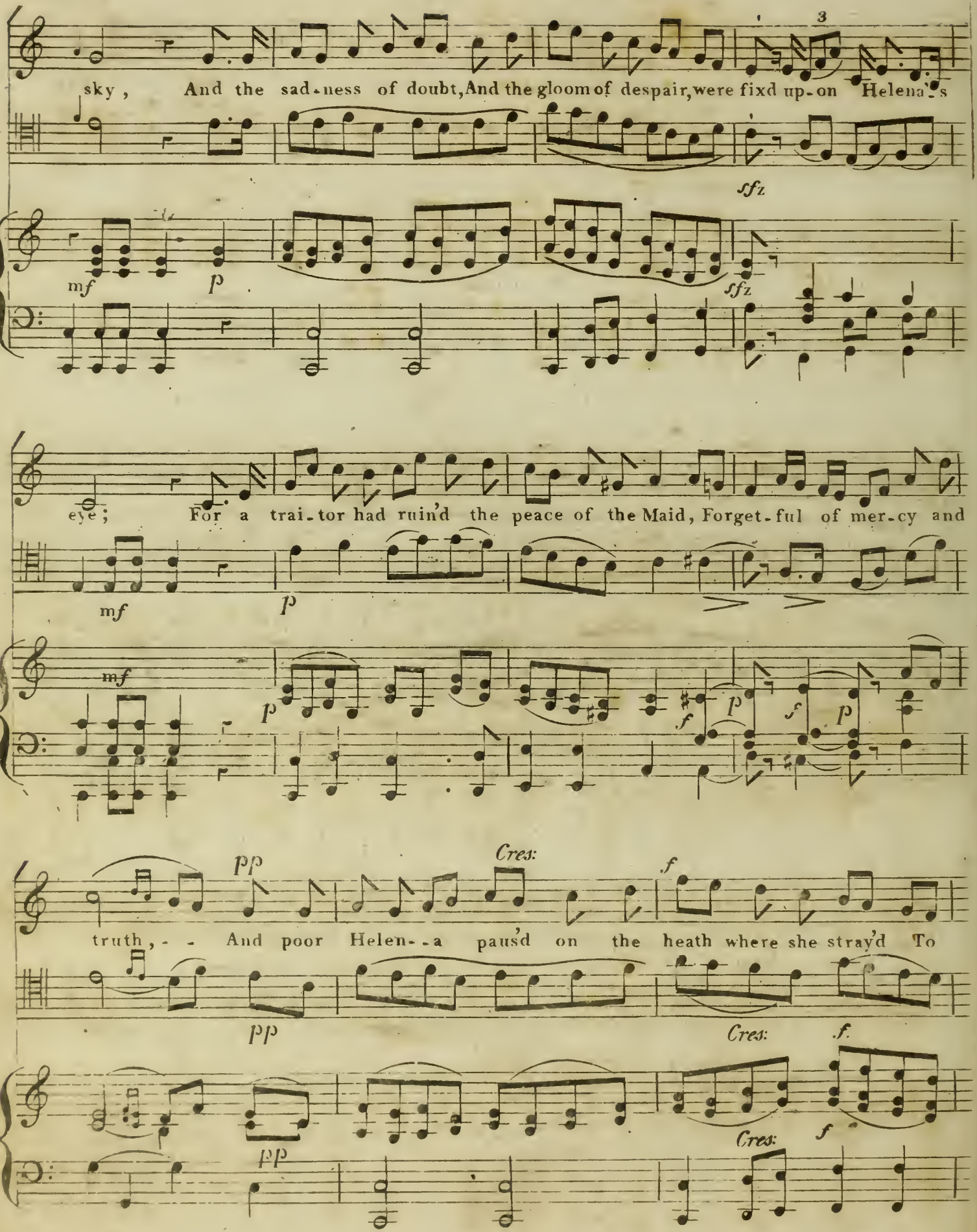
(Mr B.) But you and I will cling together,
Like the Anchor to the ground;
Nor divide in Stormy Weather,
Both to one blessed Haven bound!
Lira lira lira la la la, &c.

HELENA,

SUNG BY Mrs. BLAND,

(with an Accompaniment for a Violoncello.)



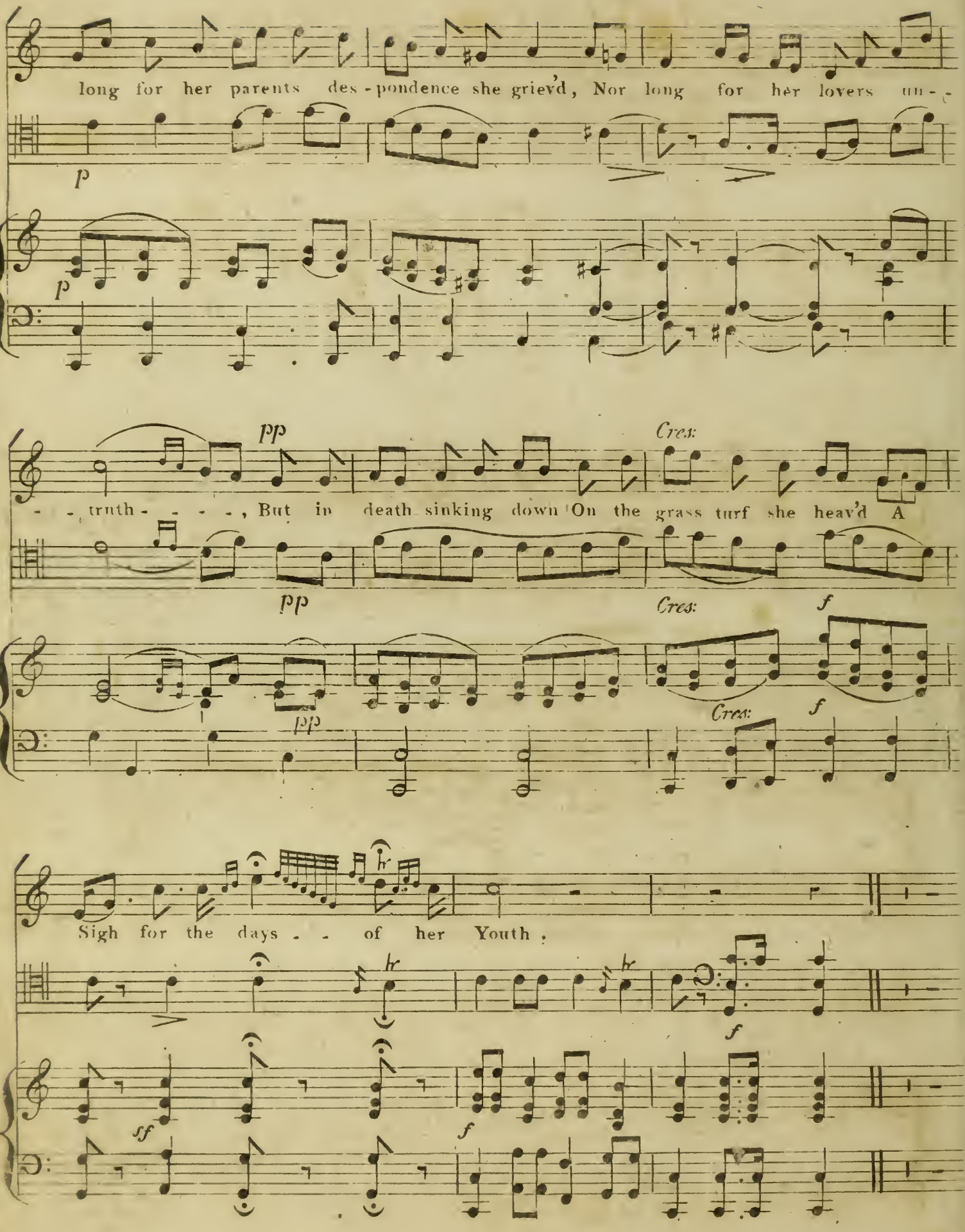

sky, And the sad-ness of doubt, And the gloom of despair, were fixd up-on Helena's
mf
p
sfz
sfz
eye; For a trai-tor had ruin'd the peace of the Maid, Forget-ful of mer-cy and
mf
p
mf
p
f
p
f
p
pp
Cres:
f
truth, - - And poor Helen--a paus'd on the heath where she stray'd To
pp
Cres:
f.
pp
Cres:
f

2d Verse

sigh for the days of her youth . She

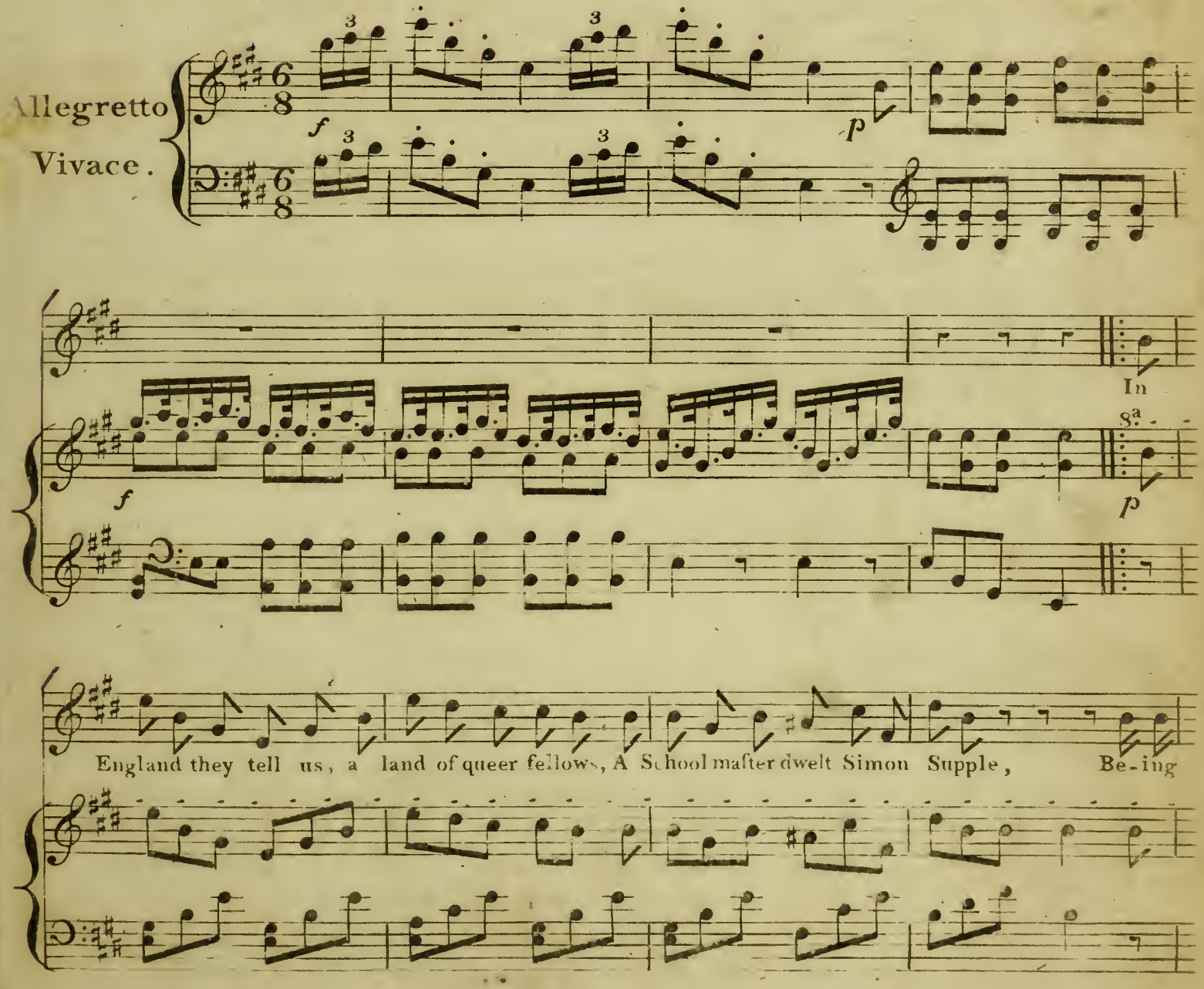
thought on her parents de-serted and old, And the ſweet smiling fields of her home , And

