DB

The Comic Opera

OF

LOVE LAUGHS at LOCK-SMITHS

performed at the

Theatre Royal Haymarket,

with universal applause

Composed & Selected

BY

MICHAEL KELLY. M.C.

Enter'd at Stat.s Hall. Price 8s/-

Publish'd by M. Kelly at

his Musical Saloon Pall Mall.

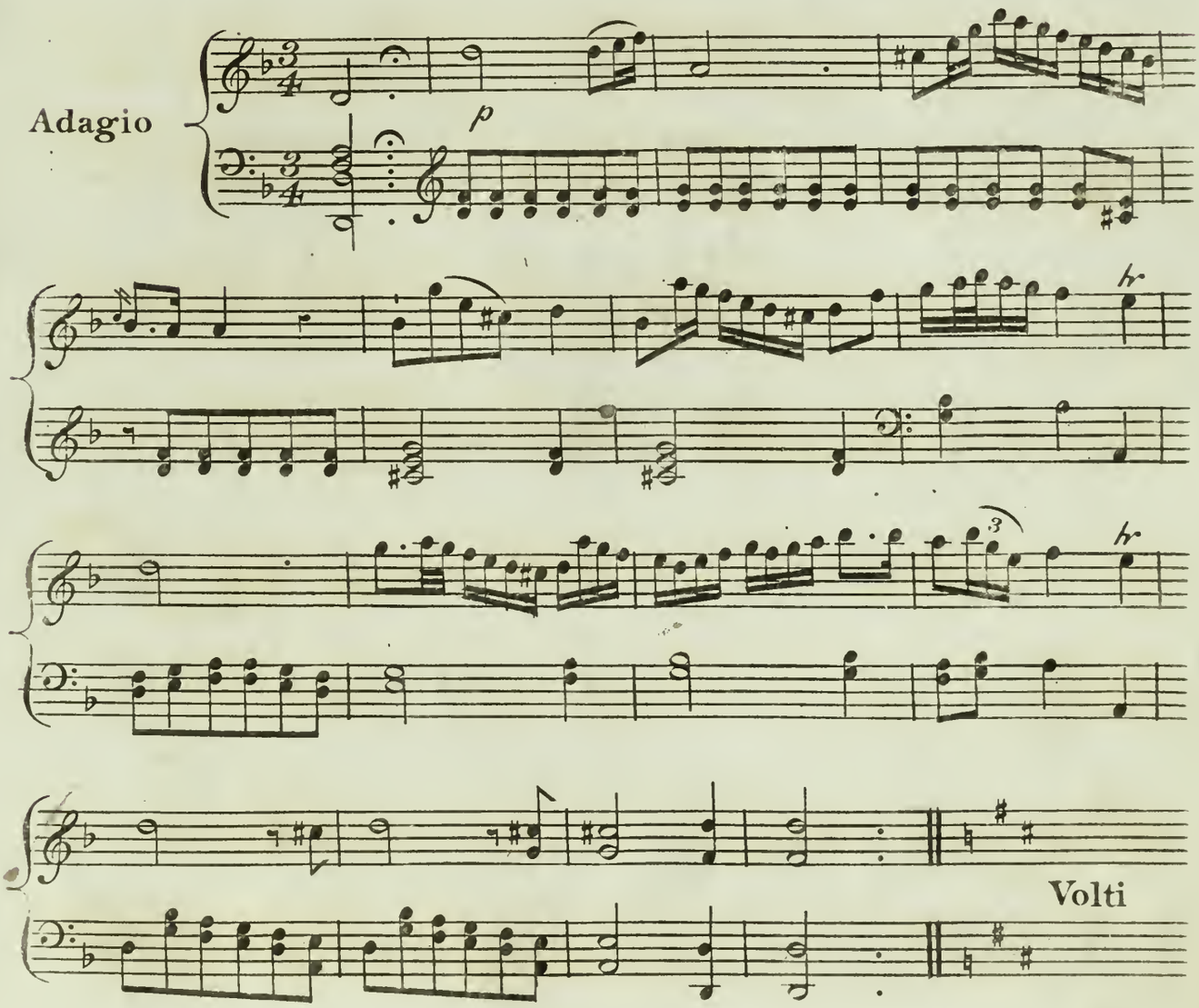
Overture

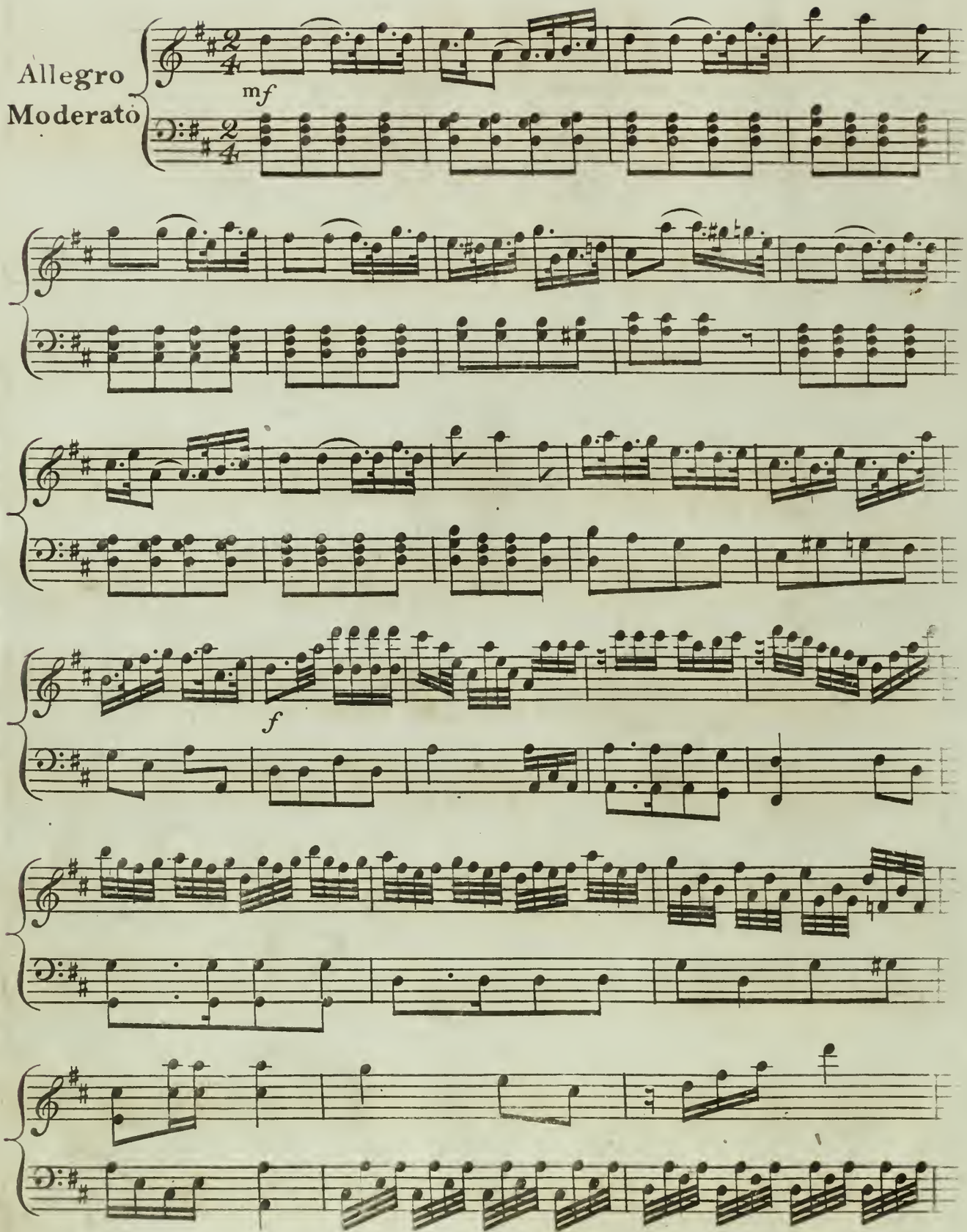
TO

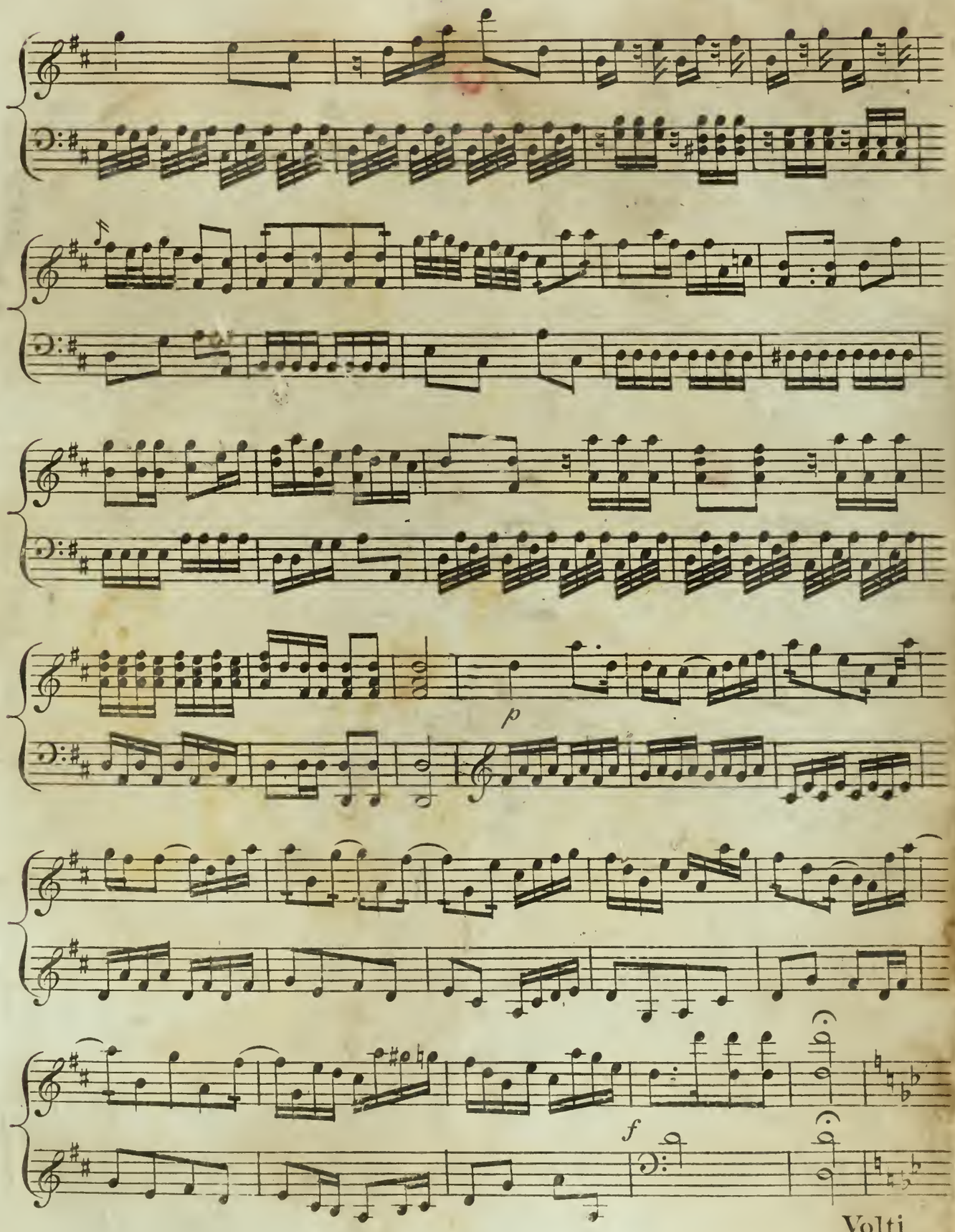
LOVE LAUGHS at LOCK-SMITHS

Composed by

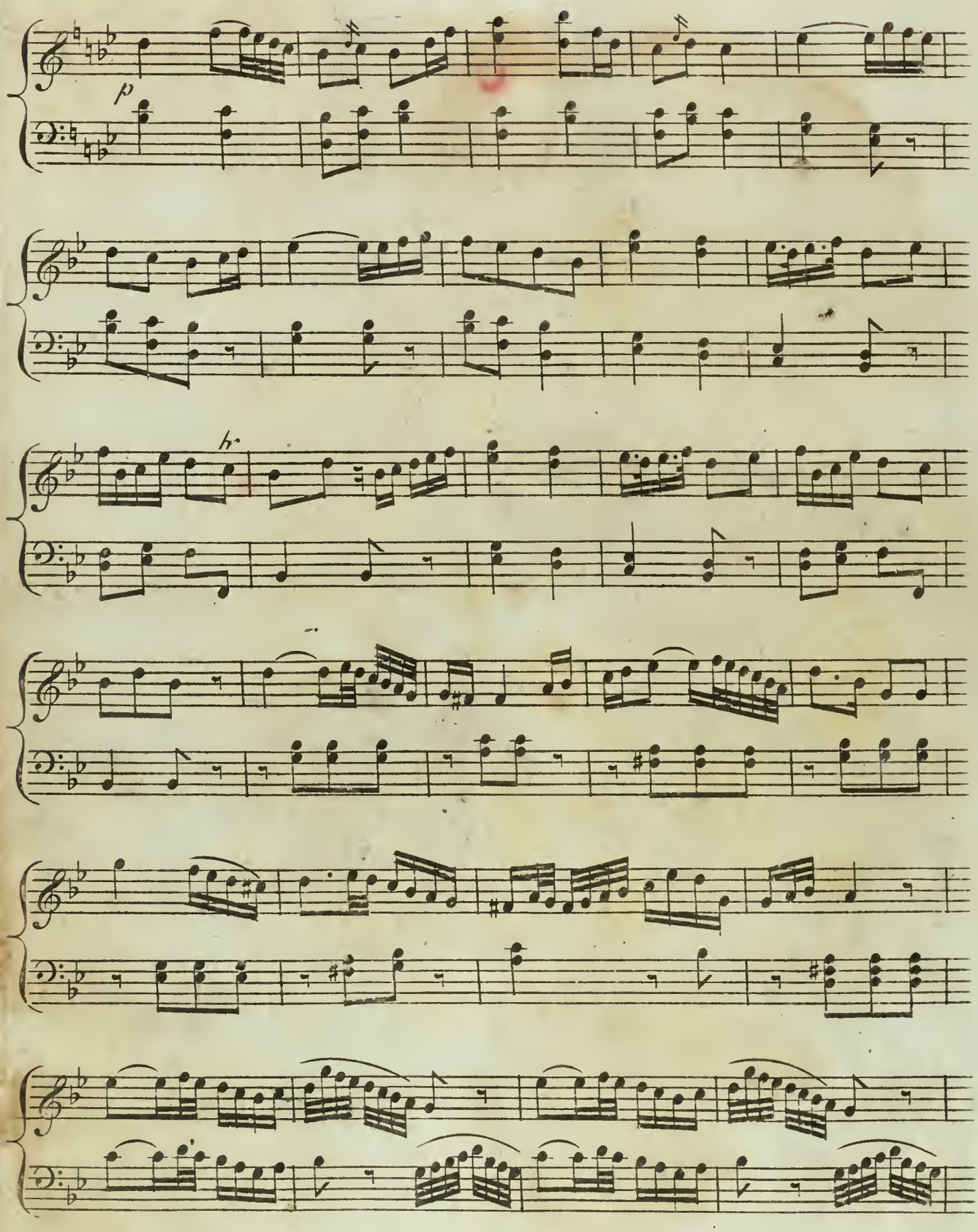
H.e Condell.

