The

BEGGARS OPERA,

as it is Perform'd at both

Theatres,

with the Additional Alterations by

Dr Arne,

for the

Voice

PIANO FORTE & VIOLIN,

The Basses entirely New,

Price 6s

LONDON

Published by G. Walker at his Music Warehouse 106 Gt Portland St.

INDEX TO THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

ACT I.

ACT II.

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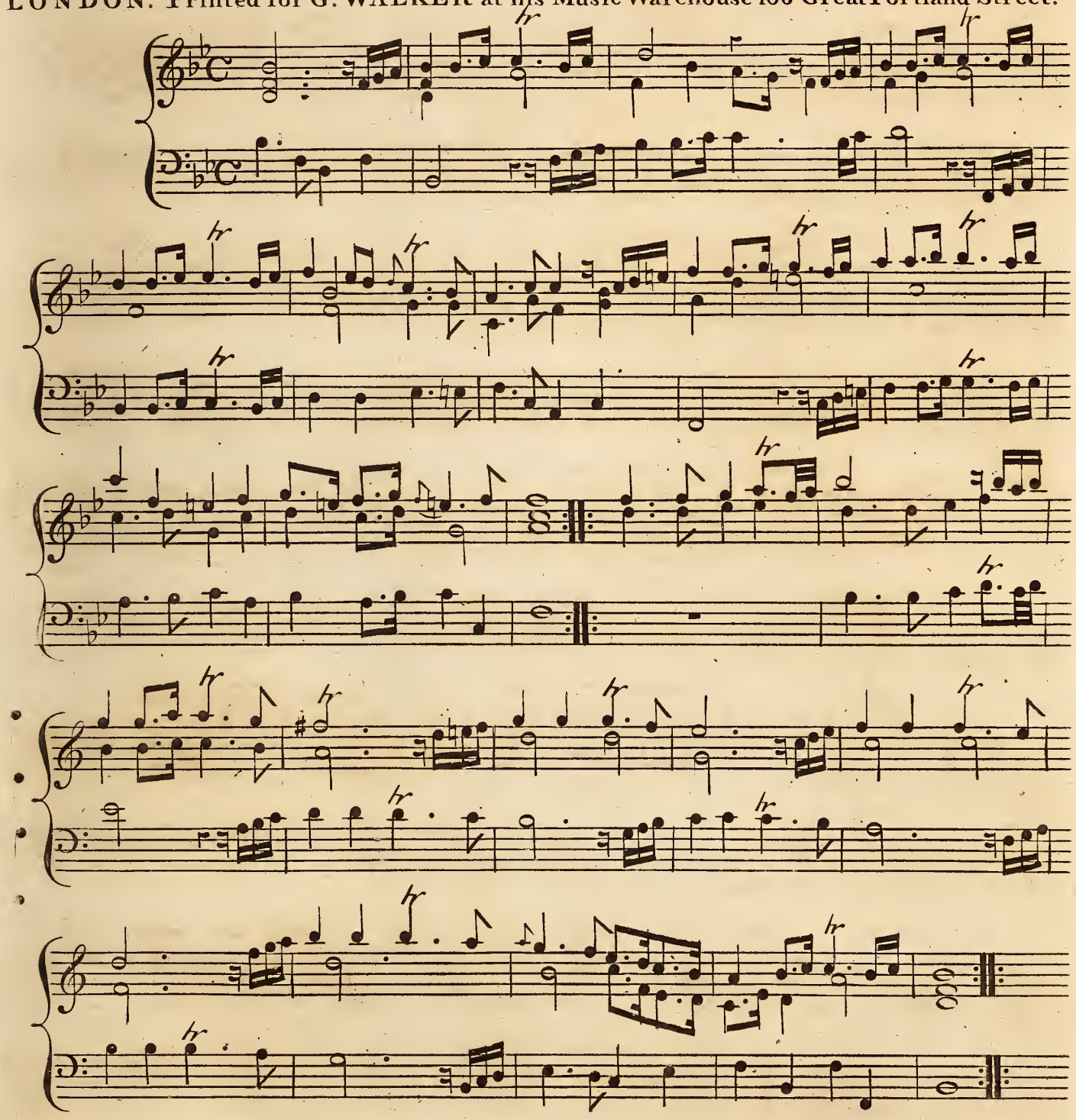
OVERTURE

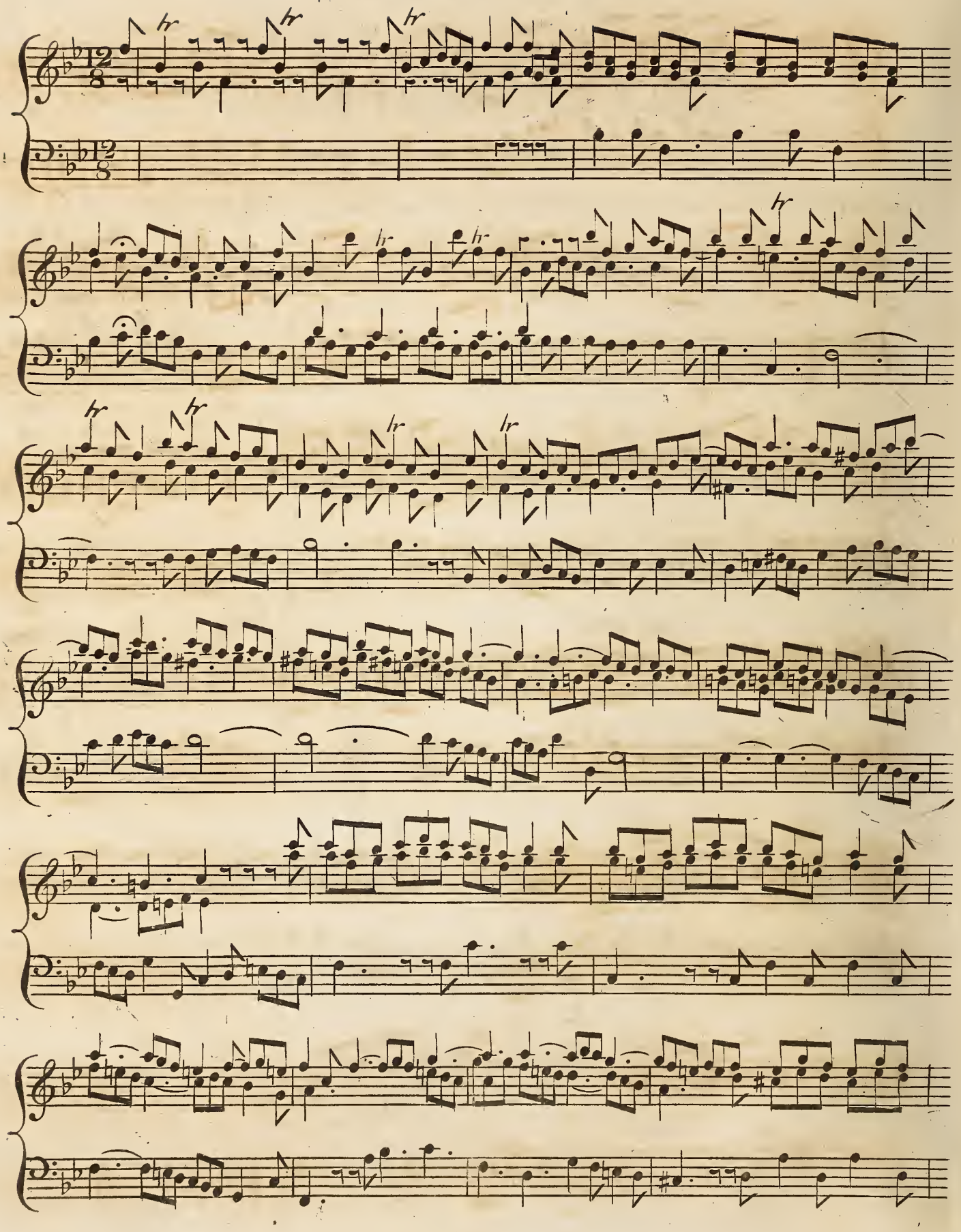
TO THE

BEGGAR'S OPERA.

COMPOSED BY Dr. ARNE. Price 1s.

LONDON. Printed for G. WALKER at his Music Warehouse 106 Great Portland Street.