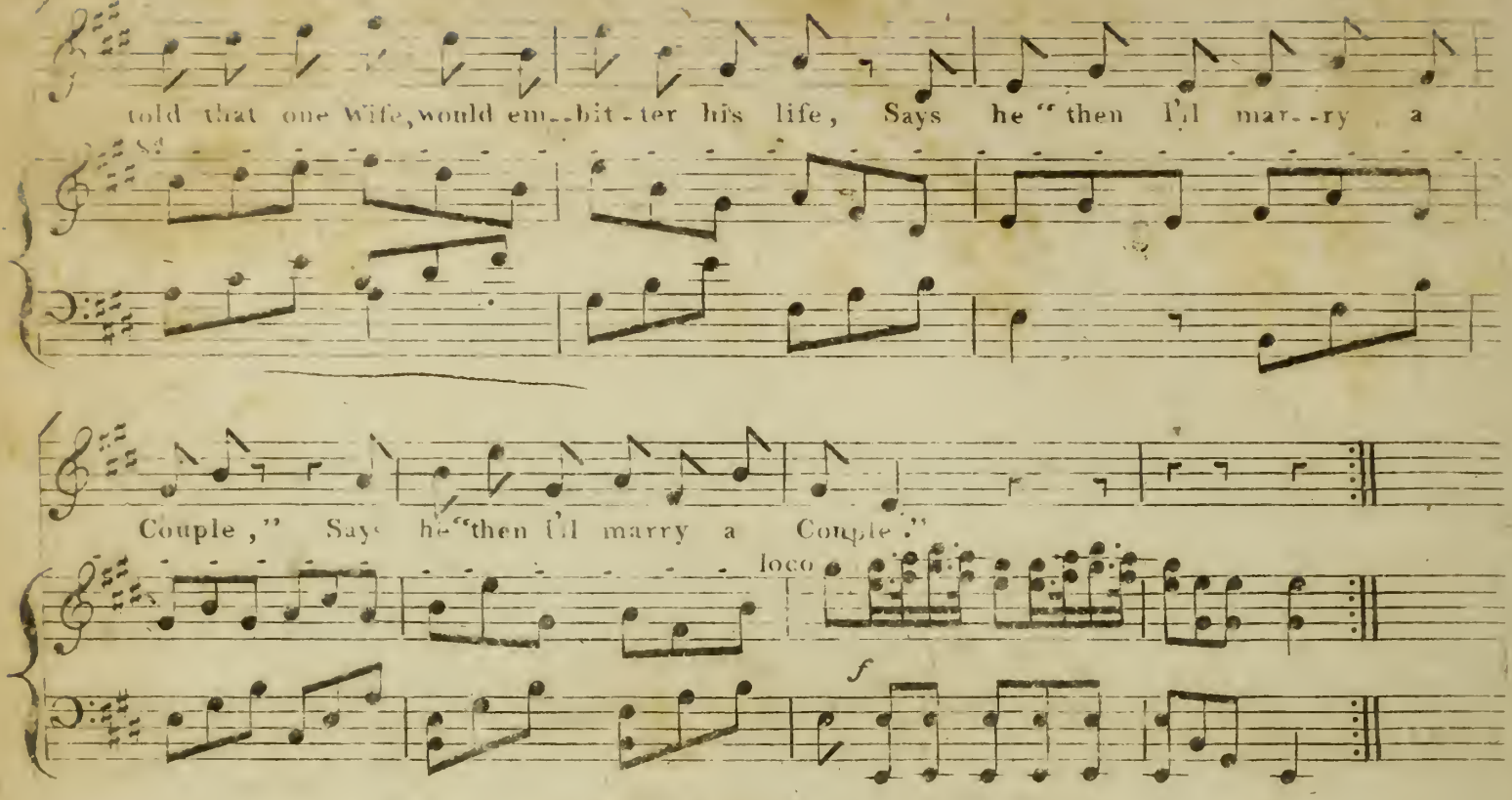
shudder'd to feel the bleak wind of the wold, As it whiten'd the water with foam , Nor


long for her parents des-pondence she griev'd, Nor long for her lovers un-
p
p
pp
Cres:
- - truth - - - - , But in death sinking down On the grass turf she heav'd A
pp
Cres:
f
pp
Cres:
f
hr
Sigh for the days - - of her Youth.
hr
hr
f
sf
f

SIMON SUPPLE,

Sung by Mr. Mathews.




told that one Wife, would em--bit-ter his life, Says he "then I'll mar--ry a
Couple," Says he "then I'll marry a Couple."

2.

His speech of "Eight parts,"
Won a couple of Hearts,
Tho' he was, like me, rather tallish,
And his hair, as they say,
Was half black and half grey,
So his noddle look'd mighty pye ballish.

3.

His Wife Mary Anne,
Tho she lov'd her good Man,
His grey hairs detested good lack,
And his other Wife Bridget,
Was all in a fidget,
She'd such an aversion to black.

4.

One Morning in Bed,
They prop'd up his head,
And pull'd off his Night Cap of Woolen,
And Then, we'l a day!
As his hair black and grey,
Both Wifes began twitching and pulling.

5.

Oh what against two,
Could our School Master do,
He screw'd up his Eyes with a Grin:
Till his head was as bare,
On the outside of hair,
As of brains it was barren within.

6.

MORAL.

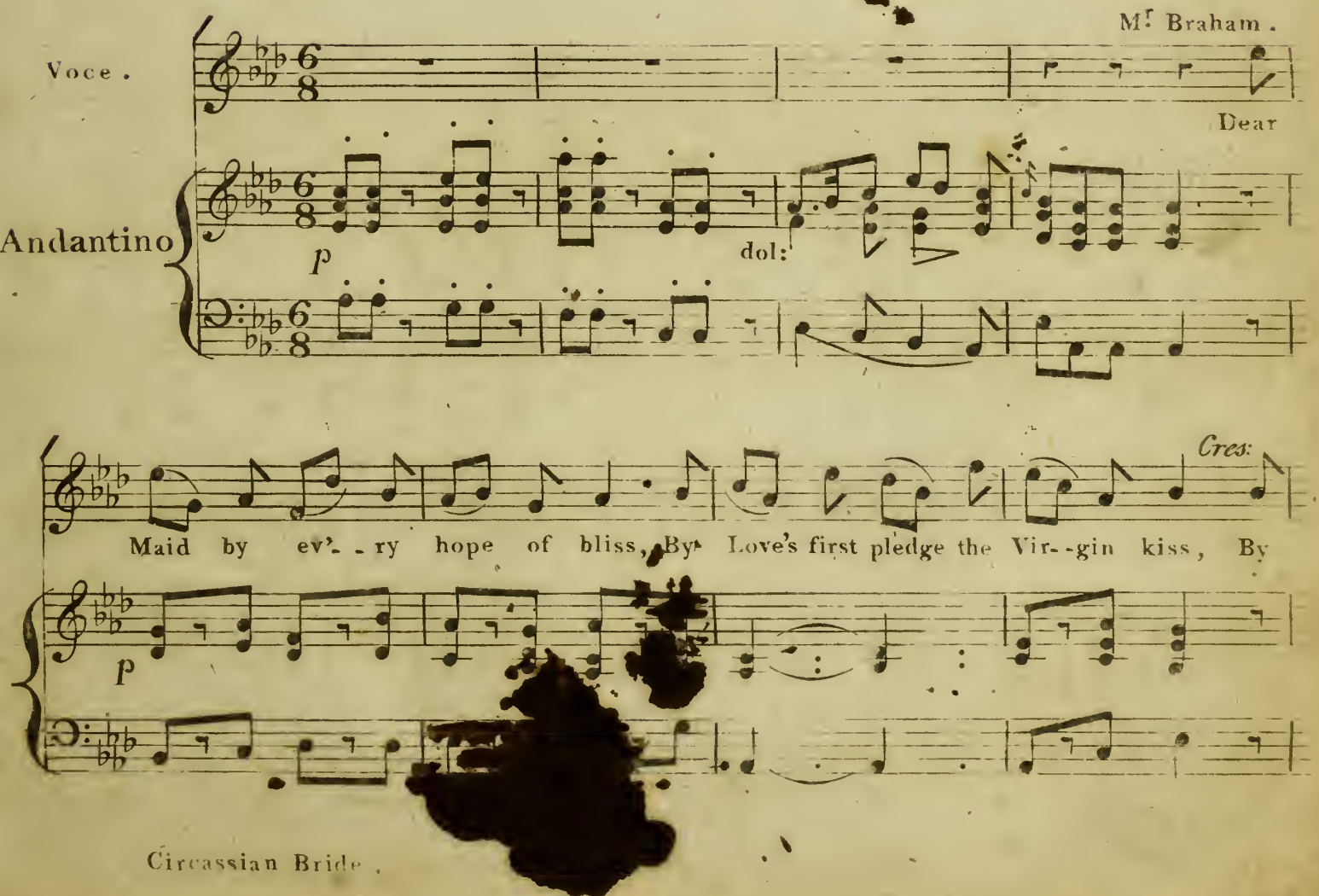
Slower.
I think I am able,
To draw from my fable,
One Moral, pray cherish it dearly,
If you lead Naughty lives,
With a couple of Wives.

Tempo I^mo.
They'll both comb your head most severely, severely, They'll [illegible]
[illegible] Pride.

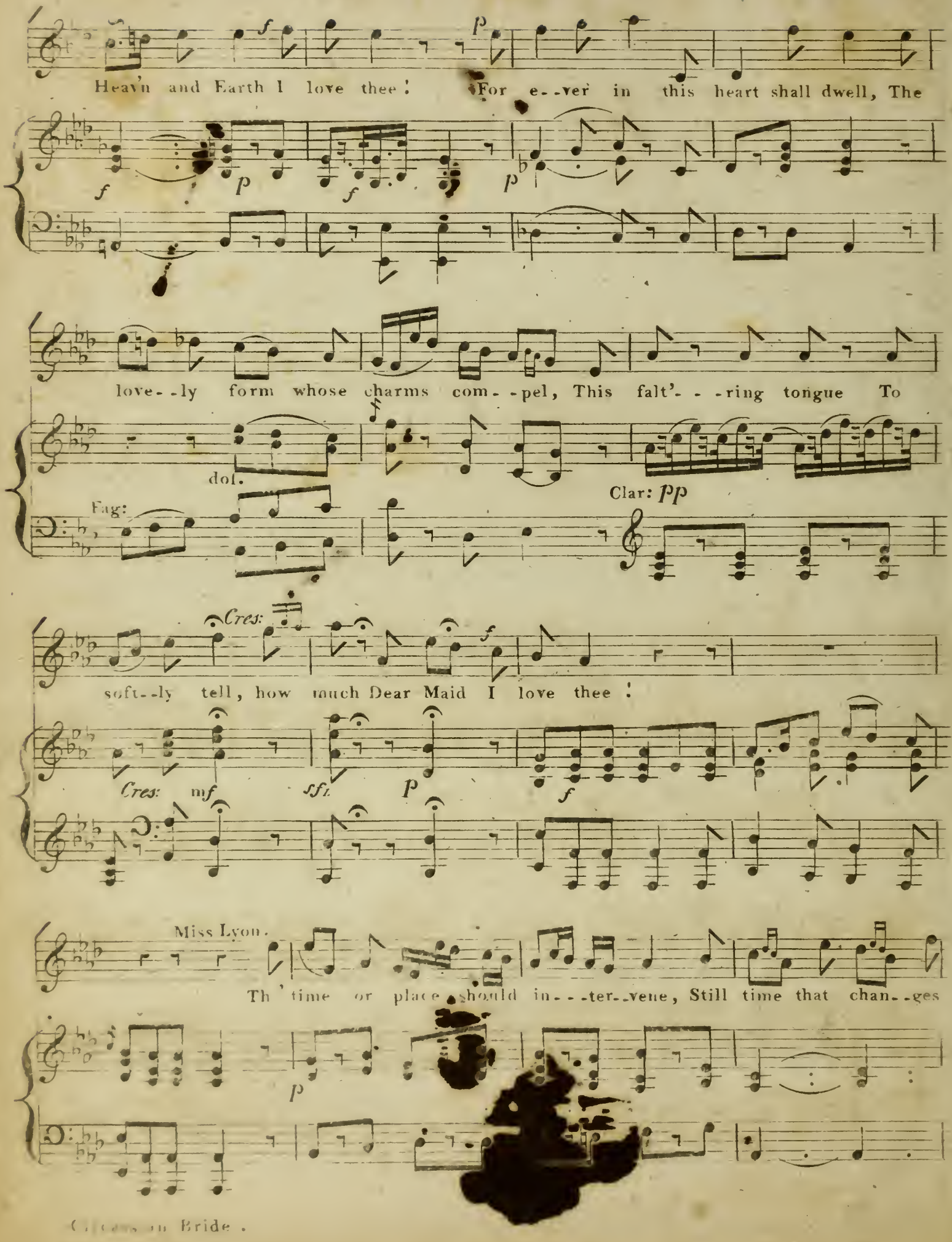
I Love Thee

DUETTO,

Sung by Miss Tyon & Mr. Braham.

