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52185

ARNOLD, Samuel 1740-1802

The Surrender of Calais, as performed... at the Theatre Royal Haymarket... Op. XXXIII. London: Preston & Son [1791].

Vocal score, engraved, oblong folio. 1f., 41pp. A very good copy. Marbled boards.

First edition. *BUC* 54, *RISM* A2372, *London Stage* v, 1371.

Libretto by George Colman the younger. First performed on 30 July 1791, with Maria Bland as the leading singer. This is a work of Arnold's later period, in which he developed "a historical-hybrid form — a play for the chief characters but an opera for the subsidiary ones... The operas of [this] period make greater dramatic use of the overture and chorus and intermittently include instrumental music of an illustrative or 'programmatic' character..." (*NG/2*, p. 54).

52185

The

SURRENDER OF CALAIS,

as performed with the utmost applause,

at the

THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET,

written by

George Colman Esq.r

the Music by

Dr. ARNOLD.

Organist & Composer to His Majesty.

Op. XXXIII.

Price 8.s

London

Printed & Sold by Preston & Son, at their Wholesale Warehouses,

No. 97 Strand.

521 Pr

Overture

Drum

Flute

Flutes

Trumpets

Trum:

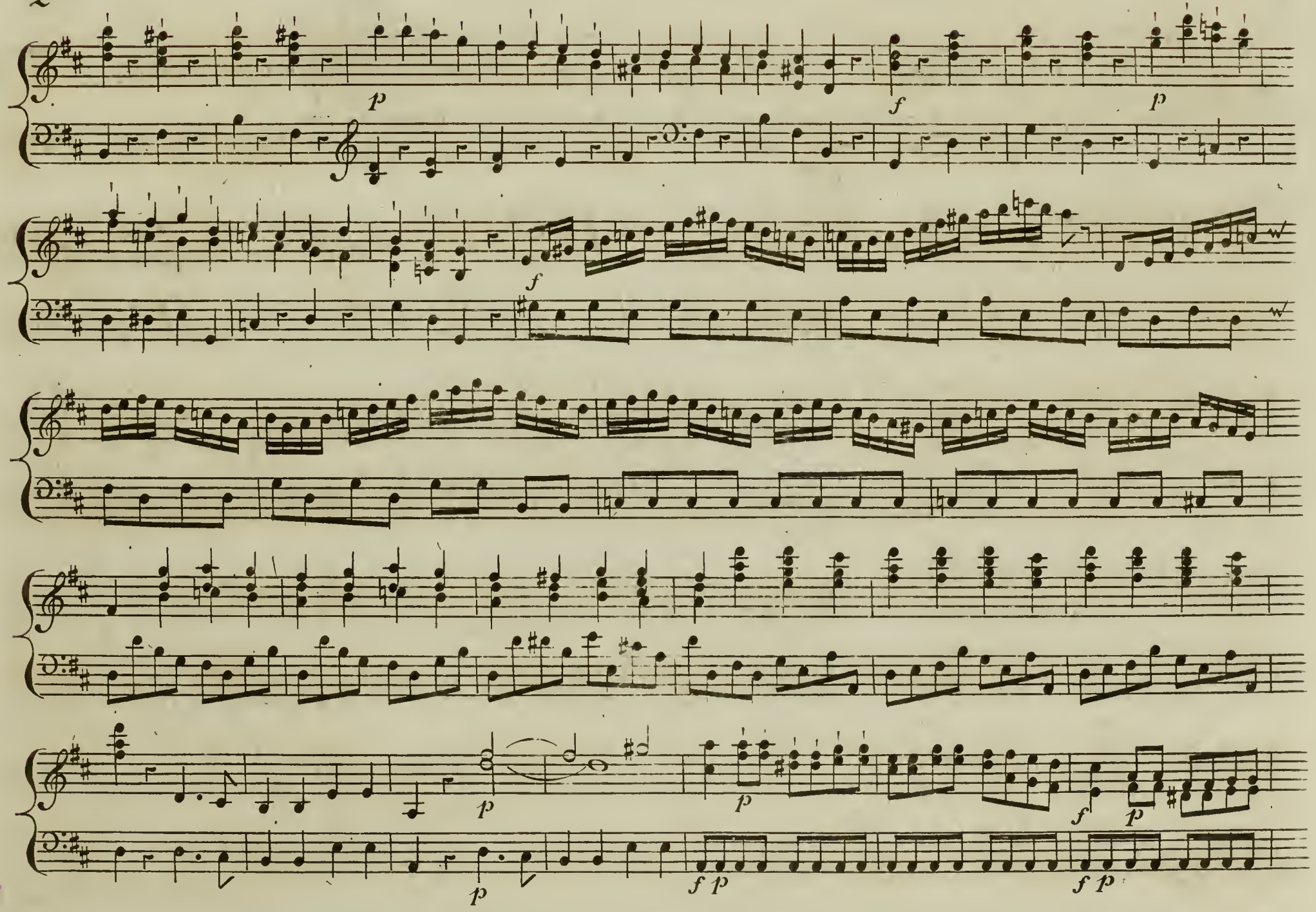
Tenute

Flutes

Trum:

Trum:

Volti subito


p
f
p
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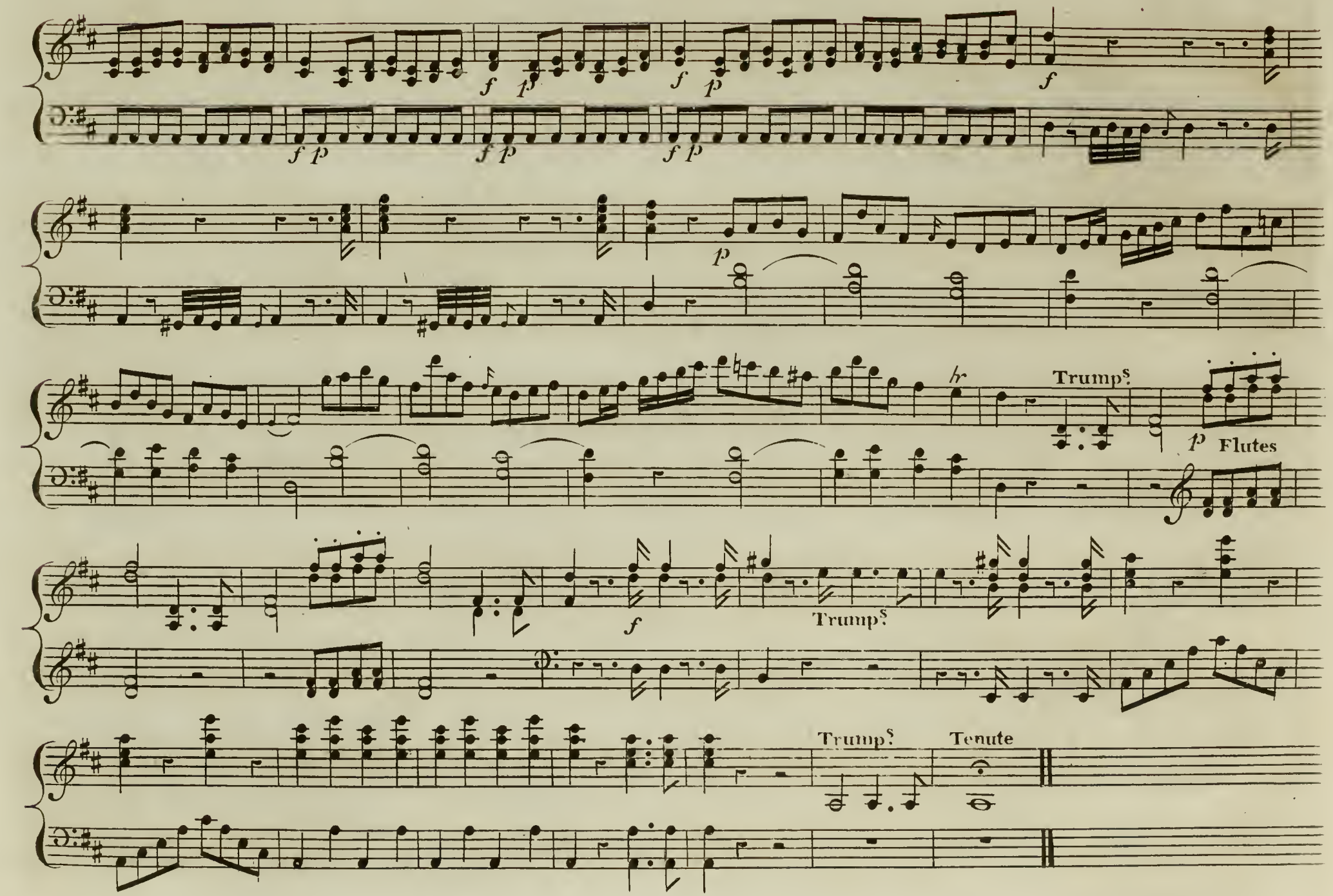
f p
f p