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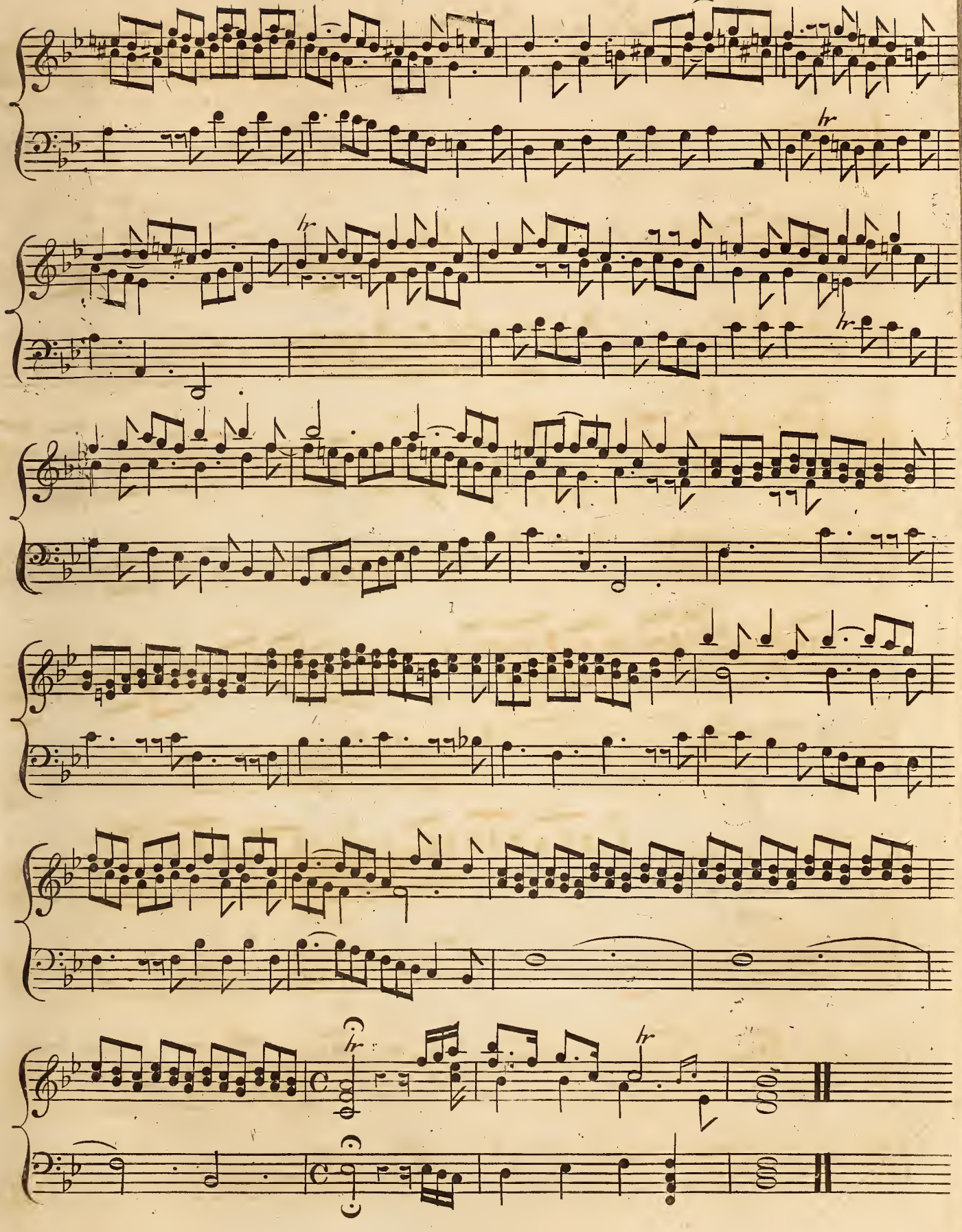
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PEACHUM.

Andante

Thro' all the Employments of Life: Each Neighbour a-buses his Brother Whore &

Rogue they call Husband and Wife, All pro-fessions berogue one a-no-ther.

The Priest calls the Lawyer a Cheat, The Lawyer beknaves the Di-vine, And the

Statesman, because He's so Great, Thinks his Trade as Honest as mine.

FILCH.

Allegro

'Tis Woman that se-du-ces all Mankind, by Her we first were taught the

wheedling Arts, Her ve-ry Eyes can cheat, when most shes kind. She tricks us of our Money

with our Hearts. For Her like wolves by night we roam for prey, And practice ev'ry Fraud to

bribe Her charms, For Suites of Love like Law are won by pay, And beauty must be feed in-to our Arms.

Mrs. PEACHUM

Andante

If any wench Venus gir-dle wear, Though She be ne-ver so Ug - - ly,

Lillies and Ro-ses will quickly ap-pear, and her face look wondrous smug-ly,

Be-neath the left Ear so fit for a Cord, A rope so charming a Zone is, The

Youth in his Cart hath the Air of a Lord, And we cry there dies an A-do - - nis

Mrs. PEACHUM.

Andante

If love the Virgin's Heart in - - vade, how like a Moth the simple

Maid; Still plays a - bout the Flame! If soon - - she be not made a

Wife, her Honour's stain'd, and then for life; She's what I dare not name.

Mrs. PEACHUM.

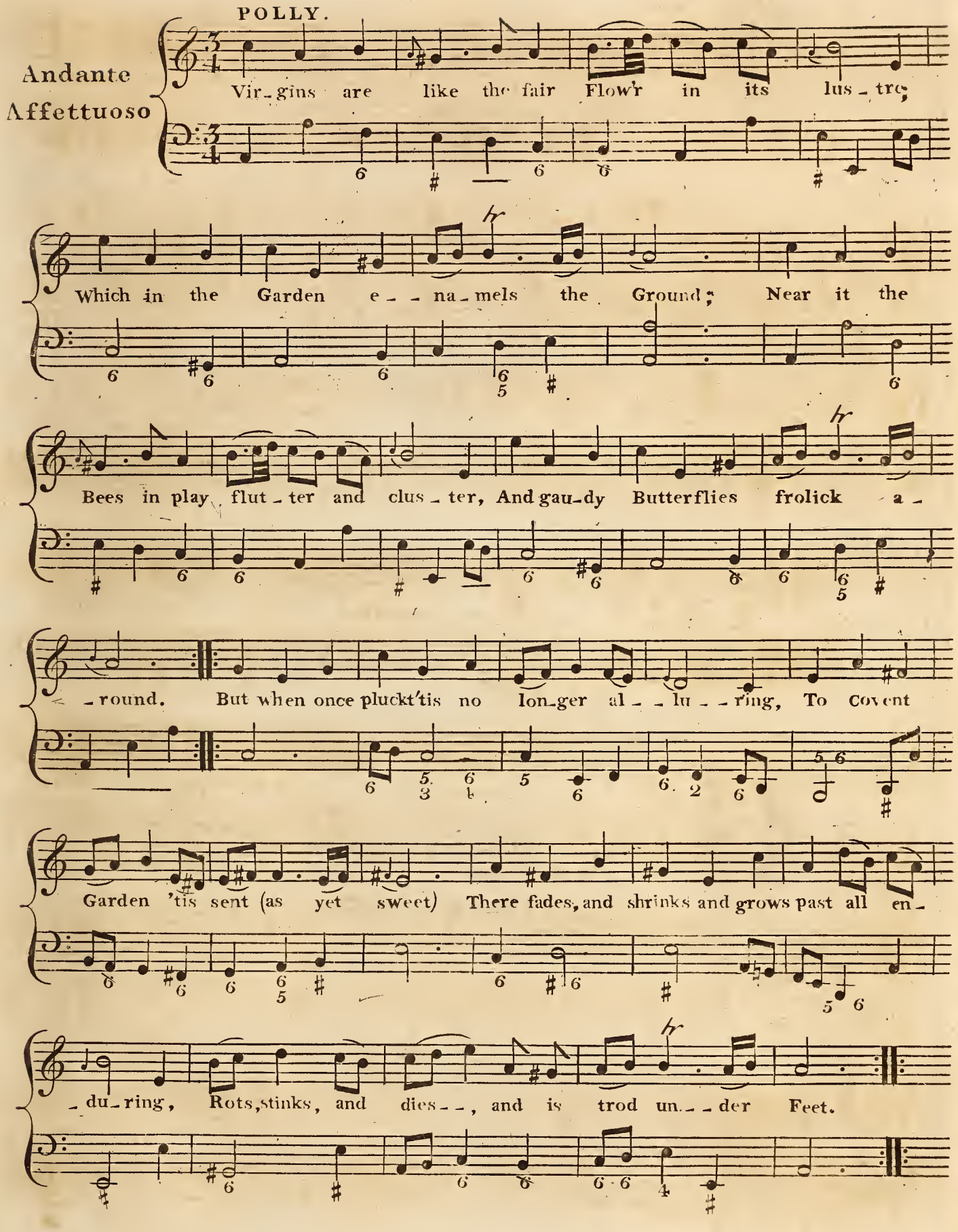
Allegro

A Maid is like the Golden Oar, Which hath Guineas in - trin - si - cal

in it, Whose worth is never known before it is try'd and imprest in the Mint.

A Wife's like a Guinea in gold, Stampt with the Name of her Spouse; Now

here, now there, is bought or is sold; And is currant in e - ve - ry House.


POLLY.
Andante Affettuoso
Vir_gins are like the fair Flow'r in its lus_tre;
Which in the Garden e_ _na_mels the Ground; Near it the
Bees in play flut_ter and clus_ter, And gau_dy Butterflies frolick a_
_round. But when once pluckt'tis no lon_ger al_ _lu_ _ring, To Covent
Garden 'tis sent (as yet sweet) There fades, and shrinks and grows past all en_
_du_ring, Rots, stinks, and dies_ _, and is trod un_ _der Feet.

Mrs PEACH:

Allegro Assai

Our Polly is a sad Slut! nor heeds what we have taught her, I wonder a-ny

Man alive will ever rear a Daughter For She must have both Hoods and Gowns & Hoops to swell her

Pride with Scarfs and Stays, and Gloves and Lace, And Shell have Men be-side, And when Shes drest with

care and cost, all tempting fine and Gay, As Men would serve a Cucumber She throws herself a-way

POLLY

Larghetto

Can Love be con-trould by ad-vice, Will Cu-pid our Mo-thers o-

-bey, Tho' my Heart were as frozen as Ice, At his Suit would have melted a-way

When he Kist me, so closely he prest, 'Twas so sweet that I must have com-ply'd, So I

thought it both safest and best, To mar - ry for fear you shou'd chide

Mrs PEACH:

Andante

Allegro

O Polly you migt have toy'd and kist By keeping Men off you keep them on

POLLY

But he so teaz'd me and he so pleas'd me, what I did you must have done.

POLLY

Allegro

I like a Ship in storms was tost, Yet afraid to put in to Land, For

seiz'd in the Port the Ves - sels lost, whose trea - sure is con - tre - band The

waves are laid, My du - ty's paid, O joy beyond Ex - pression, Thus safe ashore, I

ask no more, My all is in my possession, possession, My all is in my pos - session

POLLY

Largo

Oh Ponder well, be not severe; So save a wretched Wife! For on the Rope that Hangs my dear, De-pends poor Polly's Life.