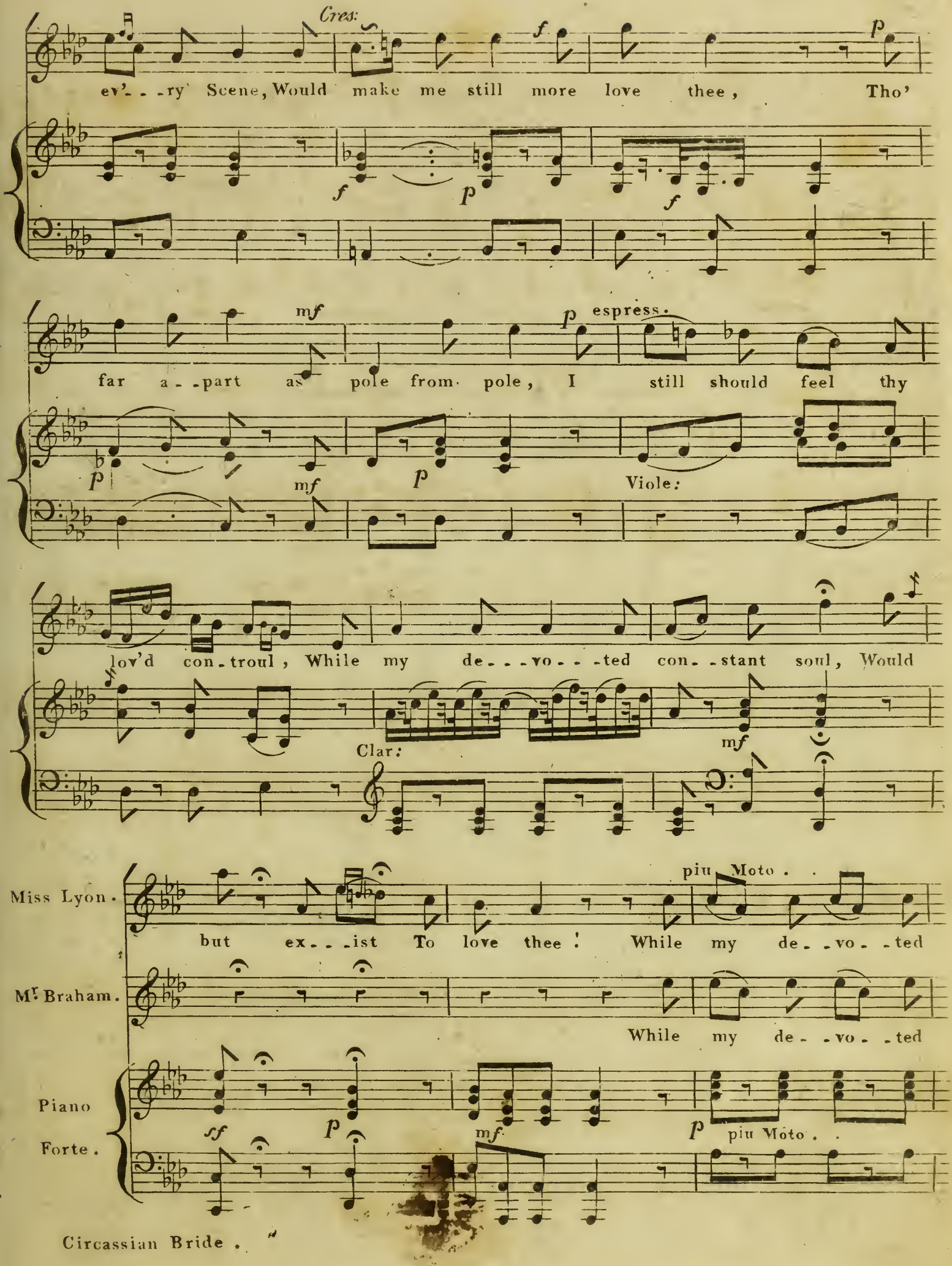


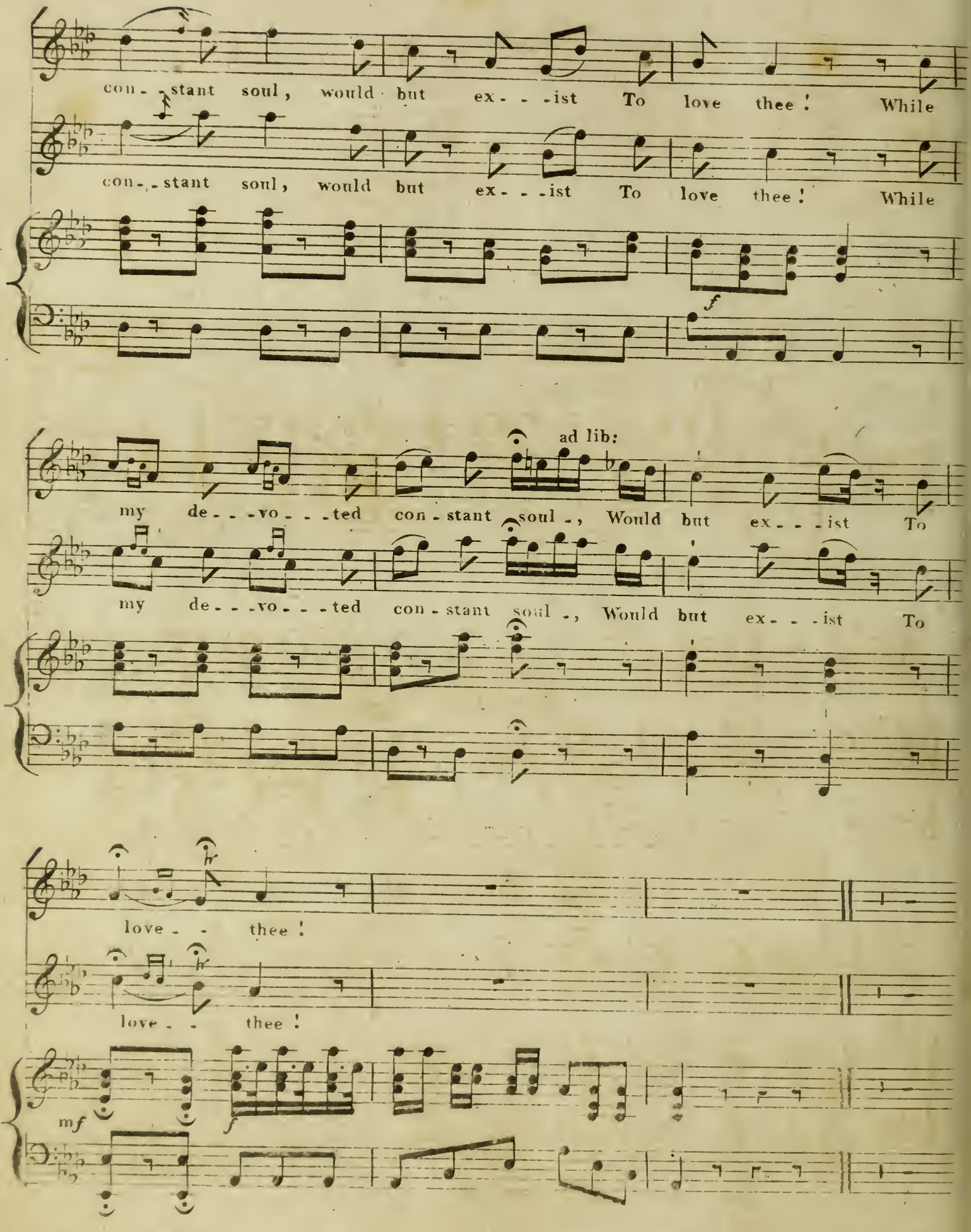
Circassian Bride.


Heav'n and Earth I love thee! For e--ver in this heart shall dwell, The
love--ly form whose charms com--pel, This falt'---ring tongue To

Fag:
Clar: pp
soft--ly tell, how much Dear Maid I love thee!

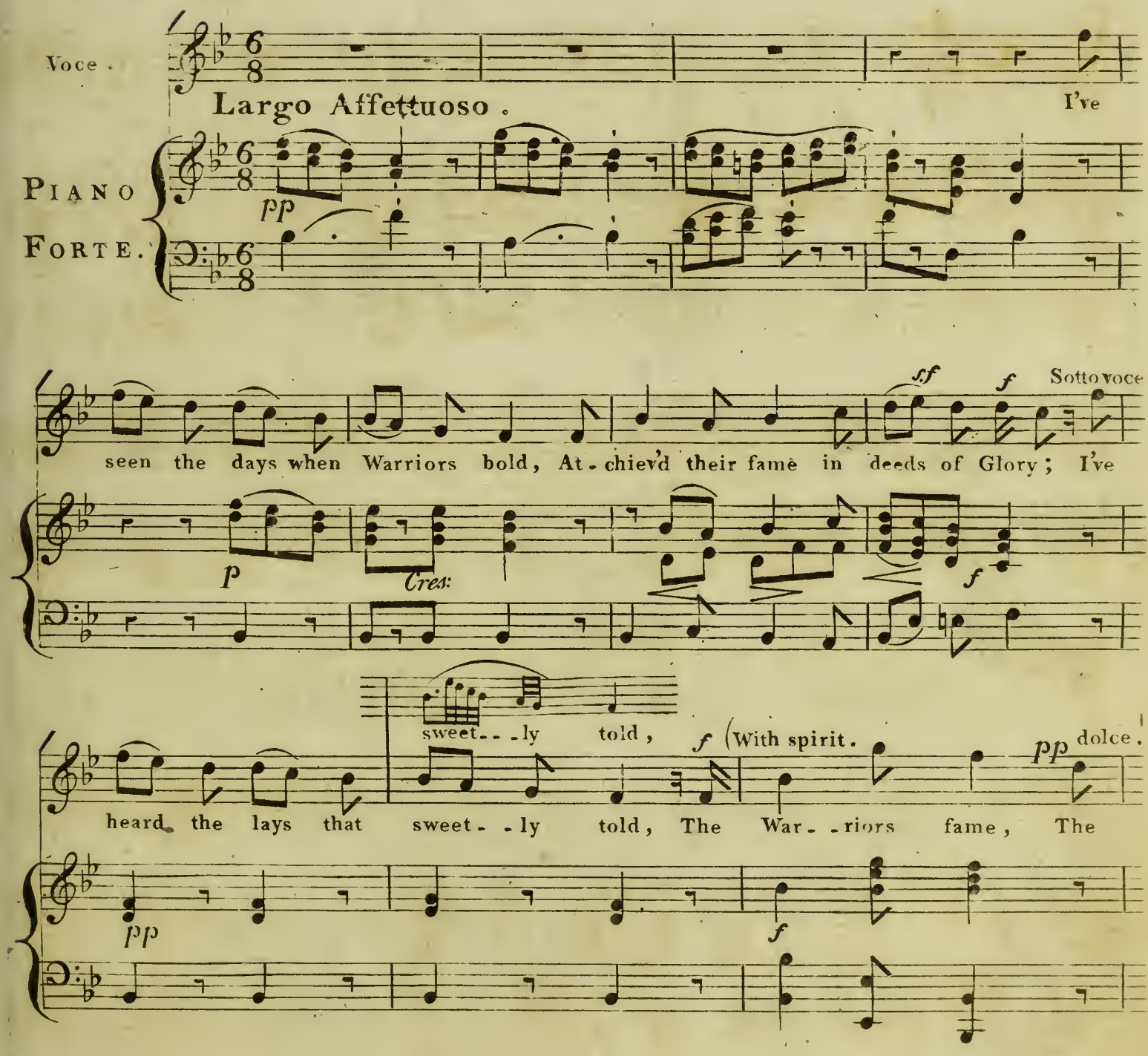
Miss Lyon.
Th' time or place should in---ter--vene, Still time that chan--ges