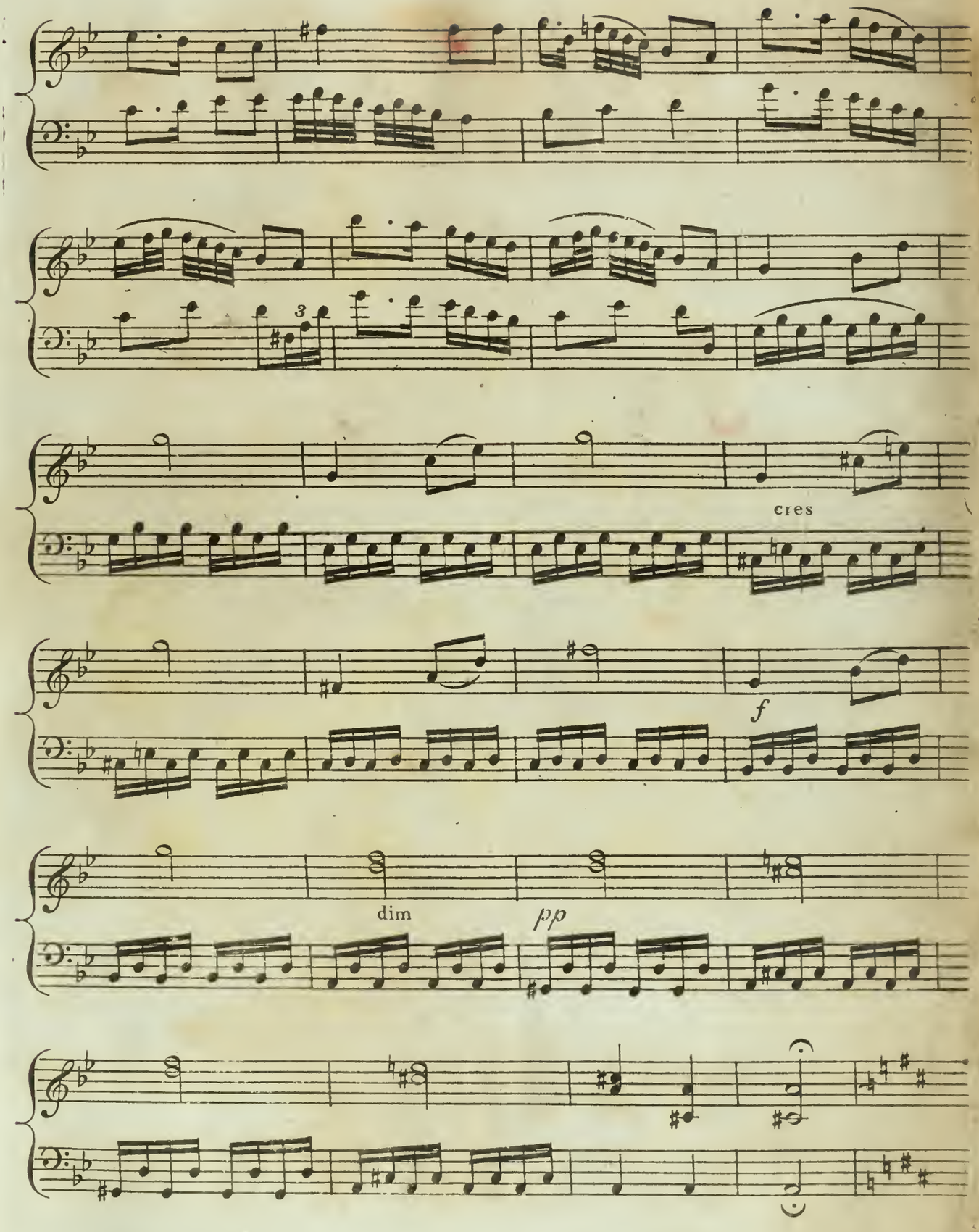


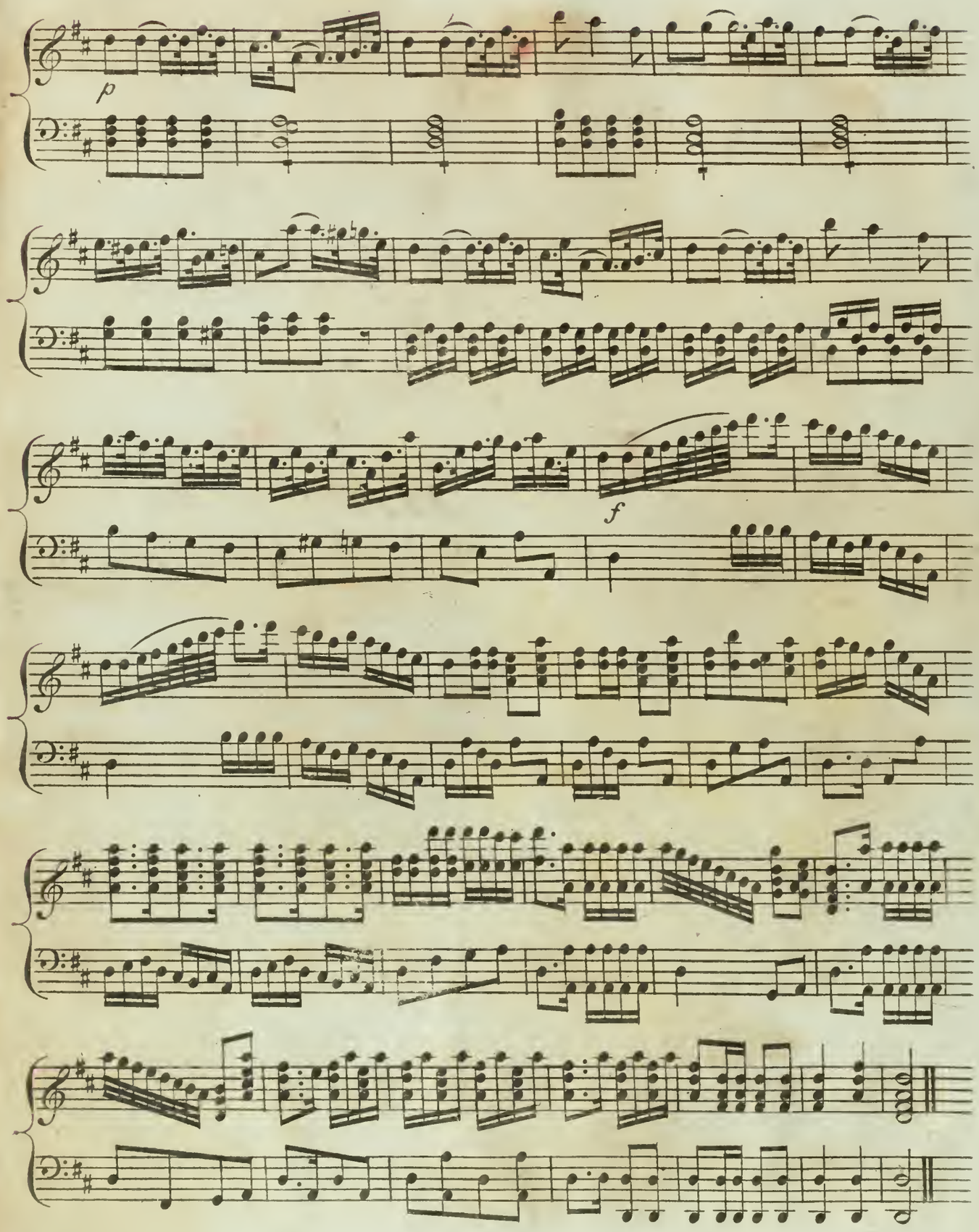

Allegro
Moderato
mf
f



Volti


p


3
cres
f
dim
pp


p
f

Why where's my Rascal,

A DUET

Sung by Mess.rs Elliston & Mathews

In the Comic Opera

— of —

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

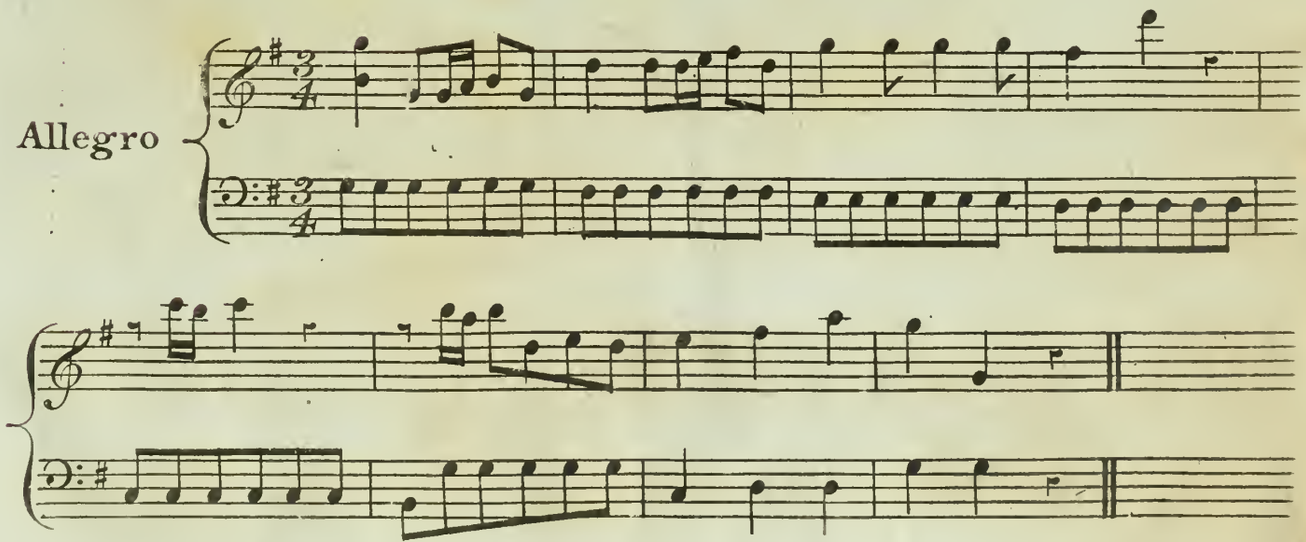
Composed by M. Kelly.

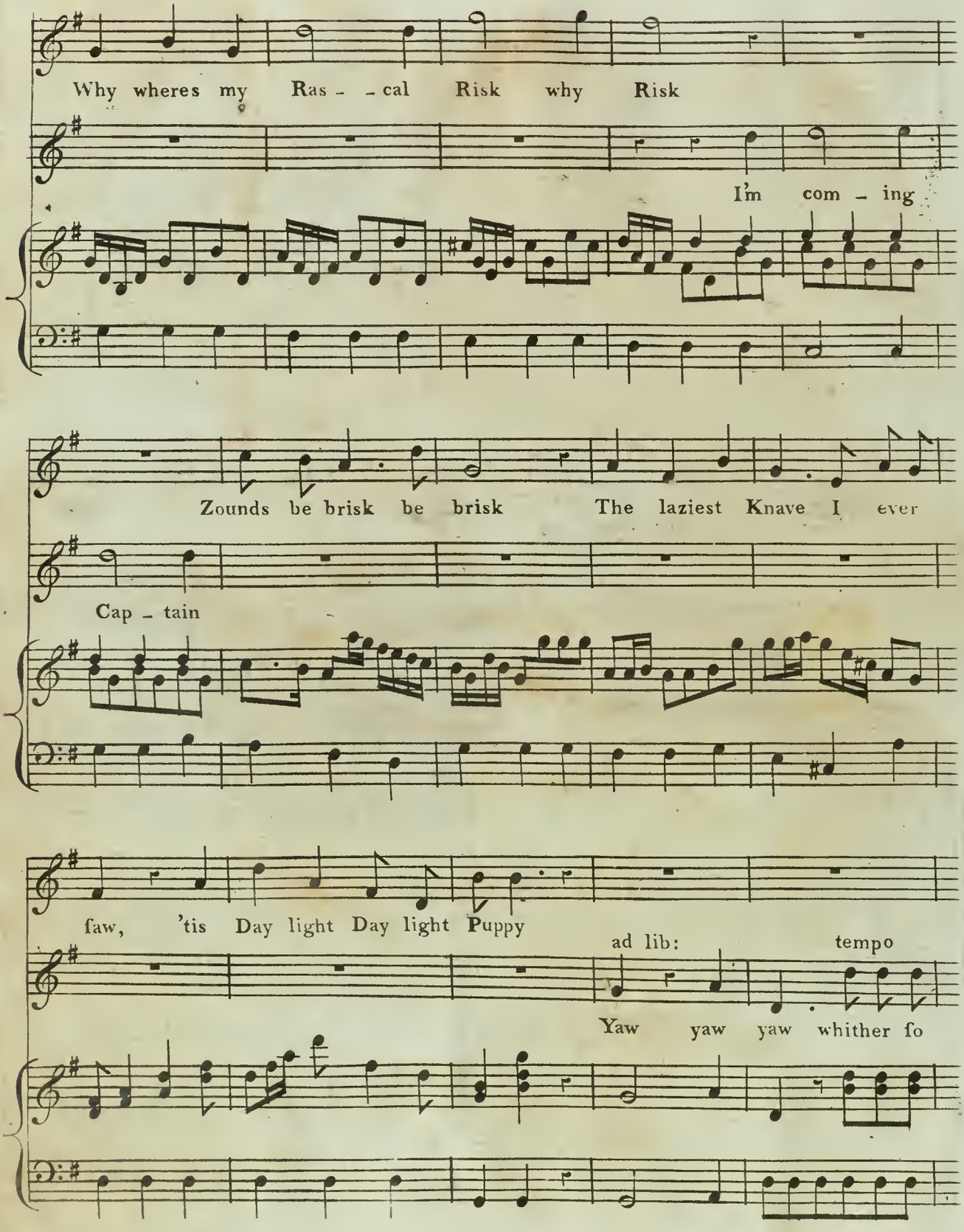
Ent.d at Stat.rs Hall

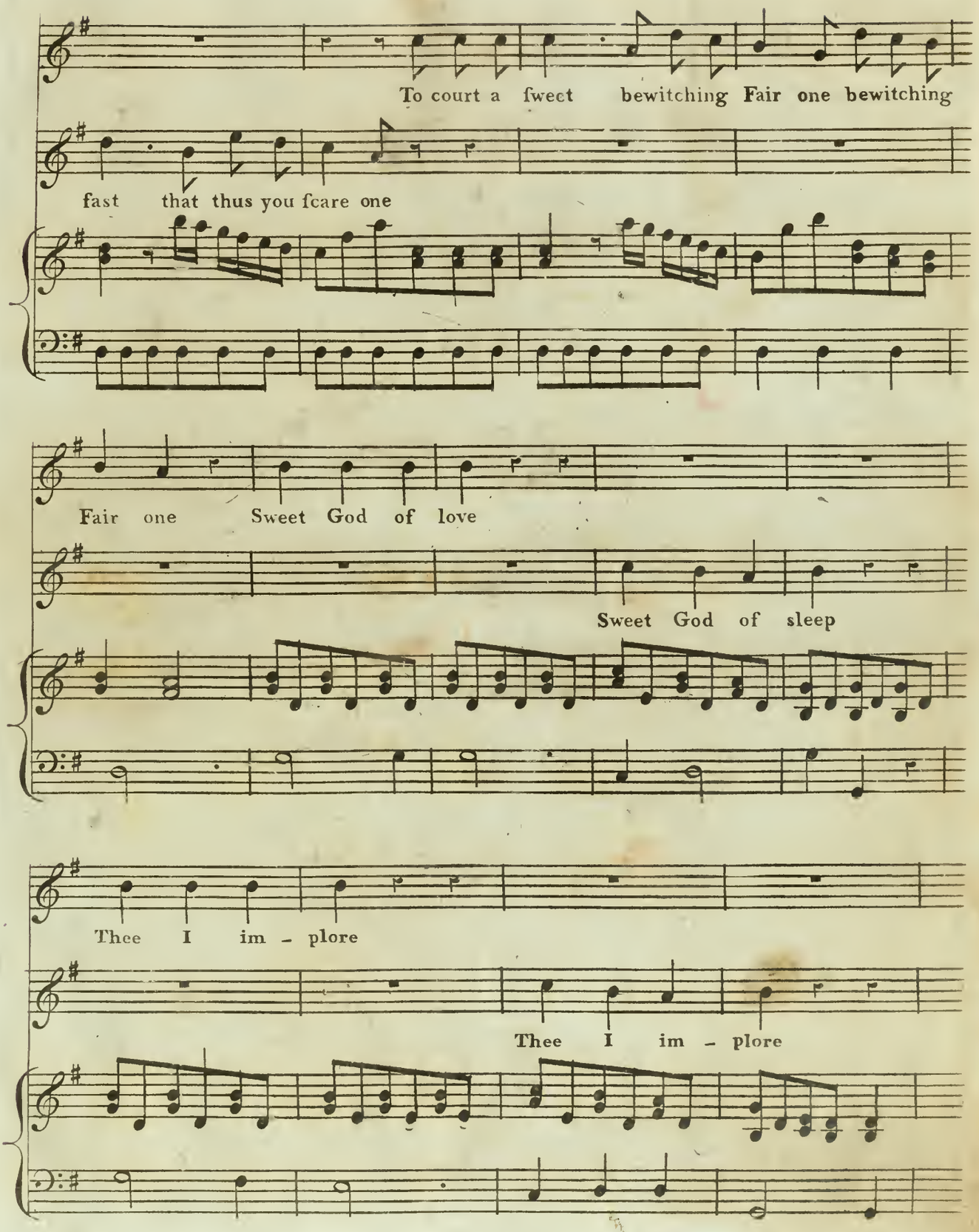
Price 2.s

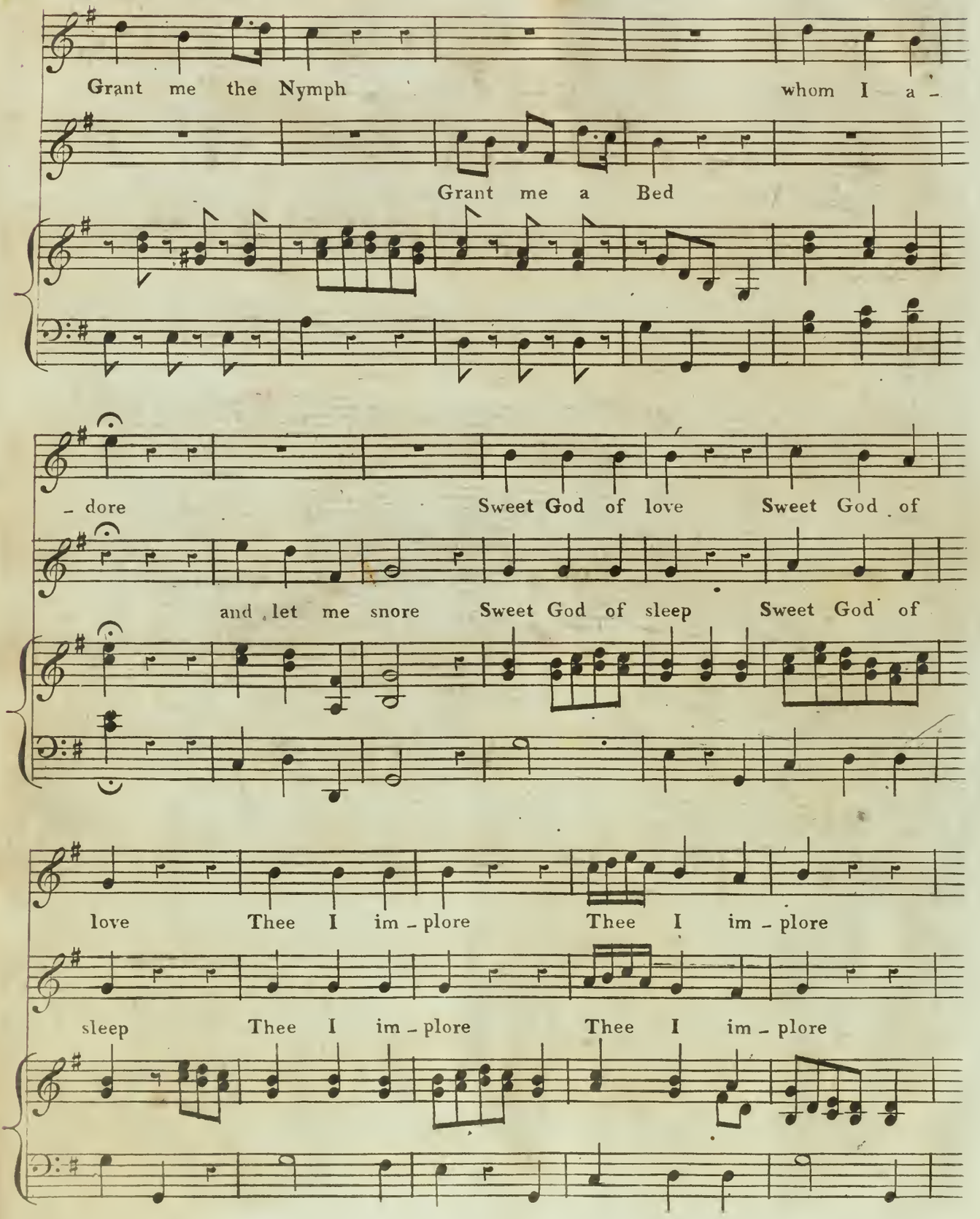
LONDON

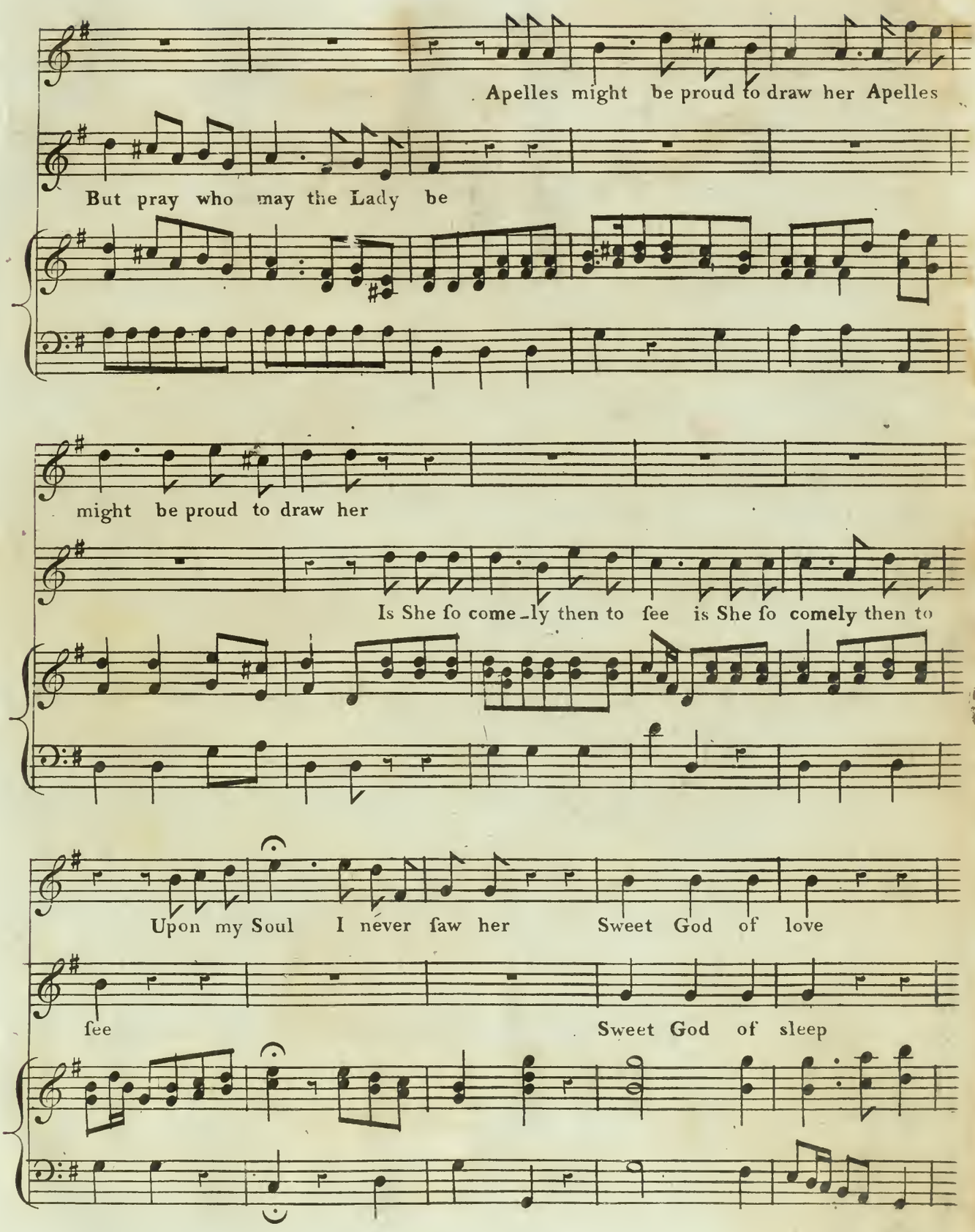
Printed by M. Kelly at his Musical Saloon Pall Mall