N.B. This Song is repeated first to the Mother & then the Fater

POLLY

Allegro

The Turtle thus with plain-tive crying, her Lo--ver dy-ing, The Tur-tle thus with plain-tive cry-ing, la-ments her Dove. Down she drops quite spent with sigh-ing, pair'd in Death as pair'd in Love.

MACH:

Allegro Moderato

Pretty Polly say when I was a-way, did your fancy never stray to some newer

POLLY

Lo-ver. with out disguise heaving sighs doating Eyes, My con-stant Heart dis-

MACH:

-co--ver, Fond---ly let me loll Fond--ly let me loll O pretty pretty Poll.

MACH

Allegro

My Heart was so free, It rov'd like the Bee, Till Polly my passion re-

- quited, I sipt each Flow'r I chang'd ev'ry Hour, I

sipt each Flower, I chang'd ev'ry Hour, But here ev'ry Flowers u-ni-ted.

MACH

Allegro

Were I laid on Greenlands Coast And in my Arms embrac'd my Lass, warm amidst e-

-ter-nal Frost, too soon the half years Night wou'd pass, Were I sold on

POLLY

In-dian Soil, soon as the bur-ning Day was clos'd I could mock the

sultry toil When on my charmers Breast re-pos'd, And I wou'd love you all the Day.

MACH:

POLLY

Ev'ry night wou'd, kiss and Play, if with me you'd fon-dly stray, O-ver the Hills and far a-way.

MACH:

POLLY

POLLY

Andante Affett.so

O what Pain it is to part, can I leave thee can I leave thee,

O what Pain it is to part, Can thy Pol - - ly e - ver leave - - thee

But least Death my Love shou'd thwart, and bring thee to the fa - - tal Cart, thus I

tear thee from my bleeding Heart, Fly hence and let me leave thee

MACH:

Andante

The Mi - ser thus a Shil - ling see's Which he's O - - blig'd to

Pay, With sighs re_ _signs it by de_grees, and fears 'tis gone for

POLLY

aye, The Boy thus when his Sparrows flown, The Bird in si_ _lence eyes, But

soon as out of sight 'tis gone, Whines whim_pers sobs and cries.

DUETTO

POLLY

The Boy thus when his Spar_rows flown, the Bird in si_lence eyes, But

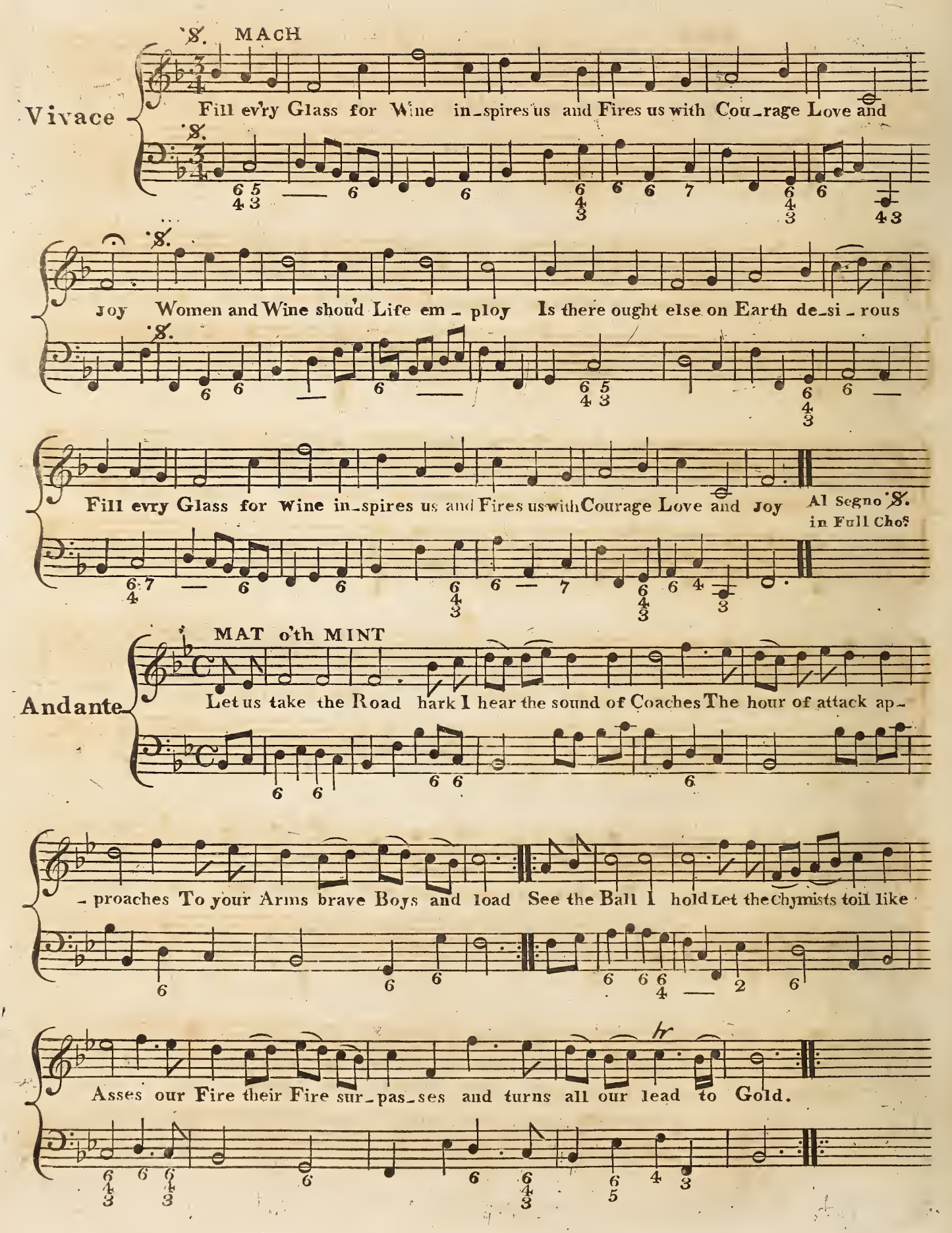
MACH:

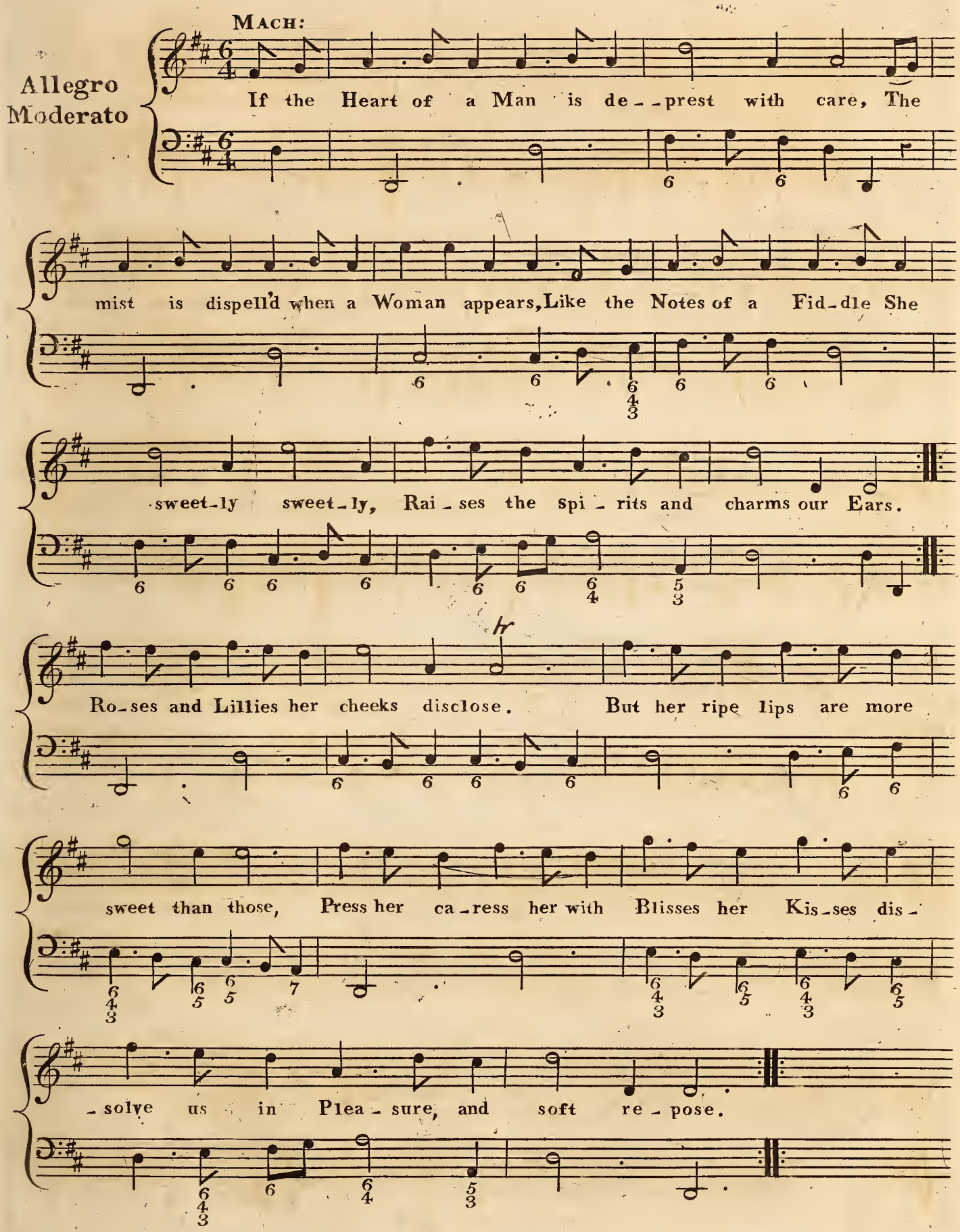
The Boy thus when his Spar_rows flown, the Bird in si_lence eyes, But

soon as out of sight 'tis gone, Whines whimpers sobs and cries.

soon as out of sight 'tis gone, Whines whimpers sobs and cries.

END OF THE FIRST ACT


MACH
Vivace
Fill ev'ry Glass for Wine in_spires us and Fires us with Cou_rage Love and
Joy Women and Wine shou'd Life em_ploy Is there ought else on Earth de_si_rous
Fill evry Glass for Wine in_spires us and Fires us with Courage Love and Joy
Al Segno 𝄋.
in Full Cho.s
MAT o'th MINT
Andante
Let us take the Road hark I hear the sound of Coaches The hour of attack ap_
_proaches To your Arms brave Boys and load See the Ball I hold Let the Chymists toil like
Asses our Fire their Fire sur_pas_ses and turns all our lead to Gold.


MACH:
Allegro Moderato
If the Heart of a Man is de - prest with care, The
mist is dispell'd when a Woman appears, Like the Notes of a Fid - dle She
sweet - ly sweet - ly, Rai - ses the spi - rits and charms our Ears.
Ro - ses and Lillies her cheeks disclose. But her ripe lips are more
sweet than those, Press her ca - ress her with Blisses her Kis - ses dis -
- solve us in Plea - sure, and soft re - pose.

MACH:

Allegro

Youth's the Season made for joys, Love is then our Du_ty, She alone who

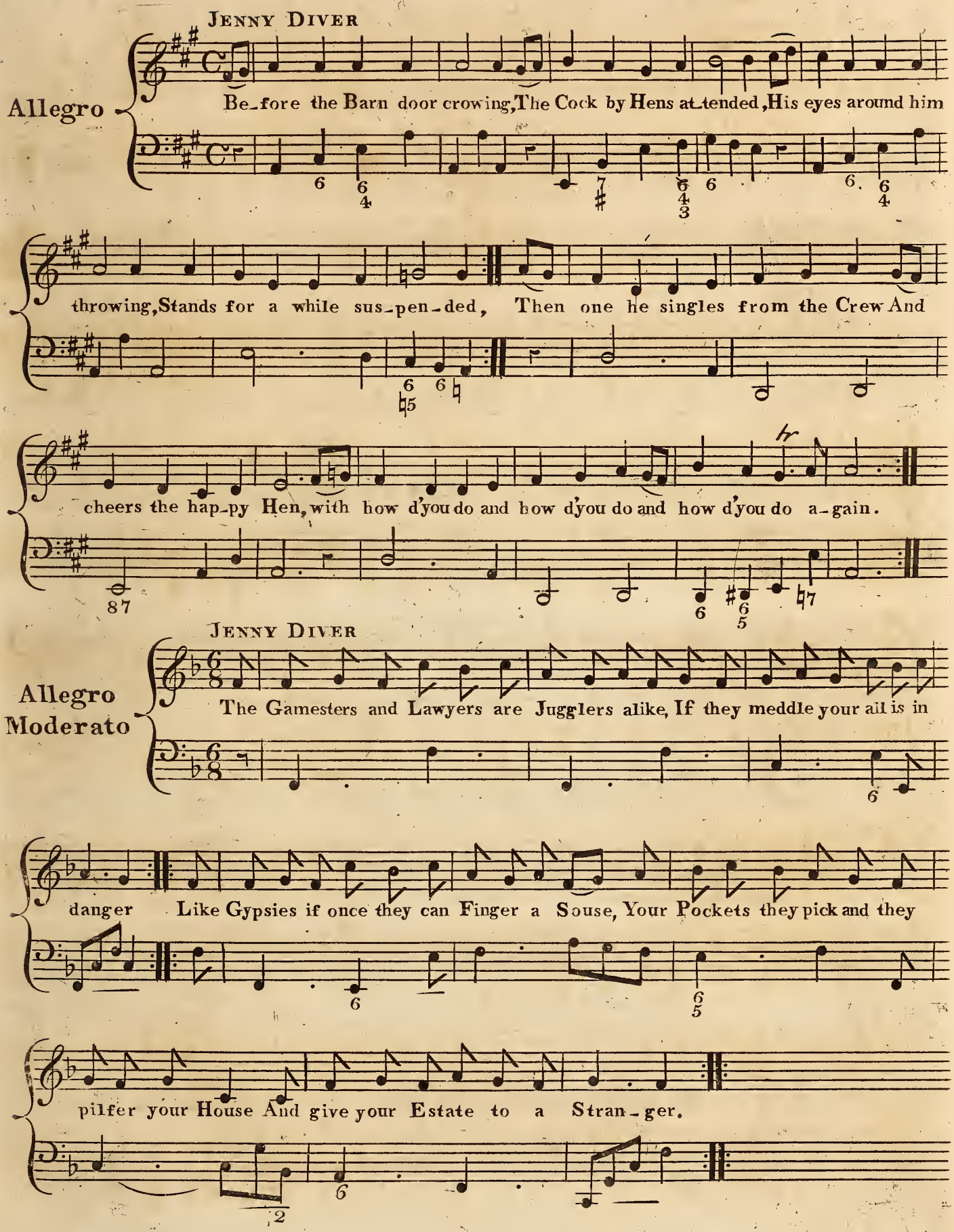
that employs, Well deserves her Beau_ty, Lets be gay, While we may, Beautys a Flower des_

_pis'd in decay, Youth's the Season made for joys, Love is then our Du_ty, Let us drink and

sport to Day, Ours is not to mor_row, Love with Youth flies swift a_way,

Age is nought but Sor_row, Dance and Sing, Times on the wing, Life never knows the re_

_turn of Spring, Let us Drink and Sport to Day, Ours is not to mor_row


JENNY DIVER
Allegro
Be_fore the Barn door crowing, The Cock by Hens at_tended, His eyes around him
throwing, Stands for a while sus_pen_ded, Then one he singles from the Crew And
cheers the hap_py Hen, with how d'you do and how d'you do and how d'you do a_gain.
JENNY DIVER
Allegro Moderato
The Gamesters and Lawyers are Jugglers alike, If they meddle your all is in
danger Like Gypsies if once they can Finger a Souse, Your Pockets they pick and they
pilfer your House And give your Estate to a Stran_ger.

MACH:

Vivace

At the Tree I shall suf - fer with Plea - sure: Let me

go where I will In all kinds of Ill I shall find no such Furies as these are.

MACH:

Poco Largo

Man may escape from Rope and Gun, Nay some have out - liv'd the Doctors Pill, Who

takes a Woman must be undone, That Ba - si - lisk is sure to kill, The Fly that sips Treacle is

lost in the sweets, So he that tastes Woman, Woman, Woman, He that tastes Woman Ru - in meets.

LUCY

Allegro

Thus when a good Housewife Sees a Rat in her Trap in the Morning ta - ken

With pleasure her heart goes pit a pat In re - venge for her loss of Bacon, Then she

throws him to the Dog or Cat, To be wor - ried crush'd and sha - ken.

LUCY

Siciliano

How cru_el are the Traytors, who lie and swear in jest, To cheat unguarded creatures, of Virtue Fame and Rest! Who_e_ver steals a Shilling, Thro' shame the Guilt con_ceals; In Love the perjurd Villian with boasts the Theft reveals.