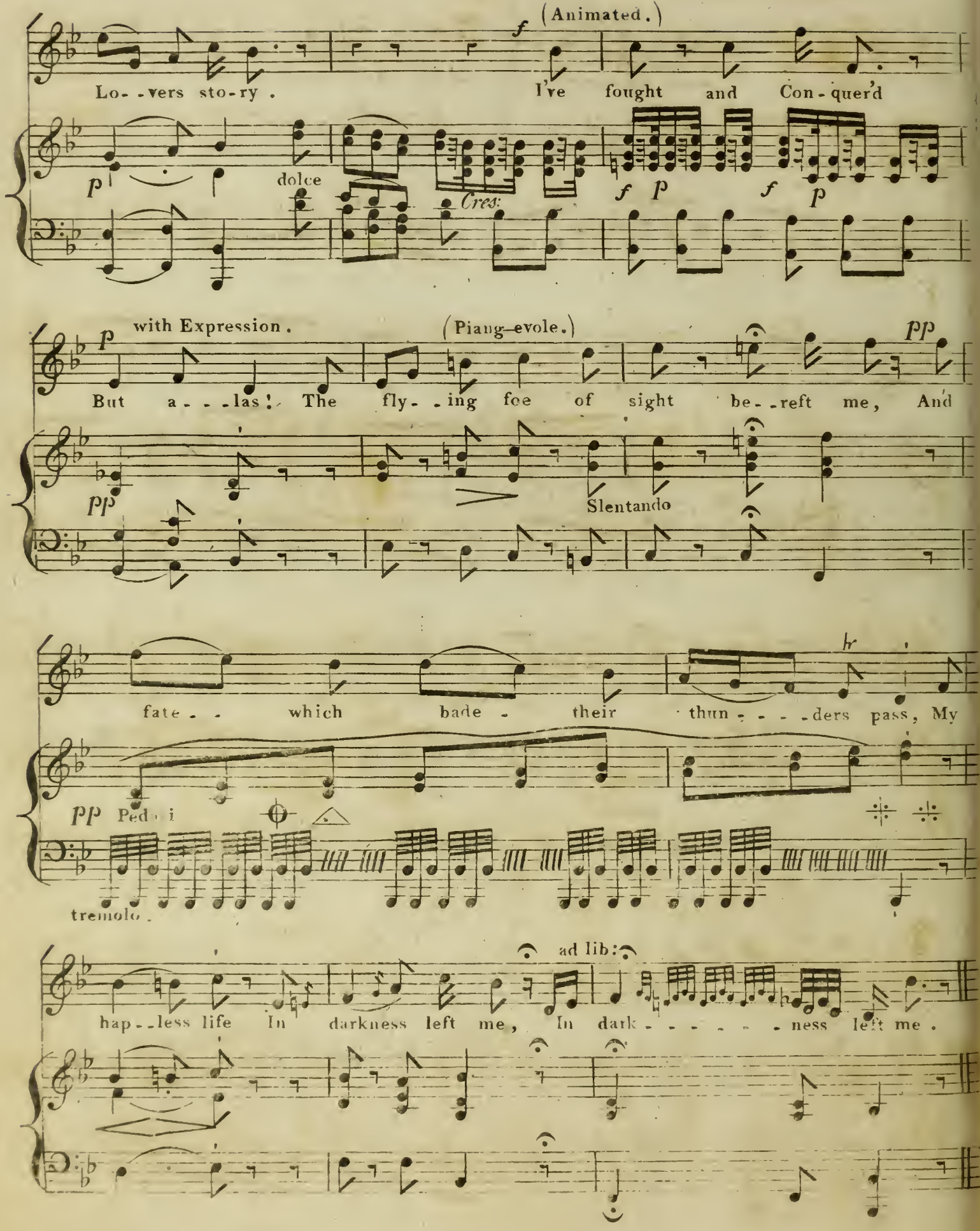

Cres:
ev'_ _ _ry Scene, Would make me still more love thee, Tho'
far a_ _part as pole from pole, I still should feel thy
espress.
Viole:
lov'd con_troul, While my de_ _ _vo_ _ _ted con_ _stant soul, Would
Clar:
Miss Lyon.
but ex_ _ _ist To love thee! While my de_ _vo_ _ted
piu Moto.
Mr. Braham.
While my de_ _vo_ _ted
Piano Forte.
piu Moto.


con - stant soul, would but ex - - - ist To love thee! While
con - stant soul, would but ex - - - ist To love thee! While
f
ad lib:
my de - - - vo - - - ted con - stant soul -, Would but ex - - - ist To
my de - - - vo - - - ted con - stant soul -, Would but ex - - - ist To
love - - thee!
love - - thee!
mf
f

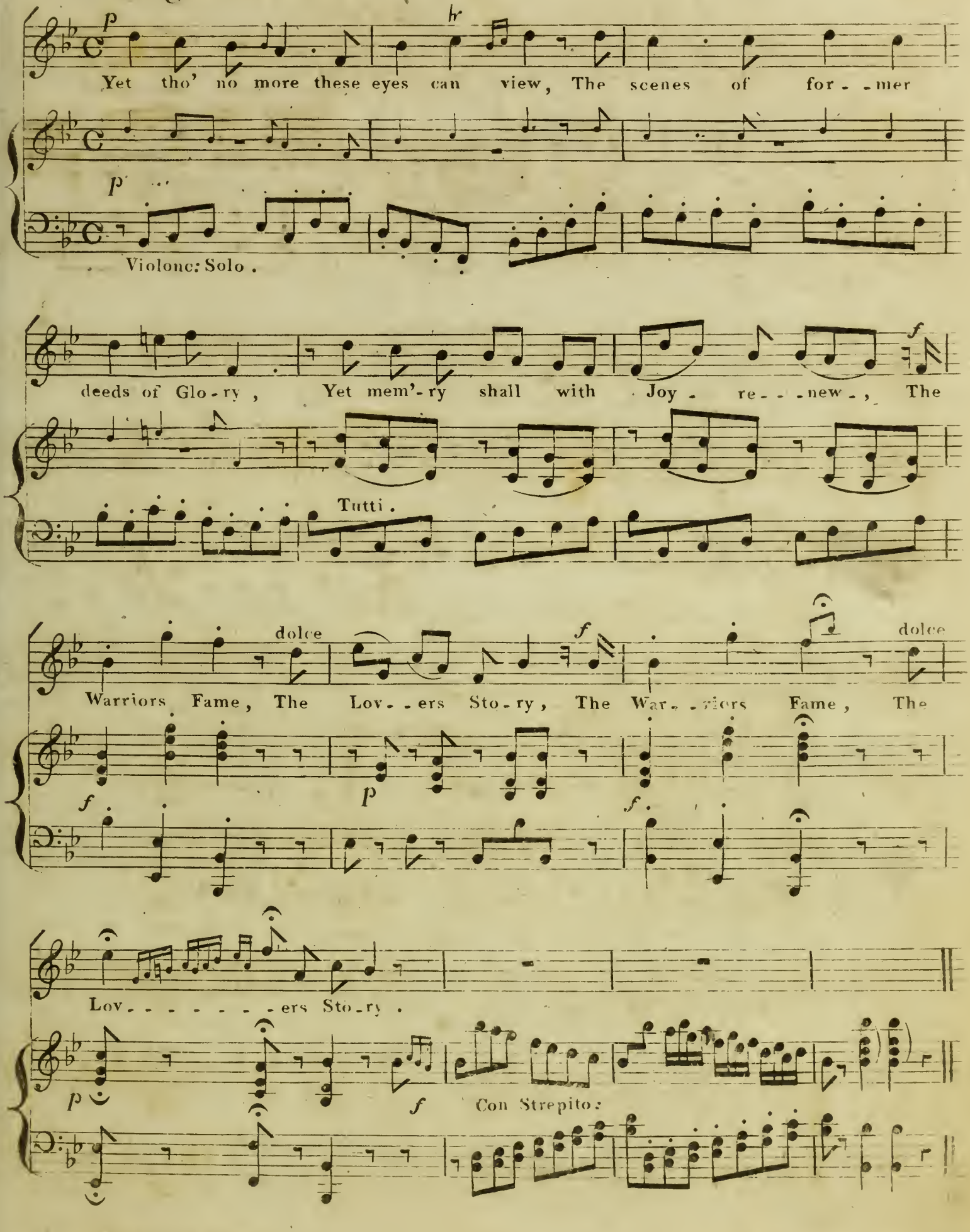
"The Lover's Story."

SUNG BY Mr. IBRAHAM.




(Animated.)
Lo- -vers sto-ry .
I've fought and Con-quer'd
dolce
Cres:
with Expression.
(Piang-evole.)
But a- - -las! The fly- -ing foe of sight be- -reft me, And
Slentando
fate- - which bade - their thun- - - - -ders pass, My
Ped. i
tremolo .
ad lib:
hap- -less life In darkness left me, In dark- - - - - - -ness left me .

Allegro Moderato.

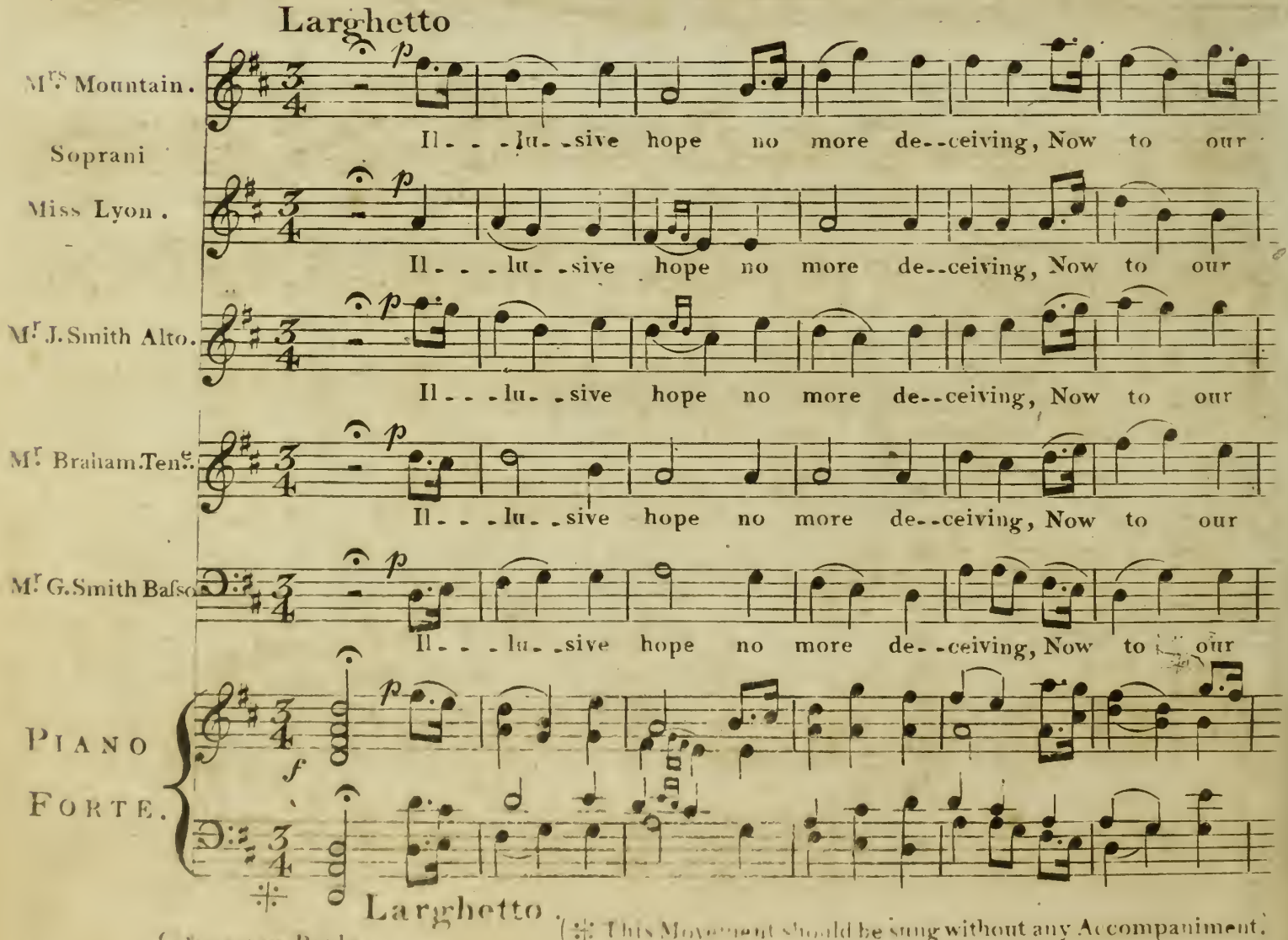


"Illusive Hope"

QUINTETTO,

Sung by

Mrs Mountain, Miss Lyon, Mr J. Smith, Mr Braham & Mr G. Smith.



(* This Movement should be sung without any Accompaniment.

Chorus to Bride.

wish - - es friend - - ly prove, Pro - - pi - - tious pow'rs In you be - - leiving

wish - - es friend - - ly prove, Pro - - pi - - tious pow'rs In you be - - leiving

wish - - es friend - - ly prove, Pro - - pi - - tious pow'rs In you be - - leiving

wish - - es friend - - ly prove, Pro - - pi - - tious pow'rs In you be - - leiving

wish - - es friend - - ly prove, Pro - - pi - - tious pow'rs In you be - - leiv - - ing

Grant the re - - ward to con - stant Love. Gai - ly Gai - - ly Gaily let each

Andantino con Moto.