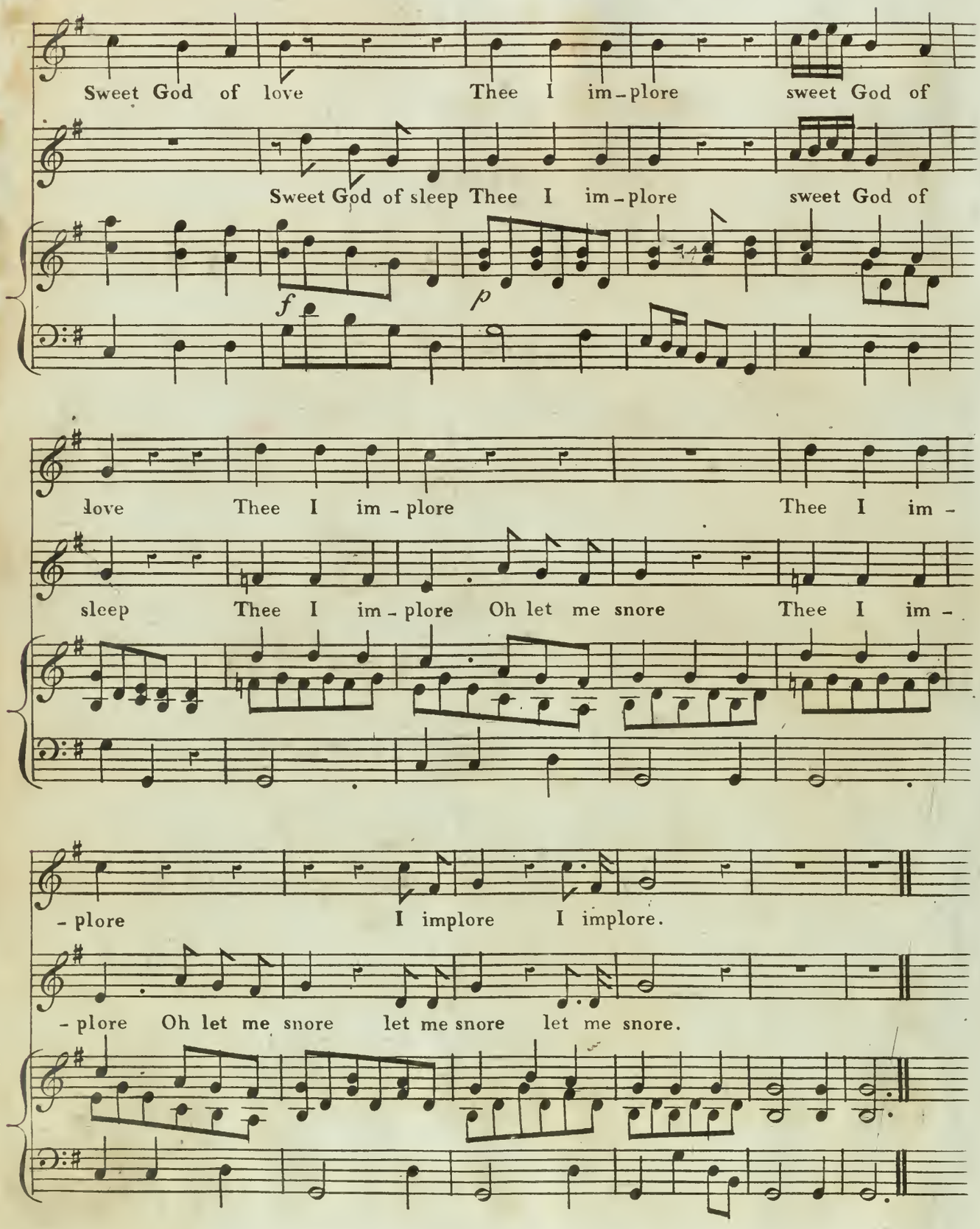



Why wheres my Ras - - cal Risk why Risk
I'm com - ing
Zounds be brisk be brisk The laziest Knave I ever
Cap - tain
faw, 'tis Day light Day light Puppy
ad lib:
tempo
Yaw yaw yaw whither ſo


To court a ſweet bewitching Fair one bewitching
fast that thus you ſcare one
Fair one Sweet God of love
Sweet God of sleep
Thee I im - plore
Thee I im - plore


Grant me the Nymph whom I a -
Grant me a Bed
- dore Sweet God of love Sweet God of
and let me snore Sweet God of sleep Sweet God of
love Thee I im - plore Thee I im - plore
sleep Thee I im - plore Thee I im - plore


Apelles might be proud to draw her Apelles
But pray who may the Lady be
might be proud to draw her
Is She ſo come-ly then to ſee is She ſo comely then to
Upon my Soul I never ſaw her Sweet God of love
ſee
Sweet God of sleep


Sweet God of love Thee I im-plore sweet God of
Sweet God of sleep Thee I im-plore sweet God of
f
p
love Thee I im-plore Thee I im-
sleep Thee I im-plore Oh let me snore Thee I im-
-plore I implore I implore.
-plore Oh let me snore let me snore let me snore.

The Harp Song

Sung by Mrs Atkins

in the Comic Opera of

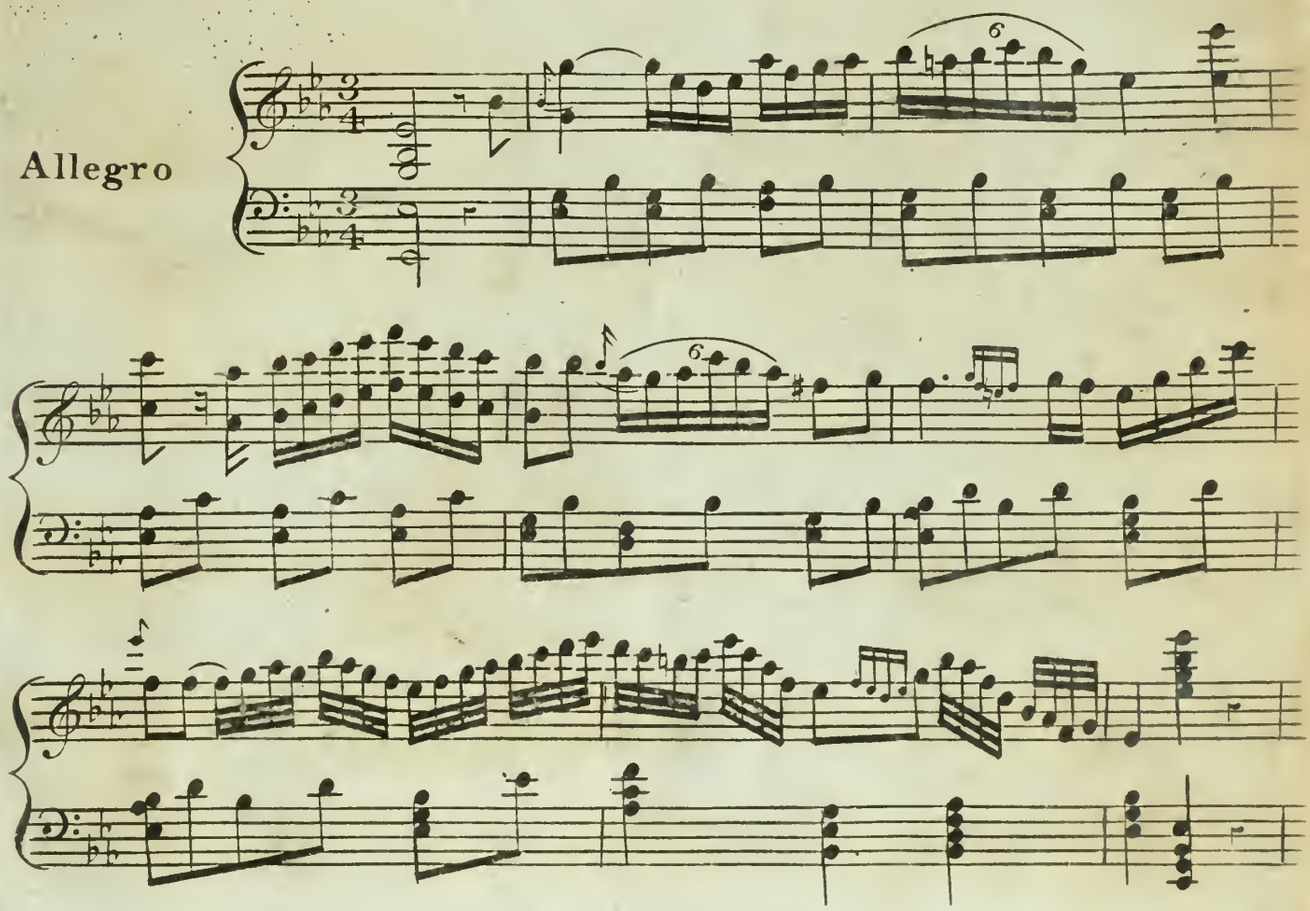
LOVE LAUGHS at LOCK SMITHS

Accompanied by Mr. Dizi

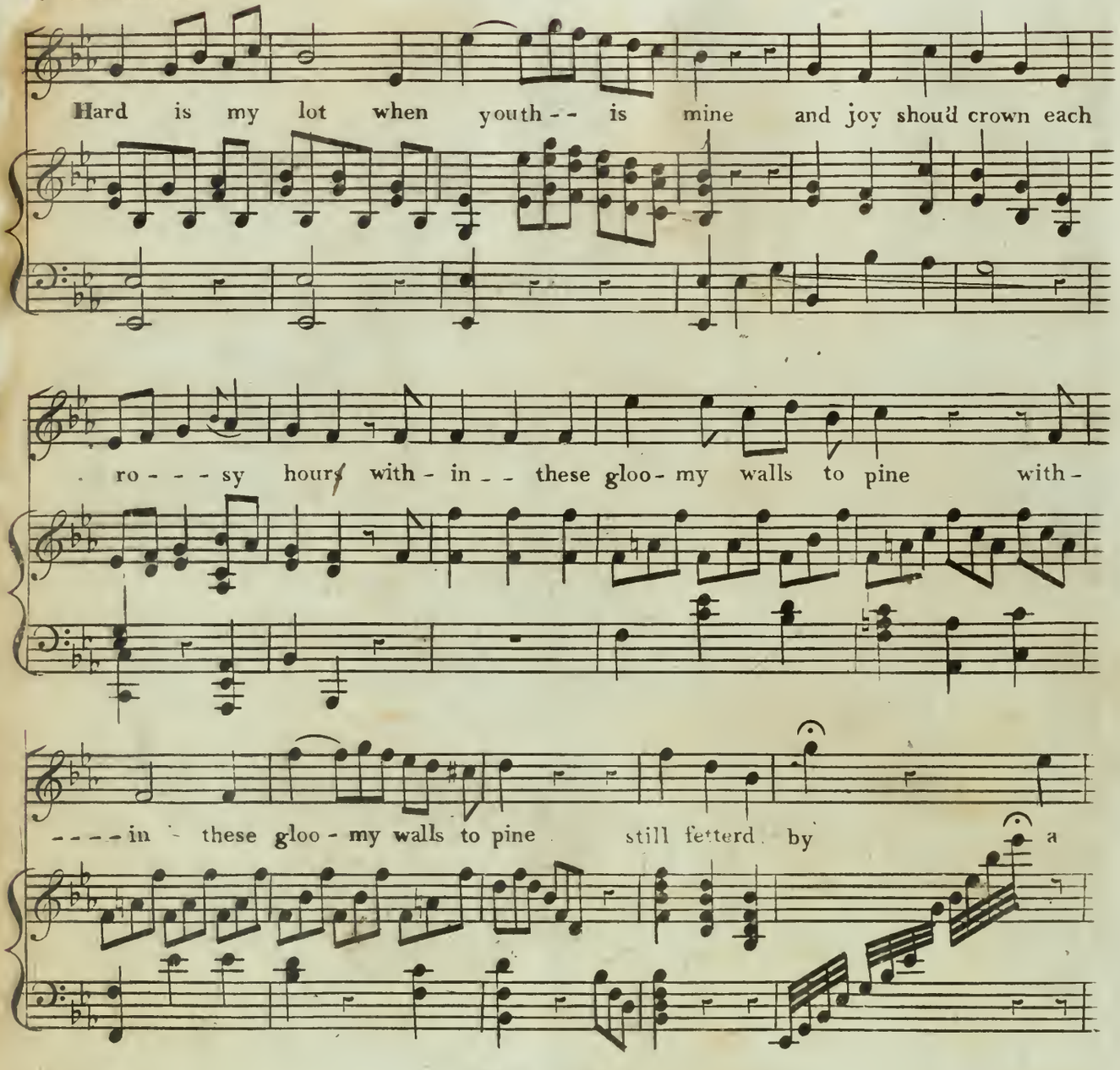
Composed by M. Kelly.

Price 1/6

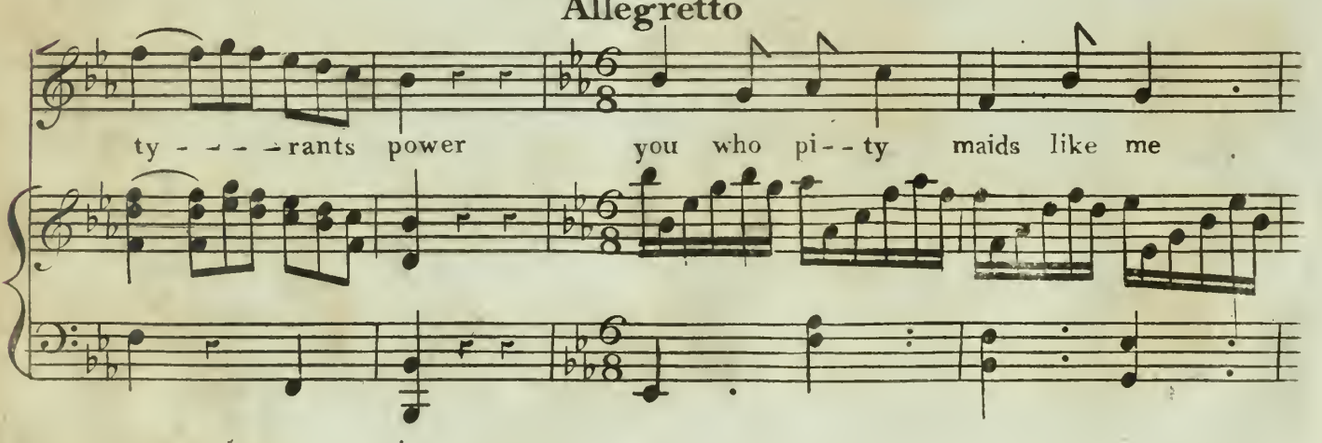
London Published & Sold at his Musical Saloon N.9 Pall Mall.

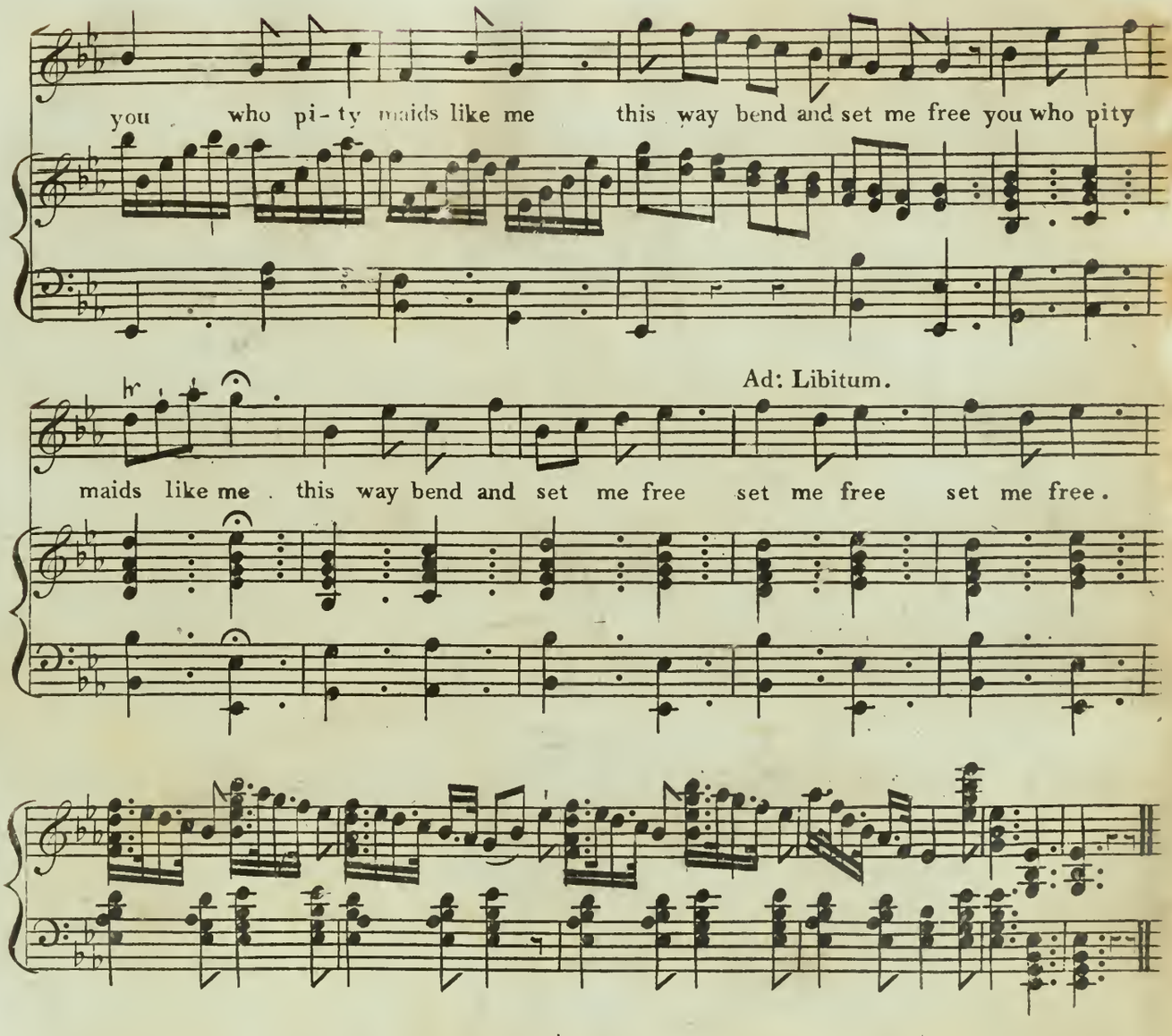


Andante



Allegretto





Must I, for ever languish here,
A life of solitude to prove
No something whispers in my ear
That I was born for bliss and love
You who pity maids like me,
This way bend, and set me free.

