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The Overture, Serenade, Favorite Songs &c.

in the

WIDOW OF DELPHI,

Sung by

Mr.rs Kennedy, Miss Brown, Mr. Wilson & Mr. Duck.

at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden.

Composed and humbly Dedicated to

MISS SOPHIA CUMBERLAND,

by

Thomas Butler.

London: Printed for Ab. Portal, N.o 163, opposite the New Church, Strand.

Enter'd at Stationers Hall.

MUSIC lately publiſhed by AB. PORTAL.

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Overture

Con Spirito

Volti

f.

Andantino Cantabile

Rondo

Con Vivacita

f.

tr

tr

tr

f.

hr

Serenade

Vivace

Wives, a--wake, un---veil your Eyes, flug---gards no more

yaw-------ning, see the DELPHIC God a---rife, Bright A--pol--lo daw-------ning

Huſ--bands rouſe at Love's a--larms, Drow--ſy flum--bers ſcor---ning: Ro----vers, quit your

Dox---ies Arms, Up be---hold tis Mor-------ning

Maidens fair, have at your hearts! Hy--mens torch is fla---ming, Cu--pid whets his

poin-ted darts and look the rogue is ai-----ming Fair the Bud of beau--ty blows

mel low ſweets are pal---ling; Crown us with the vir--gin roſe, and ſo pre-vent its fal---ling

Bound with i---vy, Bound with vines youth fe---rene---ly paf-------fes,

Bac--chus round our tem---ples twines and fpar--kles in our glaf-----fes.

What have we to do with fleep. we who nere knew for-------row.

we can fing and dance and leap, and give you ftill good mor------row.

Sung by Mrs Kennedy

Viol: 1?

Viol: 2?

Cembalo e Voce

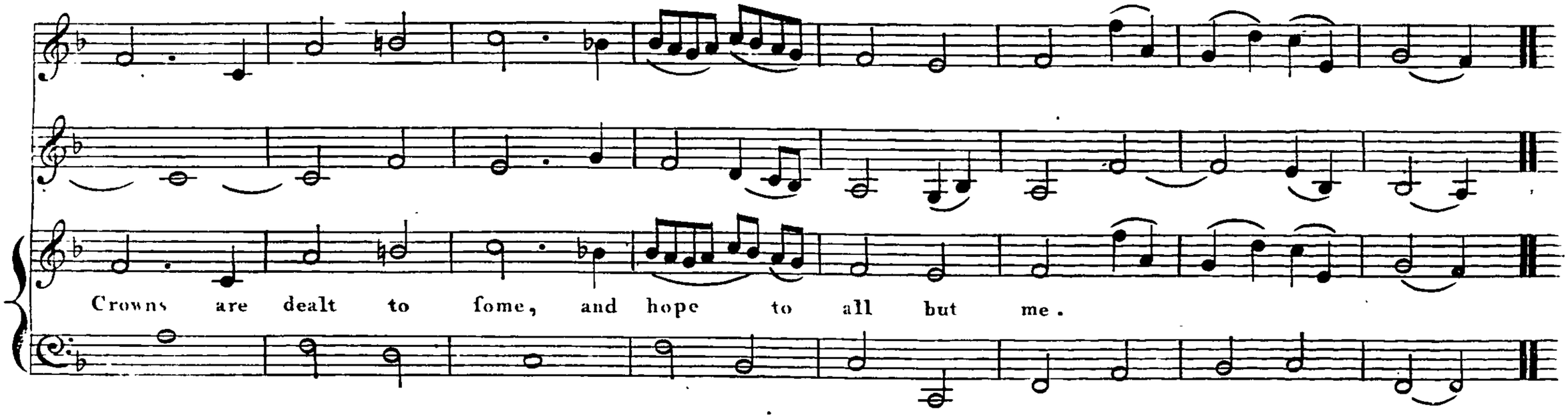
Legati

Ah! woe is me, what _ partial

Legati

doom, the cru _ _ _ _ el fates de _ _ _ cree,

Birth, Rich _ _ es,



2

For no protecting Power above
Makes my ſad heart its care;
Why form it elſe ye Gods for Love,
And leave it to Deſpair?