Trumps.
Flutes
Trumps.
Trumps.
Tenute

5218

Quick March

p *f*

Trumpets

Trumpets

hr

hr

Tutti

hr

p

hr

hr

f

hr

hr

Volti subito

5218

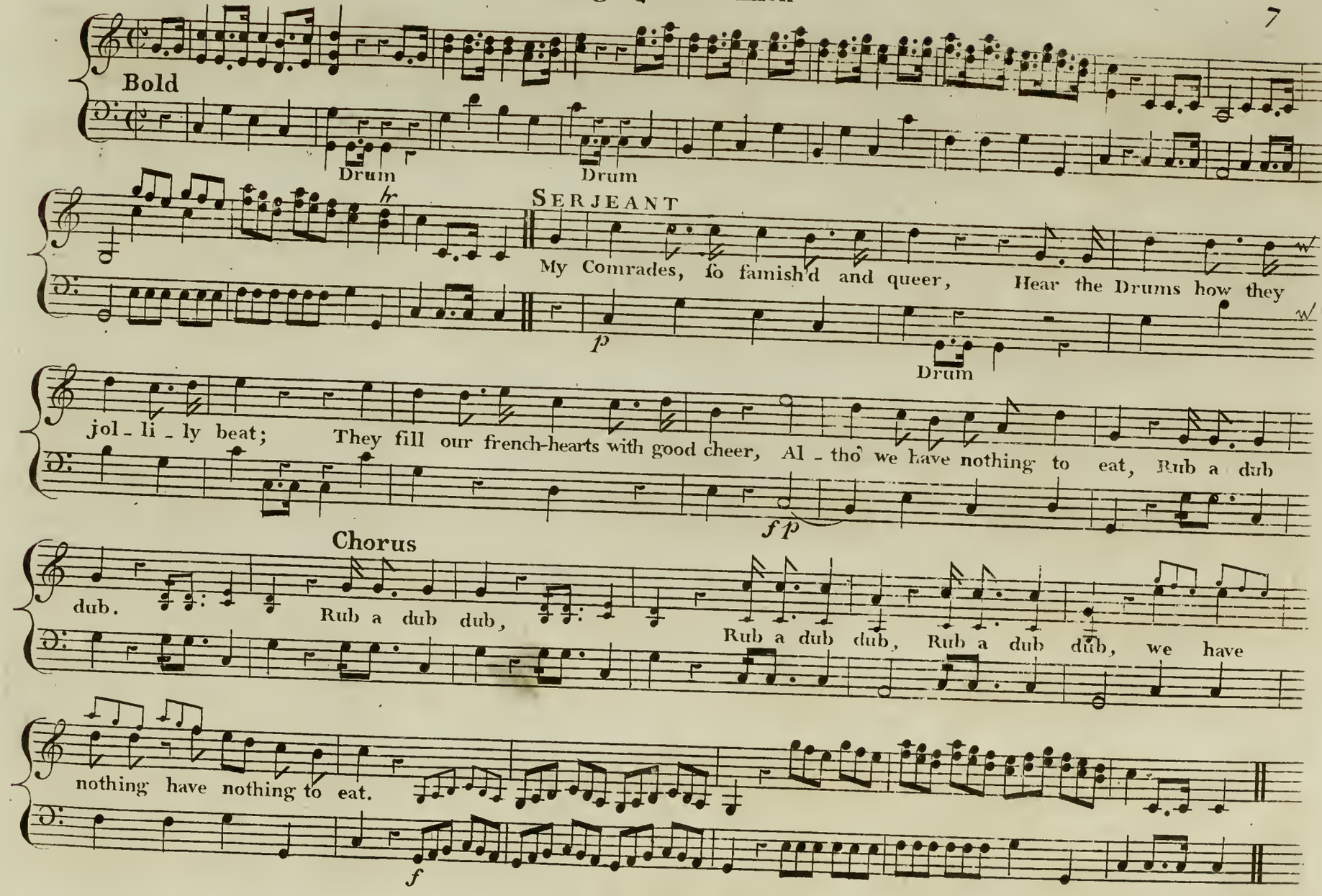
Fifes

hr

Tutti *p*

f

Sung by M.r Wilfon



SERJEANT

Then hark to the mer - ry younger, ton'd Fife

Fife

To hear it will make a man

I tell you my Lads this is Life,

For a - ny one dy - ing with

Chorus

hun - ger, Toot a toot toot,

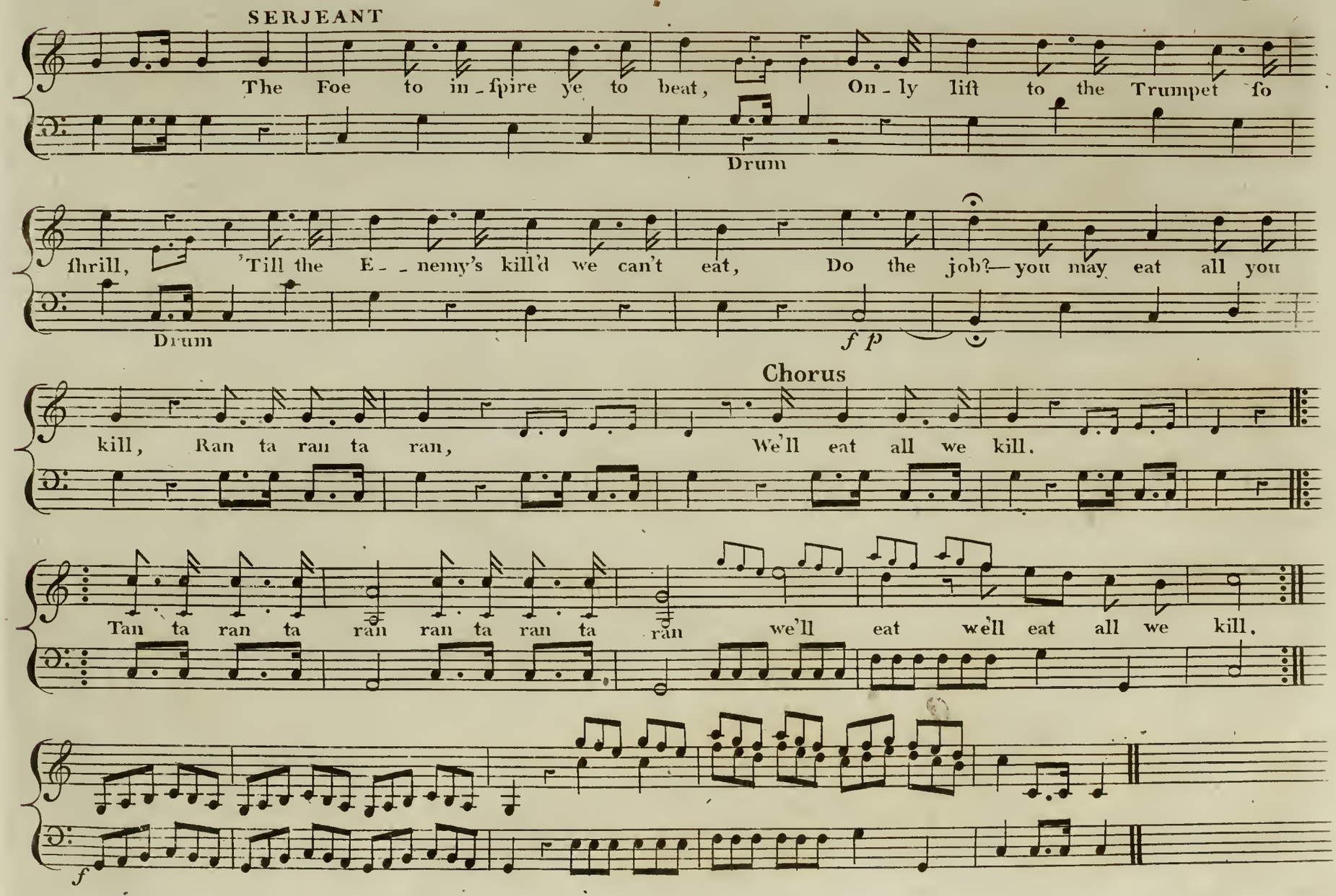
Dying with hunger.

Toot a toot toot, Toot a toot toot,

we are dy - - ing are dy - ing with

hunger.

f


SERJEANT
The Foe to in_ſpire ye to beat, On_ly lift to the Trumpet ſo
Drum
ſhrill, 'Till the E_ _nemy's kill'd we can't eat, Do the job?—you may eat all you
Drum
f p
Chorus
kill, Ran ta ran ta ran, We'll eat all we kill.
Tan ta ran ta ran ran ta ran ta ran we'll eat we'll eat all we kill.
f

Sung by Mr. Johnstone

Andante

Oboe

Barsoon

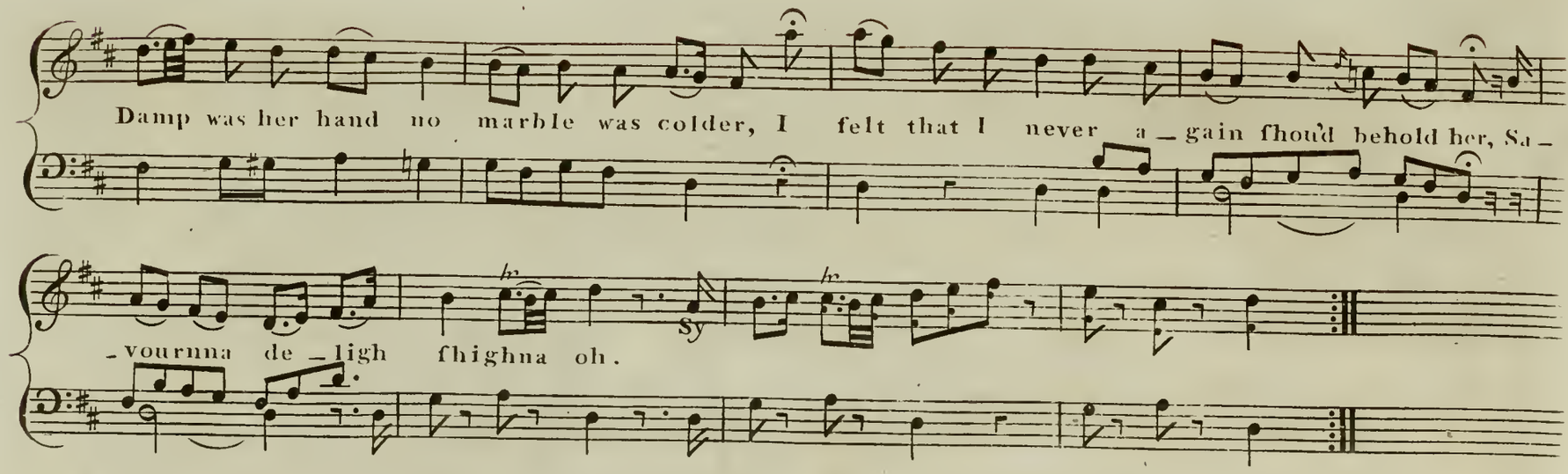
O Carrol

Oh the moment was fad when my Love and I parted, Sa - vourn - na de - - - ligh

fhighan oh As I kifsd off her tears I was nigh broken hearted, Sa - vourna de - - ligh

fhighan oh Sy

Wan was her cheek which hung on my fhoulder,



2

When the word of command put our Men into motion,
Savourmna &c.
I buckled my Knapſack to croſs the wide Ocean,
Savourmna &c.
Briſk were our Troops all roaring like Thunder,
Pleas'd with the Voyage, impatient for plunder,
My boſom with grief was almoſt torn aſunder.
Savourmna &c.

3

Long I fought for my Country far far from my true Love,
Savourmna &c.
All my Pay and my Booty I hoarded for you Love,
Savourmna &c.
Peace was proclaim'd, eſcap'd from the Slaughter,
Landed at home, my ſweet Girl I fought her
But ſorrow alas! to her cold Grave had brought her.
Savourmna &c.

Maeſtoſo

Oboe

Oboe

Accomp:

Octaves

Oboe

Canto

Alto

Tenor

Baſſo

Baſſi

War war war has ſtill its melo - dy war has ſtill its

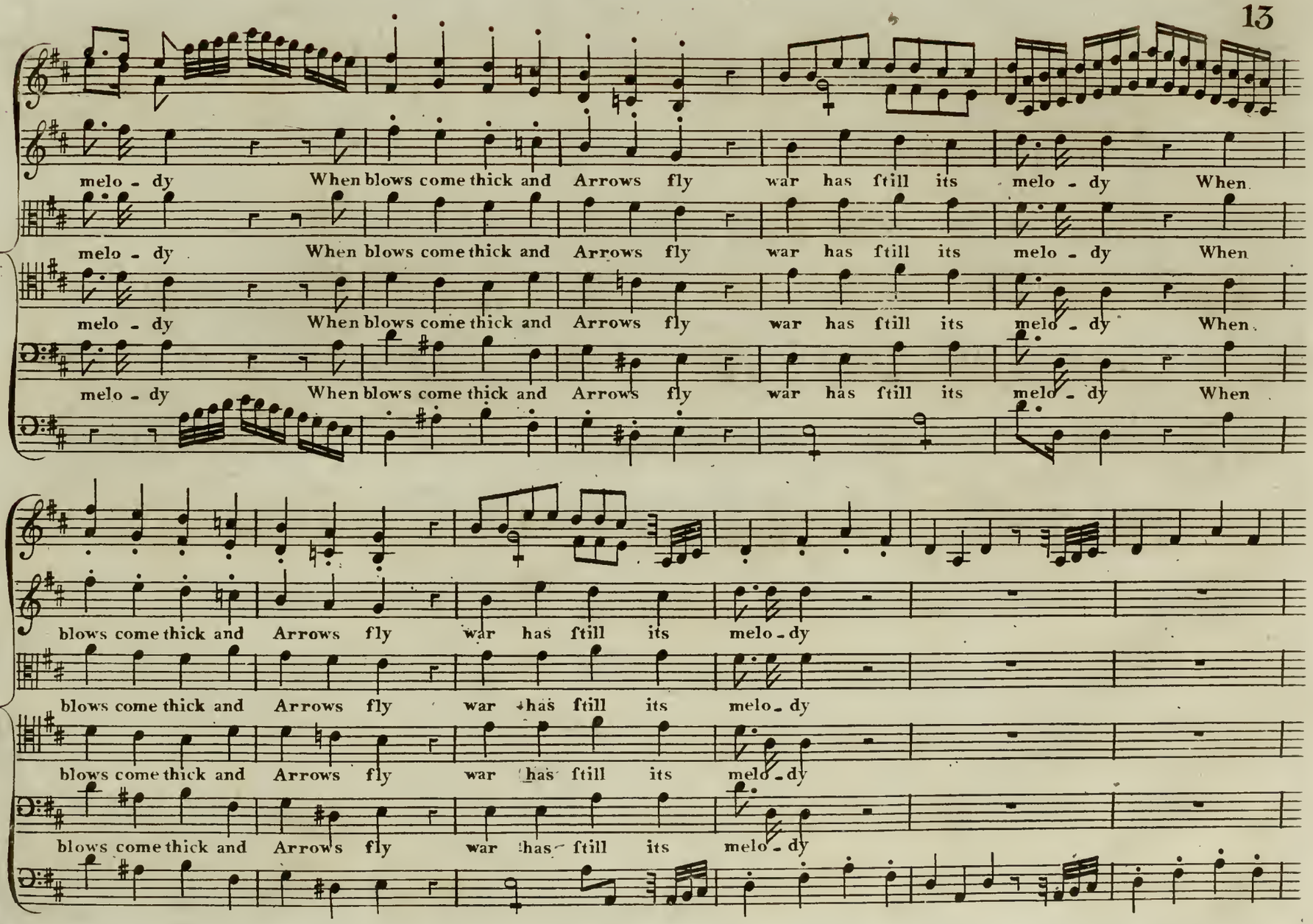
War war war has ſtill its melo - dy war has ſtill its