The Farm Yard,

SUNG BY Mr. MATHEWS

in the Comic Opera of

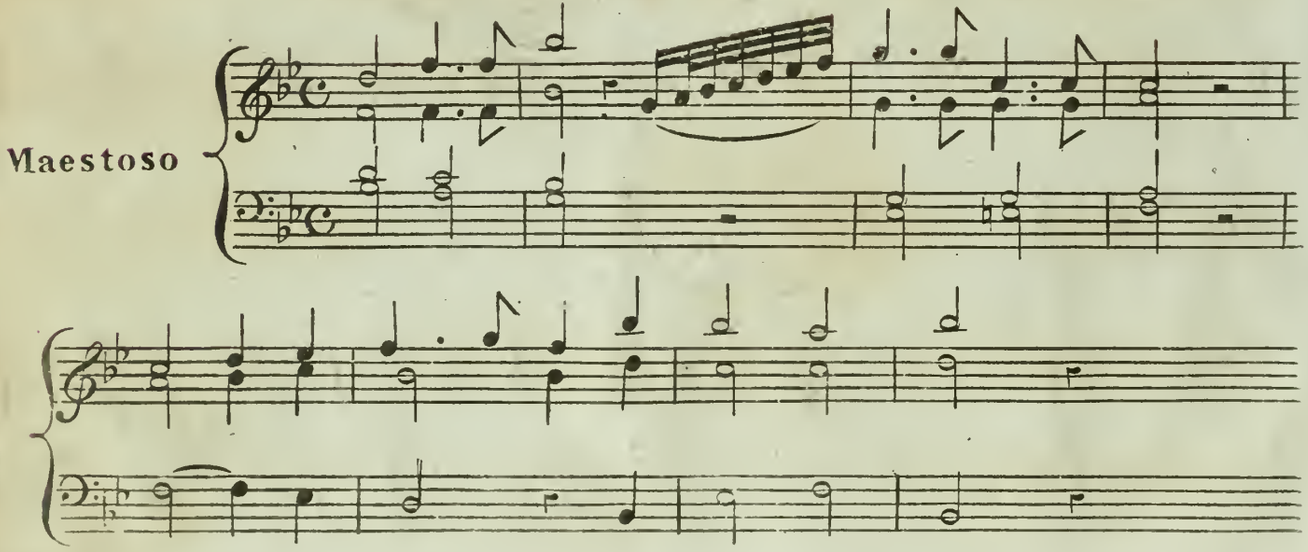
LOVE LAUGHS at LOCK-SMITHS,

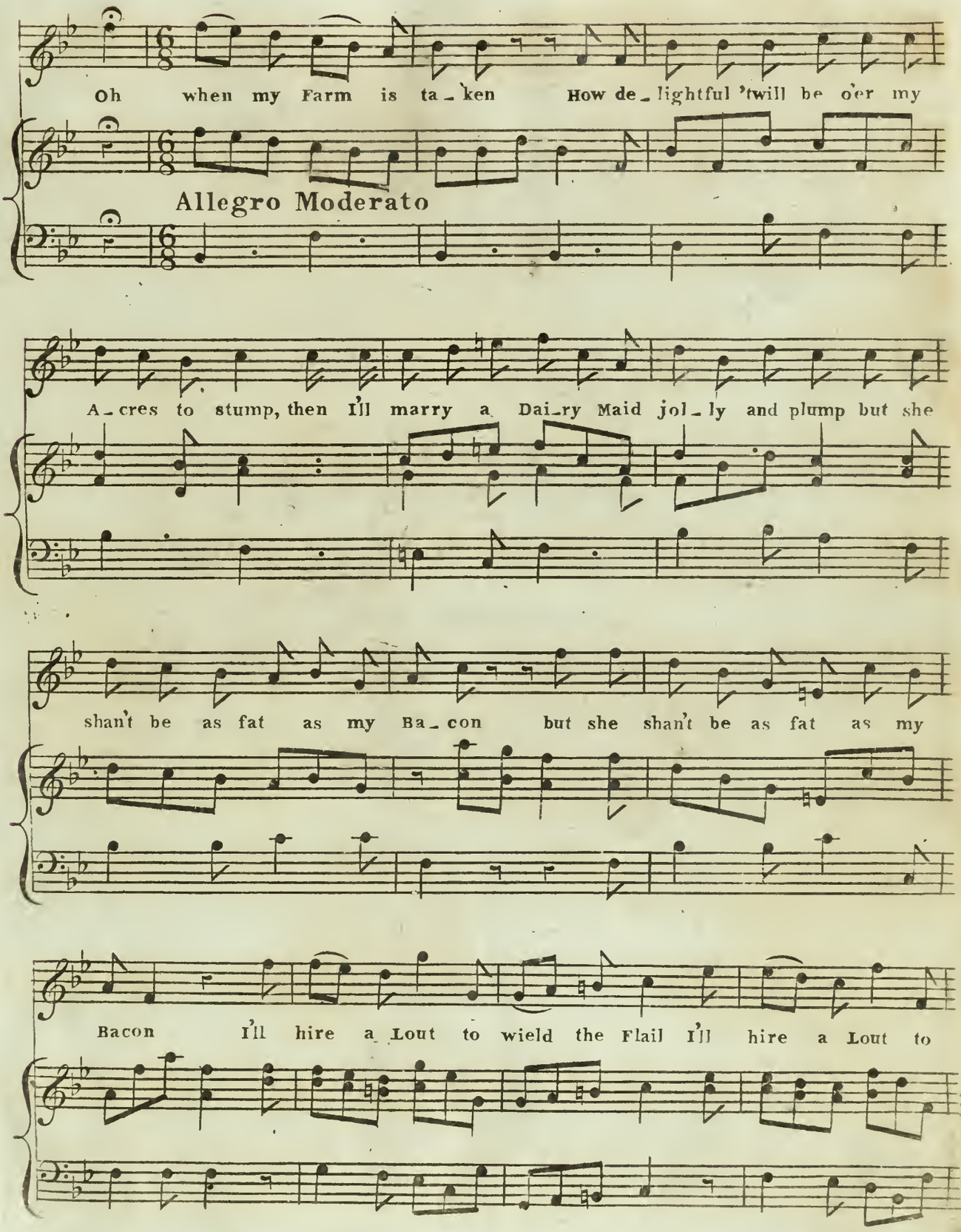
Composed by

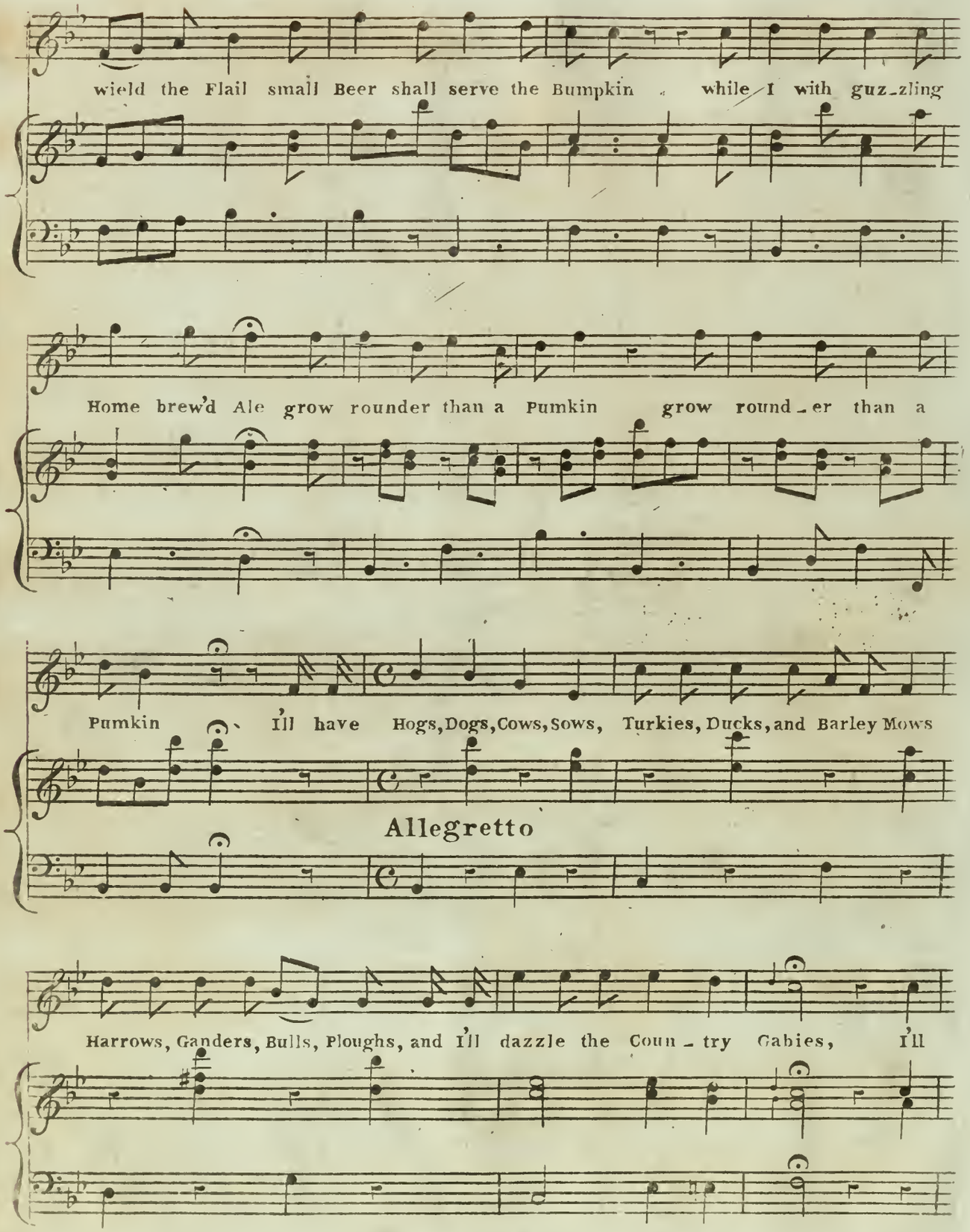
M. Kelly.

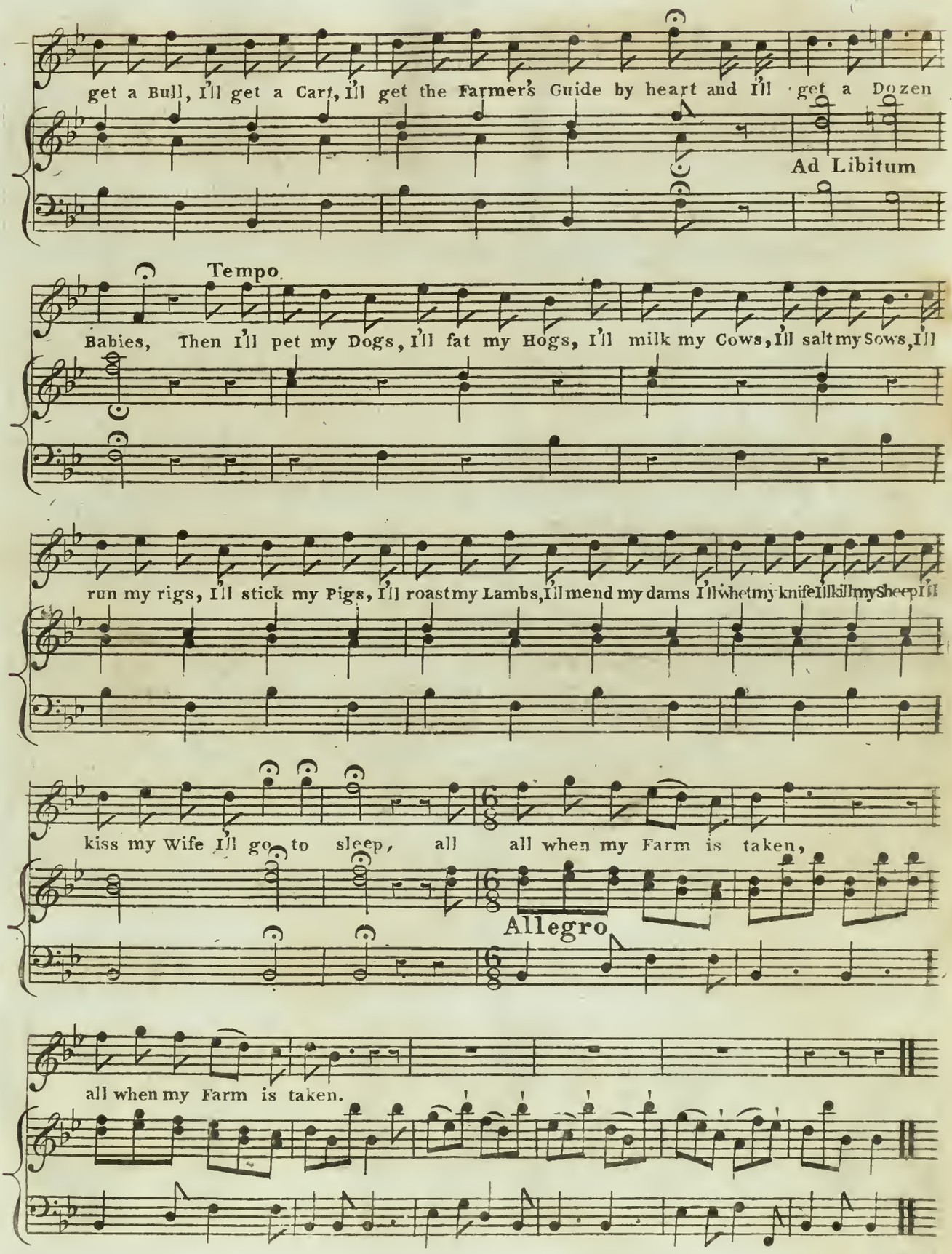
Entd at Stat.rs Hall. *Price 2/-*

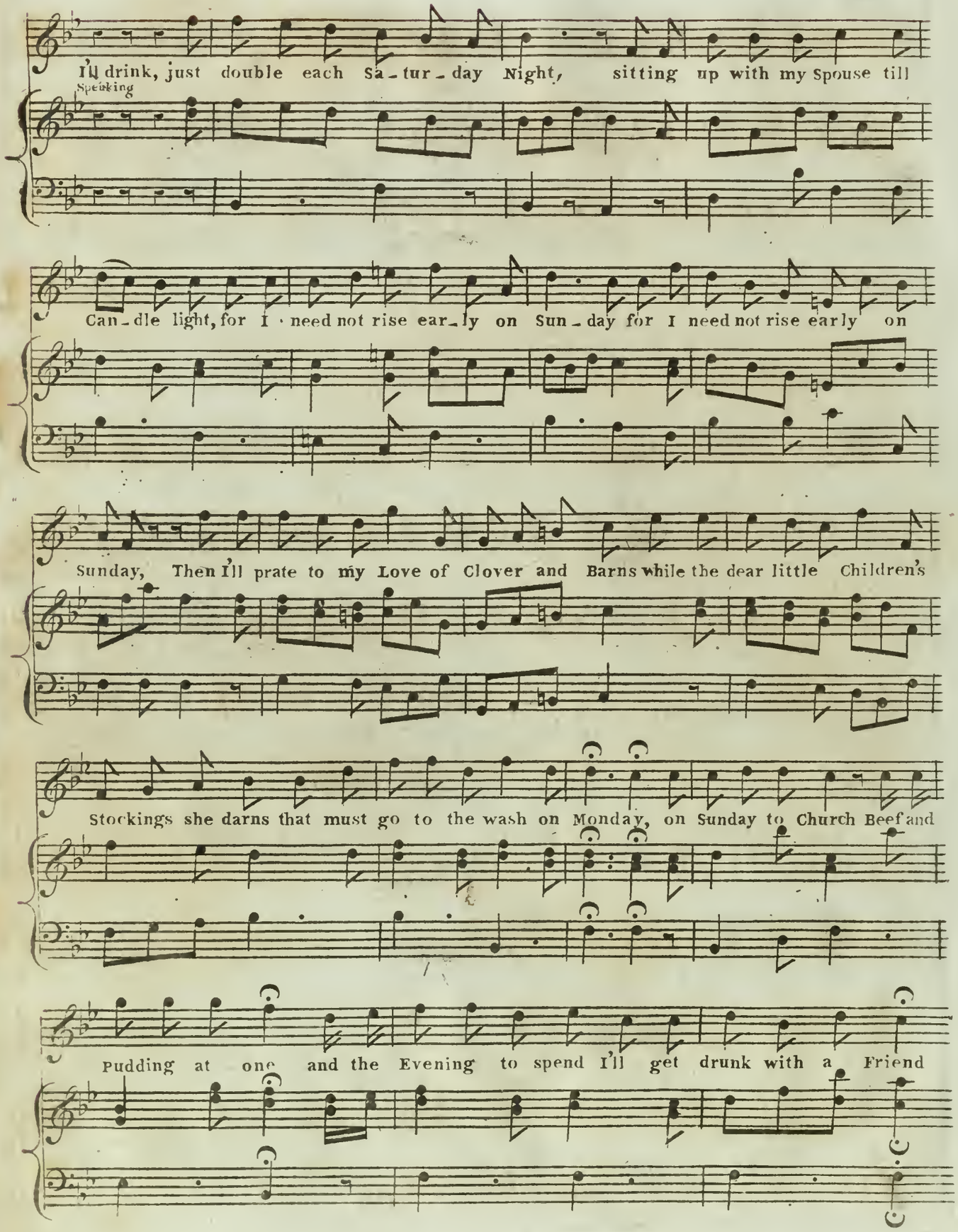
Publish'd by M. Kelly at his Musical Saloon N.o 9 Pall Mall.