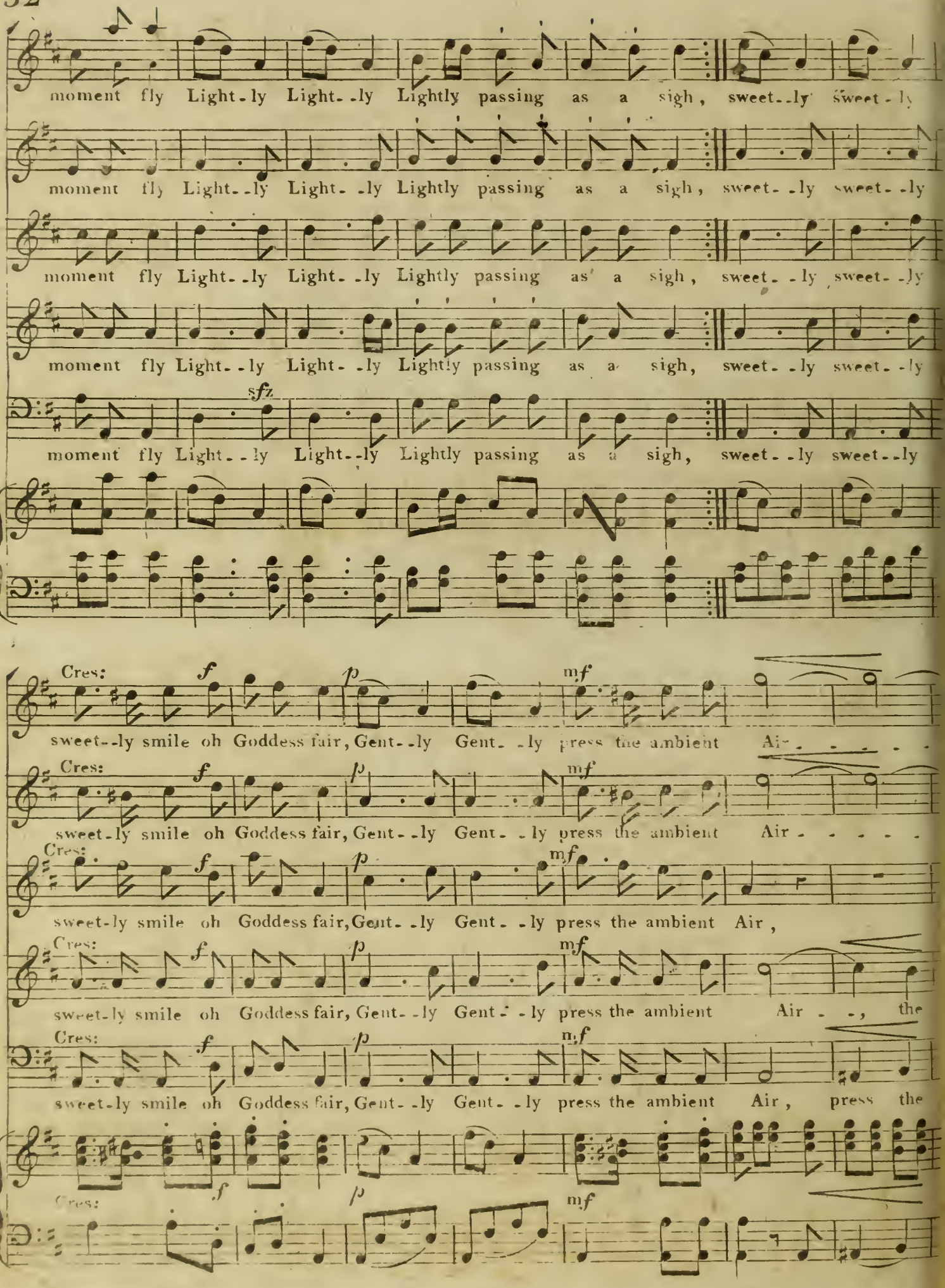
Grant the re - - ward to con - stant Love. Gai - ly Gai - - ly let each

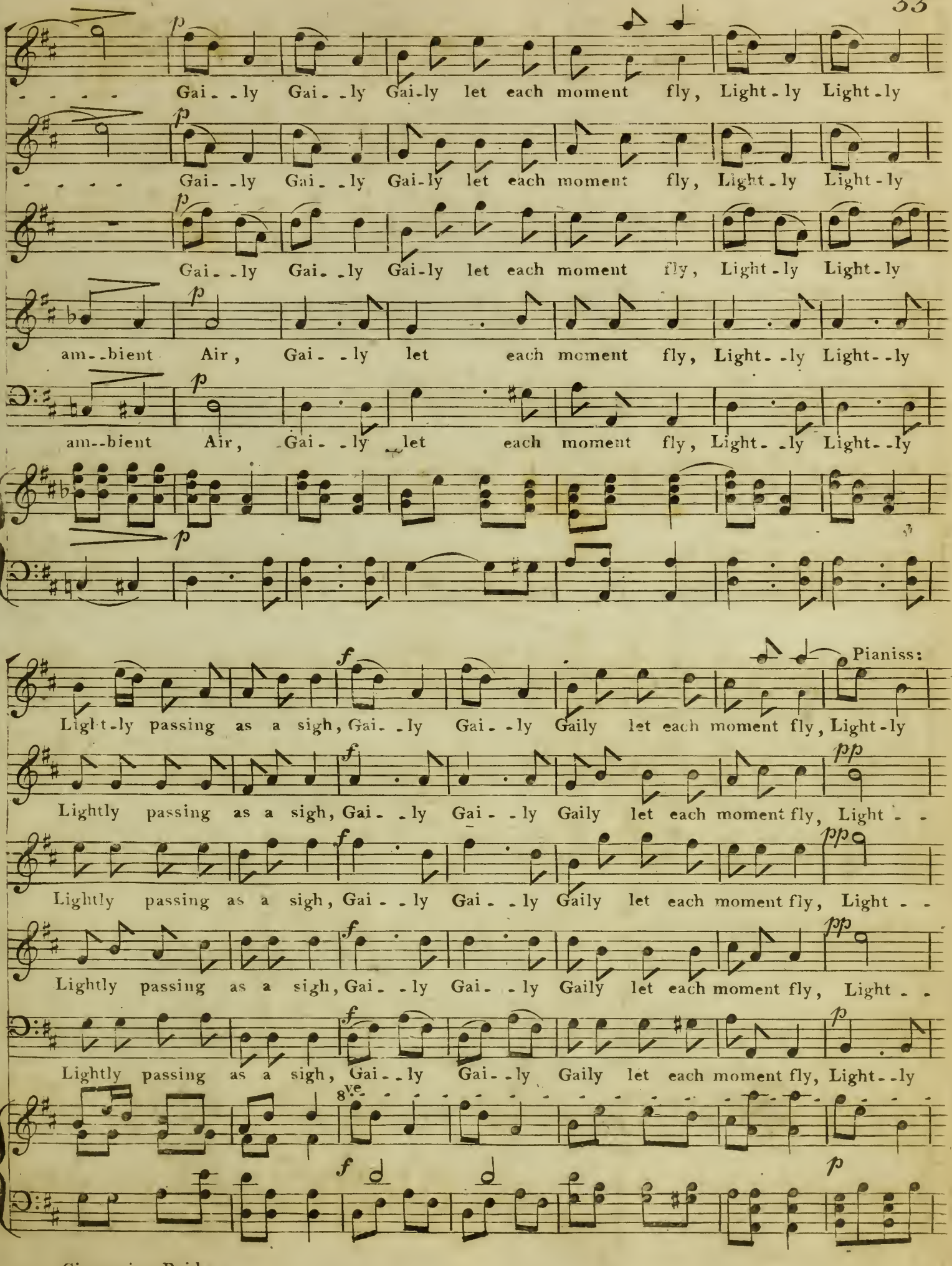
Grant the re - - ward to con - stant Love. Gai - ly Gai - - ly let each

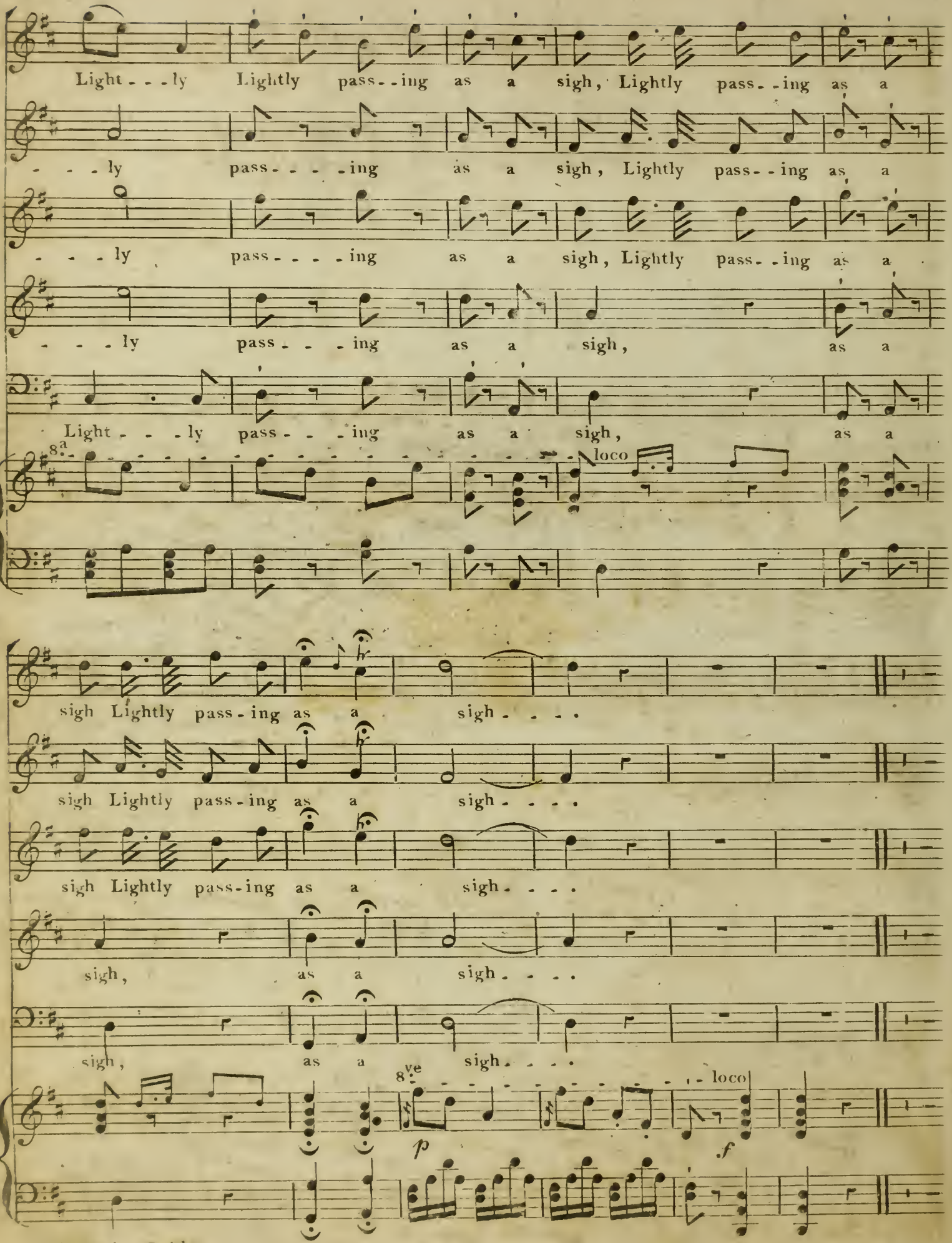
Grant the re - - ward to con - stant Love. Gai - ly Gai - - ly let each

Grant the re - - ward to con - stant Love. Gai - ly Gai - - ly let each

Andantino con Moto.


moment fly Light-ly Light--ly Lightly passing as a sigh, sweet--ly sweet-ly
moment fly Light--ly Light--ly Lightly passing as a sigh, sweet--ly sweet--ly
moment fly Light--ly Light--ly Lightly passing as a sigh, sweet--ly sweet--ly
sfz
moment fly Light--ly Light--ly Lightly passing as a sigh, sweet--ly sweet--ly
Cres: f p mf
sweet--ly smile oh Goddess fair, Gent--ly Gent--ly press the ambient Air - - - - -
Cres: f p mf
sweet-ly smile oh Goddess fair, Gent--ly Gent--ly press the ambient Air - - - - -
Cres: f p mf
sweet-ly smile oh Goddess fair, Gent--ly Gent--ly press the ambient Air ,
Cres: f p mf
sweet-ly smile oh Goddess fair, Gent--ly Gent--ly press the ambient Air - -, the
Cres: f p mf
sweet-ly smile oh Goddess fair, Gent--ly Gent--ly press the ambient Air , press the
Cres: f p mf