War war war has ſtill its melo - dy war has ſtill its

War war war has ſtill its melo - dy war has ſtill its

War war war has ſtill its melo - dy war has ſtill its

f


melo - dy When blows come thick and Arrows fly war has ſtill its melo - dy When
melo - dy When blows come thick and Arrows fly war has ſtill its melo - dy When
melo - dy When blows come thick and Arrows fly war has ſtill its melo - dy When
melo - dy When blows come thick and Arrows fly war has ſtill its melo - dy When
blows come thick and Arrows fly war has ſtill its melo - dy
blows come thick and Arrows fly war has ſtill its melo - dy
blows come thick and Arrows fly war has ſtill its melo - dy
blows come thick and Arrows fly war has ſtill its melo - dy

When the Soldier marches o'er the Crimfon field, Knee deep in gore, By

When the Soldier marches o'er the Crimfon field, Knee deep in gore, By

When the Soldier marches o'er the Crimfon field, Knee deep in gore, By

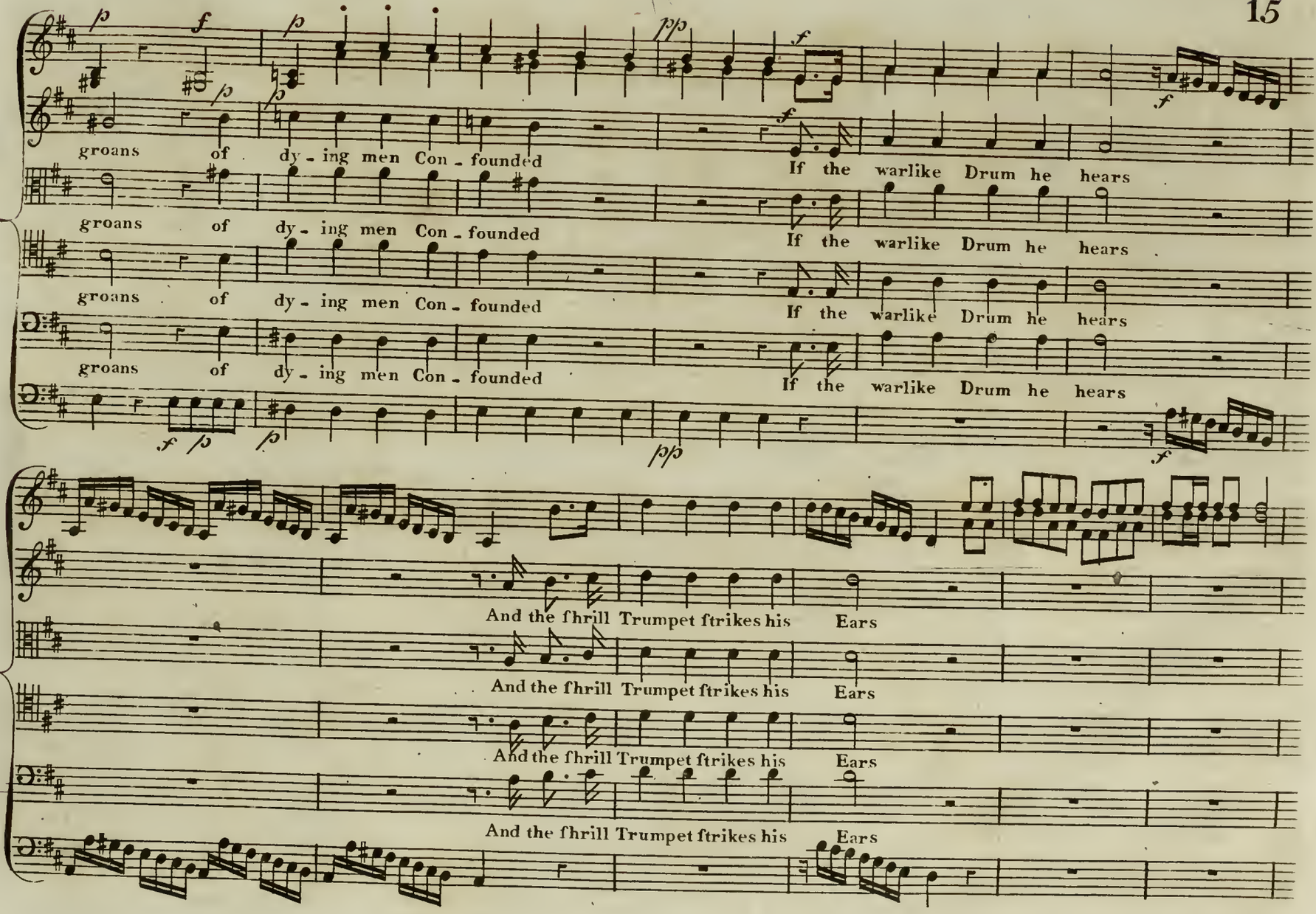
When the Soldier marches o'er the Crimfon field, Knee deep in gore, By

carnage and grim death Surround - ed and groans of dy - - ing Men Confound - ed groans

carnage and grim death Surround - ed and groans of dy - - ing Men Confound - ed groans

carnage and grim death Surround - ed and groans of dy - - ing Men Confound - ed groans

carnage and grim death Surround - ed and groans of dy - - ing Men Confound - ed groans


groans of dy - ing men Con - founded
If the warlike Drum he hears
groans of dy - ing men Con - founded
If the warlike Drum he hears
groans of dy - ing men Con - founded
If the warlike Drum he hears
groans of dy - ing men Con - founded
If the warlike Drum he hears
And the ſhrill Trumpet ſtrikes his Ears
And the ſhrill Trumpet ſtrikes his Ears
And the ſhrill Trumpet ſtrikes his Ears
And the ſhrill Trumpet ſtrikes his Ears

Rouf'd by the Spirit ftirring tones Mufick's influ - ence he owns, his luf - ty Heart beats quick and high

Rouf'd by the Spirit ftirring tones Mufick's influ - ence he owns, his luf - ty Heart beats quick and high

Rouf'd by the Spirit ftirring tones Mufick's influ - ence he owns, his luf - ty Heart beats quick and high

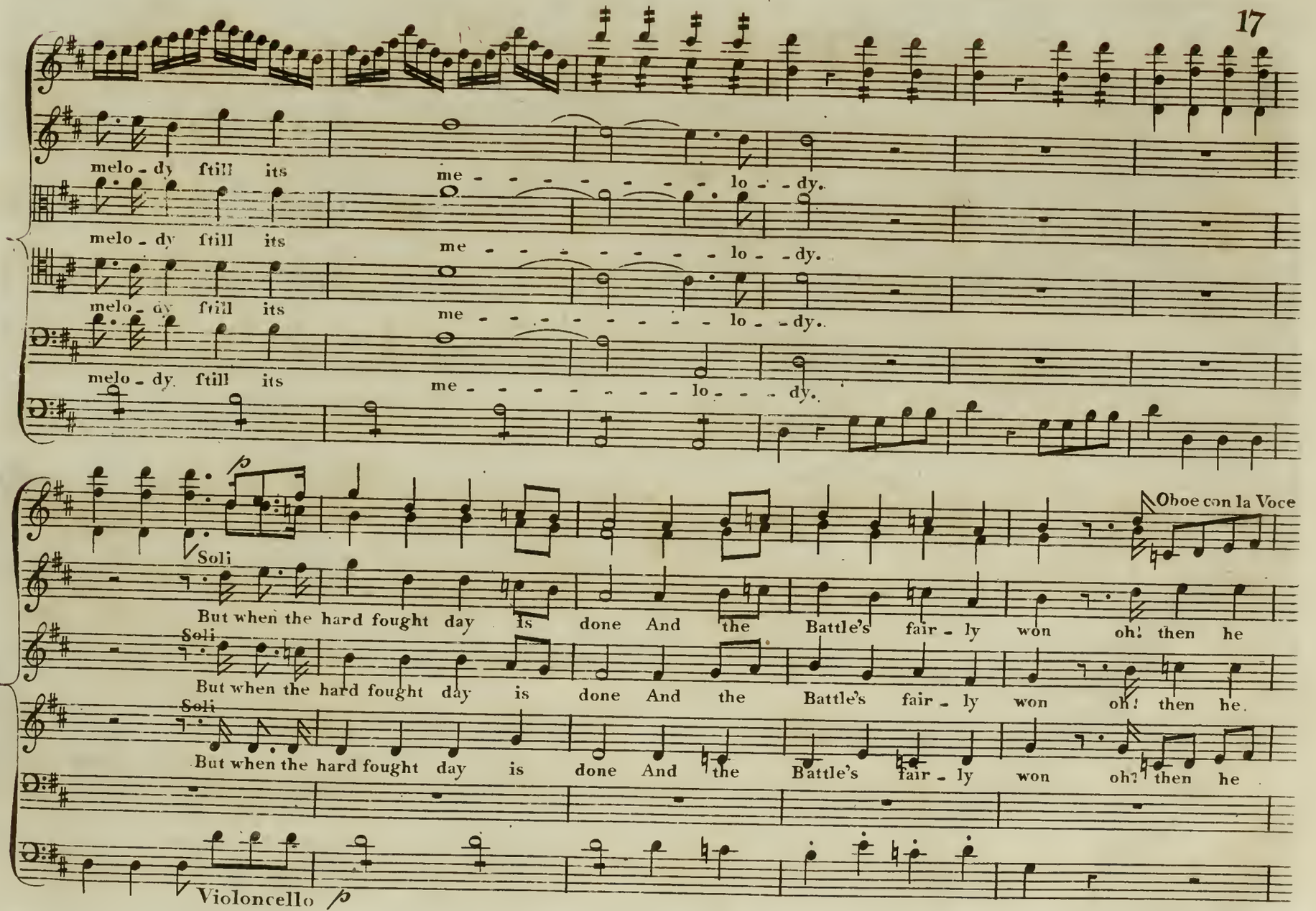
Rouf'd by the Spirit ftirring tones Mufick's influ - ence he owns, his luf - ty Heart beats quick and high

war has ftill its melo - dy War war war has ftill its

war has ftill its melo - dy War war war has ftill its

war has ftill its melo - dy War war war has ftill its

war has ftill its melo - dy War war war has ftill its


melo - dy ſtill its me - - - - - - - - lo - - dy.
melo - dy ſtill its me - - - - - - - - lo - - dy.
melo - dy ſtill its me - - - - - - - - lo - - dy.
melo - dy ſtill its me - - - - - - - - lo - - - dy.
Soli
But when the hard fought day is done And the Battle's fair - ly won oh! then he
Oboe con la Voce
Soli
But when the hard fought day is done And the Battle's fair - ly won oh! then he
Soli
But when the hard fought day is done And the Battle's fair - ly won oh! then he
Violoncello

trolls the jolly jolly note in Tri - umph thro' his ruf - ty throat, And all the ſto - ry of the