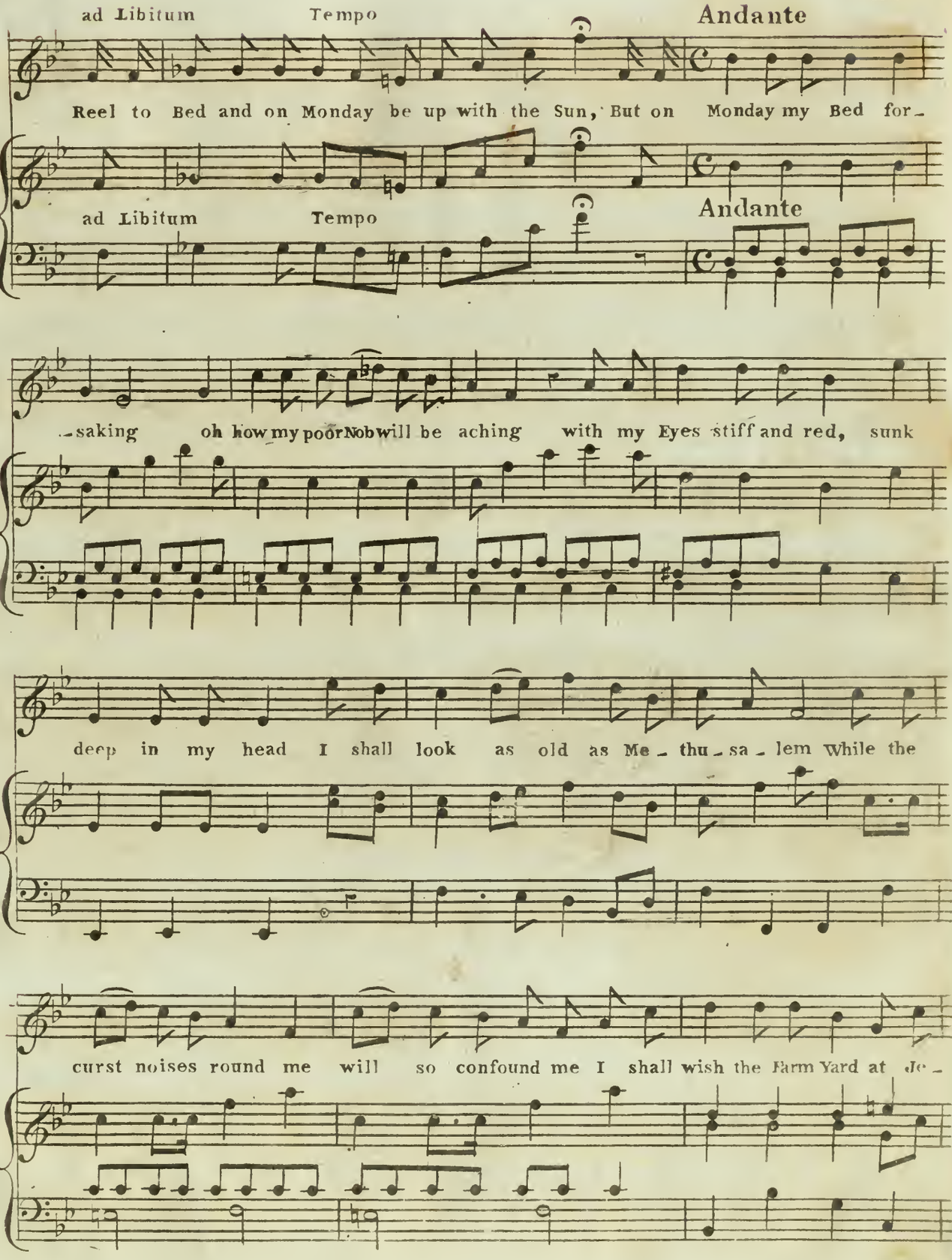


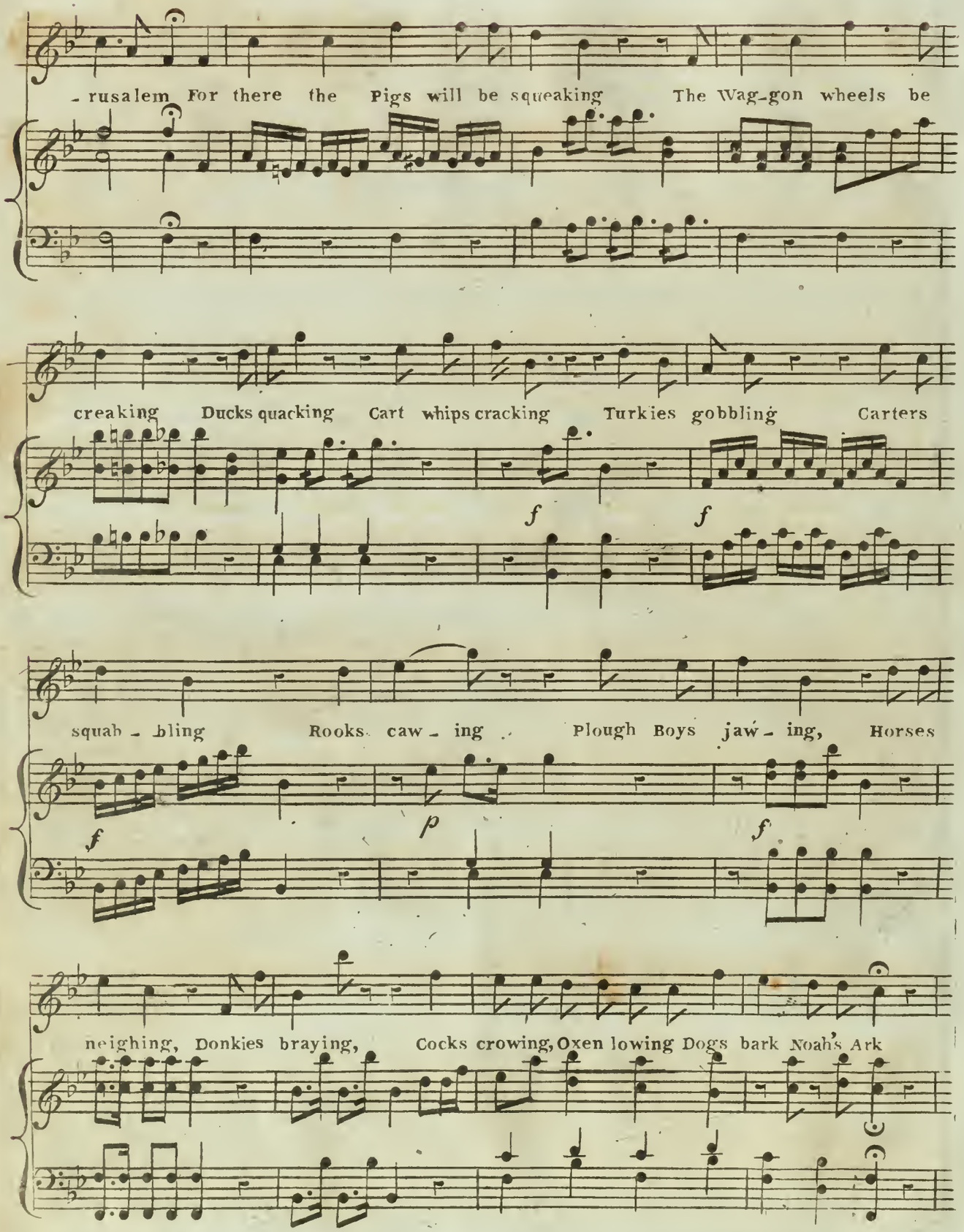

Oh when my Farm is ta_ken How de_lightful 'twill be o'er my
Allegro Moderato
A_cres to stump, then I'll marry a Dai_ry Maid jol_ly and plump but she
shan't be as fat as my Ba_con but she shan't be as fat as my
Bacon I'll hire a Lout to wield the Flail I'll hire a Lout to

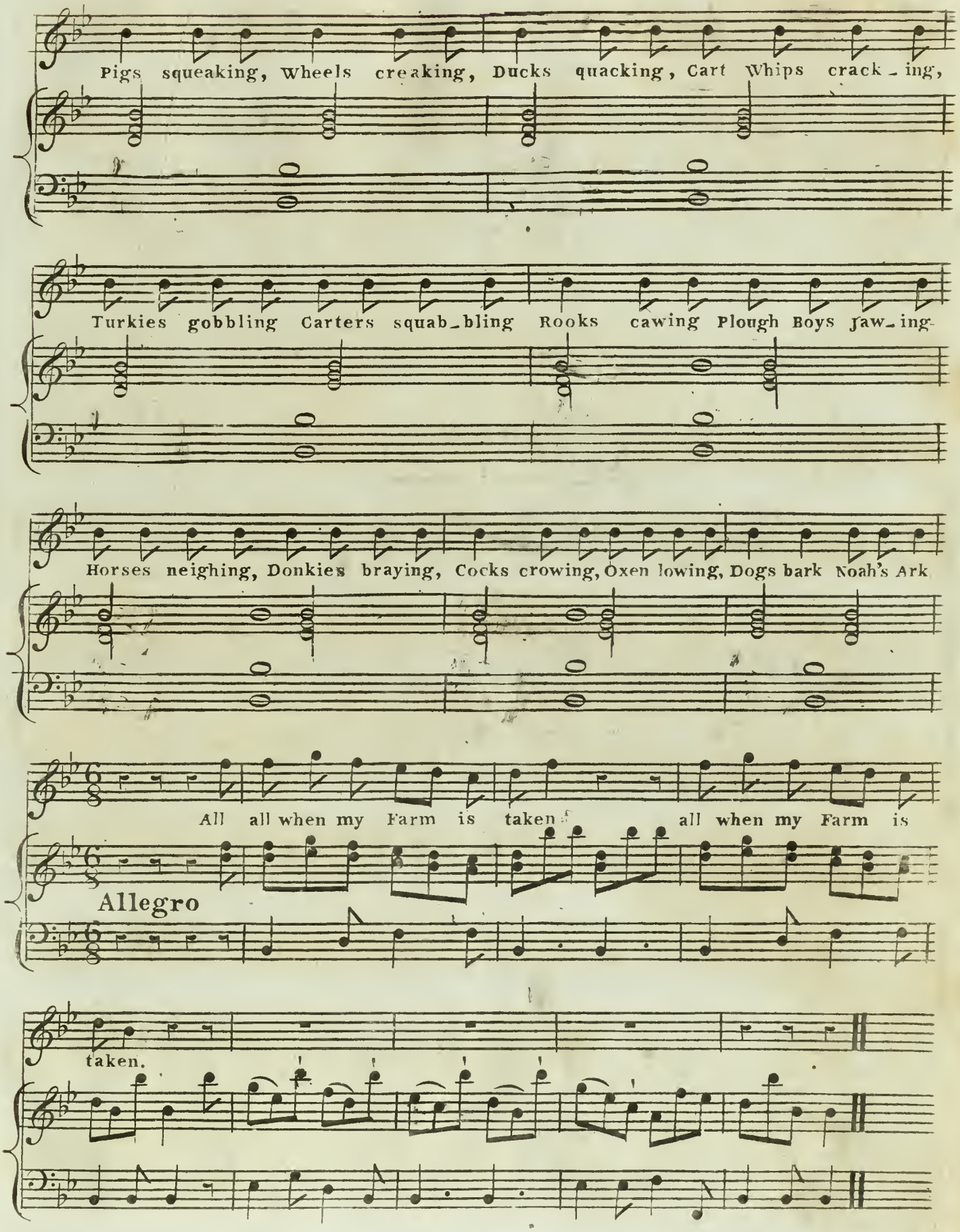

wield the Flail small Beer shall serve the Bumpkin while I with guz-zling
Home brew'd Ale grow rounder than a Pumkin grow round-er than a
Pumkin I'll have Hogs, Dogs, Cows, Sows, Turkies, Ducks, and Barley Mows
Allegretto
Harrows, Ganders, Bulls, Ploughs, and I'll dazzle the Coun-try Gabies, I'll


get a Bull, I'll get a Cart, I'll get the Farmer's Guide by heart and I'll get a Dozen
Ad Libitum
Tempo.
Babies, Then I'll pet my Dogs, I'll fat my Hogs, I'll milk my Cows, I'll salt my Sows, I'll
run my rigs, I'll stick my Pigs, I'll roast my Lambs, I'll mend my dams I'll whet my knife I'll kill my Sheep I'll
kiss my Wife I'll go to sleep, all all when my Farm is taken,
Allegro
all when my Farm is taken.


I'll drink, just double each Sa-tur-day Night, sitting up with my Spouse till
Speaking
Can-dle light, for I need not rise ear-ly on Sun-day for I need not rise early on
Sunday, Then I'll prate to my Love of Clover and Barns while the dear little Children's
Stockings she darns that must go to the wash on Monday, on Sunday to Church Beef and
Pudding at one and the Evening to spend I'll get drunk with a Friend


ad Libitum
Tempo
Andante
Reel to Bed and on Monday be up with the Sun, But on Monday my Bed for-
ad Libitum
Tempo
Andante
-saking oh how my poor Nob will be aching with my Eyes stiff and red, sunk
deep in my head I shall look as old as Me - thu - sa - lem While the
curst noises round me will so confound me I shall wish the Farm Yard at Je -


-rusalem For there the Pigs will be squeaking The Wag-gon wheels be
creaking Ducks quacking Cart whips cracking Turkies gobbling Carters
f
f
squab-bling Rooks caw-ing Plough Boys jaw-ing, Horses
f
p
f
neighing, Donkies braying, Cocks crowing, Oxen lowing Dogs bark Noah's Ark


Pigs squeaking, Wheels creaking, Ducks quacking, Cart Whips crack_ing,
Turkies gobbling Carters squab_bling Rooks cawing Plough Boys jaw_ing
Horses neighing, Donkies braying, Cocks crowing, Oxen lowing, Dogs bark Noah's Ark
All all when my Farm is taken all when my Farm is
Allegro
taken.

Ruddy Damon Sighing said,

Sung by Mr Elliston

In the Musical Entertainment of

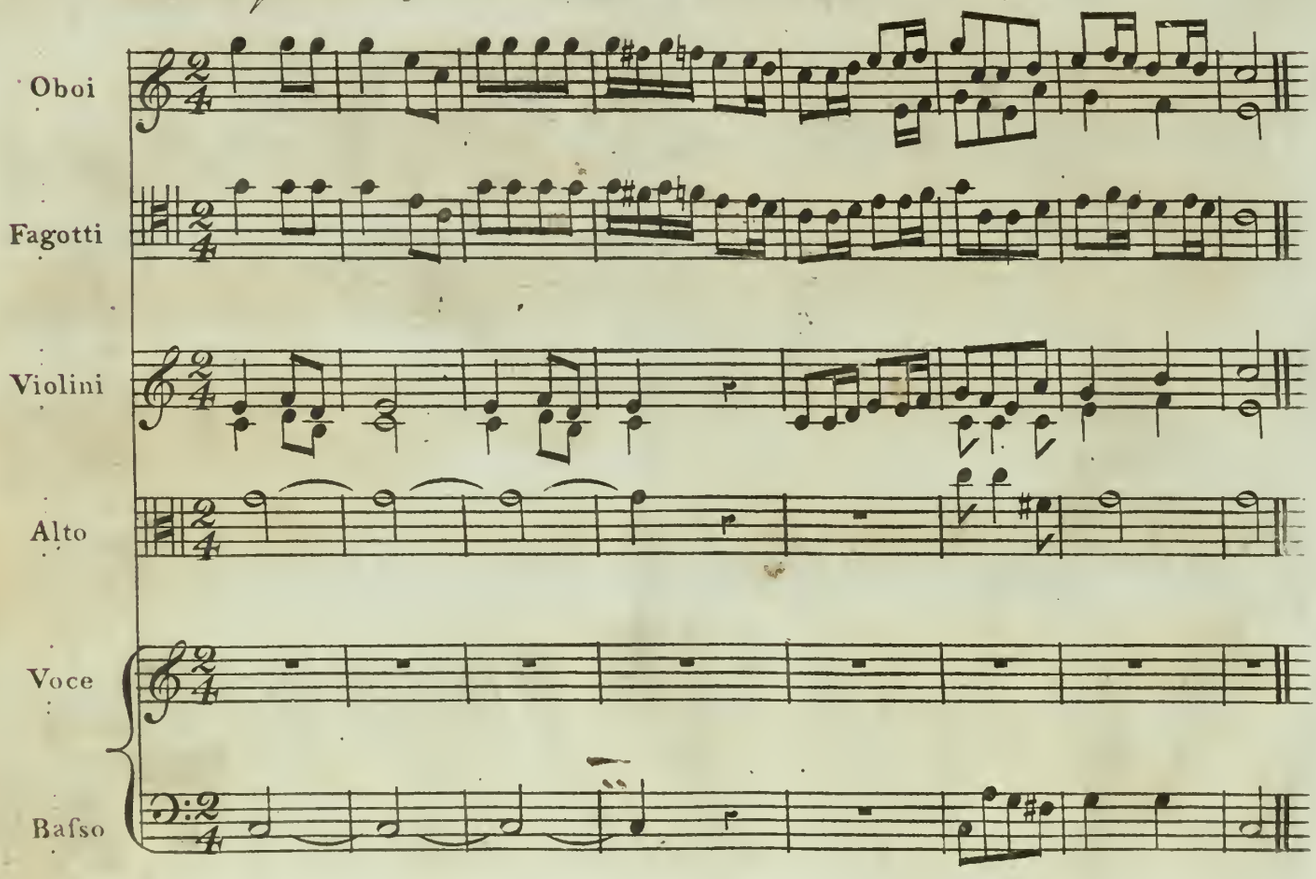
LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS

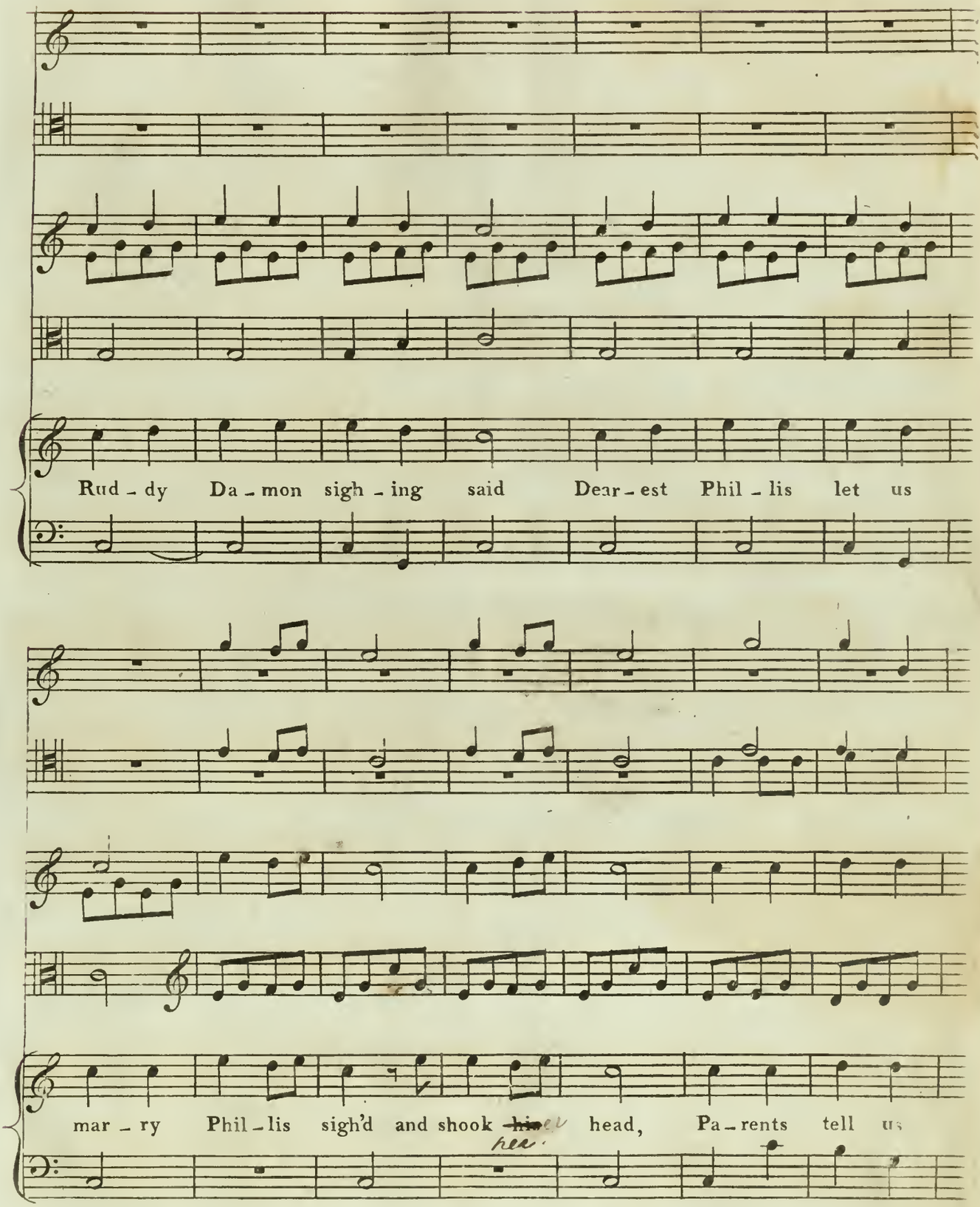
Performed at the

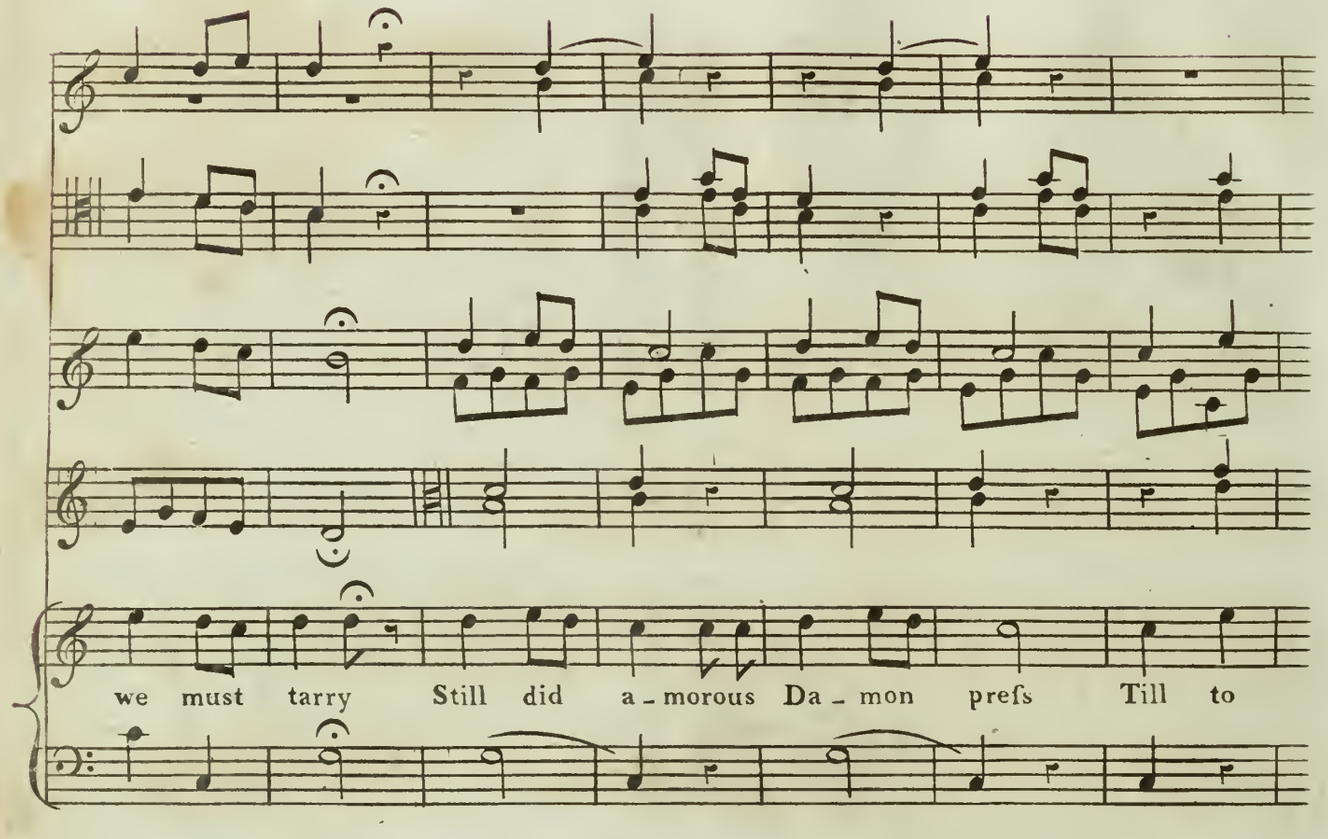
THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.