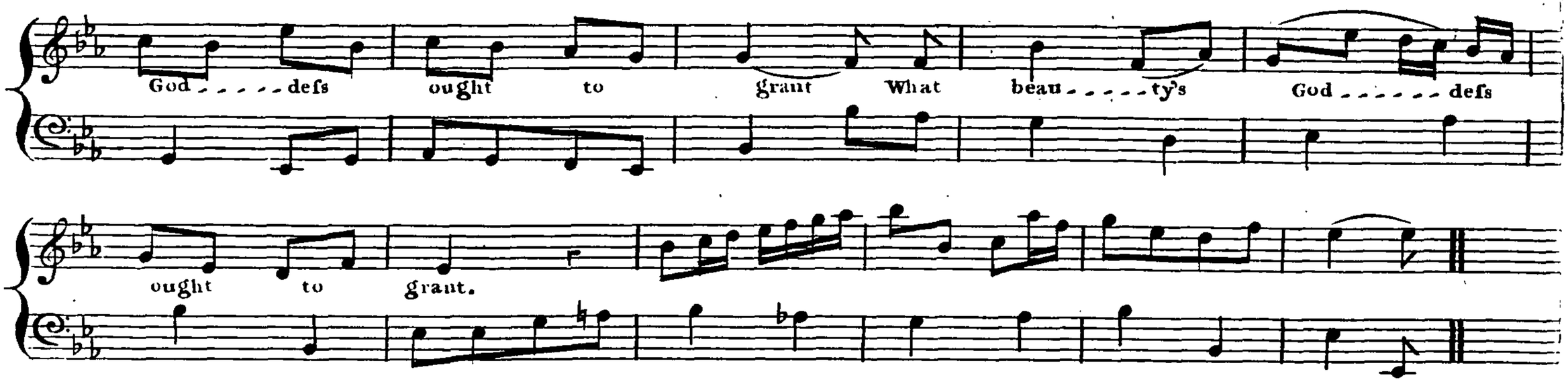
3

And could Ambition make me Great,
Not ev'n a Crown would ſave;
For tho' a King, 'twould be my fate
To Love and be a Slave.

Sung by Mifs Brown

Andantino
Eſpreſſivo

Oh thou whoſe rea - - - - dy
quick re fource Gives all I wiſh and all I
want, Gives all I wiſh and all I want, Aſk
what thou wilt, but aſk of courſe what beau - - - - - ty's



2

Strike hands my friendſhip thus I bind,
Thou on thy part as faithful prove,
And keep this maxim ſtill in mind
That ſecrecy's the Soul of Love

Sung by Mr. Quick

Moderato

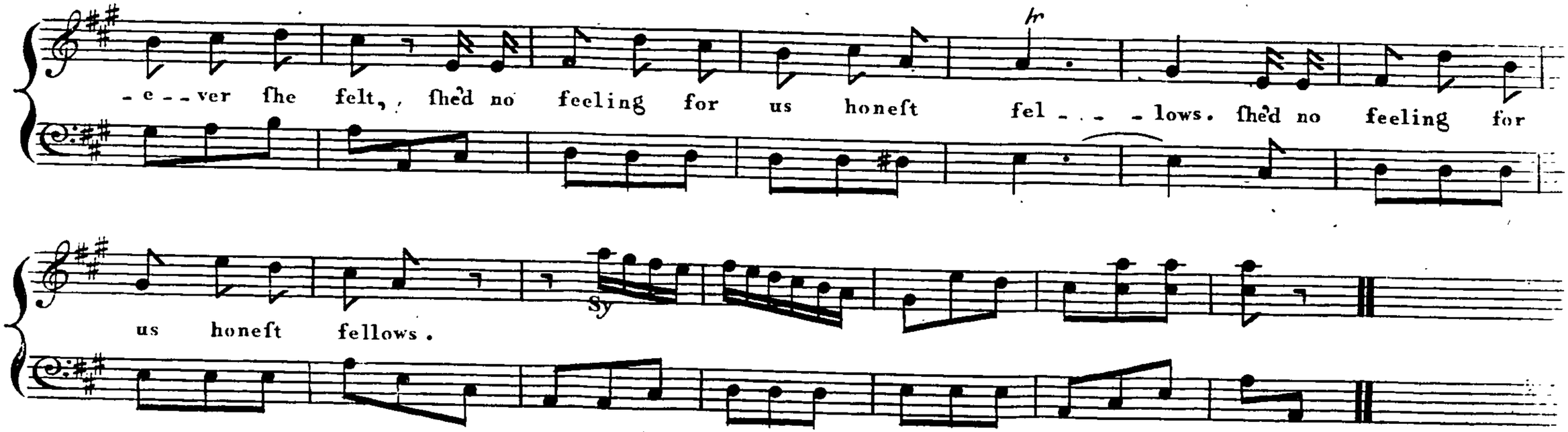
In the Ci_ty of Phœbus a Widow there dwelt, of her honour ſo nice and ſo jealous,