trolls the jolly jolly note in Tri - umph thro' his ruf - ty throat,

trolls the jolly jolly note in Tri - umph thro' his ruf - ty throat,

Fife

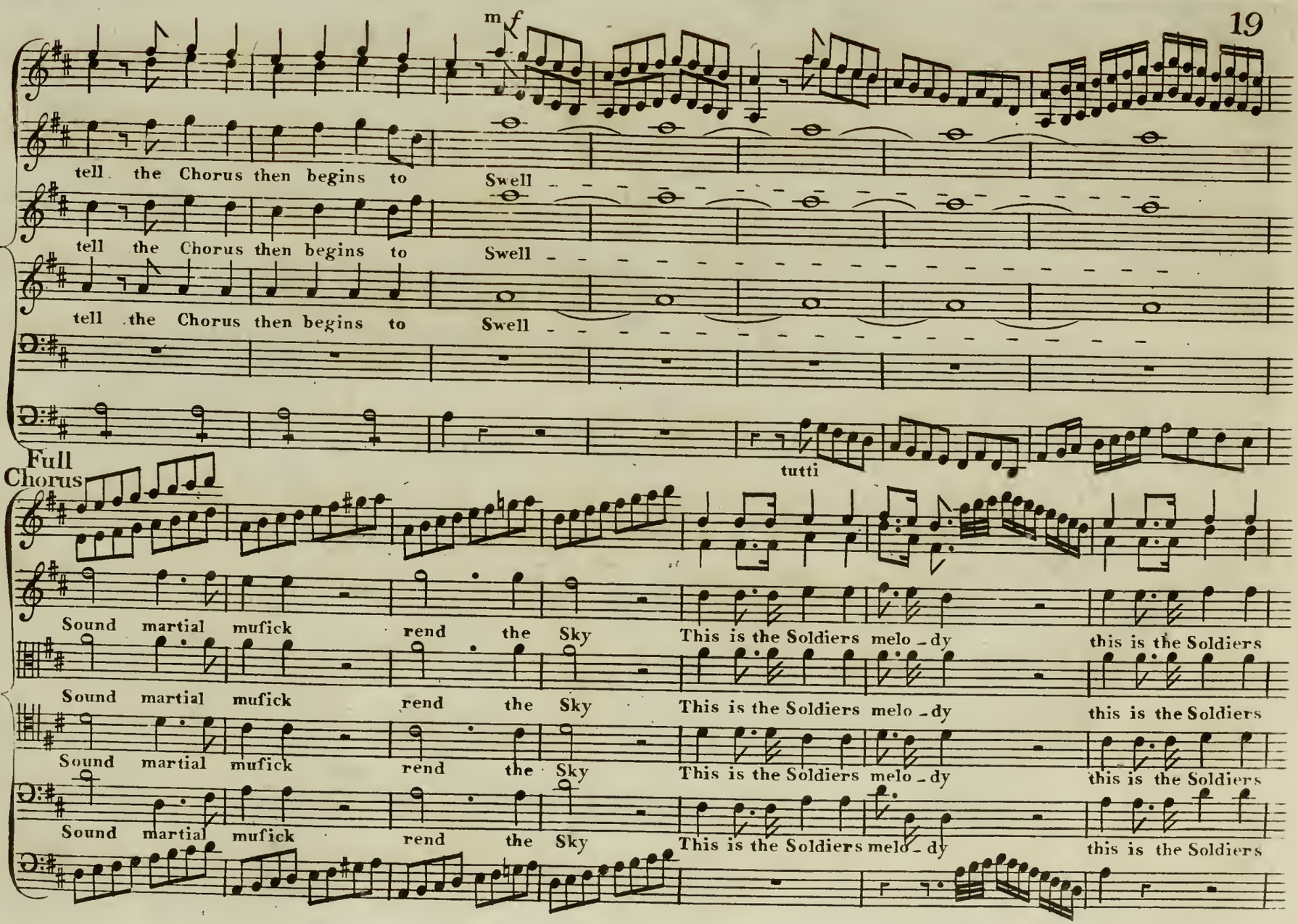
ſtrife he Car - rols to the merry merry Fife - - - - - - -

His Camrades join their feats to

His Camrades join their feats to

His Camrades join their feats to

p


mf
tell the Chorus then begins to Swell
tell the Chorus then begins to Swell
tell the Chorus then begins to Swell
tutti
Full Chorus
Sound martial mufick rend the Sky
This is the Soldiers melo-dy
this is the Soldiers
Sound martial mufick rend the Sky
This is the Soldiers melo-dy
this is the Soldiers
Sound martial mufick rend the Sky
This is the Soldiers melo-dy
this is the Soldiers
Sound martial mufick rend the Sky
This is the Soldiers melo-dy
this is the Soldiers

melo - dy this this this this is a Soldiers . melo - dy this

melo - dy this this this this is a Soldiers melo - dy this

melo - dy this this this this is a Soldiers melo - dy this

melo - dy this this this this is a Soldiers melo - dy this

this is the Soldiers me - - - - lo - - - dy.

this is the Soldiers me - - - - lo - - - dy.

this is the Soldiers me - - - - lo - - - dy.

this is the Soldiers me - - - - lo - - - dy.

End of 1.ft Act.

DUETTO

Sung by Mr Bannifter and Mrs Bland.

Moderato

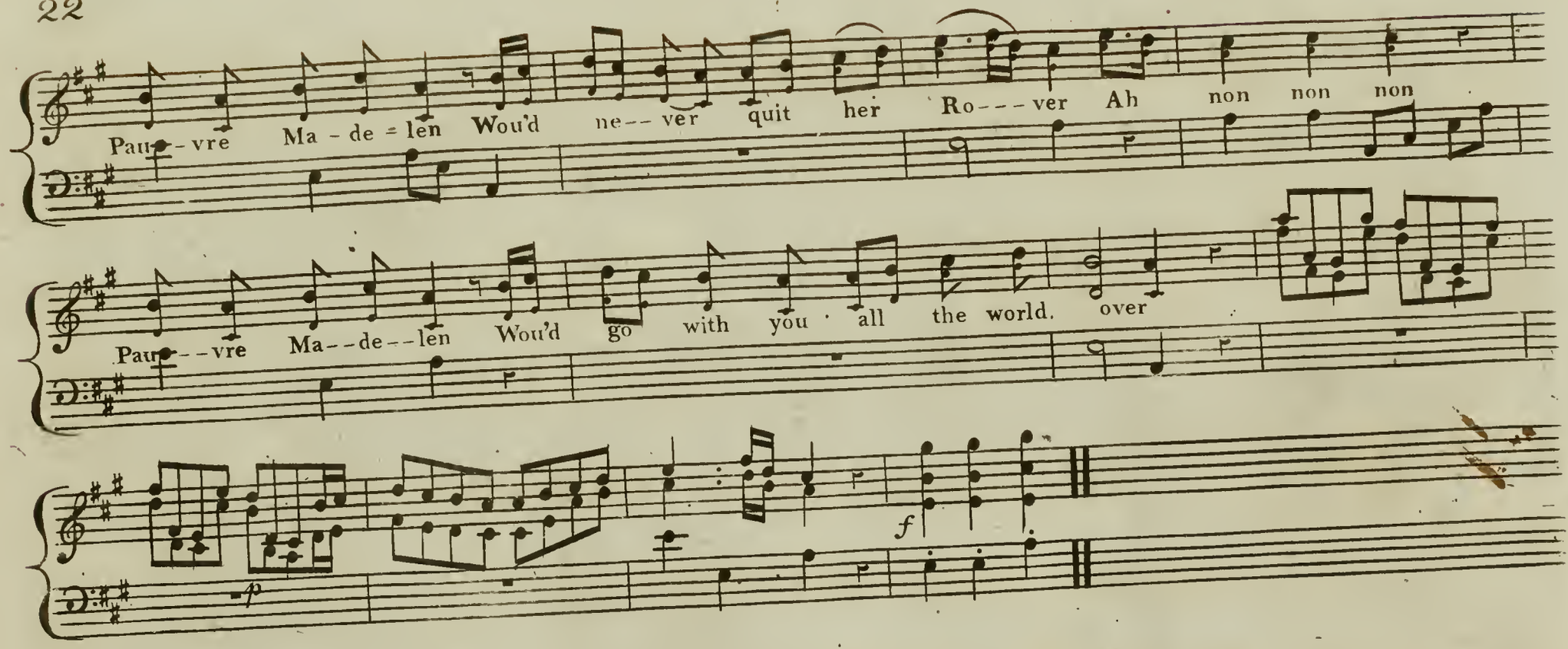
MADELEN

Cou'd you to Bat - tle

march a - way And leave me here com- - plain - - - - ing Cou'd you to Bat - - tle

march a - way And leave me here com- - - - plain - - ing Im ſure 'twou'd break my

heart to ſtay When you were gone cam- - - - pain- - - - - ing Ah non non non



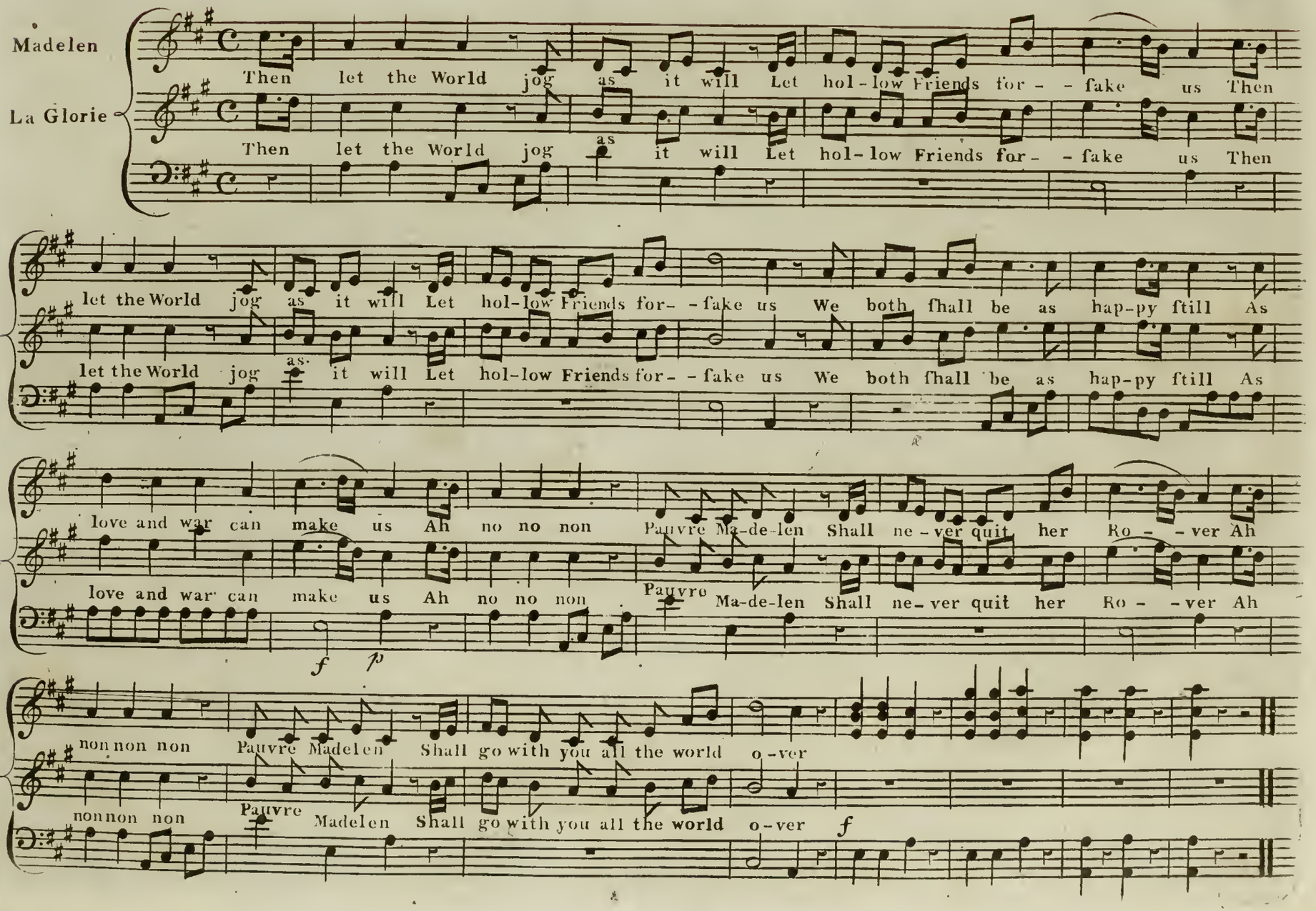
La Glorie

2

Cheer cheer my Love you ſhall not grieve
A Soldier true you'll find me
I cou'd not have the Heart to leave
My little Girl behind me
Ah non non non Pauvre Madelen
Shall never quit her Rover
Ah non non non Pauvre Madelen
Shall go with me all the World over