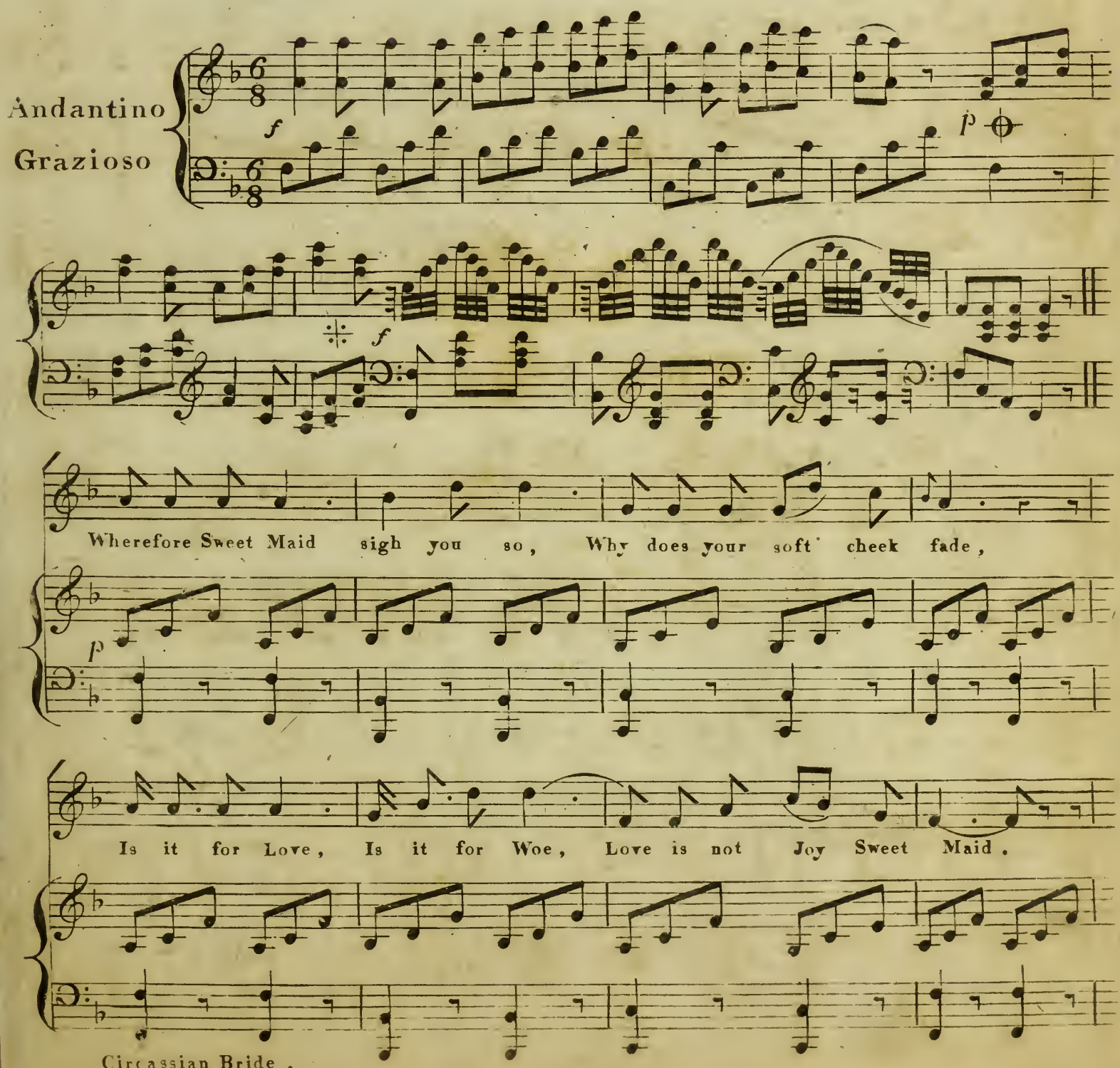

Gai--ly Gai--ly Gai-ly let each moment fly, Light-ly Light-ly
Gai--ly Gai--ly Gai-ly let each moment fly, Light-ly Light-ly
Gai--ly Gai--ly Gai-ly let each moment fly, Light-ly Light-ly
am--bient Air, Gai--ly let each moment fly, Light--ly Light--ly
am--bient Air, Gai--ly let each moment fly, Light--ly Light--ly
Pianiss:
Light-ly passing as a sigh, Gai--ly Gai--ly Gaily let each moment fly, Light-ly
Lightly passing as a sigh, Gai--ly Gai--ly Gaily let each moment fly, Light--
Lightly passing as a sigh, Gai--ly Gai--ly Gaily let each moment fly, Light--
Lightly passing as a sigh, Gai--ly Gai--ly Gaily let each moment fly, Light--
Lightly passing as a sigh, Gai--ly Gai--ly Gaily let each moment fly, Light--ly
8ve

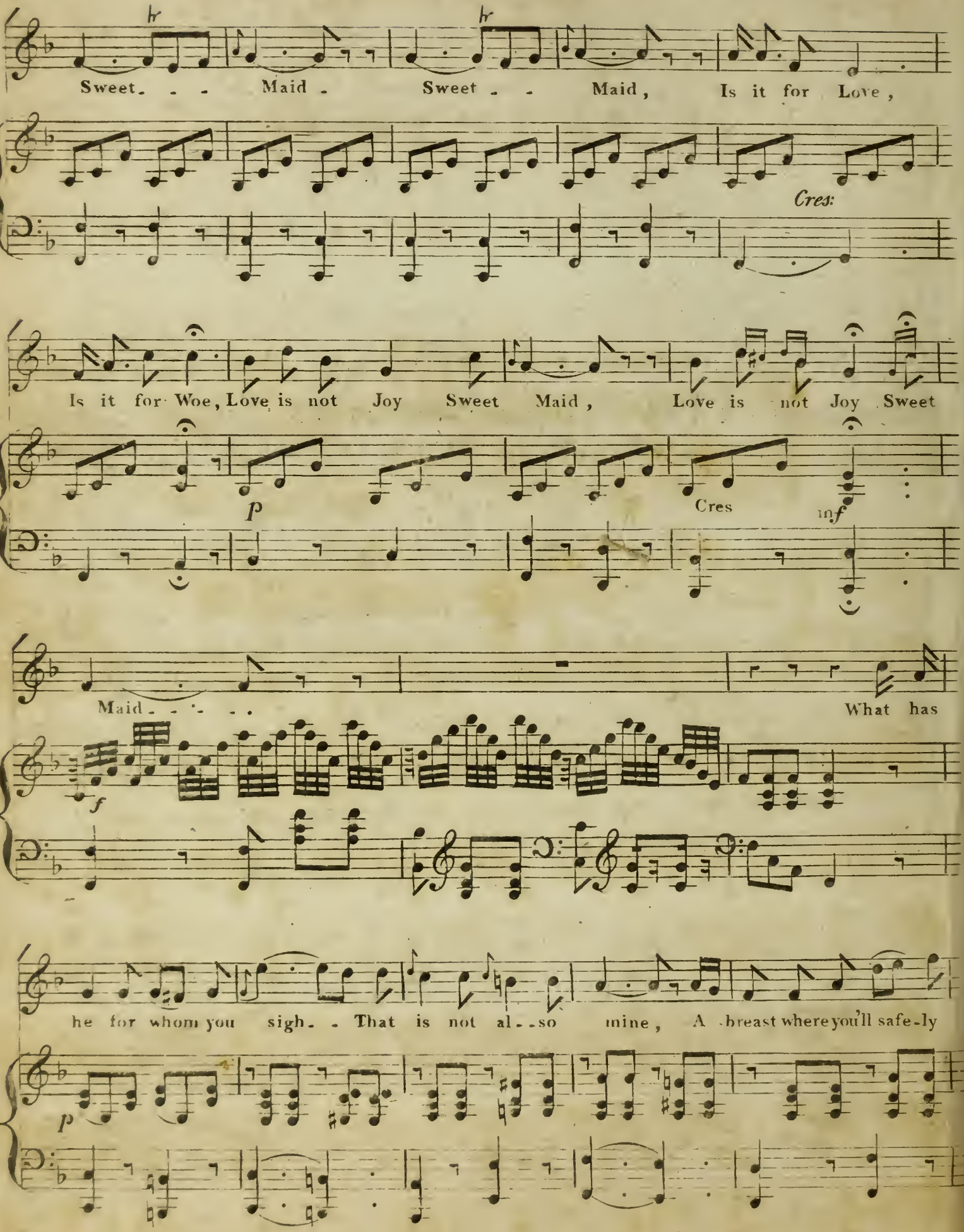

Light - - - ly Lightly pass - - ing as a sigh, Lightly pass - - ing as a
- - - ly pass - - - - ing as a sigh, Lightly pass - - ing as a
- - - ly pass - - - - ing as a sigh, Lightly pass - - ing as a
- - - ly pass - - - ing as a sigh, as a
Light - - - ly pass - - - ing as a sigh, as a
8a
loco
sigh Lightly pass - ing as a sigh - - - -
sigh Lightly pass - ing as a sigh - - - -
sigh Lightly pass - ing as a sigh - - - -
sigh, as a sigh - - - -
sigh, as a 8ve sigh - - - -
loco
p
f

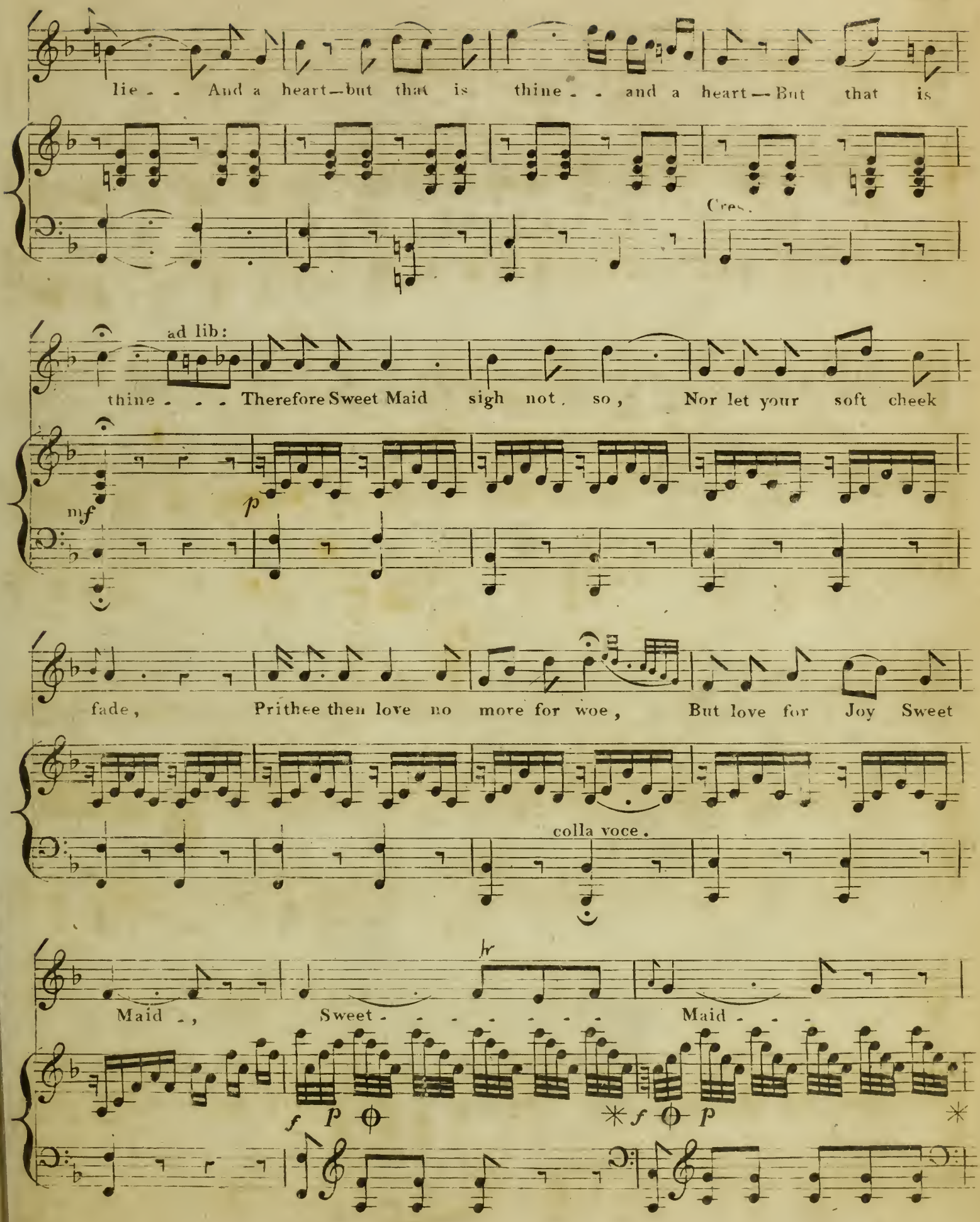
"Sweet Maid"