It was clear as the Sun that what_ _e_ _ver ſhe felt, ſhe'd no feeling for us honeſt

fel_ _ _lows. ſhe'd no feeling for us honeſt fellows.

Chorus

It was clear as the Sun that what_



2

For ſhe flouted and pouted and look'd ſo demure,
On her knees ſhe was ever a praying;
Her Blood was as cold as December I'm ſure,
When other young bloods were a Maying.

3

This Widow a challenge to Venus would ſend,
On her pride ſhe had ſuch a reliance;
Sly Cupid ſtood by while her meſſuage ſhe penn'd,
And ſmil'd at her ſaucy defiance.

4

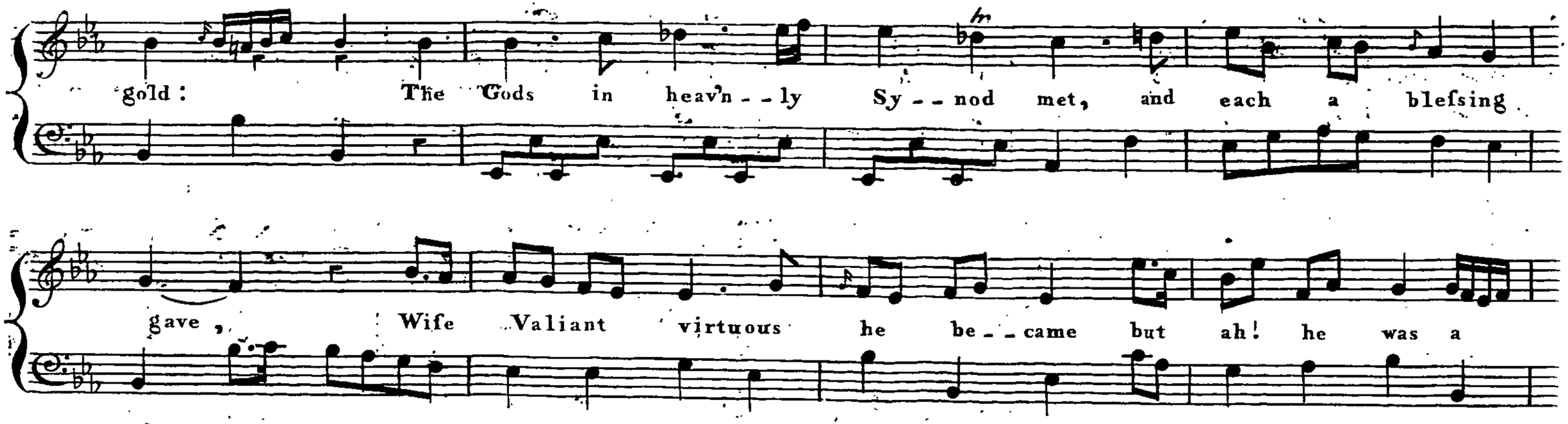
In a moment an Arrow he ſhap'd from her Pen,
Then aim'd at her heart and let fly;
Let no Widow he cried forſwear Marriage again,
One and all from this hour ſhall comply.