3

And can you to the Battle go
To Womens fears a ſtranger
Madelen No fears my Breaſt will ever know
But when my Love's in danger
Ah non non non Pauvre Madelen
Will never quit her Rover
Ah non non non Pauvre Madelen
Will go with you all the World over


Madelen
La Glorie
Then let the World jog as it will Let hol-low Friends for- - fake us Then
Then let the World jog as it will Let hol-low Friends for- - fake us Then
let the World jog as it will Let hol-low Friends for- - fake us We both fhall be as hap-py ftill As
let the World jog as it will Let hol-low Friends for- - fake us We both fhall be as hap-py ftill As
love and war can make us Ah no no non Pauvre Ma-de-len Shall ne-ver quit her Ro - - ver Ah
love and war can make us Ah no no non Pauvre Ma-de-len Shall ne-ver quit her Ro - - ver Ah
f p
non non non Pauvre Madelen Shall go with you all the world o-ver
non non non Pauvre Madelen Shall go with you all the world o-ver
f

52181

Sung by Mrs Bland

Vivace

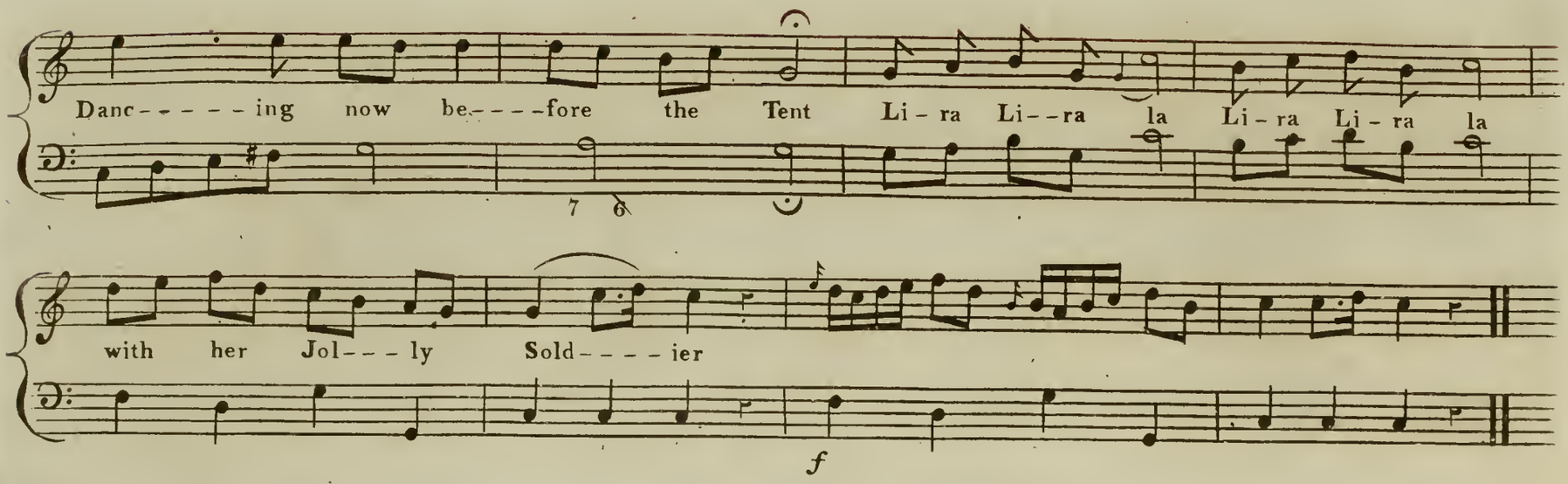
MADELEN

Lit - tle think the Towns - mans Wife

while at home ſhe tar - - - ries what muſt be the Laſs - - - es Life

who a Sol - - dier mar - - - - ries Now with wea - - ry marh - - ing ſpent

7 6



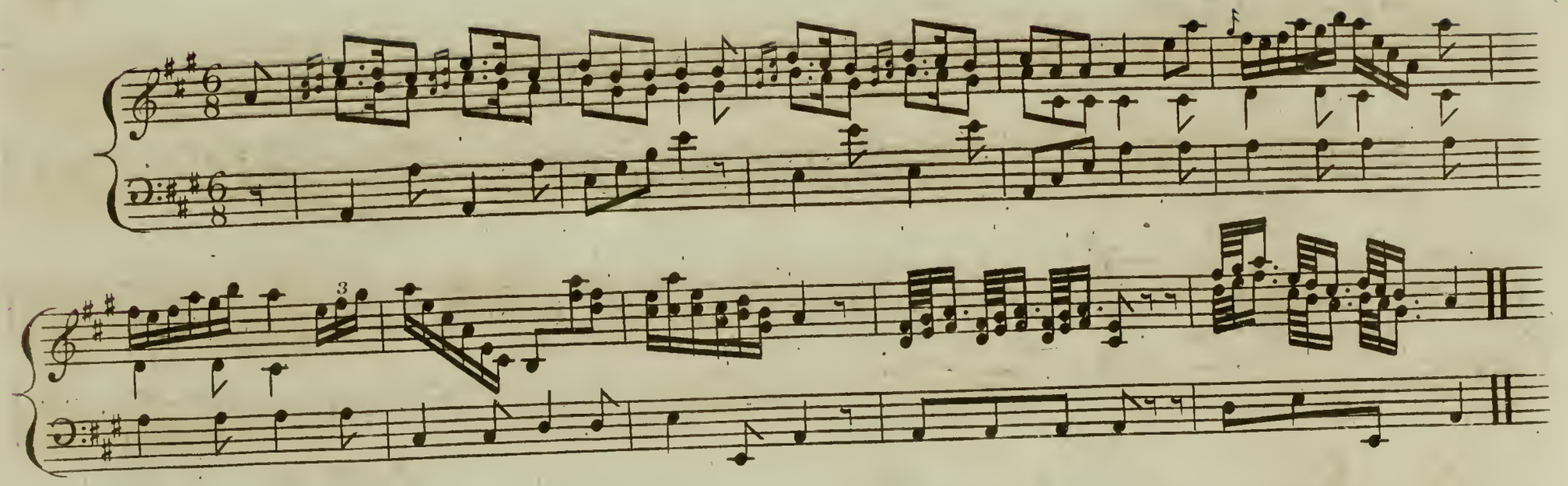
2

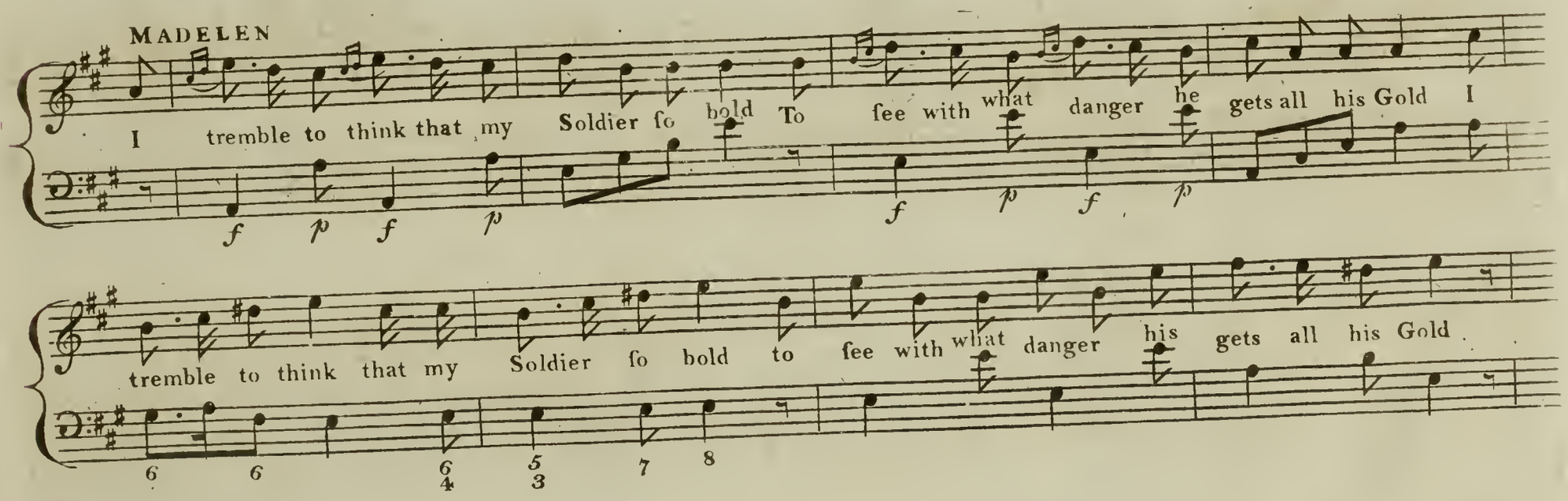
In the Camp at Night he lies
Wind and Wether ſcorning
Only griev'd her love muſt riſe
And quit her in the Morning
But the doubtfull Skirmiſh done
Blithe ſhe Sings at ſet of Sun
Lira Lira Lira la Lira Lira Lira
With her jolly Soldier

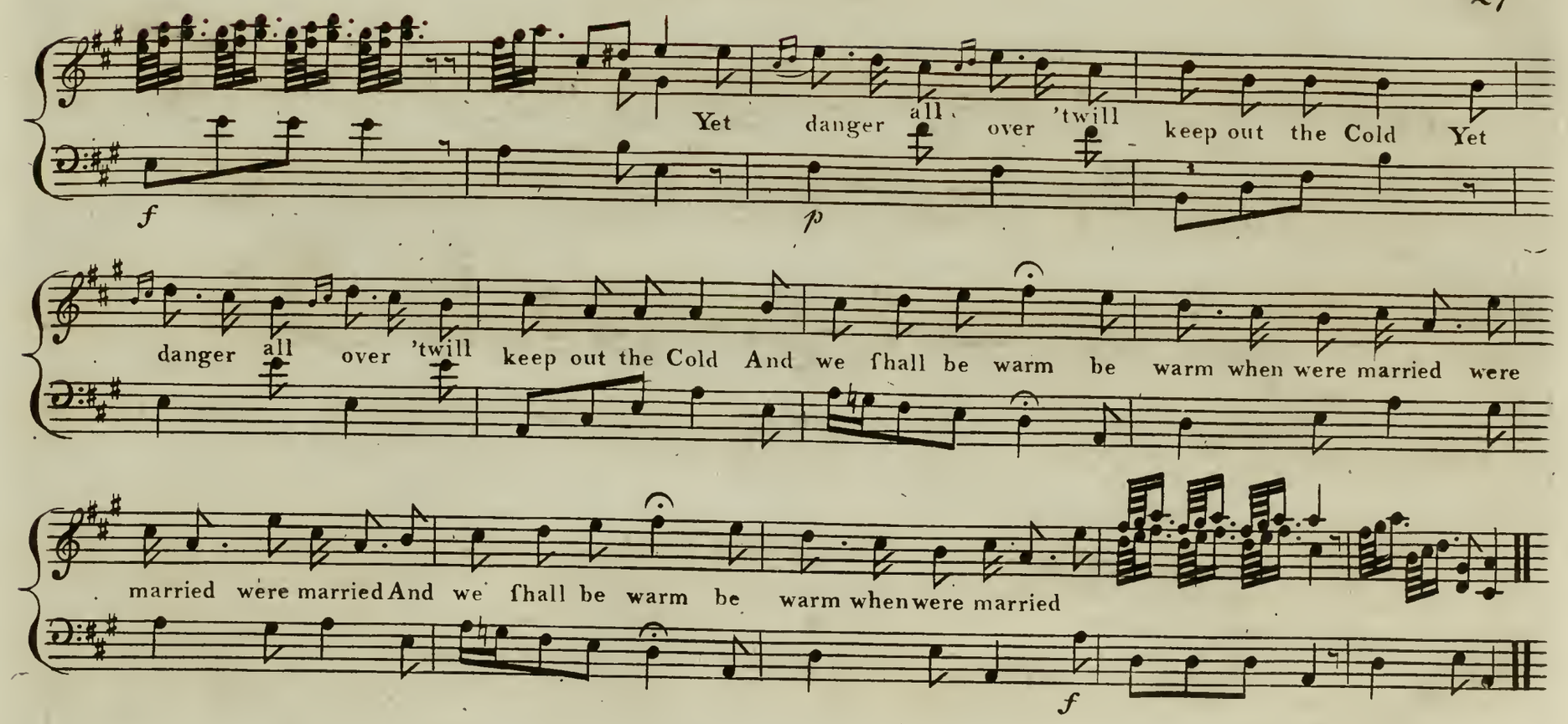
3

Should the Captain of her Dear
Uſe his Vain endeavours
Whiſpring nonſence in her Ear
Two fond Hearts to ſever
At his paſsion ſhe will ſcoff
Laughing thus ſhell put him off
Lira Lira Lira la Lira Lira Lira la
For her jolly Soldier

Sung by Mrs Bland.