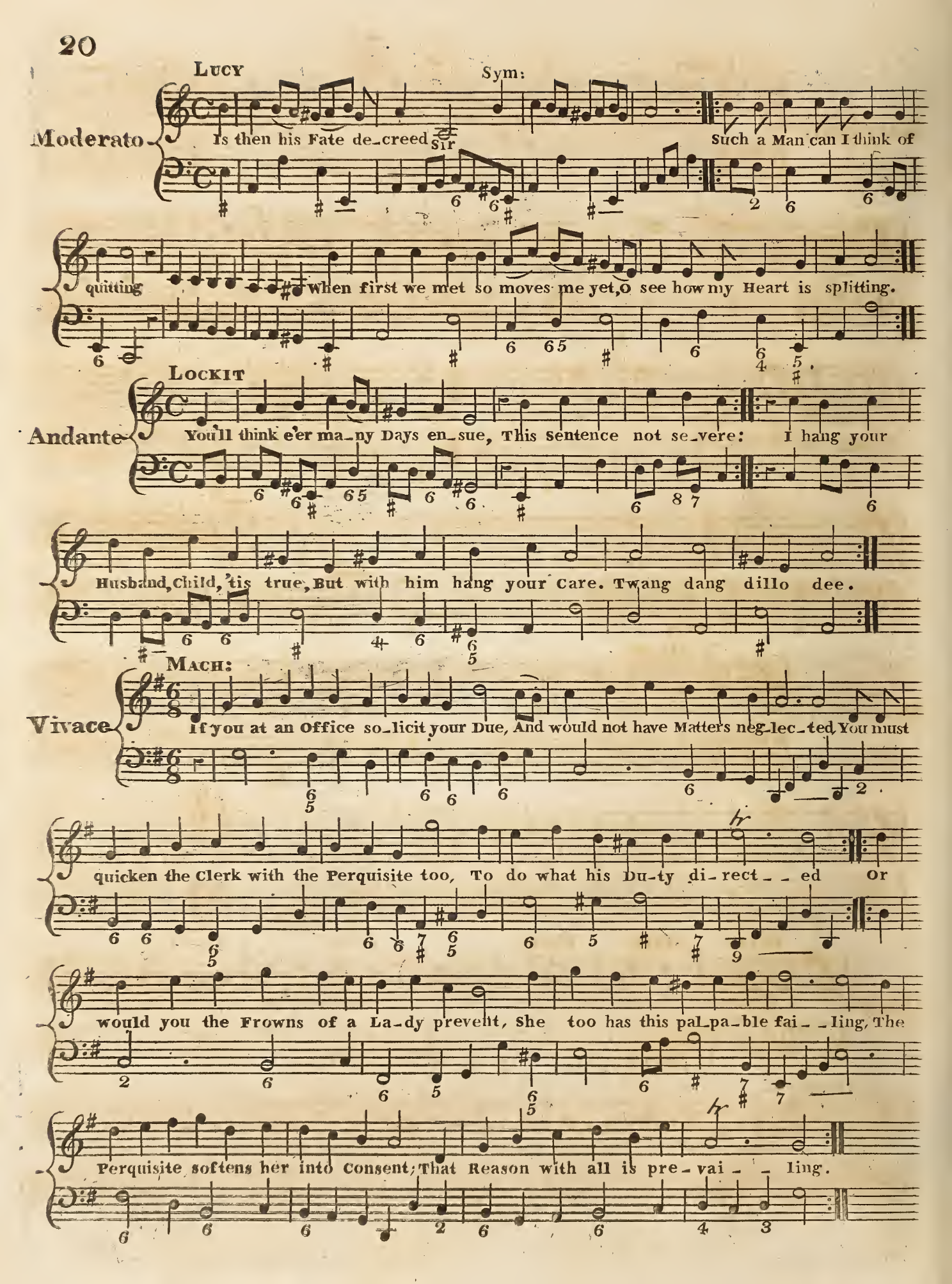
Allegro

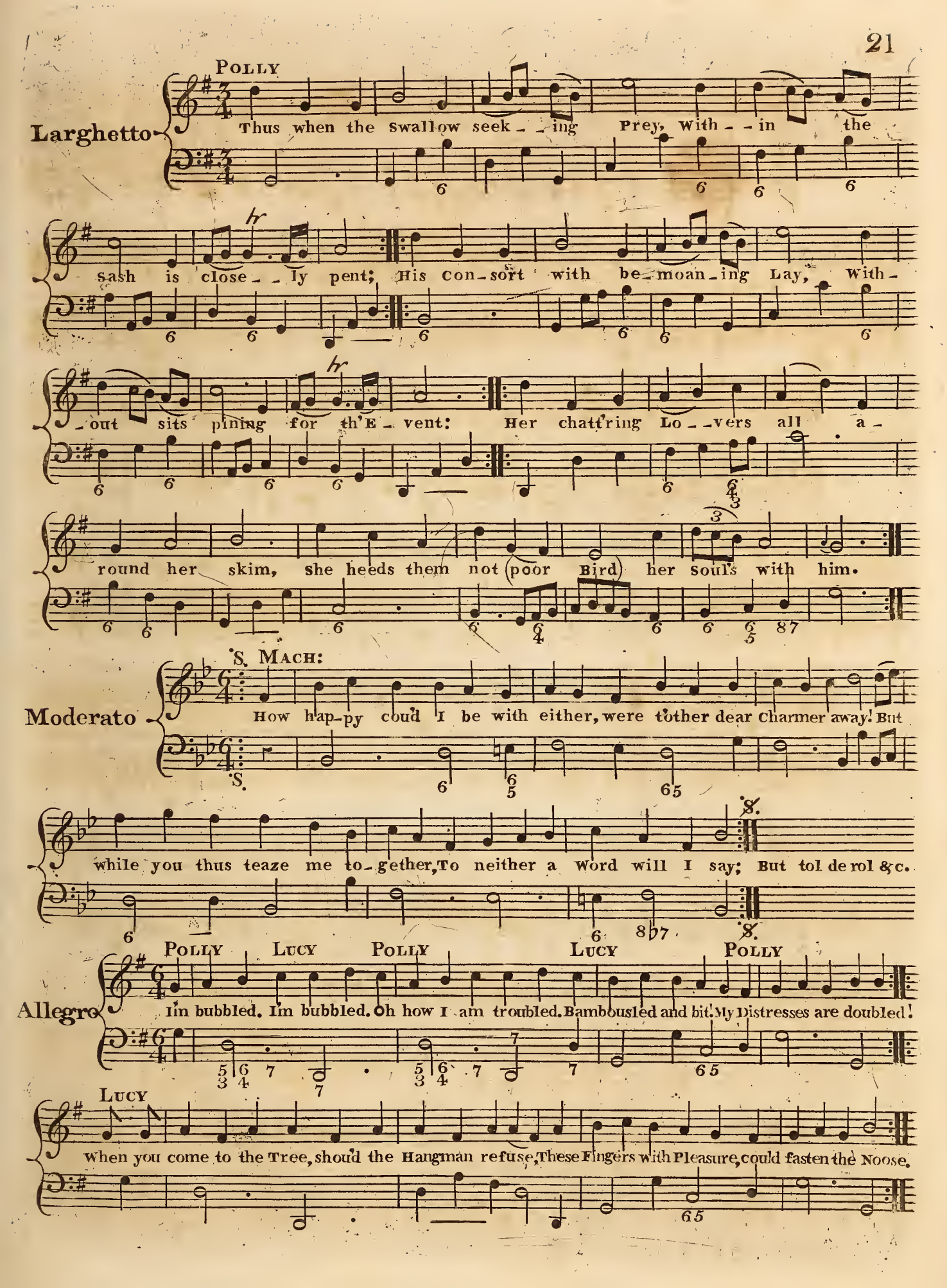
The first Time at the Lookingglass The Mother, sets her Daughter, The Image strikes the smiling Lass With self love e_ver af_ter Each time she looks she's fonder grown, Thinks ev'ry Charm grows stronger, But a_las! vain Maid, all Eyes but your own, Can see you are not Younger.

LOCKIT.

Allegro Moderato.

When you censure the Age, be cautious and Sage, Lest the Courtiers offended should be: If you mention Vice or Bribe, 'Tis so pat to all the Tribe, Each cries That was levell'd at me.


Lucy
Sym:
Moderato
Is then his Fate de_creed Sir
Such a Man can I think of
quitting
when first we met so moves me yet, O see how my Heart is splitting.
Lockit
Andante
You'll think e'er ma_ny Days en_sue, This sentence not se_vere: I hang your
Husband, Child, 'tis true, But with him hang your Care. Twang dang dillo dee.
Mach:
Vivace
If you at an Office so_licit your Due, And would not have Matters neg_lec_ted, You must
quicken the Clerk with the Perquisite too, To do what his Du_ty di_rect_ed Or
would you the Frowns of a La_dy prevent, She too has this pal_pa_ble fai_ling, The
Perquisite softens her into Consent; That Reason with all is pre_vai_ling.


Polly
Larghetto
Thus when the swallow seek - - ing Prey, with - - in the
sash is close - - ly pent; His con - sort with be - moan - ing Lay, With -
- out sits pining for th'E - vent: Her chatt'ring Lo - - vers all a -
round her skim, she heeds them not (poor Bird) her soul's with him.
S. Mach:
Moderato
How hap - py could I be with either, were t'other dear Charmer away! But
while you thus teaze me to - gether, To neither a word will I say; But tol de rol &c.
Polly
Lucy
Polly
Lucy
Polly
Allegro
I'm bubbled. I'm bubbled. Oh how I am troubled. Bamboozled and bit! My Distresses are doubled!
Lucy
When you come to the Tree, shou'd the Hangman refuse, These Fingers with Pleasure, could fasten the Noose.

CEASE YOUR FUNNING.

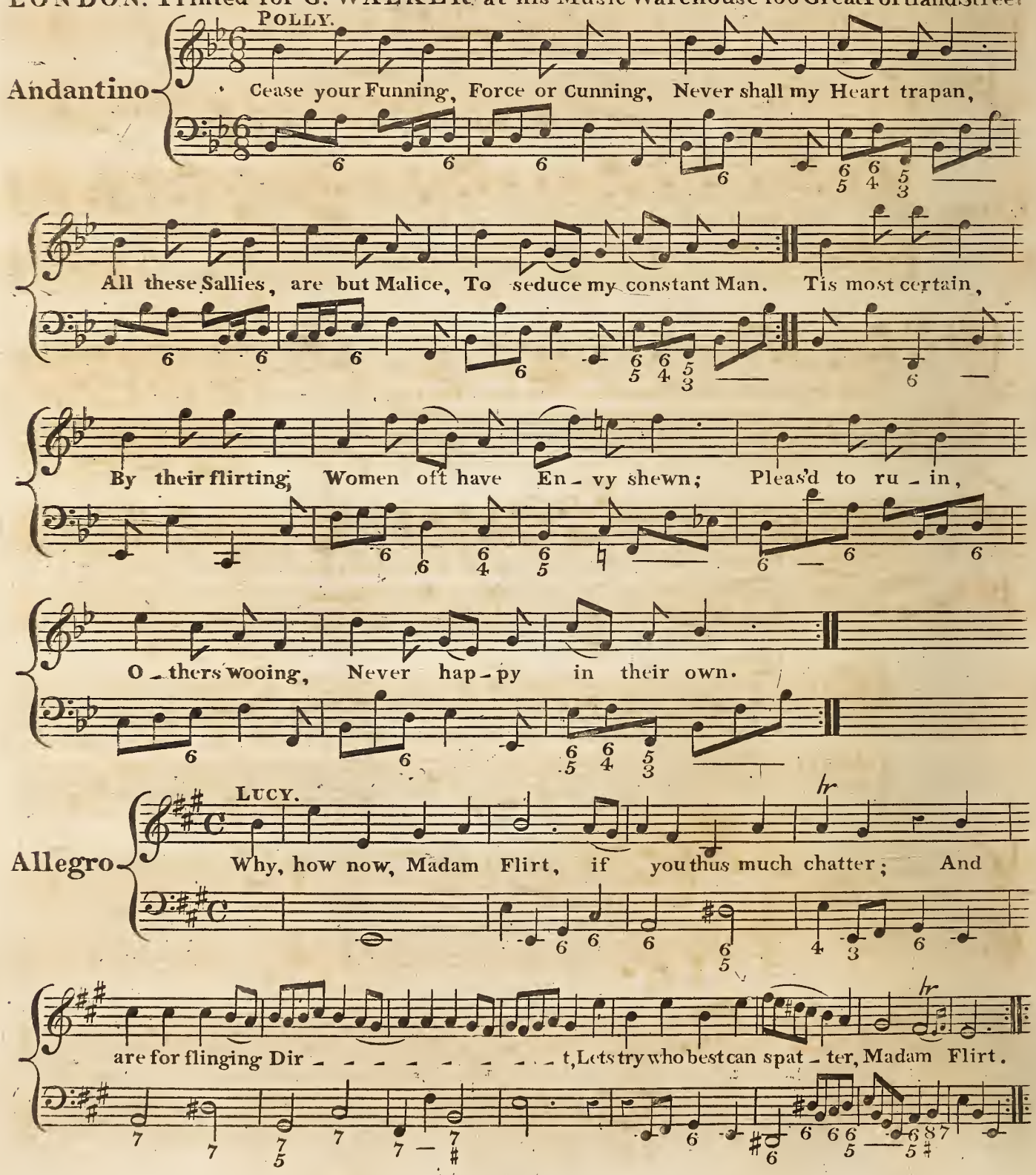
WHY HOW NOW MADAM FLIRT.

NO POWER ON EARTH.

I LIKE THE FOX SHALL GRIEVE.

Price 1s.

LONDON. Printed for G. WALKER at his Music Warehouse 106 Great Portland Street



POLLY.

Why, how now, saucy Jade; Sure the Wench is Tipsy. How can you see me ma - - - - - - - de The scoff of such a Gip - - - sey. Sau - cy Jade.

POLLY.

Largo

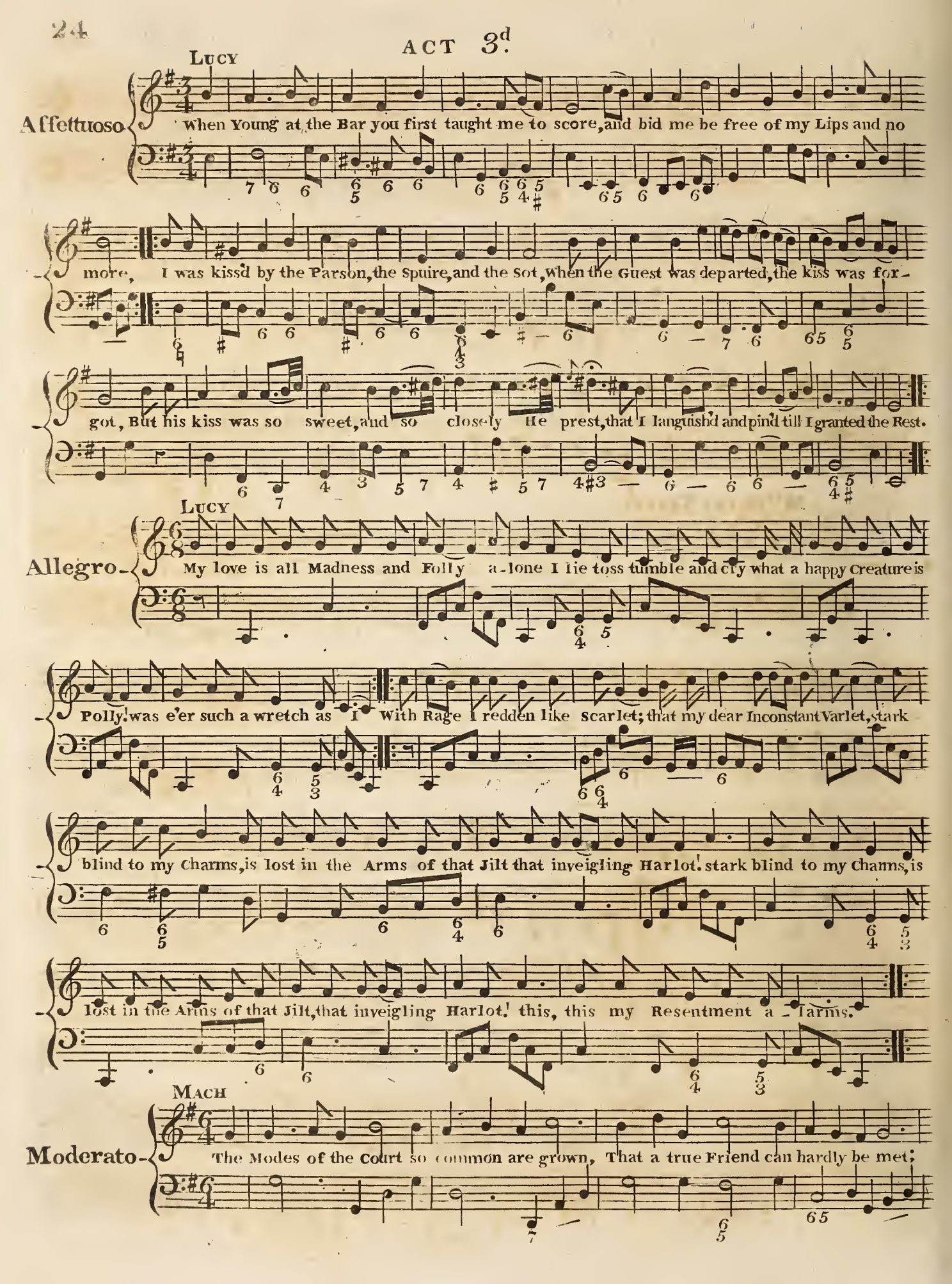
No Pow'r on Earth can e'er divide The Knot that sa - cred Love hath ty'd; When Parents draw against our Mind, The true - love's Knot they faster bind. Hoo hora in ambora, Hoo an hoo derry, Hi an hi derry, Hoo hoo derry derry derry derry am - bo - ra - - -

LUCY.

Andante

I like the Fox shall grieve, Whose Mate hath left her side, Whom Hounds from Morn to Eve, Chase o'er the Country wide. Where can my Lo - ver hide? where cheat the wa - ry pack? If Love be not his guide, He never will come back!

ACT 3d.


Lucy
Affettuoso
When Young at the Bar you first taught me to score, and bid me be free of my Lips and no
more, I was kissd by the Parson, the Squire, and the Sot, when the Guest was departed, the kiss was for-
got, But his kiss was so sweet, and so closely He prest, that I languishd and pind till I granted the Rest.
Lucy
Allegro
My love is all Madness and Folly a-lone I lie toss tumble and cry what a happy Creature is
Polly! was e'er such a wretch as I With Rage I redden like Scarlet; that my dear Inconstant Varlet, stark
blind to my Charms, is lost in the Arms of that Jilt that inveigling Harlot! stark blind to my Charms, is
lost in the Arms of that Jilt, that inveigling Harlot! this, this my Resentment a-larms.
Mach
Moderato
The Modes of the Court so common are grown, That a true Friend can hardly be met;

Friendshp for Int' rest is but a Loan, which they let out for what they can get:

Tis true, you find some Friends so kind, who'll give you good Counsel themselves to defend, In

sorrowful ditty they promise they Pi_ty But shift you for Money from Friend to Friend

Mrs. Diana Trapes.

Allegro

In the Days of my Youth I could bill like a Dove, Fa, la, la, la, la lal da riddle laddy In the

Days of my Youth I could bill like a Dove, Like a Sparrow at all times was ready for Love, Fal da riddle laddy

tal da riddle laddy Fa la la la lala tal lal lad_dy. The Life of all Mortals in kissing shoud pass, Fa la la la &c.

The Life of all Mortals in kissing shoud pass, Lip to Lip while you're Young; then the

Lip to the Glass. Fal &c.

LUCY

Allegro

I'm like a skiff on the O-cean tost, Now high, Now low, with each

Billow borne, with her Rudder broke and her An-chor lost, De-ser-ted and all for

lorn. While thus I lye rolling and tossing all Night, That Polly lies spor-ting on

seas of De-light, Re-venge Re-venge Re-venge shall ap-pease my restless Spite.

LUCY

Allegro

when a Wife's in her Pout, as She's some time no doubt; The good Husband as meek as a

Lamb. Her vapours to still, first grants her, her will, and the quiet-ing Draught is a

Dram, Poor Man! And the quiet-ing Draught is a Dram.

Andante Allegro

POLLY

A curse at - tends that Wo - man's Love, who al - ways would be

LUCY

pleasing, The pertness of the billing Dove Like thick - ling is but tea - zing.

POLLY

What then the Love can wo - man do! If we grow fond they

LUCY

POLLY

shun us, And when we fly them they Pur - sue; But leave us when they've won us.

LUCY

Moderato

POLLY

Among the Men Co - quets we find, who court by turns all Wo - - men

kind And we grant all their Hearts de - sir'd, when they are flat - ter'd,

when they are flat - ter'd when they are flat - - ter'd and Ad - mir'd.

Allegro

LUCY

Come sweet Lass, let's banish sor_row Till to mor_row,

Come sweet Lass let's take a chirping Glass. Wine can clear the

Vapours of Dis_pair, and makeus light as Air; then drink, and ban _ _ ish Care.

Andante Affettuoso

POLLY LUCY POLLY

Hi_ther dear Husband, turn your Eyes, Be_stow one Glance to cheer me; Think

LUCY POLLY

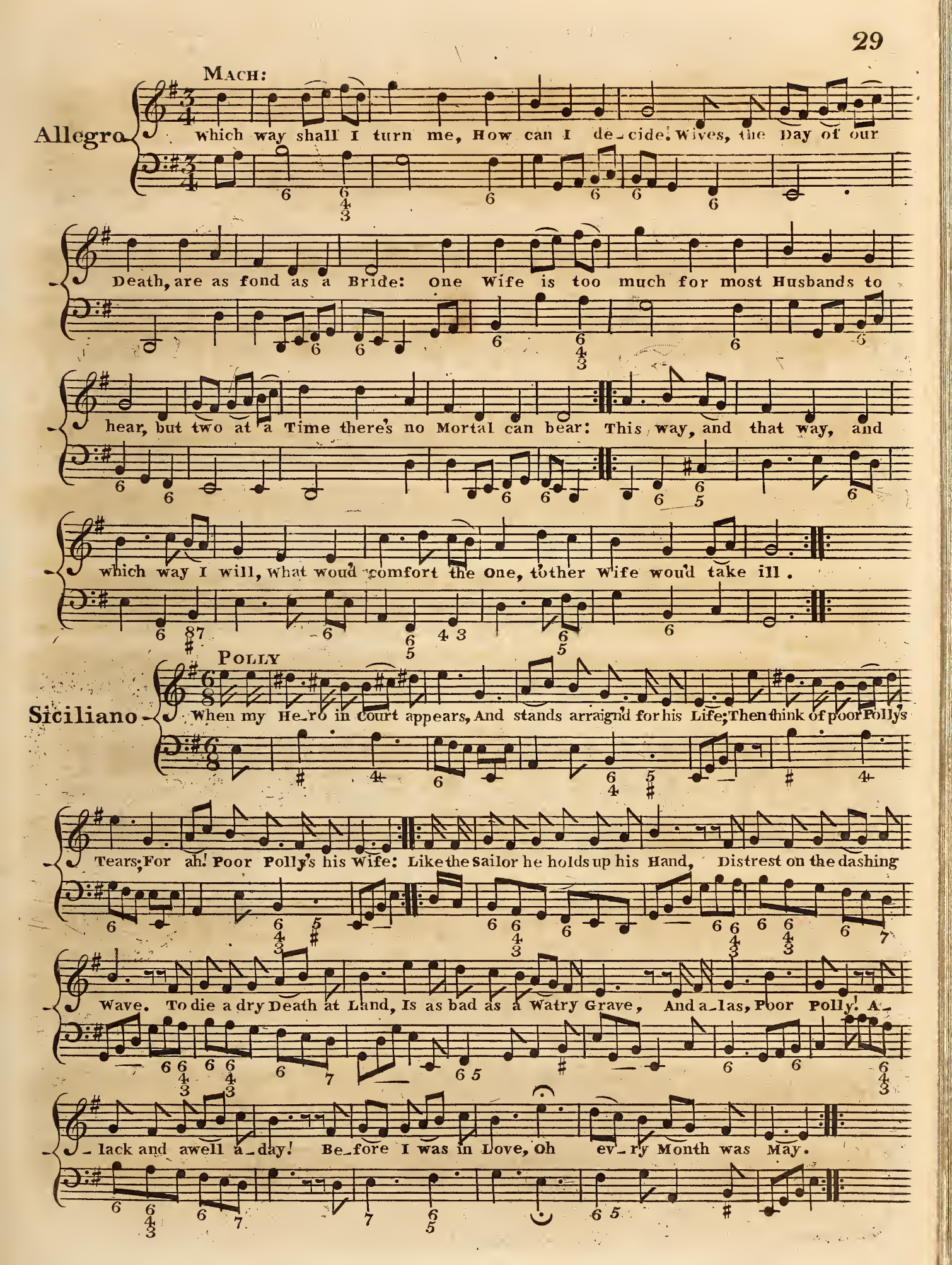
with that Look thy Pol_ly dies O shun me not; but hear me Tis

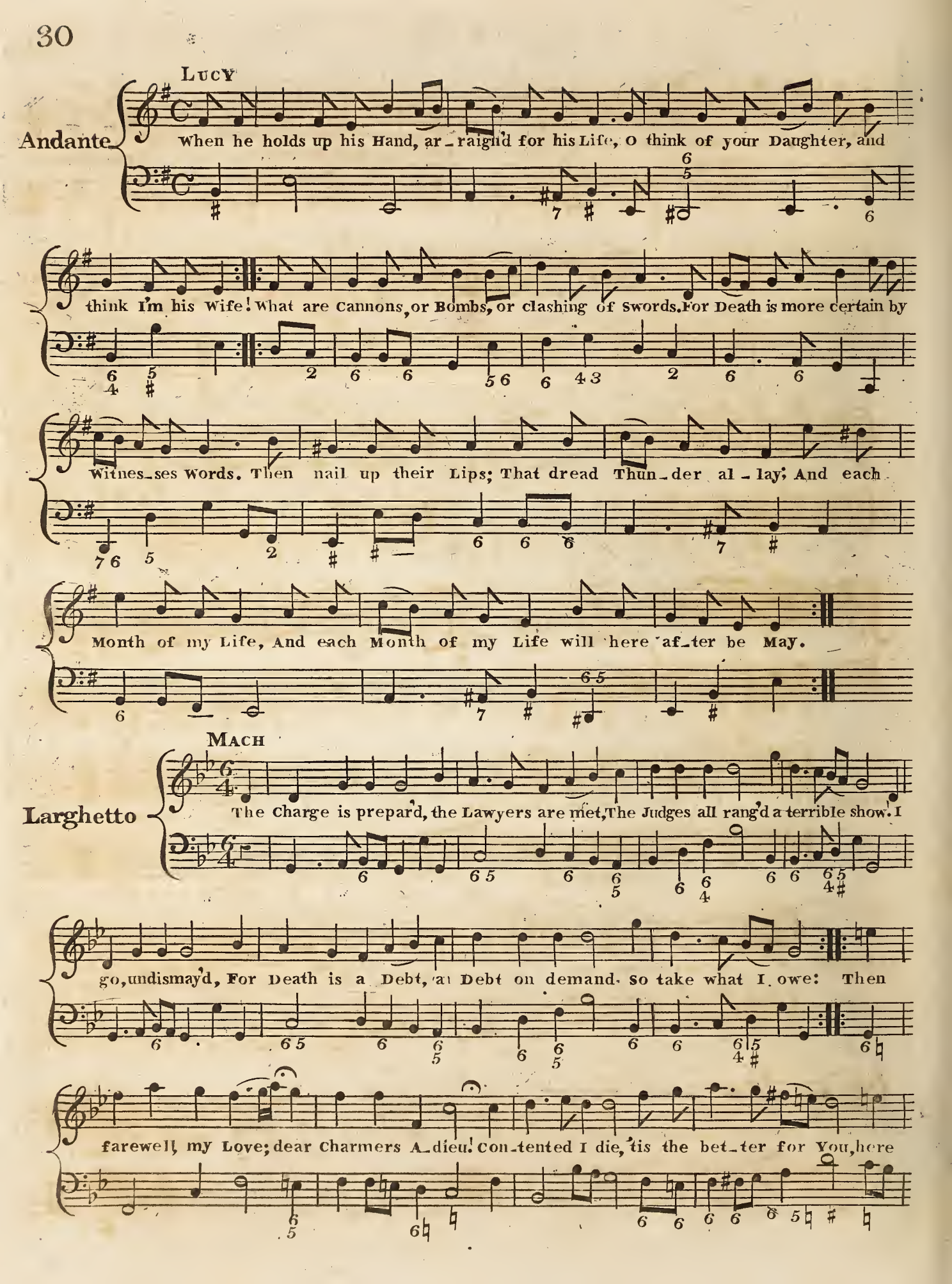
LUCY POLLY LUCY

Pol_ly sues Tis Lu_cy speaks is thus true Love re_qui_ted: My

POLLY LUCY POLLY

Heart is bursting Mine too breaks Must I Must I be slight_ed


MACH:
Allegro
which way shall I turn me, How can I de_cide! Wives, the Day of our
Death, are as fond as a Bride: One Wife is too much for most Husbands to
hear, but two at a Time there's no Mortal can bear: This way, and that way, and
which way I will, What woud comfort the One, t'other Wife woud take ill.
POLLY
Siciliano
When my He_ro in Court appears, And stands arraign'd for his Life; Then think of poor Polly's
Tears; For ah! Poor Polly's his Wife: Like the Sailor he holds up his Hand, Distrest on the dashing
Wave. To die a dry Death at Land, Is as bad as a Watry Grave, And a_las, Poor Polly! A_
_lack and awell a_day! Be_fore I was in Love, Oh ev_ry Month was May.


Lucy
Andante
When he holds up his Hand, ar_raign'd for his Life, O think of your Daughter, and
think I'm his Wife! What are Cannons, or Bombs, or clashing of Swords. For Death is more certain by
Witnes_ses Words. Then nail up their Lips; That dread Thun_der al_lay; And each
Month of my Life, And each Month of my Life will here af_ter be May.
Mach
Larghetto
The Charge is prepar'd, the Lawyers are met, The Judges all rang'd a terrible show. I
go, undismay'd, For Death is a Debt, a Debt on demand. So take what I owe: Then
farewell, my Love; dear Charmers A_dieu! Con_tented I die, 'tis the bet_ter for You, here

ends all dis-pute the rest of our Lives. For this Way at once I pleae all my Wives.

Hornpipe

p

f

p

f

MACH:

Largo

O cruel, cruel, cruel case, Must I suffer this Disgrace.

Allegro

Of all the Friends in time of Grief, When threatning Death looks grim-mer -

Drinks

-mer, Not one so sure can bring re-lief, As this best Friend, a Brim - mer.

Andante

Rises

since I must swing I scorn, I scorn to wince or whine.

Moderato

Drinks a glass of Wine

But now a-gain my spi-rits sink, I'll raise them high with Wine.

Allegro

But Valour the stronger grows, The stronger Liquor we're drinking, And

Drinks

how can we feel our woes, when we've lost the trou-ble of thinking.

Largo

Pours out a Bumper of Brandy

If thus a Man can die much bol-der with Brandy.

Allegro

so I drink off this Bumper, and now I can stand the Test, And my

Drinks

comrades shall see that I die as brave as the best.

Affettuoso

But can I leave my pretty Hussies, without one Tear, or tender sigh.

Andante

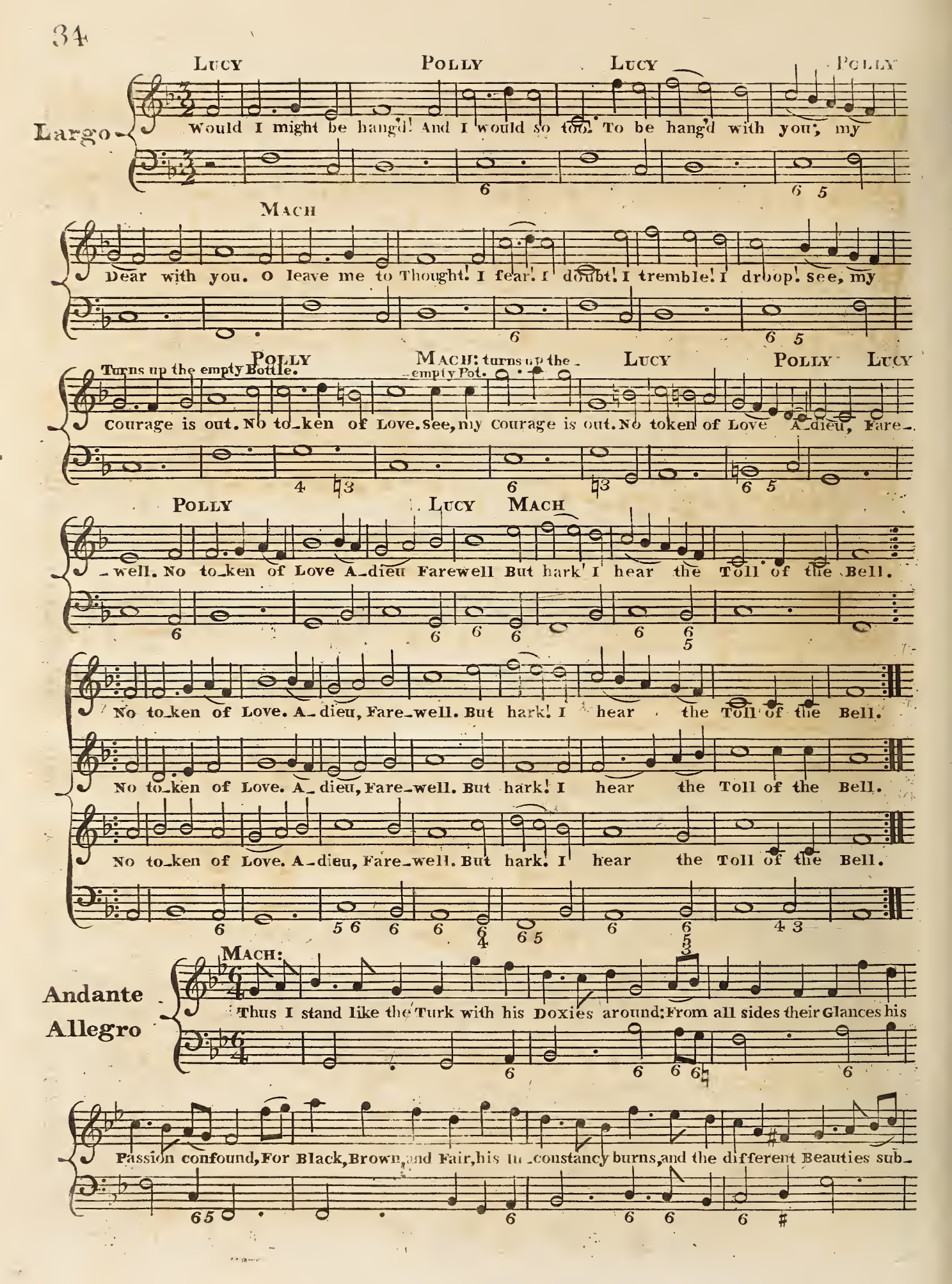
Their Eyes, their Lips, their Bus - - - - - - - - - ses re - - call my Love Ah must I die!

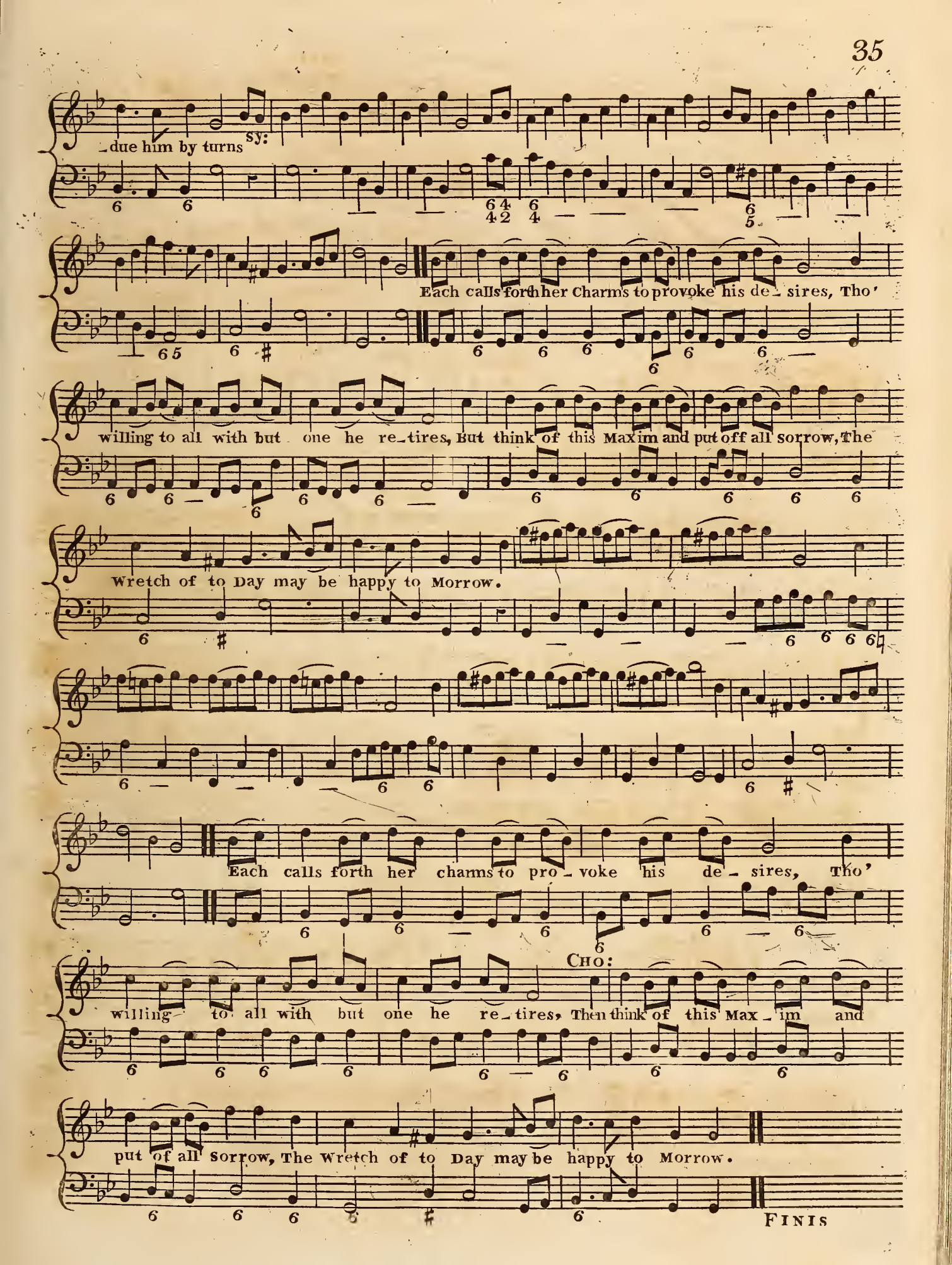
Allegro

MACH:

since Laws were made for ev-ry Degree, To curb Vice in o-thers as well as me, I wonder we han't better com-pa-ny up-on Ty - - - - burn Tree.

But Gold from Law can take out the Sting, And if rich Men like us, were to swing, T'woud thin the Land, such Numbers to string up-on Ty - - burn Tree!


Largo
Lucy
Would I might be hang'd! And I would so too. To be hang'd with you, my
Polly
Lucy
Polly
Mach
Dear with you. O leave me to Thought! I fear! I doubt! I tremble! I droop! see, my
Polly
Turns up the empty Bottle.
Mach: turns up the empty Pot.
Lucy
Polly
Lucy
Courage is out. No to_ken of Love. See, my Courage is out. No token of Love A_dieu, Fare_
Polly
Lucy
Mach
_well. No to_ken of Love A_dieu Farewell But hark! I hear the Toll of the Bell.
No to_ken of Love. A_dieu, Fare_well. But hark! I hear the Toll of the Bell.
No to_ken of Love. A_dieu, Fare_well. But hark! I hear the Toll of the Bell.
No to_ken of Love. A_dieu, Fare_well. But hark! I hear the Toll of the Bell.
Andante
Allegro
Mach:
Thus I stand like the Turk with his Doxies around: From all sides their Glances his
Passion confound, For Black, Brown, and Fair, his In_constancy burns, and the different Beauties sub_


due him by turns
sy:
Each calls forth her Charms to provoke his de_sires, Tho'
willing to all with but one he re_tires, But think of this Maxim and put off all sorrow, The
Wretch of to Day may be happy to Morrow.
Each calls forth her charms to pro_voke his de_sires, Tho'
Cho:
willing to all with but one he re_tires, Then think of this Max_im and
put of all sorrow, The Wretch of to Day may be happy to Morrow.
FINIS