Sung by Mrs Kennedy

Andantino
Espressivo

His form by Natures hand was caſt in Beauty's manly

mould; His heart a coſt--ly Jew--el was, caſd in a ſhrine of



2

He ſerv'd as Slave, yet never ſerv'd
A proud unworthy Dame,
He lov'd as Youth ne'er lov'd before,
But fed a hopeleſs flame
For hard the heart of her he lov'd,
And ſtubborn was her Pride,
One day ſhe drove him from her ſight,
He bow'd obey'd and dy'd.

3

And never ſhall his mournful tale
Soft pity fail to move,
Nor was there one who ſaw the Youth
That ever fail'd to love
And was it then that Fortune's blind,
Or was it Fortune's ſpight?
O take away her Power ye Gods!
Or give her back her ſight.

Sung by Mrs Wilfon

Vivace ma non troppo

Meat and drink, bed and board, fhall be yours at a word, with what e---ver the houfe can fup--ply; For to fly at the nod of fo char-ming a God, who fo wil---ling fo hap--py as I. Who fo wil---ling fo hap--py as I. Who fo willing fo hap--py as I.

2

Ev'ry day at your fhrine
I'll pay honours devine
For this plentiful fpice of your art;
And what ever I prove
To Apollo or Jove
'Tis Mercury reigns at my heart.

3

Eat and drink, Laugh and fing
Make the merry bells ring
Your Hoftefs will fcorn to fay no;
For you need not be told
That the proverb oE old
Says tis' Money that makes the mare go.

Andantino Cantabile

Ah flattering Man why ſo much Art to lure a weak un - guard - ed heart Why thus pur - - ſue a yielding Maid, by nature more than half be - tray'd. by na - - ture more than half be - - tray'd.

2

With meek Devotion let me dwell,
Where penſive tolls the veſper Bell;
For all your pains can only prove
You're born for Conqueſt — I for Love.

Sung by Mrs Kennedy

Andantino
Espressivo

Softenuto

Fair was the Dame with -

-al and wife the swain was bold and young

Af- - - - fec - - - - - - - tion brigh - - - ten'd in her

Eyes and flat - - - - t'ry ſmooth'd his tongue

and flat - - - - t'ry ſmooth'd his tongue.

2

At length in Soft Complaintive ſtrain
He made his Sorrow known,
She drew from his ſad breaſt the pain
And fix'd it in her own.

3

For kind to pity's tender tale
And ſoft our boſoms are,
And men will flatter and prevail
In ſpite of all our care.

Sung by Mr. Wilson.

Con Vivacita

What — e'er Phi - lo - fo - phers opine, or Phyfic Sages fay ; To chear the heart with gen'rous Wine, is ftill the wifeft way. What - e'er Phi - lo - fo - phers opine, or Phyfic Sages fay ; To chear the heart with gen'rous Wine, is ftill the wifeft way.

2

But where the Wifdom I would aſk
Life's Sorrows to endure.
When ev'ry Sorrow in a flaſk
May find a lively cure.

3

Then round your temples Chaplets twine
Of roſes freſh and gay;
And warm your hears with gen'rous Wine,
For 'tis the wifeſt way.

Corni in C.