2

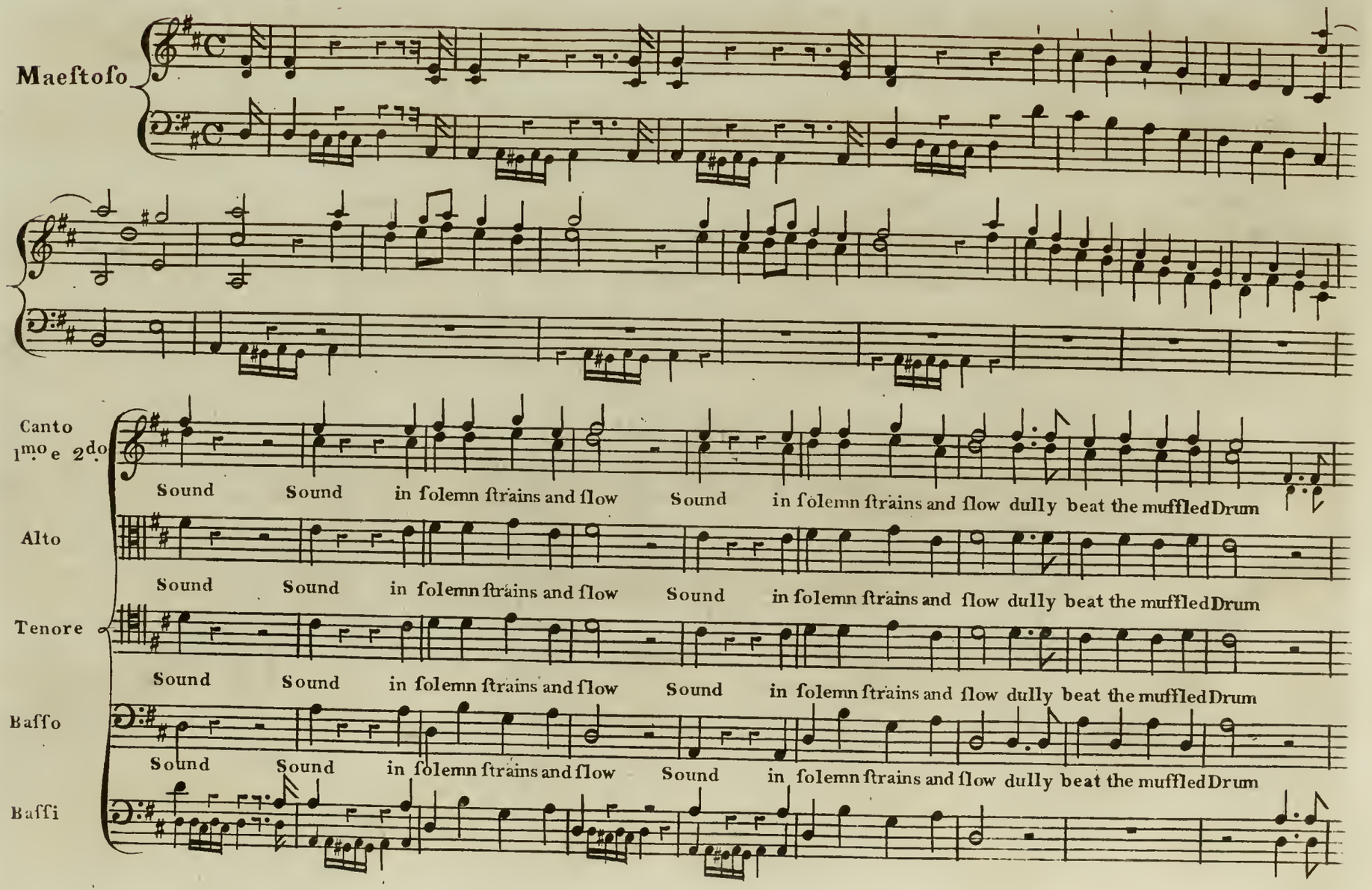
For Riches 'tis true that I covet them not
Unleſs 'tis to better my dear Soldier's lot
And he ſhall be Maſter of all I have got
The very firſt Moment wer'e married

3

My Heart how it beats but to look to the Day
In Church when my Father will give me away
But that I ſhall laugh at I've heard many ſay
A Day or two after wer'e married

MARCH

when the Queen enters


Maeſtoſo
Canto 1mo e 2do
Sound Sound in ſolemn ſtrains and ſlow Sound in ſolemn ſtrains and ſlow dully beat the muffled Drum
Alto
Sound Sound in ſolemn ſtrains and ſlow Sound in ſolemn ſtrains and ſlow dully beat the muffled Drum
Tenore
Sound Sound in ſolemn ſtrains and ſlow Sound in ſolemn ſtrains and ſlow dully beat the muffled Drum
Baſſo
Sound Sound in ſolemn ſtrains and ſlow Sound in ſolemn ſtrains and ſlow dully beat the muffled Drum
Baſſi

bid the hollow Trumpet blow - - - - - - the muffled Drum the Trumpet blow

bid the hollow Trumpet blow - - - - - - the muffled Drum the Trumpet blow

bid the hollow Trumpet blow - - - - - - the muffled Drum the Trumpet blow

bid the hollow Trumpet blow - - - - - - the muffled Drum the Trumpet blow

Trumpets

in deadned Tones firm and low clear firm and low for fee the Patriot Heroes come the

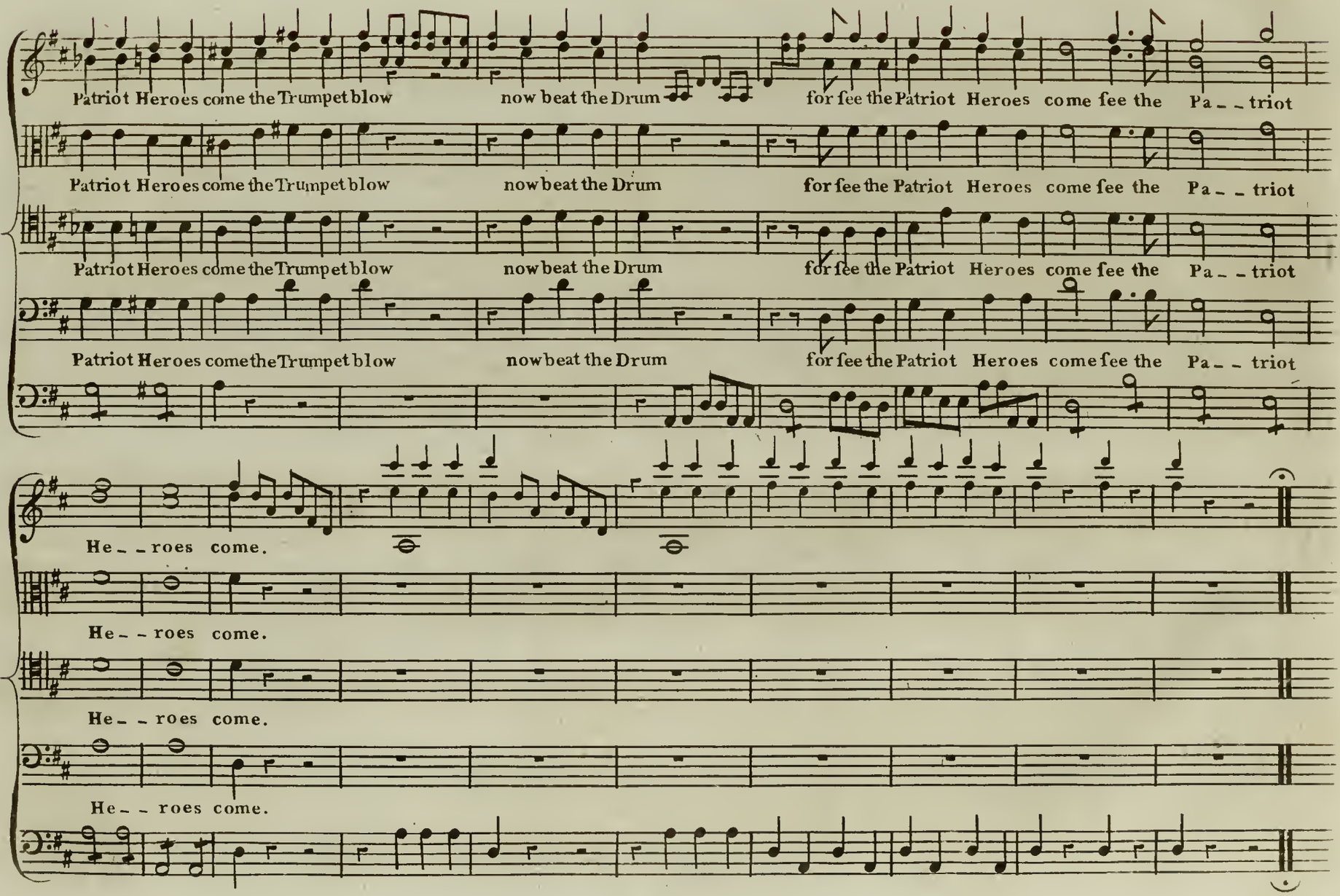
in deadned Tones firm and low clear firm and low for fee the Patriot Heroes come the

in deadned Tones firm and low clear firm and low for fee the Patriot Heroes come the

in deadned Tones firm and low clear firm and low for fee the Patriot Heroes come the

unis

5 6 6


Patriot Heroes come the Trumpet blow
now beat the Drum
for see the Patriot Heroes come see the Pa_ _ triot
Patriot Heroes come the Trumpet blow
now beat the Drum
for see the Patriot Heroes come see the Pa_ _ triot
Patriot Heroes come the Trumpet blow
now beat the Drum
for see the Patriot Heroes come see the Pa_ _ triot
Patriot Heroes come the Trumpet blow
now beat the Drum
for see the Patriot Heroes come see the Pa_ _ triot
He_ _ roes come.
He_ _ roes come.
He_ _ roes come.
He_ _ roes come.

in future years green in a Natons gra_titude in gratitude and

recorded ſtill in future years in gratitude and

recorded ſtill re_corded ſtill in future years green in a Natons gra_titude in gratitude and

recorded ſtill in future years re_corded ſtill in future years green in a Natons gra_titude in gratitude and

Tears green in a nations gra_ti_tude in gra_ti_tude and Tears.

Tears green in a nations gra_ti_tude in gra_ti_tude and Tears.