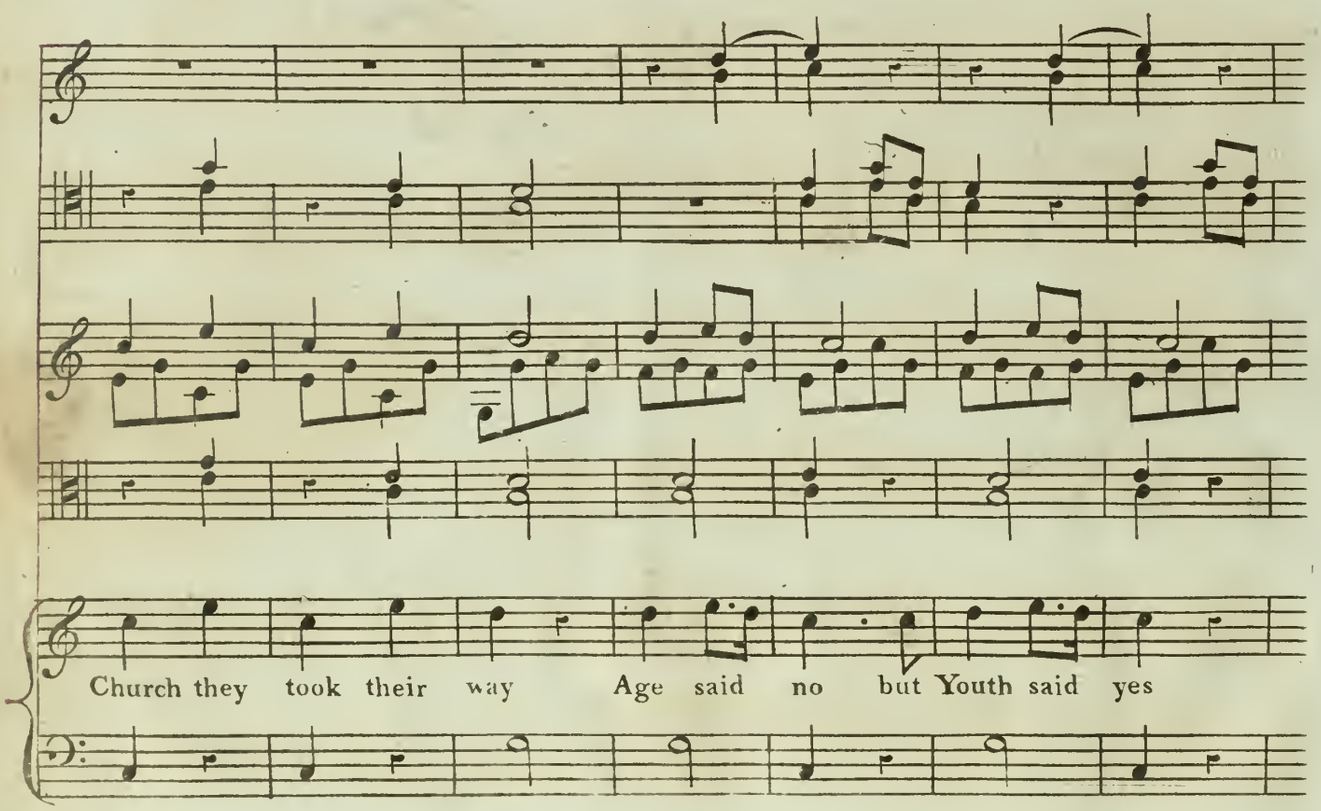
Entd at Statrs Hall _____ *Price 1s*

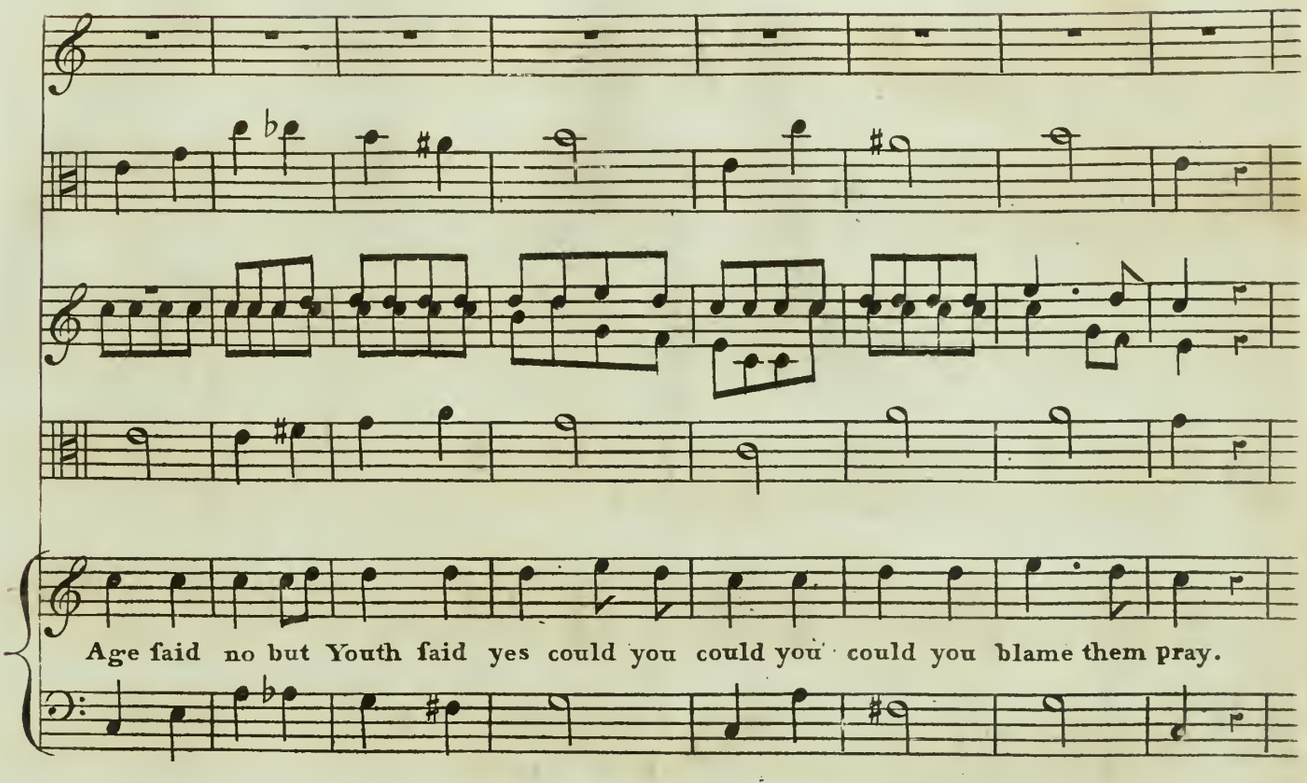
Printed by M. Kelly at his Musical Saloon Pall Mall _____

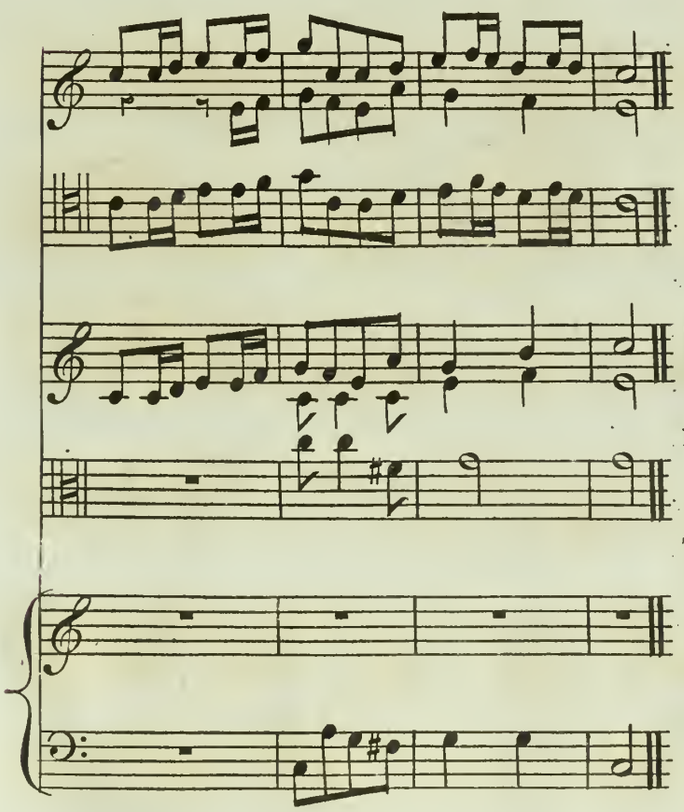



Rud - dy Da - mon sigh - ing said Dear - est Phil - lis let us
mar - ry Phil - lis sigh'd and shook ~~his~~ her head, Pa - rents tell us


we must tarry Still did a-morous Da-mon prefs Till to


Church they took their way Age said no but Youth said yes





2

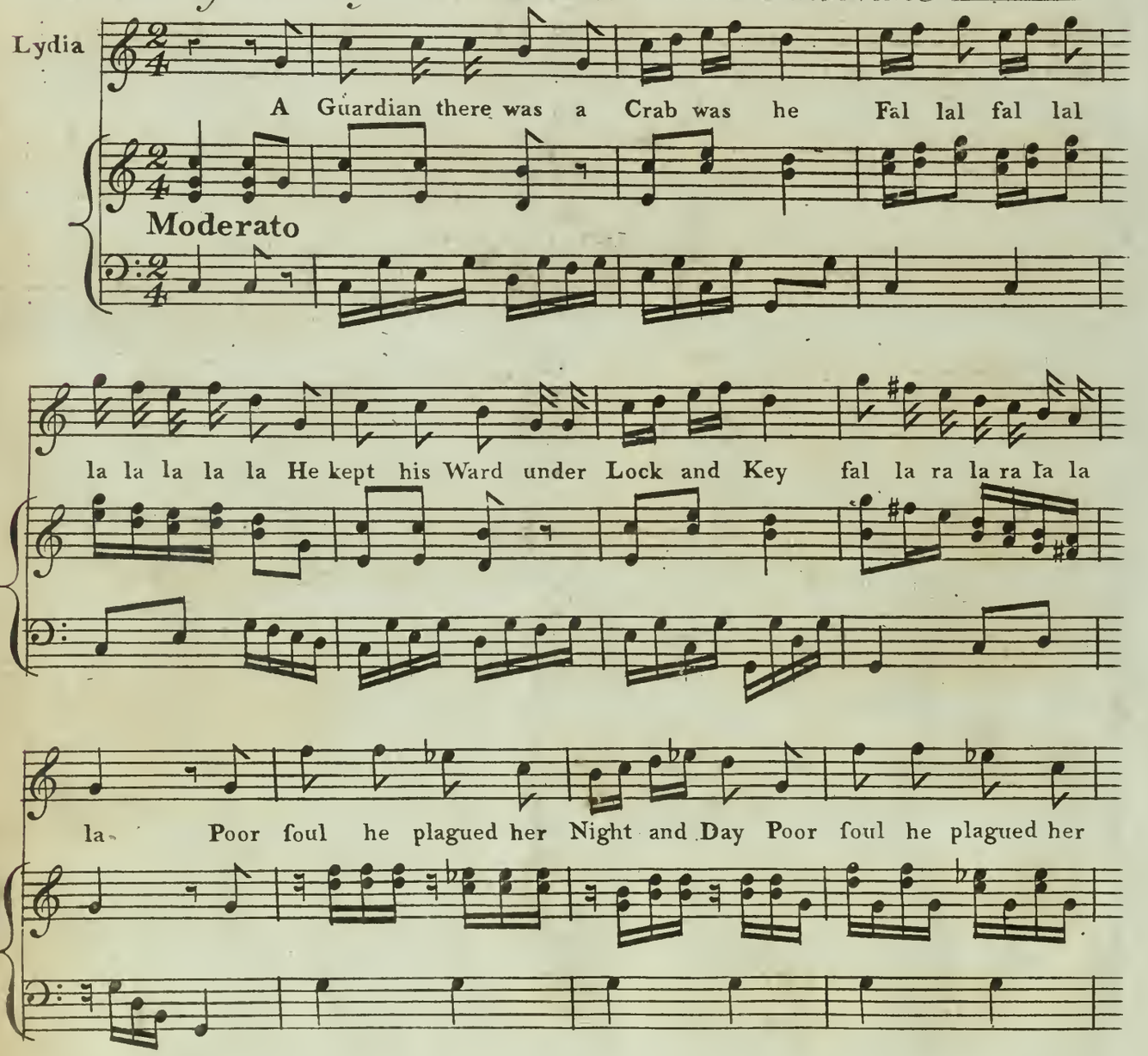
Youth, while mantling in the Cheek,
Only knows what Nature's will is;
Grey-beard's precepts, then, are weak,
Ev'ry Damon has his Phillis.
Nature's law we all confess;
And when Nature points the way,
Tho' Age say "no!" should Youth say "yes!"
Can you, can you, blame us, pray?

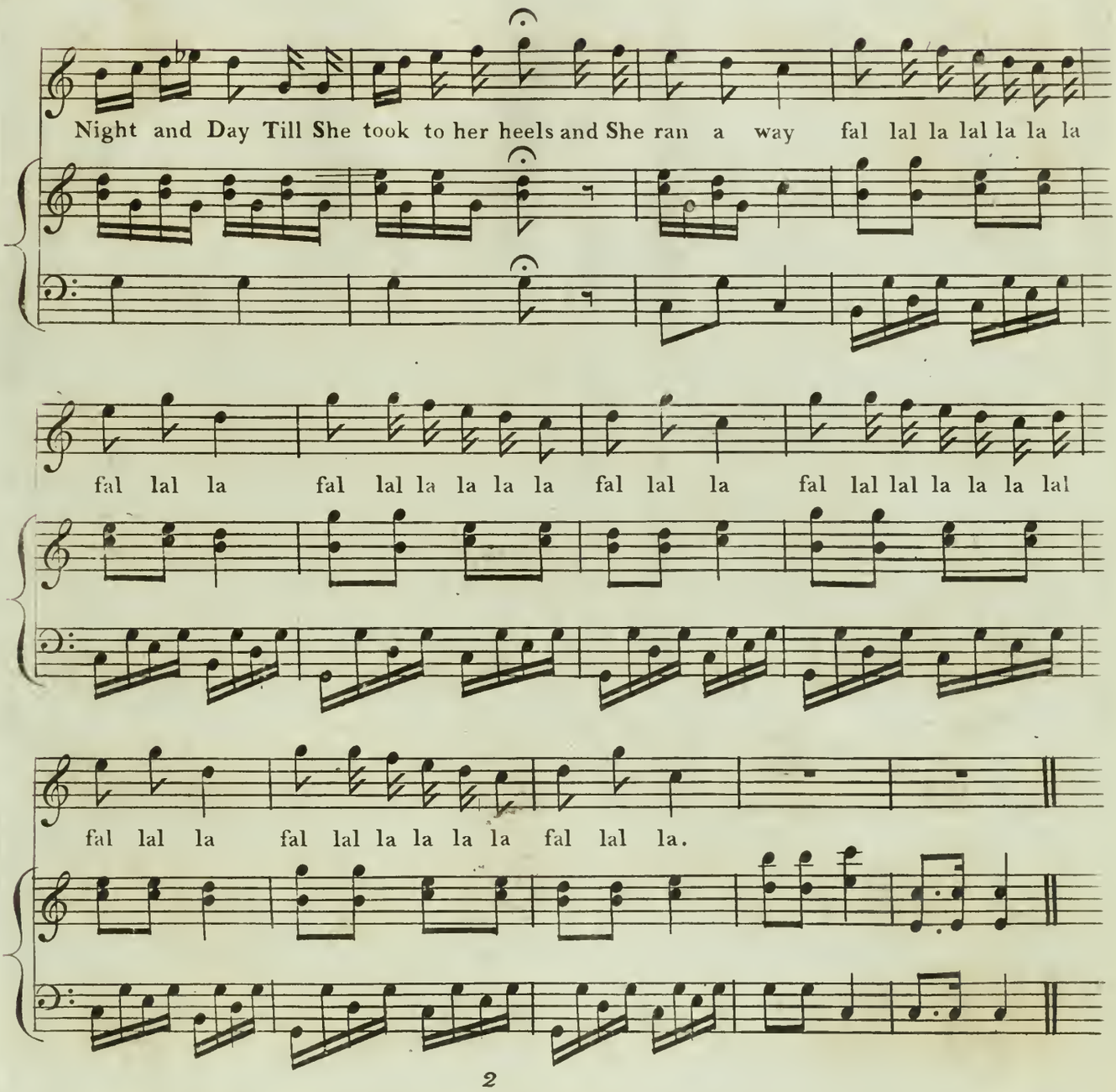
A GUARDIAN THERE WAS

Sung by Mrs. Atkins
At the Theatre Royal
HAYMARKET
In the Musical Entertainment of
LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

Composed by M. KELLY.

Ent.d at Stat.rs Hall
Price 1s/
Printed by M. Kelly at his Musical Saloon Pall Mall





2

She laugh'd at this Crab as long as she could,
Fal lal &c.
For fretting never does us good,
Fal lal &c.
But he grew more teazing every Day,
So she took to her heels and she ran away.
Fal lal &c.