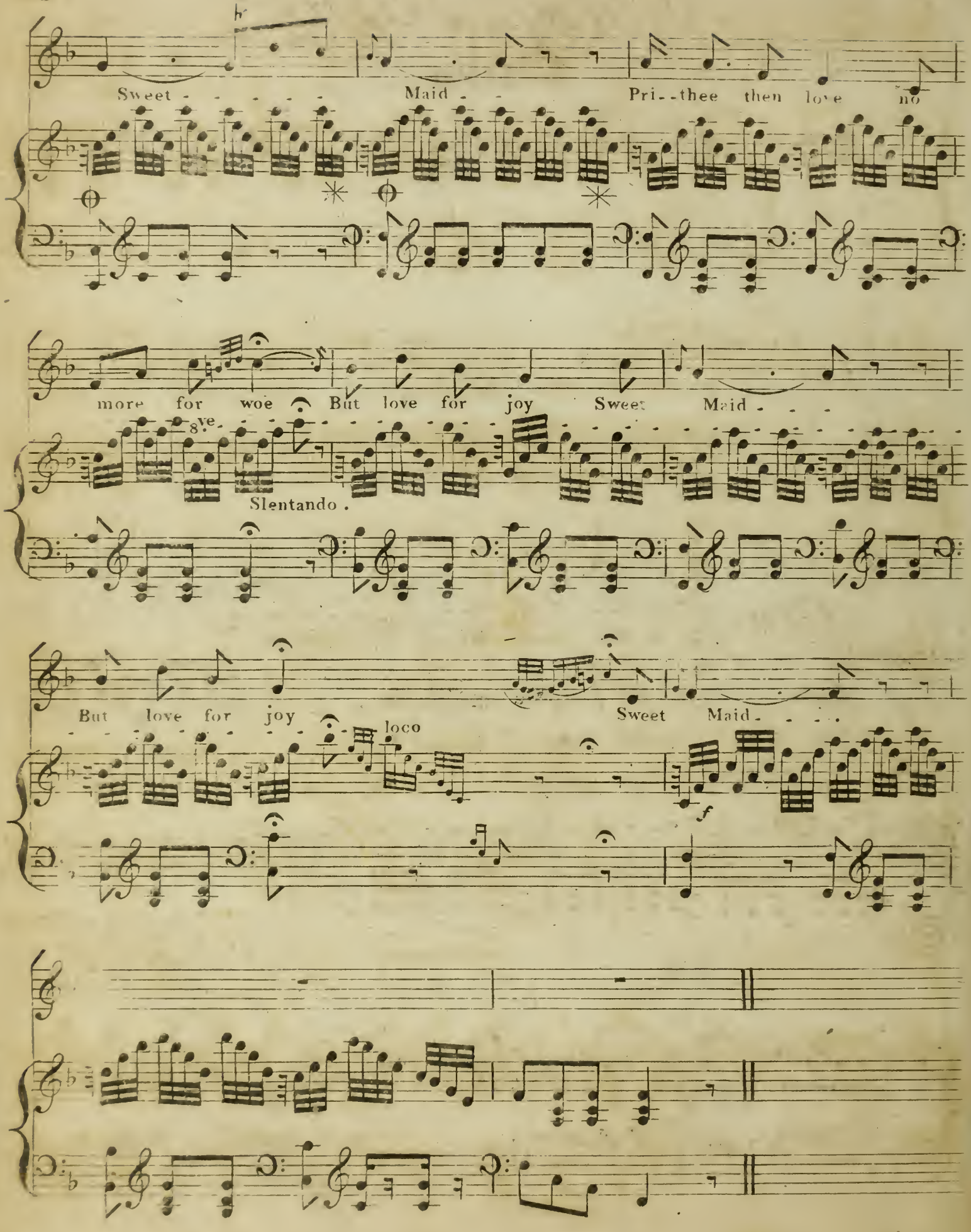
SUNG BY MRS. BLAND,

(with an Accompaniment for the HARP.)




Sweet - - - Maid - Sweet - - Maid, Is it for Love,
Cres:
Is it for Woe, Love is not Joy Sweet Maid, Love is not Joy Sweet
p
Cres
inf
Maid - - - - -
What has
f
he for whom you sigh - - That is not al - - so mine, A - breast where you'll safe - ly
p

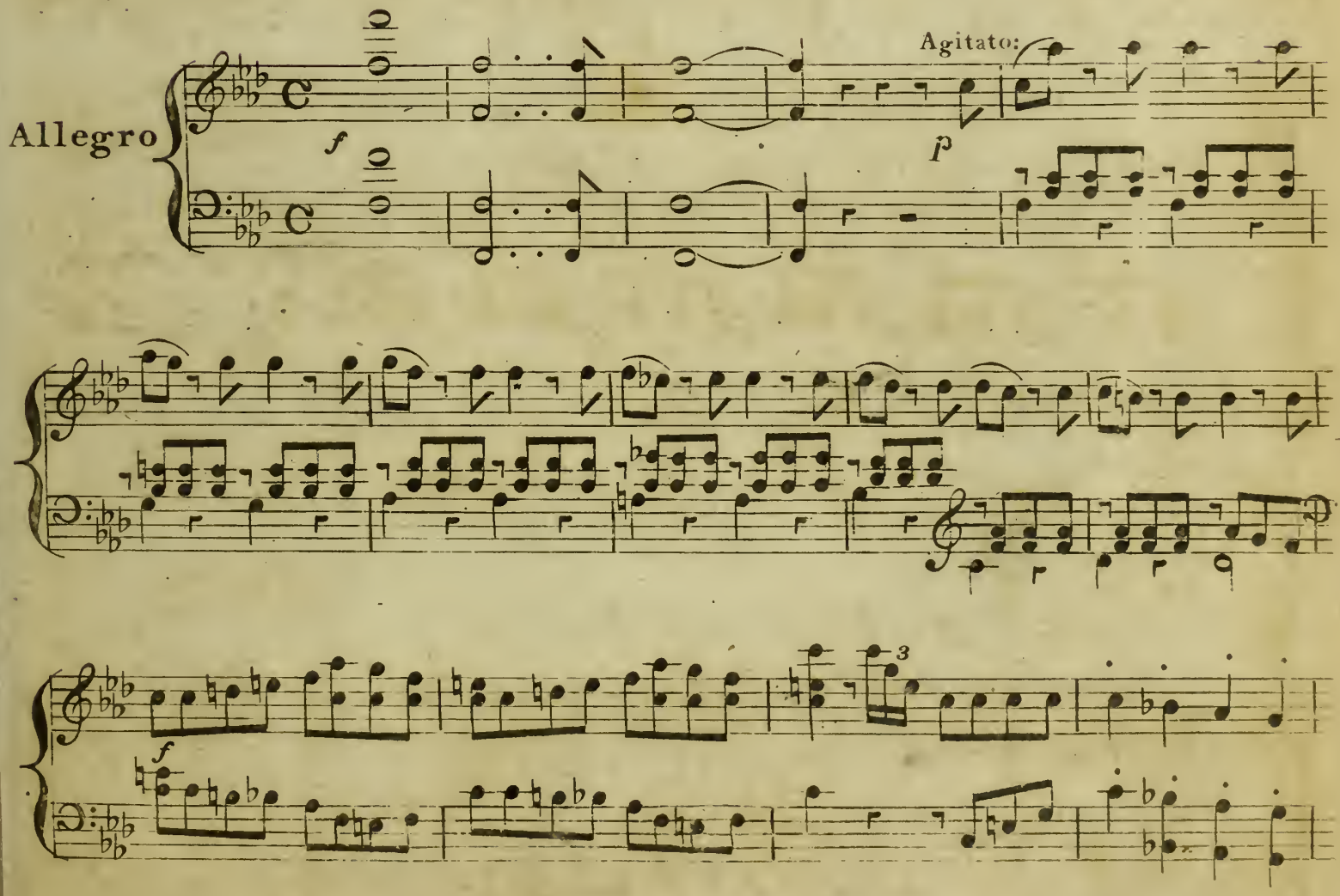

lie - - And a heart—but that is thine - - and a heart—But that is
Cres.
ad lib:
thine - - - Therefore Sweet Maid sigh not, so, Nor let your soft cheek
mf
p
fade, Prithee then love no more for woe, But love for Joy Sweet
colla voce.
Maid -, Sweet - - - - - - - - Maid - - -
hr
f p
* f p *

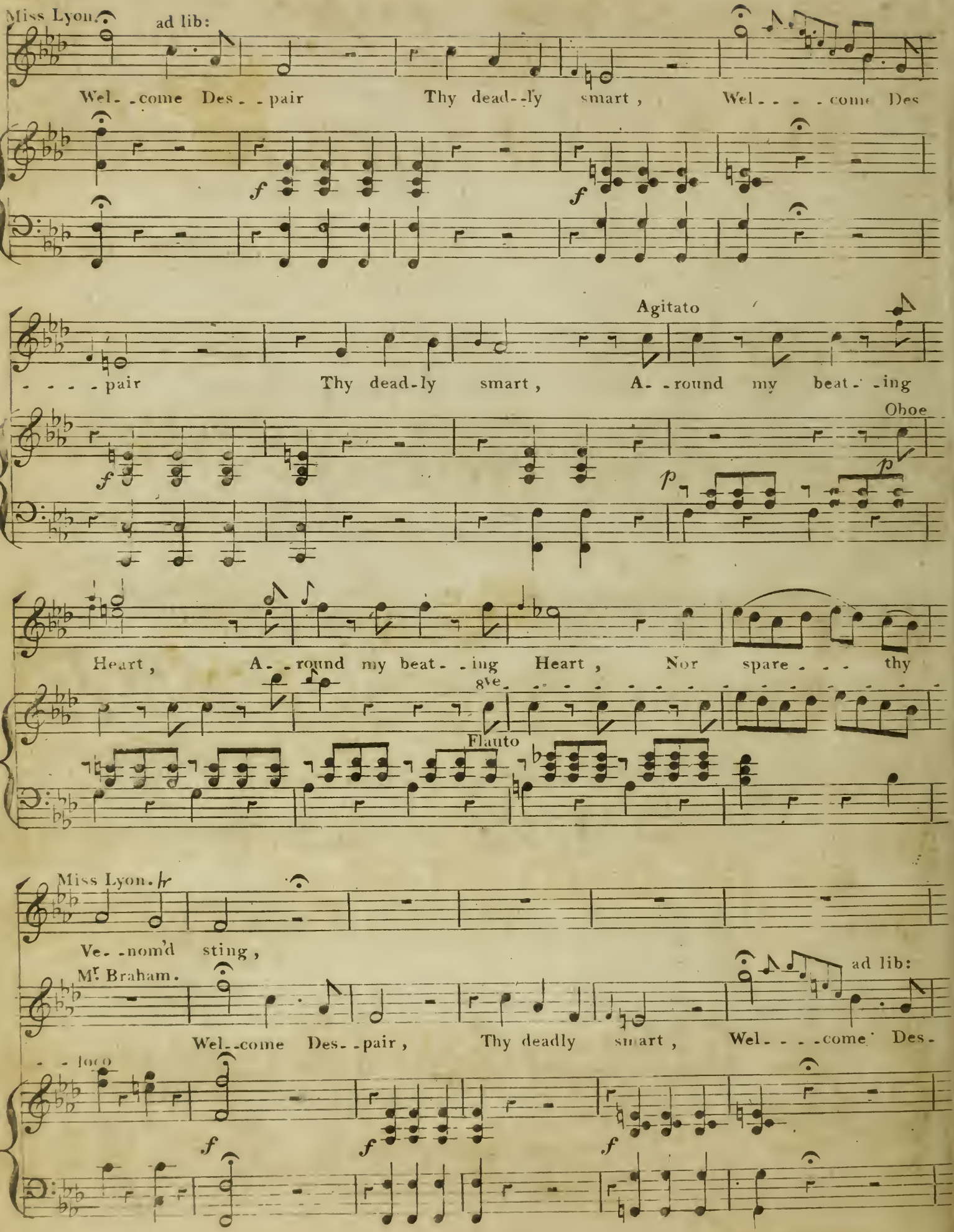

Sweet
Maid
Pri--thee then love no
more for woe
But love for joy
Sweet Maid
8ve
Slentando.
But love for joy
Sweet Maid
loco
f

"Welcome Despair."

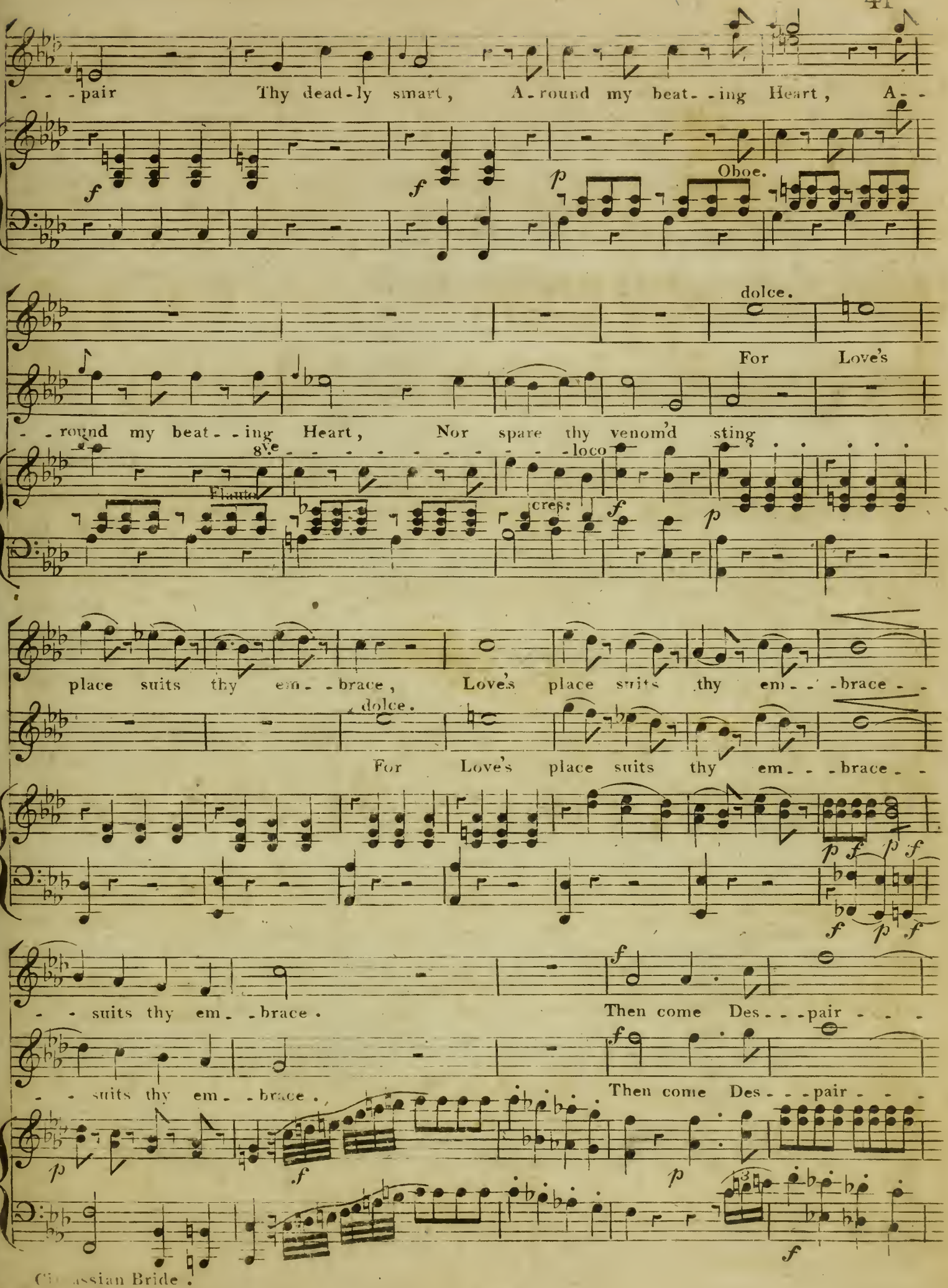
Duetto.

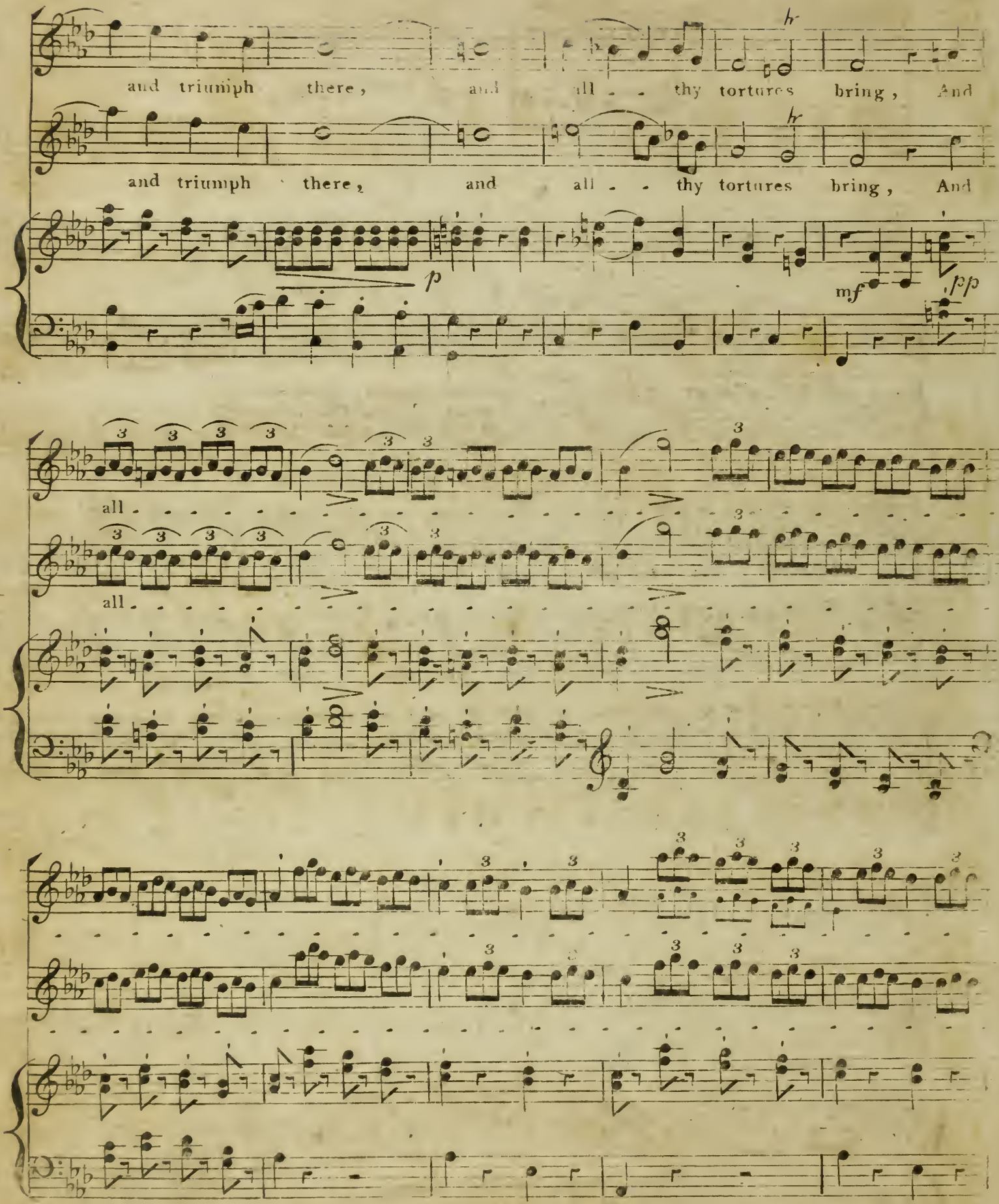
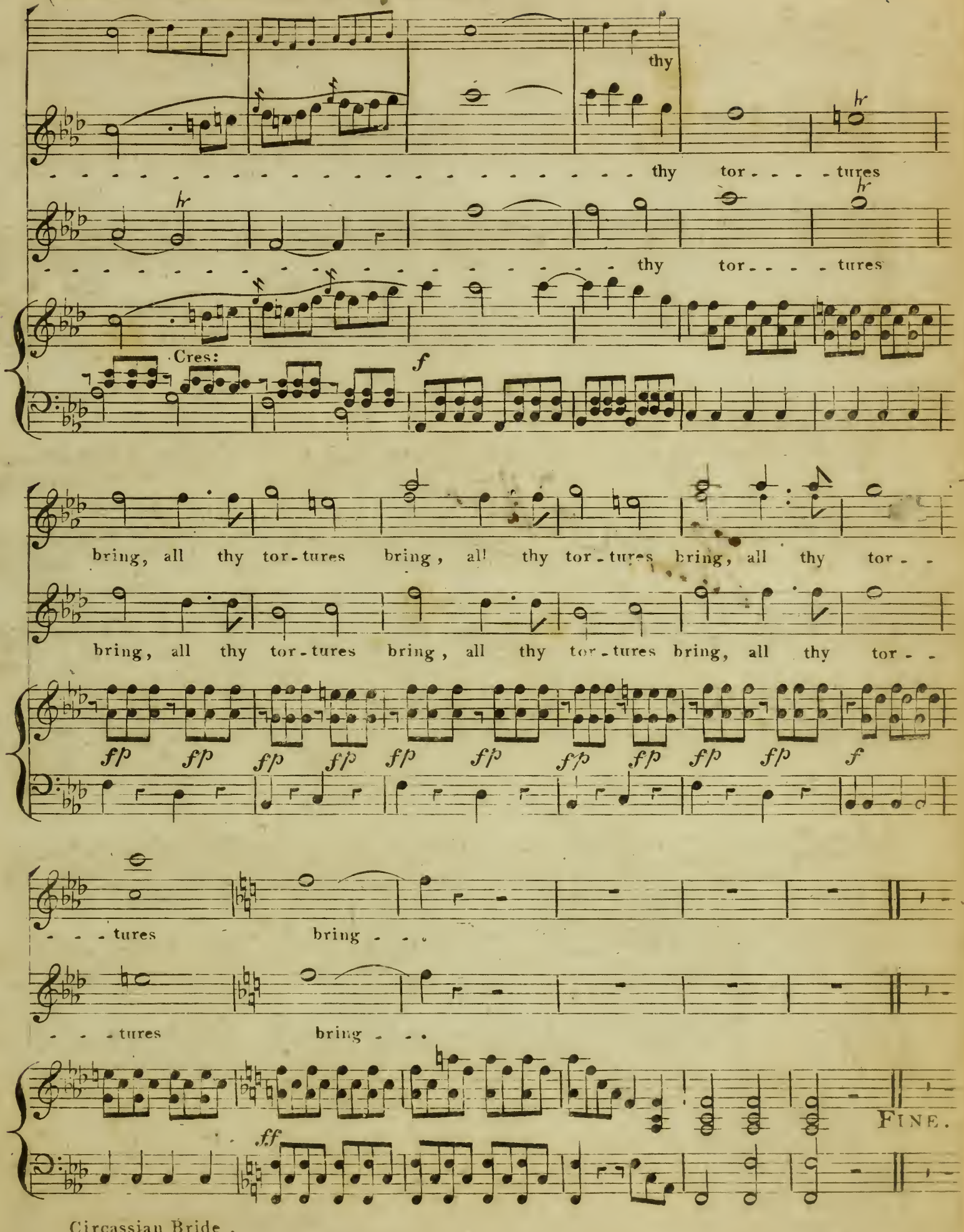
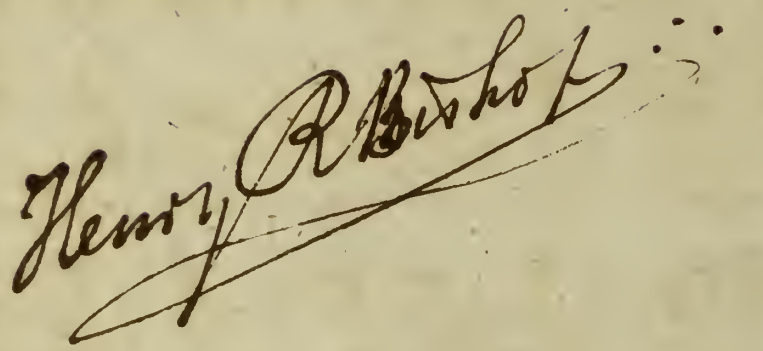
SUNG BY Mr. BRAHAM & MISS LYON.





Circassian Bride.


- - - pair Thy dead-ly smart, A-round my beat- -ing Heart, A- -
f
f
p
Oboe.
dolce.
For Love's
- -round my beat- -ing Heart, Nor spare thy venom'd sting
8ve
loco
Flauto
cres:
f
p
place suits thy em- -brace, Love's place suits thy em- - -brace- -
dolce.
For Love's place suits thy em- - -brace- -
p f p f
f p f
- - suits thy em- -brace.
f
Then come Des- - -pair - - -
- - suits thy em- -brace.
f
Then come Des- - -pair - - -
p
f
p
f


and triumph there, and all - - thy tortures bring, And
and triumph there, and all - - thy tortures bring, And
p
mf
pp
all
all

(For those whose Voices are mezzo Sopranos.)