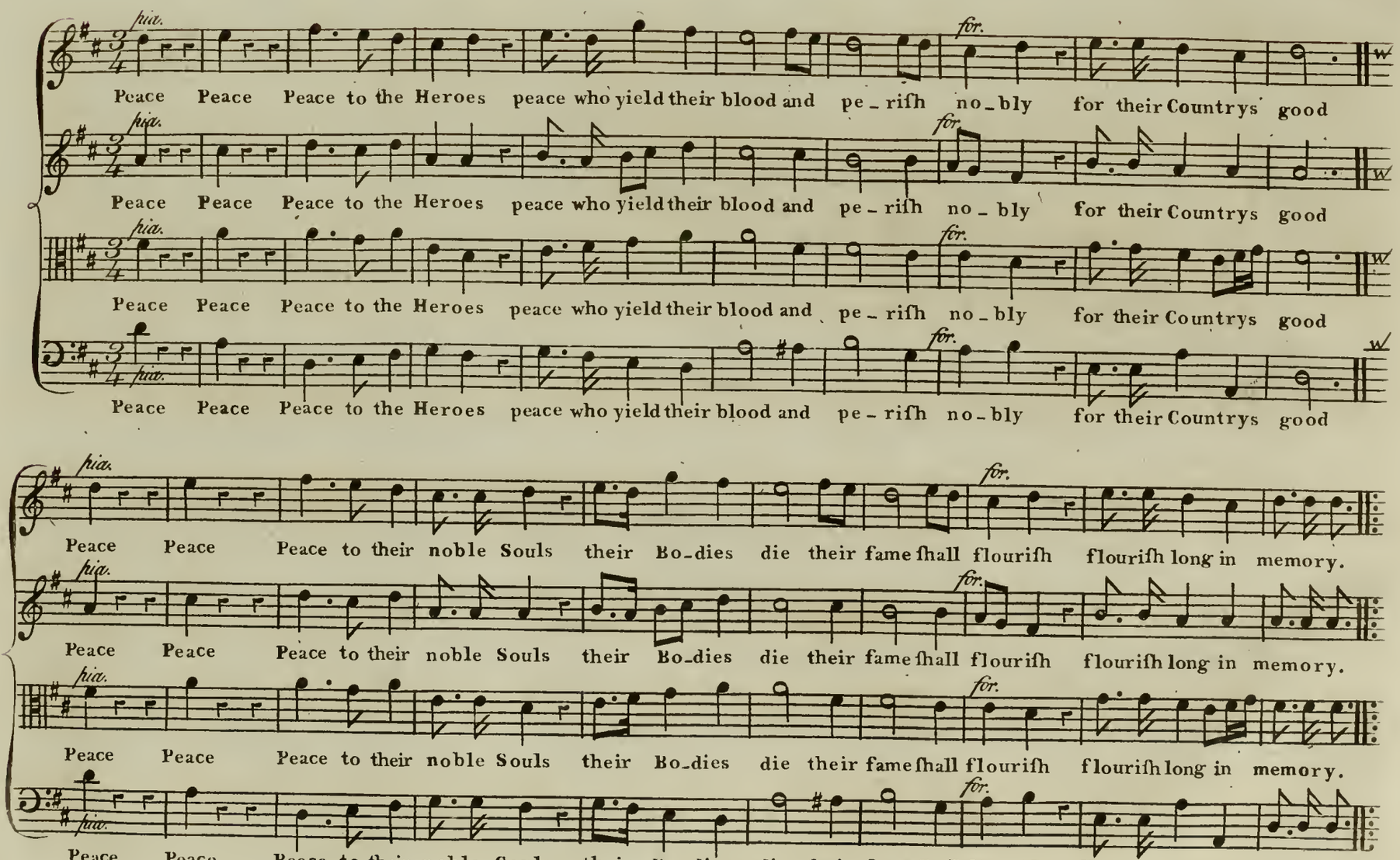
Tears green in a nations gra_ti_tude in gra_ti_tude and Tears.

Tears green in a nations gra_ti_tude in gra_ti_tude and Tears.

al Segno

End of 2d. Act.

GLEE. Sung by Mrs Banniſter Mrs Iliff Mrs Taylor Mrs Edwards Horſfall and Linton.

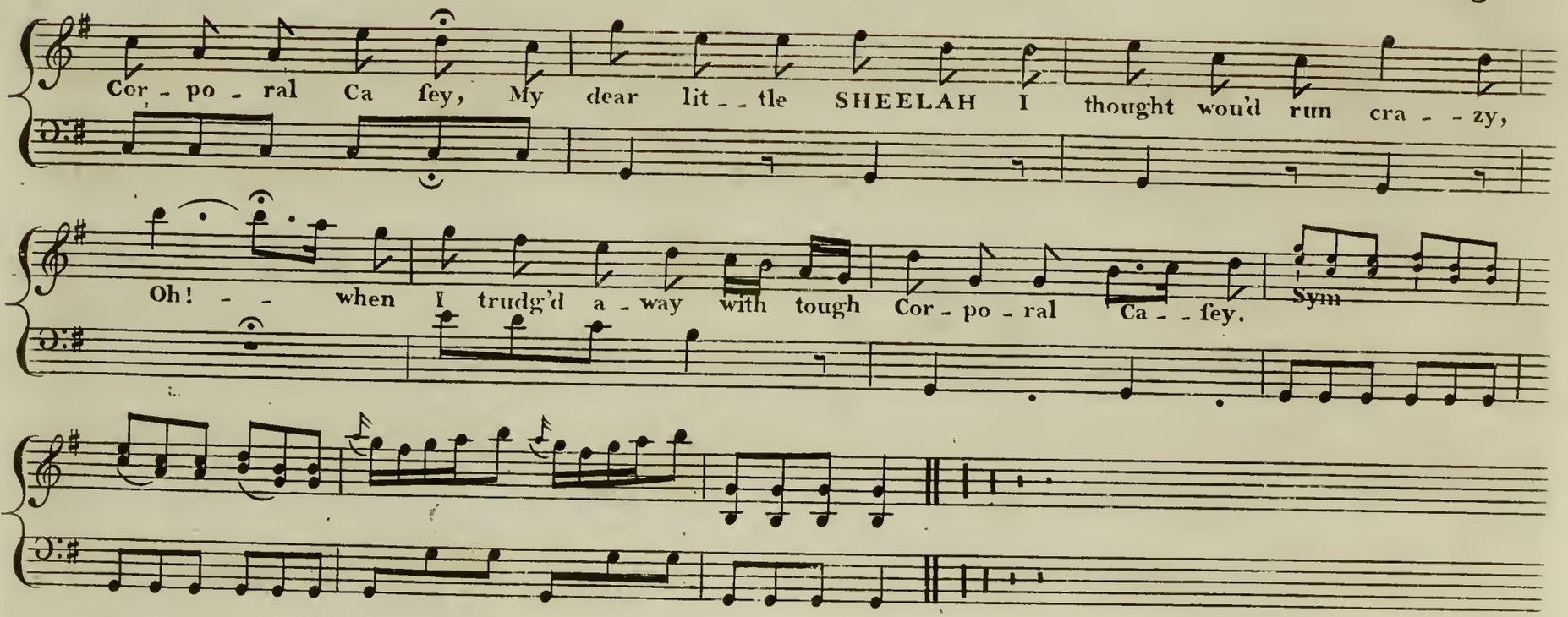


Sung by M^r. Johnstone.

Vivace

O' Carrol.

When I was at home I was mer - ry and frif - ky, My Dad kept a Pig and my Mo - ther fold Whif - ky, My Un - - cle was rich but wou'd ne - ver be ea - - fy 'Till I was en - lif - ted by Cor - po - ral Ca - - fey Oh! rub a dub, row de dow, Cor - po - ral Ca - - fey, Rub a dub, row de dow,



2

I march'd from Killkenney, and as I was thinking
On SHEELAH, my heart in my boſom was ſinking,
But ſoon I was forc'd to look freſh as a daiſy,
For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Caſey,
Och!—rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Caſey,
rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Caſey,
The Devil go with him, I ne'er cou'd be eaſy,
He ſtuck in my ſkirts ſo,— Old Corporal Caſey.

3

We went into Battle,— I took the blows fairly
That fell on my Pate, but they bother'd me rarely,
And who ſhou'd the firſt be that dropt why an't pleaſe ye,
It was my good friend,— Honeſt Corporal Caſey:
Rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Caſey,
Rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Caſey,
Thinks I you are quiet, and I ſhall be eaſy,
So eight years I fought without Corporal Caſey.

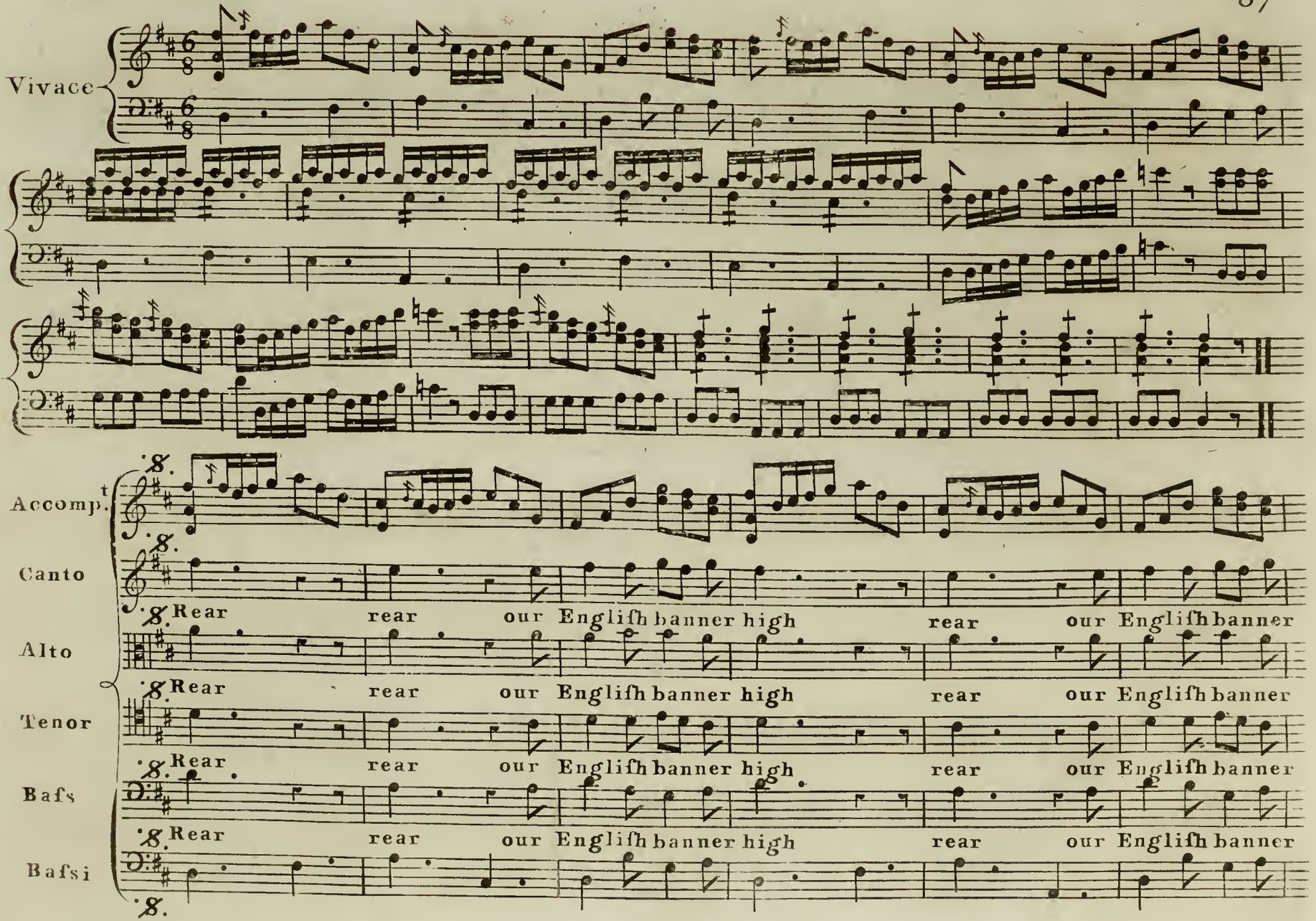
When the fix Citizens are led to execution.

March

pp

mf

f


Vivace
Accomp.t
Canto
Alto
Tenor
Bafs
Bafsi
Rear rear our Engliſh banner high rear our Engliſh banner
Rear rear our Engliſh banner high rear our Engliſh banner
Rear rear our Engliſh banner high rear our Engliſh banner
Rear rear our Engliſh banner high rear our Engliſh banner

high in to-ken proud of Vic-to-ry in to-ken proud of Vic--to--ry

high in to-ken proud of Vic-to-ry in to-ken proud of Vic--to--ry

high in to-ken proud of Vic-to-ry in to-ken proud of Vic--to--ry

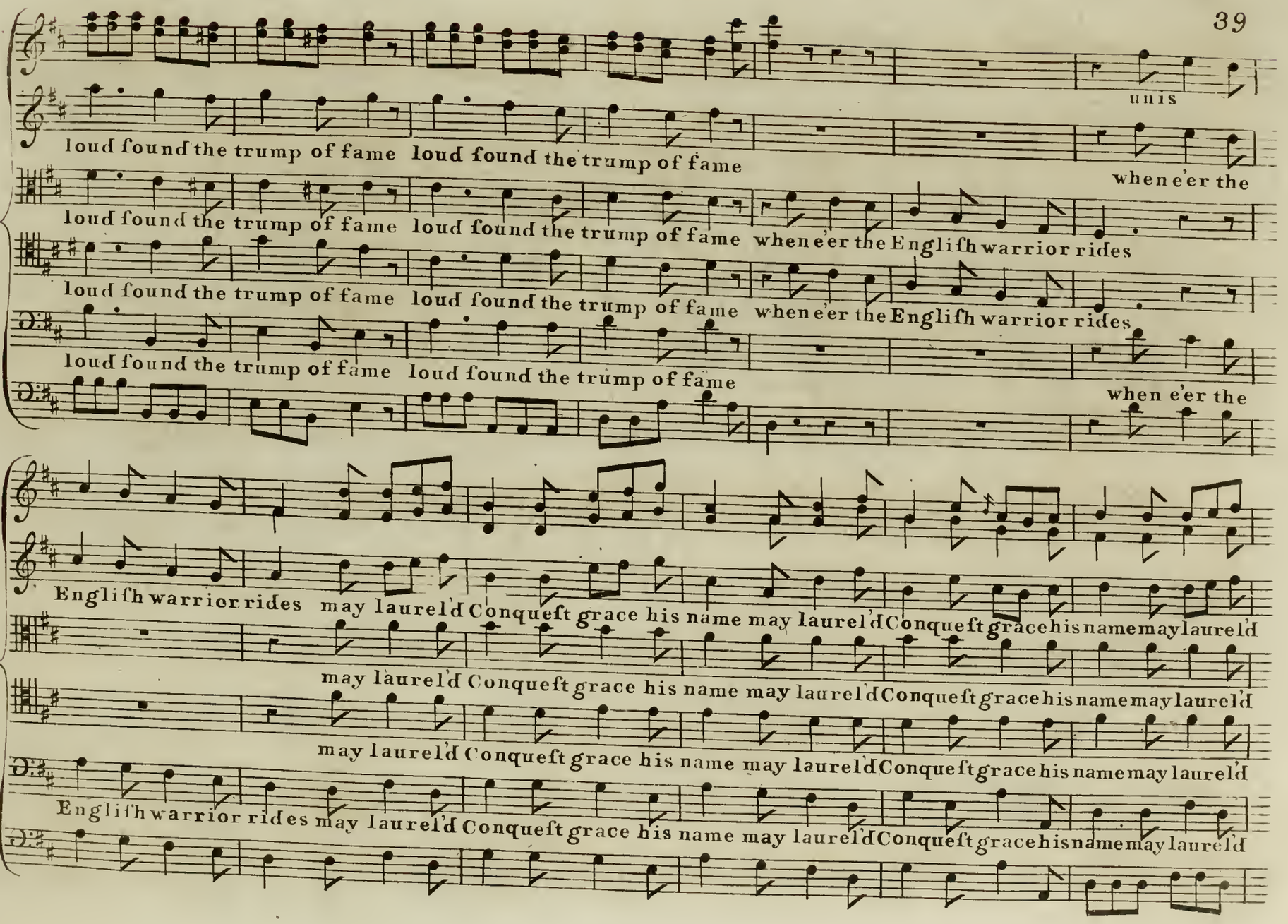
high in to-ken proud of Vic-to-ry in to-ken proud of Vic--to--ry

where e'er the God of Battle ſtrides--

where e'er the God of Battle ſtrides of Battle ſtrides--

of Battle ſtrides of Battle ſtrides--

where e'er the God of Battle ſtrides--


unis
loud found the trump of fame loud found the trump of fame
when e'er the
loud found the trump of fame loud found the trump of fame when e'er the Engliſh warrior rides
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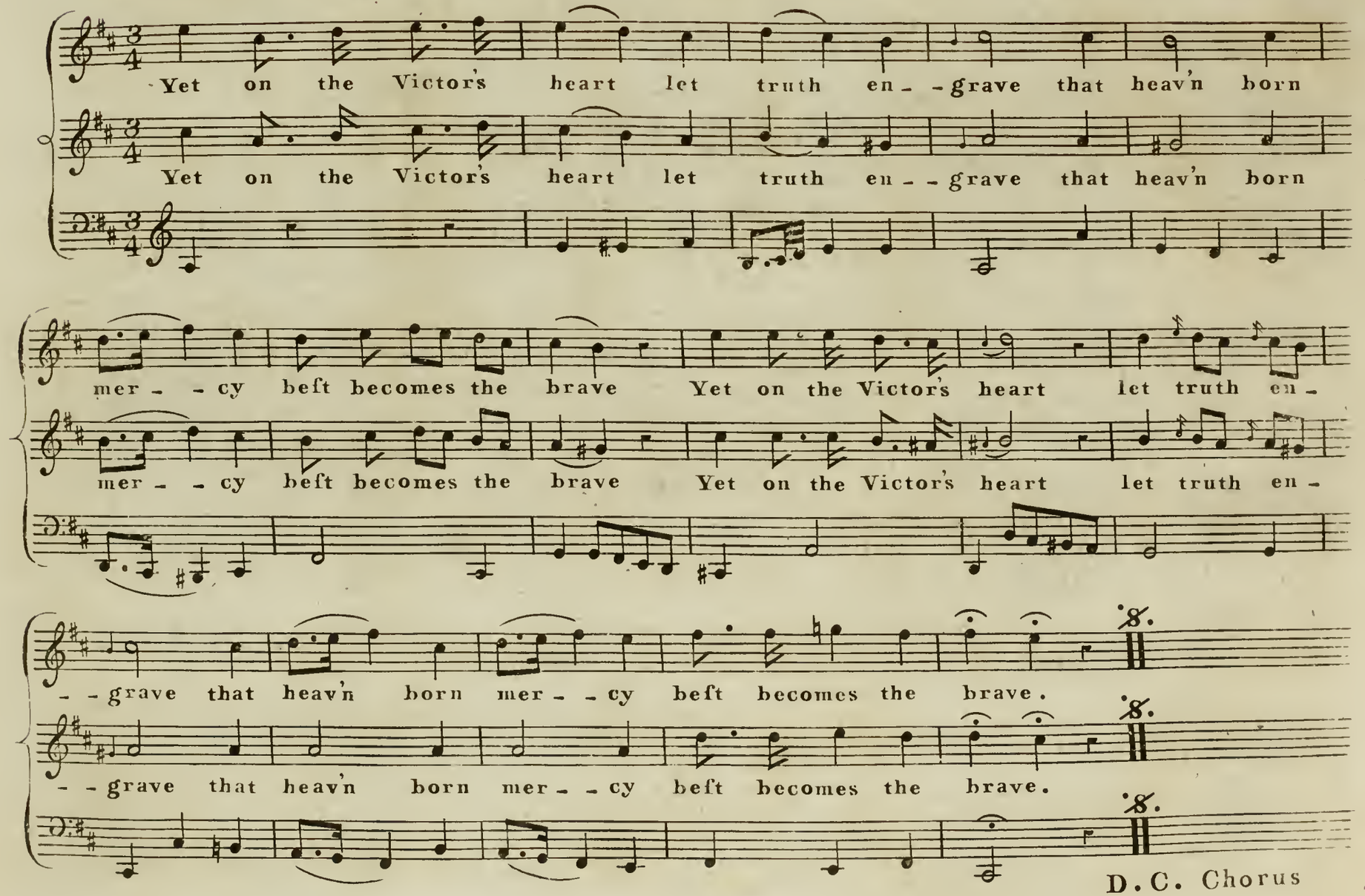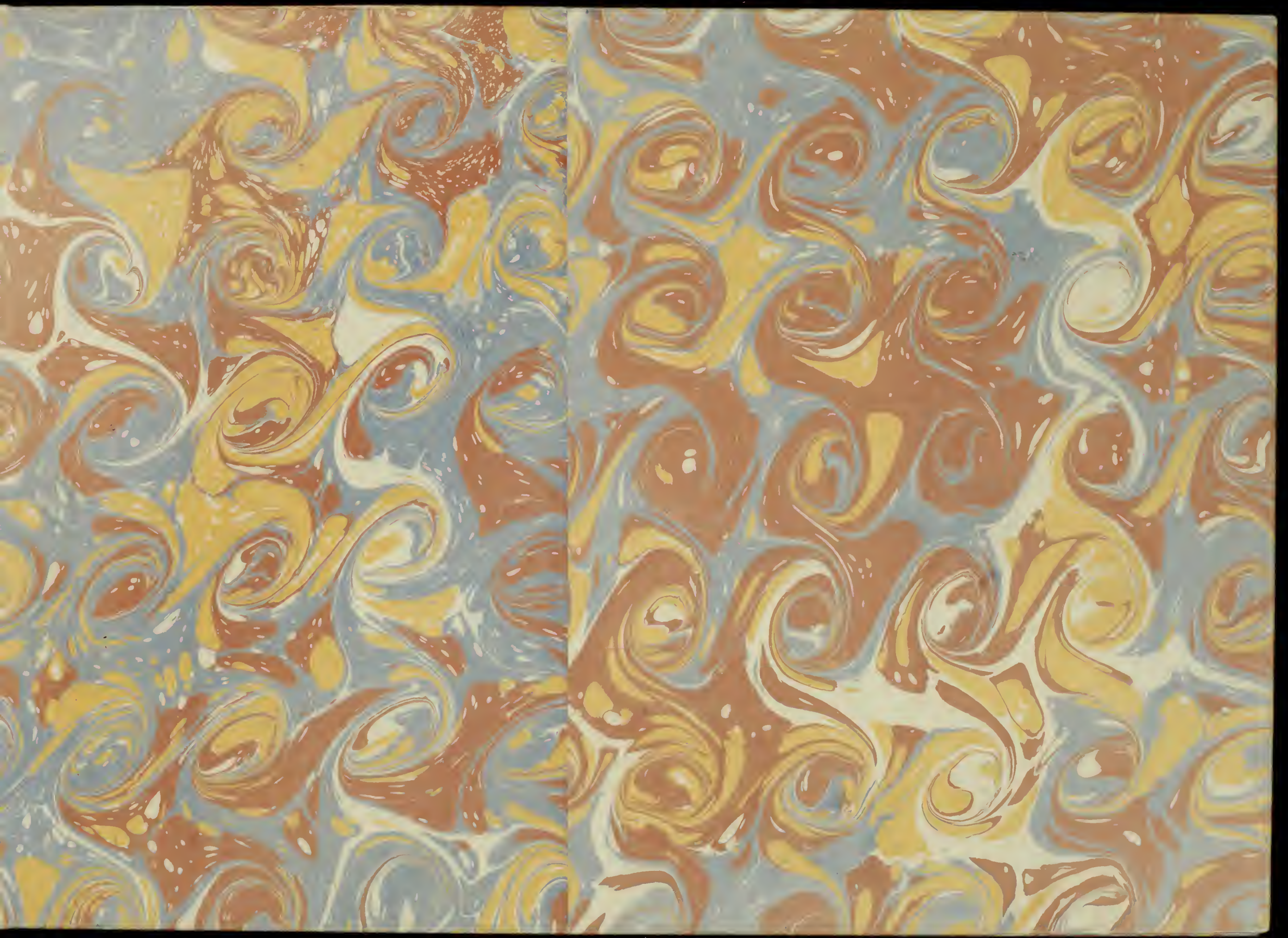
DUETTO Sung by M.rs Banniſter, M.rs Iliff, M.rs Edwards and M.rs Taylor.