Oboe

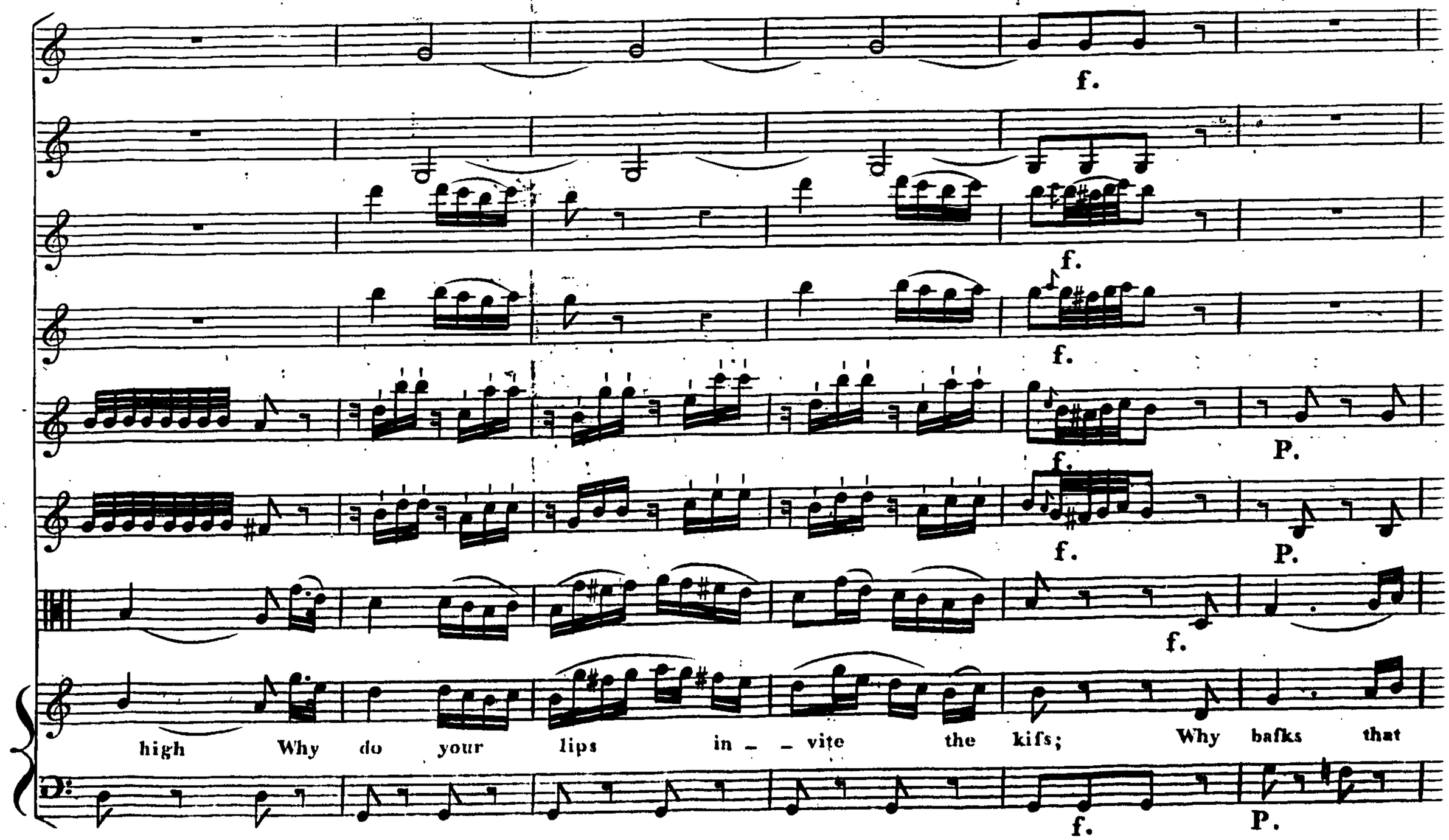
Violini

Viole

Andantino Cantabile

Give me your hand Ah what is

this What means this pulfe that beats fo


f.
f.
f.
f.
P.
f.
P.
f.
high Why do your lips in - - vite the kiſs; Why baſks that
f.
P.

f.

f.

Cu - - - pid in your eye Why do your lips in - - vite the

f.

f.

f.

f.

f.

f.

kiſs; Why baſks that Cu _ _ _ pid in your eye

P.

P.

De _ vo _ _ tion fays her ho _ _ _ _ ly flame pro _

-vokes that fwell - - ing breaft to heave; pro - vokes that fwell - ing breaft to

Leg:

f.

f.

heave But love af – – ferts a coun – – – ter claim Ah tell me which muſt

f.

f.

f.

f.

hr

hr

I be_ _leive But love af_ _ _ferts a coun_ _ _ter claim: Ah tell me

f.

which muſt I be _ _ leive.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM