

C O M M U S.

A MASQUE.

As it is performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL in DRURY LANE and COVENT GARDEN.

Composed by

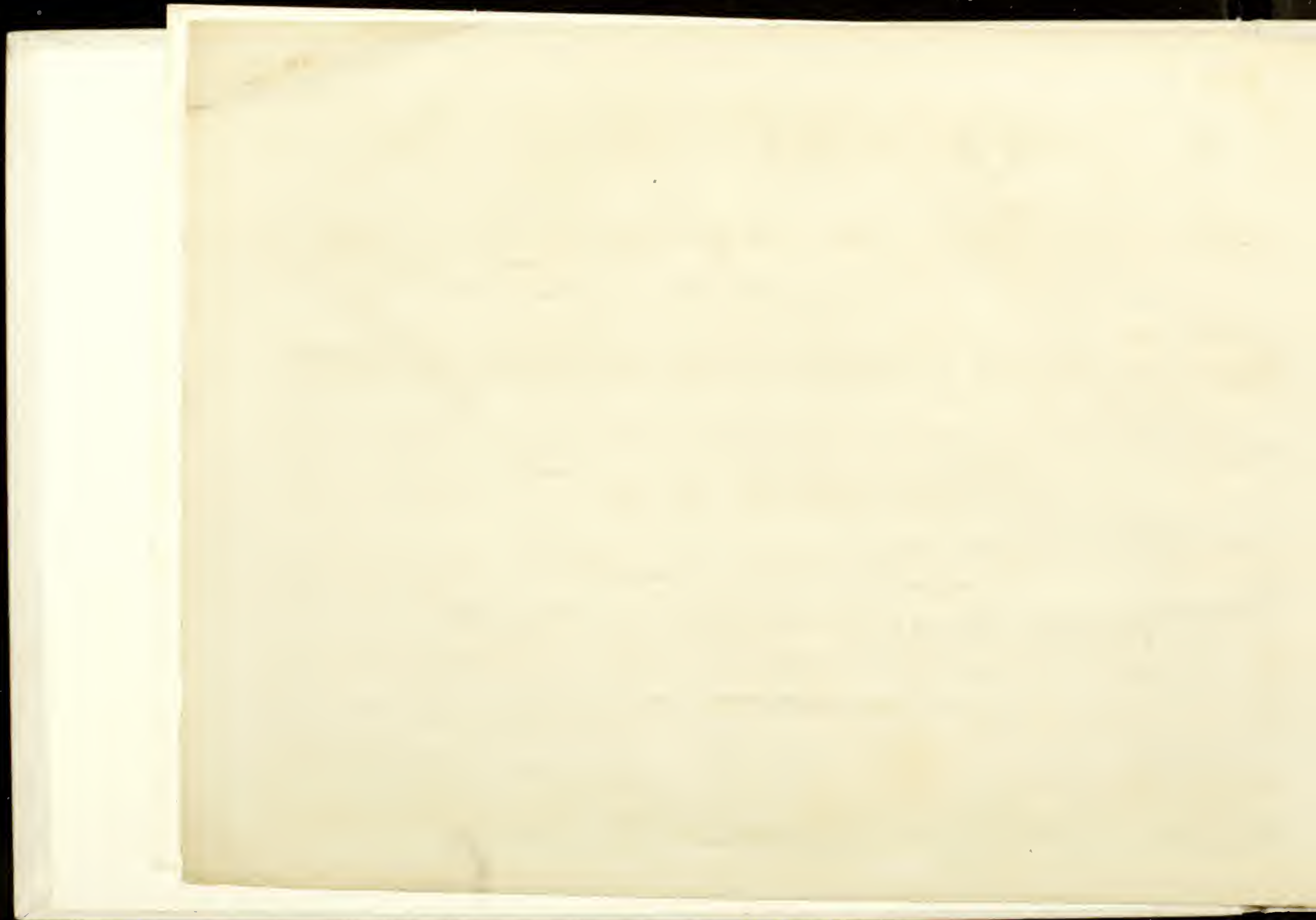
D.^R ARNE,

for the

VOICE, HARPSICHORD, AND VIOLIN.

L O N D O N:

Printed for Harrison & C^o N^o 18, Paternoster Row.



ORIGINAL DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

GOMUS, and 2 ^d ATTENDANT SPIRIT	MR. BEARD.
EUPHROSYNE	MRS. CLIVE.
LADY, and PASTORAL NYMPH	MRS. ARNE.

CONTENTS.

OVERTURE	4
Now Phœbus sinketh in the west	6
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim	6
From tyrant laws and customs free	7
By the gaily circling glass	8
Come, and trip it as you go	9
Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen	10
Fly swiftly, ye minutes, till Gomus receive	11
Fame's an Echo, pratt'ling double	12
Would you taste the noontide air	12
Live, and love, enjoy the fair	13
Come, bid adieu to fear,	15
How gentle was my Damon's air!	15
The wanton god, who pierces hearts	16
Nor on beds of fading flow'rs	17
Preach not me your muffy rules	17
Ye Fauns and ye Dryads, from hill, dale, and grove	18

OVERTURE

Largo

Allegro

tr. 2 6 6 2 6 7 # 4 7 6 5 5 6 6 2 6 5 5 6 6 6 6 9 6 6 2 6 4 4

Bats' foli. witi. Bats' foli. witi. Bats' foli.

Bassoon part (Bassooni soli) with fingerings and dynamics. Includes markings: *Bassooni soli*, *Tutti.*, and *Bass.*

Clarinet part (Soli and Tutti) with fingerings and dynamics. Includes markings: *Soli*, *Tutti*, and various fingerings.

Flute part with fingerings and dynamics. Includes markings: *Allegro*, *Traversi Soli.*, and *Tutti.*

Second Flute part with fingerings and dynamics. Includes markings: *Allegro*, *Traversi Soli.*, and *Tutti.*

Third Flute part with fingerings and dynamics. Includes markings: *Allegro*, *Traversi Soli.*, and *Tutti.*

Fourth Flute part with fingerings and dynamics. Includes markings: *Allegro*, *Traversi Soli.*, and *Tutti.*

Fifth Flute part with fingerings and dynamics. Includes markings: *Allegro*, *Traversi Soli.*, and *Tutti.*

AIR. MR BEARD

COMUS.
Now Phoebus sinketh

in the west, Welcome song and welcome jest, Midnight shout & revelry, Topsy dance & jolli-ty, Midnight shout & revel-ry, Topsy dance & jol-li-ty.

Now Phoebus sinketh in the west, Welcome song and welcome jest, Midnight shout and revelry, Tip-sy dance & jollity. Sy. Braid your locks wil

ro - sy twine, Dropping odours dropping wine, Braid your locks with ro sy twine, Dropping odours dropping wine, Dropping odours dropping wine, Dropping odours

dropping wine. And? Rigour now is gone to bed, And advice with scrupulous head, Strict Age & four Se-verity, With their grave laws in slumber lie, With their grave of wine flourish

AIR. MRS CLIVE

WOMAN.
By dimpled brook and fountain

brim, The wood Nymphs deck'd with daisies trim, Their merry merry wakes and pastimes keep, What has night to do with sleep? What has night to do with sleep? Sy.

By dimpled brook and fountain brim, The wood nymphs deck'd with daisies trim, Their merry merry wakes and pastimes keep, What has night to do with sleep, What ha

night to do with sleep? Night has better sweets to prove, Venus now wakes and wakens love, Come let

us our rights begin, 'Tis on-ly day-light that makes sin, 'Tis on-ly daylight that makes sin.

DUET. M^r. BEARD & M^r. CLIVE.

Moderato

tyrant laws and customs free COMUS and dance and sing, and dance and sing, Time for e-ver on the wing, -----
We follow sweet va-ri-e-ty, By turns we drink, By turns we drink, Time for e-ver

By turns we drink and dance and sing, Time for e-ver on the wing, By turns we drink & dance & sing, Time for e-ver on the wing.
on the wing, By turns we drink and dance and sing, Time for e-ver on the wing, By turns we drink & dance & sing, Time for e-ver on the wing.

WOMAN
From

No dull stinting hours we own, Pleasure counts our time a-lone,

Why should niggard rules controul, Transports of the jovial soul?

Pleasure counts our time a-lone,

No dull stinting hour we own, No dull

Why should niggard rules controul, Transports of the jovial soul?

No dull stinting hour we own, No dull

stinting hour we own, Pleasure counts our time a-lone, Pleasure counts our time alone, No dull stinting hour we own, Pleasure counts our

stinting hour we own, Pleasure counts our time a-lone, Pleasure counts our time alone, No dull stinting hour we own, Pleasure counts our

time alone, Pleasure counts our time a-lone.

time alone, Pleasure counts our time a-lone.

AIR. M^r. BEARD.

Tempo di Gavotta

MAN. By the gay, ly circling glass

We can see how minutes pass, By the hollow eask are told, How the waining night grows old, How the waining night grows o'd.

Soon, too soon the bu - fy day, Drives us from our sports a - way, What have we with day to do?

Sons of care, 'twas made for you, Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

HANDEL.

AIR MR BEARD.

COMUS.

Come, and trip it as you go, Sy.

Come, and trip it as you go, On the light fantaſtick toe, trip it, trip it, Come, & trip it as you go - - -

On the light fantaſtick toe, Sy. Come & trip it as you go, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,

On the light fantaſtick toe, - - - Come, Come, come, come & trip it as you go, on the light fantaſtick toe, on the light fantaſtick toe.

AIR. MRS ARNE.

Behind the Scenes.

LADY. Sy.P. Sweet Echo, sweet-est nymph, that liv'st unseen Within thy airy cell,

By flow Me-an-der's mar-gin green, And in the vio-let embroid'rd vale

Where the love torn nightingale Nightly to thee her sad song mourn-eth well,

Can't thou not tell me not tell me of a gentle pair, That liketh thy Nar-cif-fus Nar-

cif-fus are? Oh, if thou hast hid them in some flow'ry cave, Tell me but where, Tell me but where,

Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere; So may'st thou be translated to the skies, Sy.

So may'st thou be transla-ted to the skies, Sy. And give re-sounding grace And give re-sound-ing grace

Allegro

all heav'n's har - mo - nies, And give resounding grace, resounding grace, resounding grace, resounding grace,

Ad^o

grace, to all heav'n's har - mo - nies.

AIR, M^r BEARD.

Allegro

MAN. Fly swiftly ye minutes till Comus receive; The

nameless soft transports that beauty can give. The bowl's frolick joy let him teach her to prove, And she in return yield the

Sy raptures of love, And she in return yield the raptures of love; Without love and wine, wit and

beauty are vain, Pow'r & grandeur in - si - pid, and riches a pain, *Sy* The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave, grows dark as the grave!

Love & wine give ye gods, or take back what ye gave; Love & wine give ye gods, or take back what ye gave, or take back what ye gave!

AIR, M^{rs} CLIVE.

Fame's an echo, Sy prattling double, Sy An empty, ai-ry,
 Glit'ring bubble; Sy A breath can swell, a breath can sink it, Sy The wife not worth their keeping think it, Sy Why then, why such toil & pain,
 Fame's uncertain smiles to gain! Sy Like her sister fortune blind, Sy To the best she's oft un-kind, Sy And the worst her
 favour find, And the worst her favour find, Sy And the worst her favour find, Sy

AIR, M^{rs} ARNE.

Would you taste the noon-tide
 air, To yon fragrant bow'r re-pair, Where, wov'n with the poplar bough, The mantling vine will shelter you, The mantling vine - - will shelter you.
 Down each side 'a fountain flows Tinkling, murm'ring, as - - it goes, Lightly o'er the mossy ground, Lightly o'er the mossy ground, Sultry Phoebus

scorching round Sultry Phoebus scorching round, Round the languid herds & sheep, Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks sleep, While on the hyacinth & rose, The
 fair does all alone repose, The fair does all - - - alone repose. Round, the All alone, and in her arms, Your breast may beat to
 love's alarms, Sy Till blest & blessing, you shall own, blest & blessing, you shall own, The joys of love are joys alone, The joys of love are joys alone.

TRIO. M^r BEARD,

M^{rs} ARNE & M^{rs} CLIVE.

MAN.
 Live and love, en-joy the fair,

1st WOMAN.
 Banish sorrow, banish care; Age has had his share of play, Age has had his share of play,
 2^d WOMAN.
 Mind not what old dotards say; But youth's sport be-gins to day, Age has had his share of play,
 But youth's sport be-gins to day, But youth's sport Age has had his share of play, But youth's sport be-gins to day,
 But youth's sport begins to day, be-gins to day, begins to day, Age has had his share of play, But youth's sport be-gins to day,
 But youth's sport begins to day, be-gins to day, begins to day, Age has had his share of play, But youth's sport be-gins to day,

1st WOMAN. *tr*
Here in pleasure's vineyard we,

MAN.
From the fruits of sweet delight, Why should scare-crow virtue fright.

2^d WOMAN.
Rove like birds, from tree to tree, Careless, ai-ry, gay and free, Care-les, ai-ry, gay and free,

MAN. 2^d WOMAN.
Rove like birds, from tree to tree, Careless, ai-ry, gay and free, Care-les, ai-ry, gay and free,

Careless, ai-ry, gay and free, Rove, like birds, from tree to tree, Careless, ai-ry, gay and free, Careless, ai-ry, gay and free.

MAN. Careless, ai-ry, gay and free, Here in pleasure's vineyard we Careless, ai-ry, gay and free, Careless, ai-ry, gay and free.

Careless, ai-ry, gay and free, Careless, ai-ry, gay and free.

Here in pleasure's vineyard we Rove, like birds, from tree to tree, Careless, ai-ry, gay and free, Careless, ai-ry, gay and free.

Here in pleasure's vineyard we Rove, like birds, from tree to tree, Careless, ai-ry, gay and free, Careless, ai-ry, gay and free.

Here in pleasure's vineyard we Rove, like birds, from tree to tree, Careless, ai-ry, gay and free.

AIR. MRS CLIVE.

EUPHROSUNE.

Con Spirito

Come, come, bid adieu to fear,

Love and harmony live here. Sy.

No domestick jealous jars, Buzzing flanders, wordy wars, In my presence will appear; Love and harmony

reign here.

Sighs to amirous sighs returning, Pulses beating, bosoms burning, Sy

Bosoms with warm wishes panting, Words to speak of

wishes wanting, Are the only tumults here, All the woes you need to fear, Love and harmony

Love and harmony reign here.

AIR. MRS ARNE.

Largo

PASTORAL NYMPH.

How gentle was my Damon's air, Like sunny beams his golden hair, His voice was like the

nightingale's, More sweet this breath than flowry vales. How hard such beauties to resign! And yet that cruel talk is mine.

Amorofo

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove, A long the margin of each stream, Dear conscious scenes of former love I mourn, and Damon is my theme

The hills, the groves, the streams remain, But Damon there I seek in vain, The hills, the groves, the streams remain, But Damon there I seek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled, Groves, flocks and fountains please no more, Each flower in pity droops its

head, All nature does my loss deplore, All, all reproach the faithless swain, Yet Damon still I seek in vain, All, all reproach the faithless swain, Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

AIR. MRS CLIVE.

The wanton god who pierces hearts,

Dips in gall his pointed darts, But the nymph disdains to pine, Who bathes the wound with rosy wine, rosy wine, rosy wine, Who bathes the wound with rosy wine. Sy.

Farewell, Farewell lovers when they're droyd, If I am feared because enjoy'd, Sure the squeamish fops are free, To rid me of dull

company, Sure they're free, Sure they're free To rid me of dull company. Sy.

They have their charms, while mine can please,
 I love them much, but more my ease,
 Jealous fears me ne'er molest,
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.
 Why should they e'er give me pain,
 Who to give me joy disdain?
 All I ask of mortal man,
 Is but to love me while he can.

AIR. M^r BEARD.

Nor on beds of fading
 flows, shedding soon their Gaudy pride,
 Nor with swains in siren bowrs,
 Will true pleasure, Will true pleasure long re-
 -side. On awful virtues hill sublime, Enthroned sits th' immortal fair;
 Who wins her height, must patient climb, The steps are
 peril, toil and care, So from the first did Jove ordain, Eternal bliss for transient pain, Eternal bliss - - - for transient pain.

Ad^o 1 2
 Eternal bliss for transient pain. Tempo Primo

AIR. M^{rs} CLIVE.

Presto
 Preach not
 me your mus. ty rules, Ye drones that mould in idle cell; - - - The heart is wiser than the schools, The senses always reason well.

If short my span, I less can spare To pass a sin-gle pleasure by; An hour is long, if lost in care; They on-ly live They on-ly live They on-ly live who life en-joy.

AIR, MRS CLIVE.

Allegro ma non troppo

Ye fauns & ye dryads, From hill; dale & grove.

trip it a-long conducted by love, Swiftly re-sort to Comus's gay court, And in various measure they love's various sport, Now lighter &

gayer ye tinkling strings sound, Light, light, in the air ye nimble nymphs bound, Now, now with quick feet the ground beat, beat, beat, Now, now with quick feet the ground beat, beat, beat, A

- gain with quick feet, the ground beat, beat, beat, Now cold & denying, Now kind & complying, consenting, repenting, disdaining, com

-plaining, indifference now feigning, Again with quick feet, the ground beat, beat, beat, Again with quick feet, the ground beat, beat, beat. Again with quick feet, the ground beat, beat, beat.

FINIS.