30

Unfortunate Miss Bailey,

SUNG BY Mr. MATHEWS,

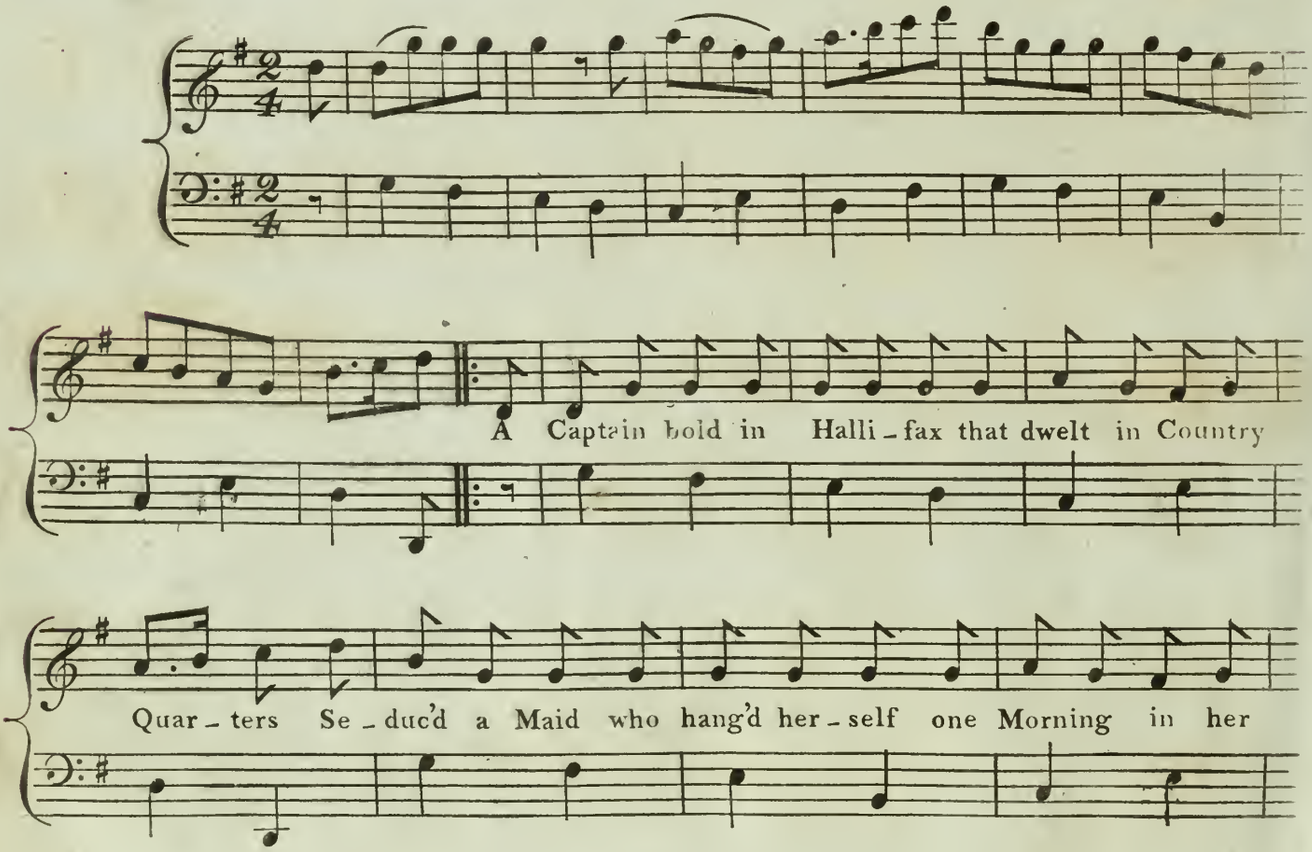
In the Comic Opera of

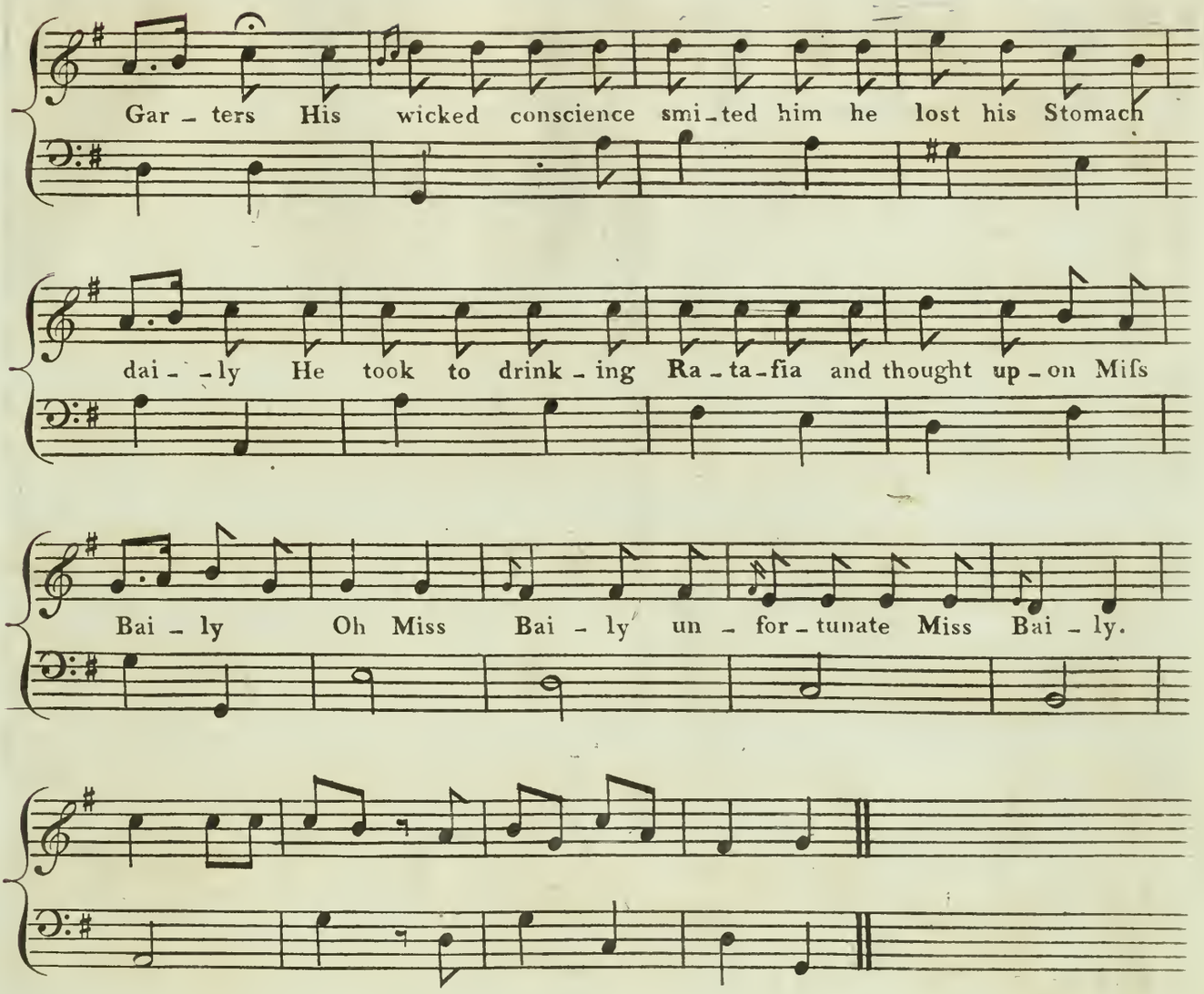
LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

Entd at Stat. Hall

Price 1s.

London Printed by M. Kelly at his Musical Saloon Pall. Mall





2

One Night, betimes, he went to rest, for he had caught a fever,
Says he "I am a handsome Man, but I'm a gay Deceiver,
His Candle, just at twelve o Clock, begun to burn quite palely,
A Ghost stepp'd up to his Bed side, and said, behold Miss Bailey.

3 Oh Miſs Bailey &c

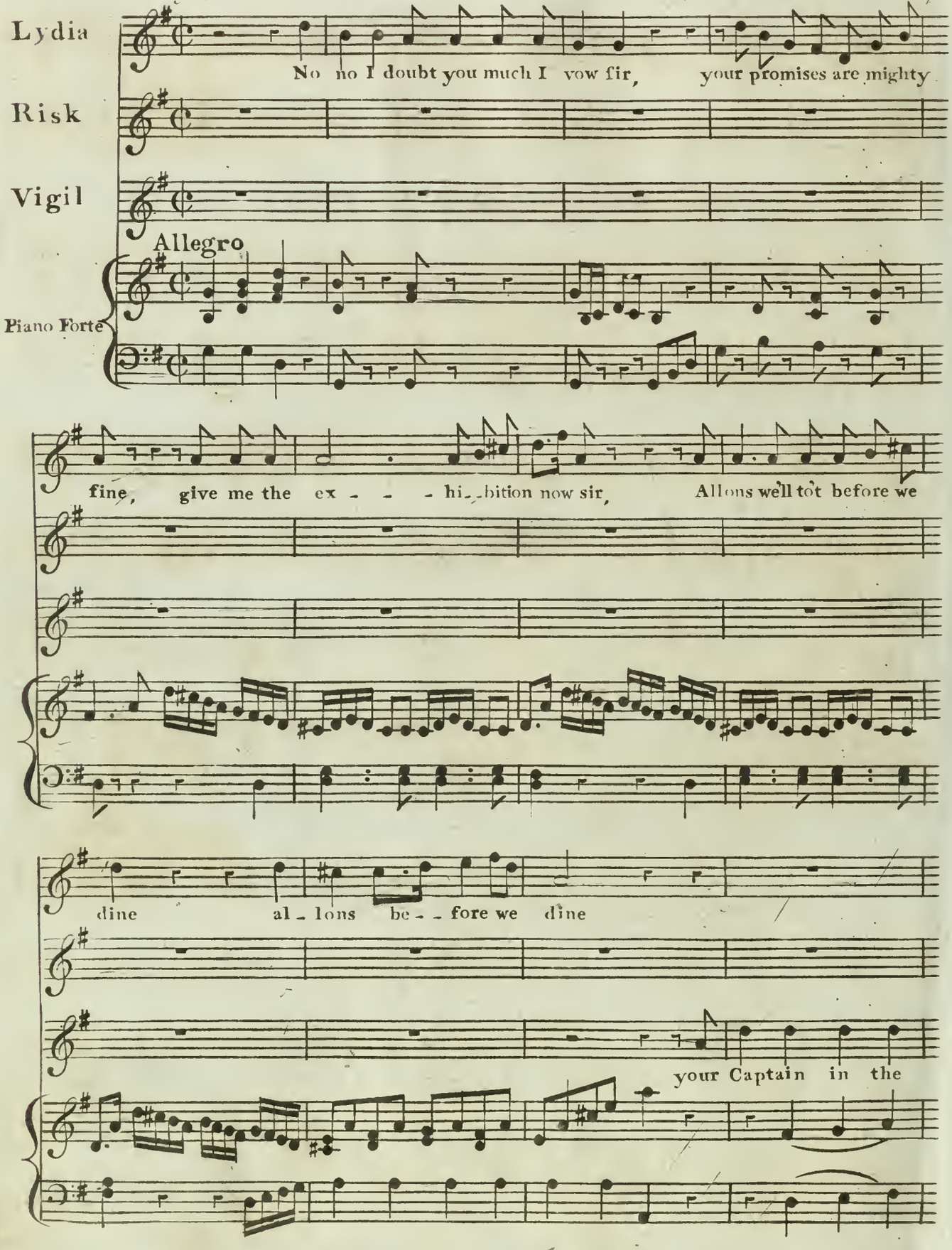
Avaunt Miss Bailey then he cried your Face looks white and mealy,
Dear Captain Smith the Ghost reply'd you've used me ungenteely,
The Crowners quest goes hard with me becauſe I've acted frailey,
And Parſon Biggs won't bury me tho' I am dead Miſs Bailey.

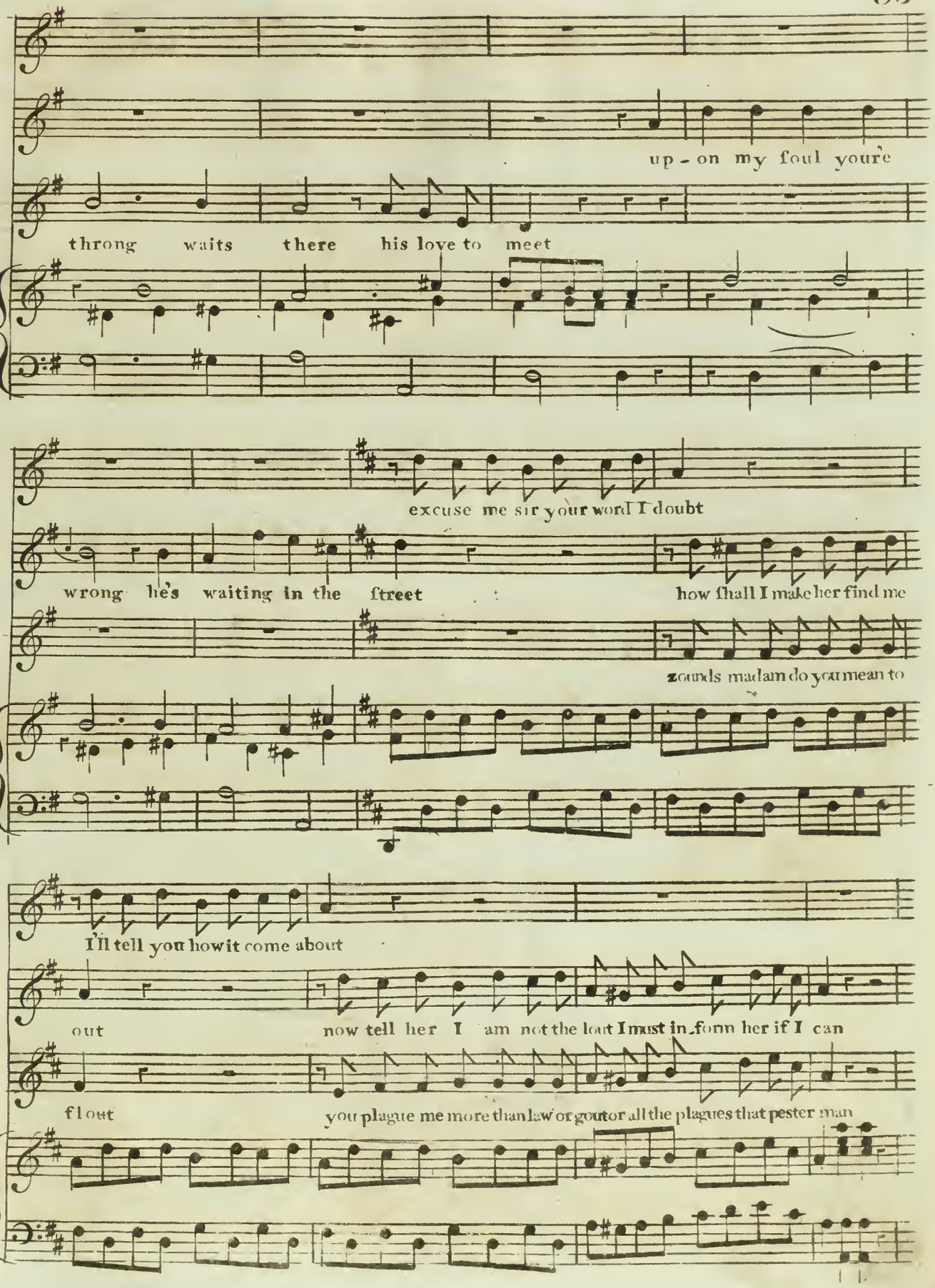
4 Oh Miſs Bailey &c

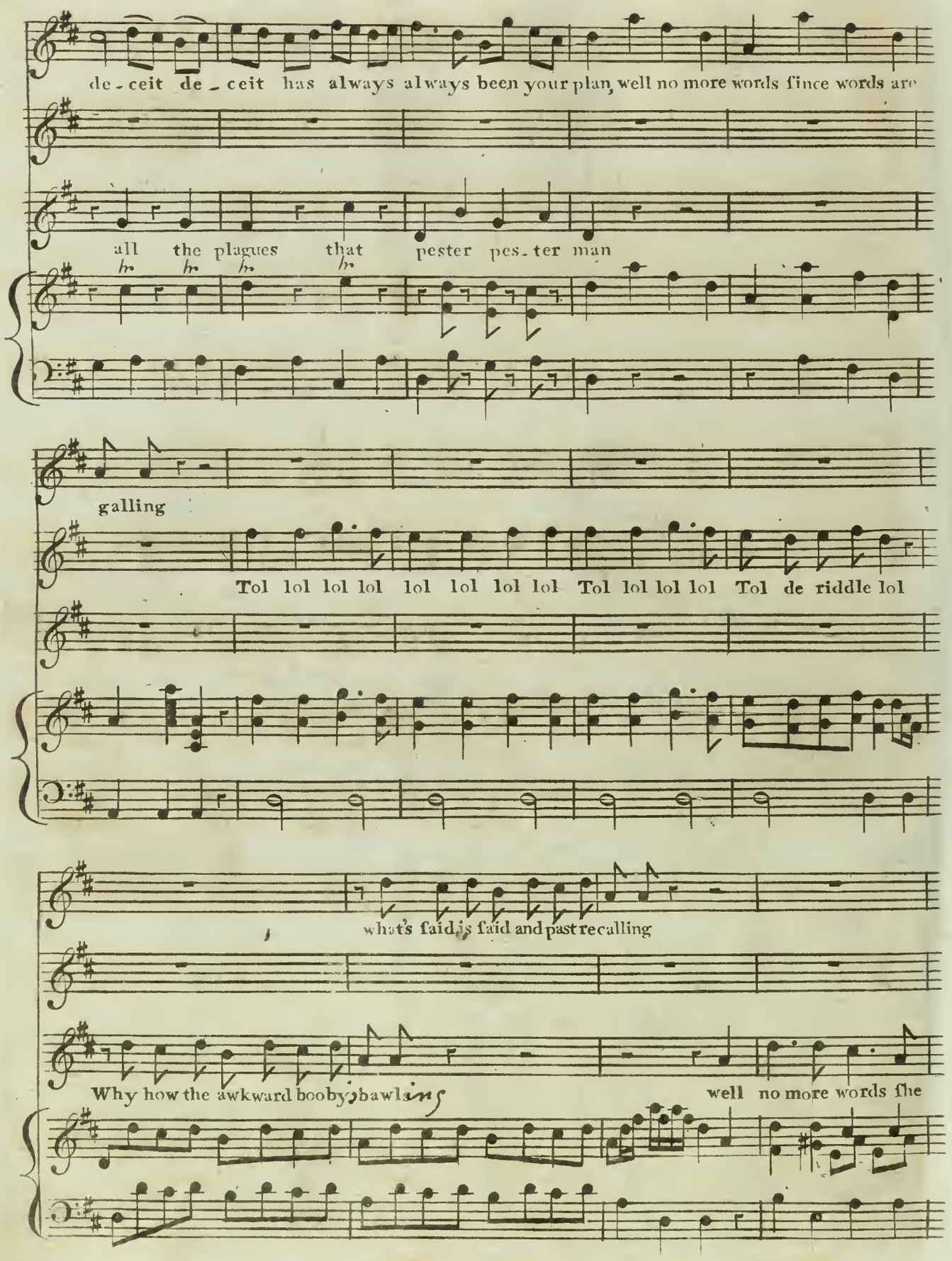
Dear Corpſe; ſays he, since you and I accounts must, once for all, cloſe,
I've got a one Pound Note, in my Regimental small Clothes;
T'will bribe the Sexton for your Grave; the Ghost then vanish'd gaily
Crying "bleſs you, wicked Captain Smith, remember poor Miſs Bailey.

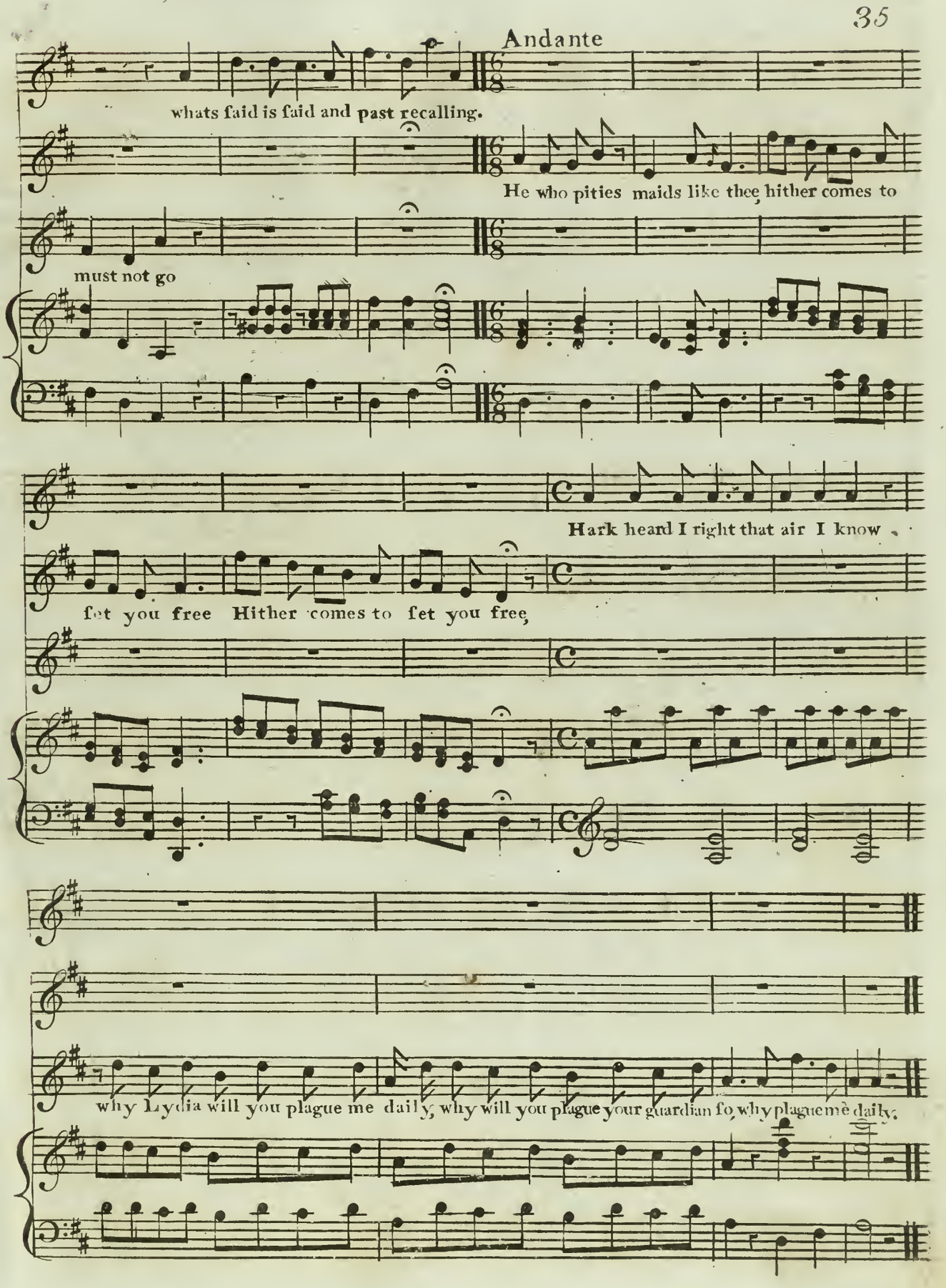
Oh Miſs Bailey &c

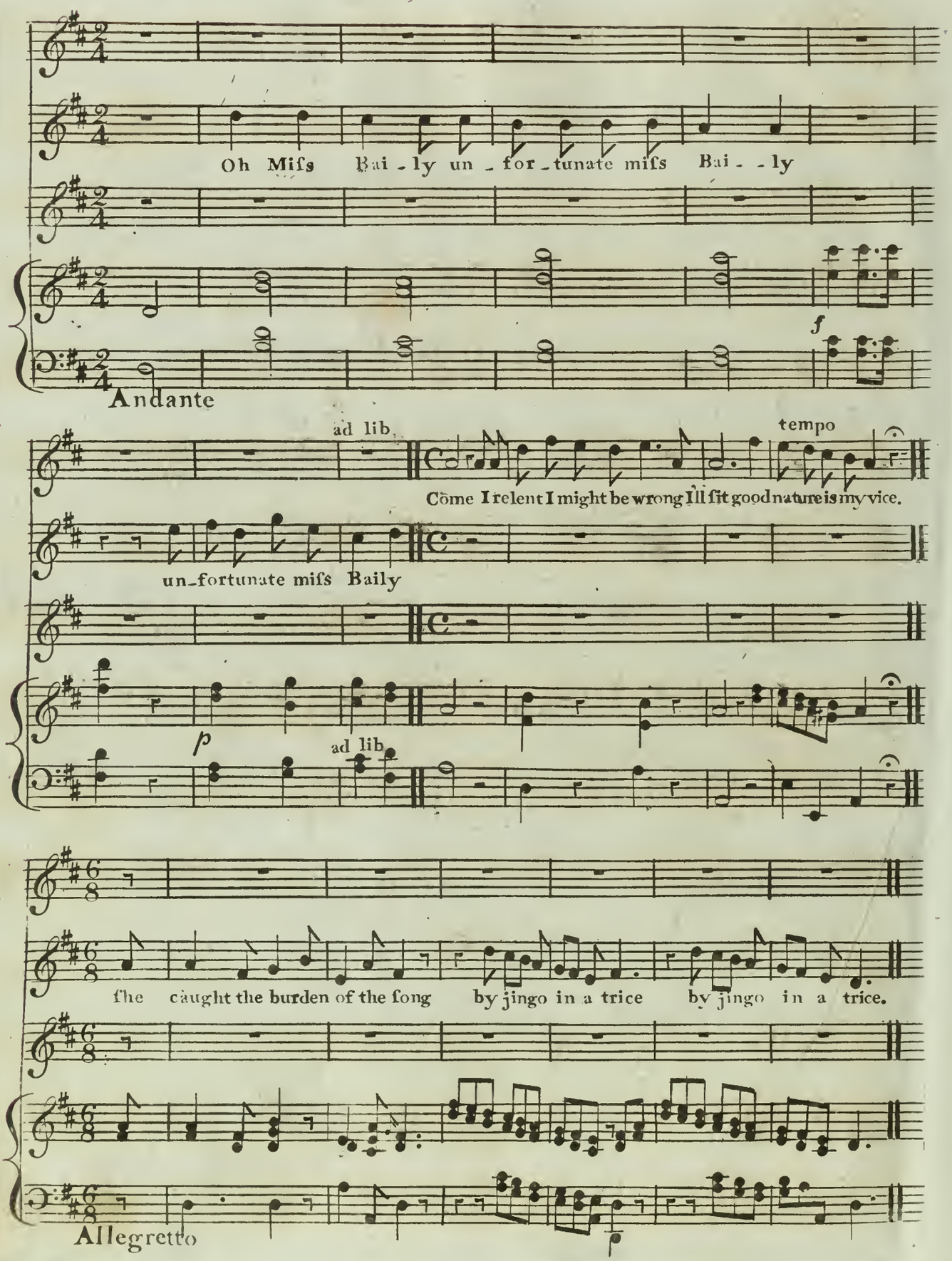
TRIO. Sung by Mrs Wrighten, Mr Mathews & Mr Denman Composed by Michael Kelly

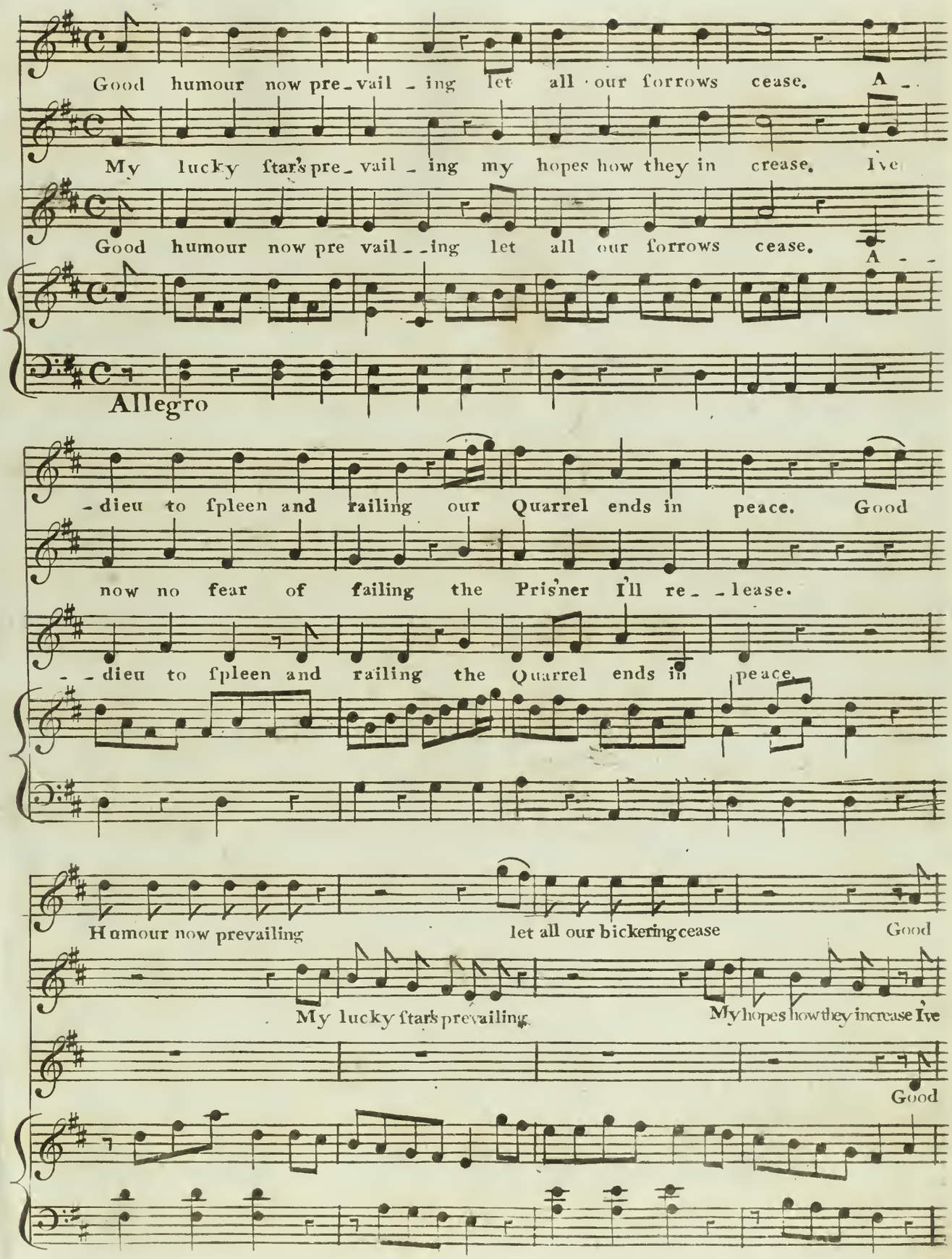


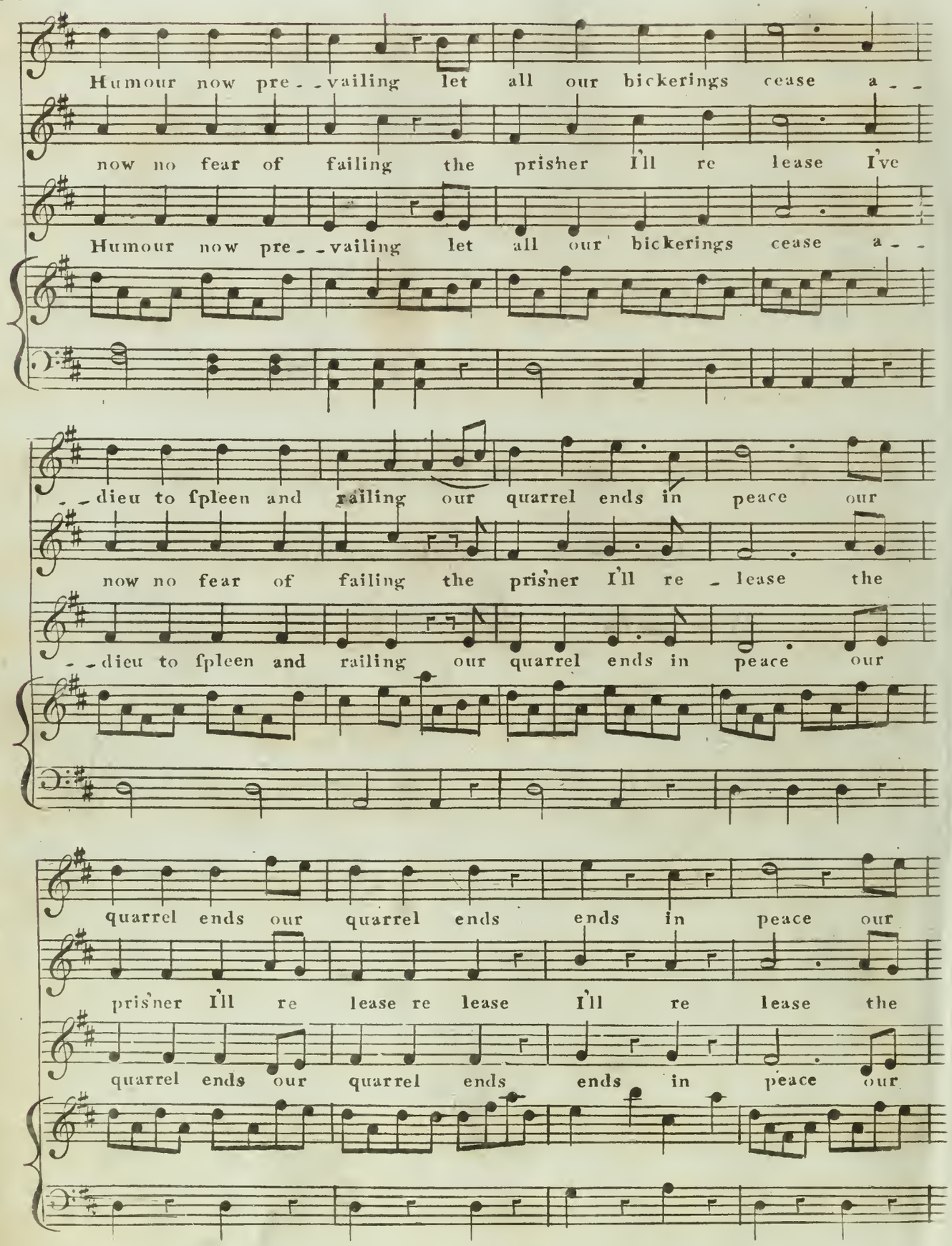

up - on my foul youre
throng waits there his love to meet
excuse me sir your word I doubt
wrong he's waiting in the ſtreet
how ſhall I make her find me
zounds madam do you mean to
I'll tell you how it come about
out
now tell her I am not the lout I must in form her if I can
flout
you plague me more than law or gout or all the plagues that pester man

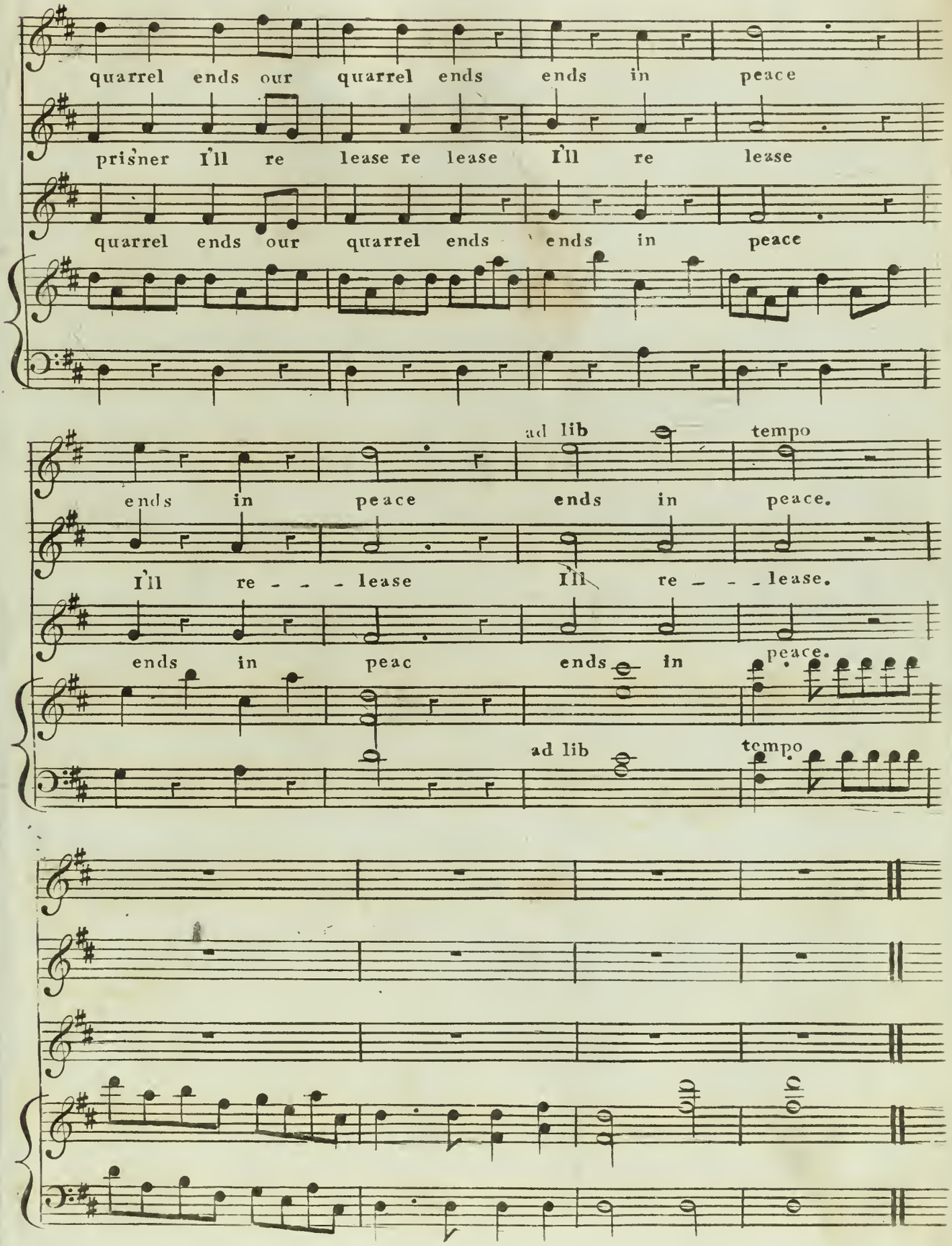

de-ceit de-ceit has always always been your plan, well no more words since words are
all the plagues that pester pes-ter man
galling
Tol lol lol lol lol lol lol lol Tol lol lol lol Tol de riddle lol
what's said is said and past recalling
Why how the awkward booby bawling
well no more words the


Andante
whats faid is faid and past recalling.
He who pities maids like thee, hither comes to
must not go
Hark heard I right that air I know
fet you free Hither comes to fet you free,
why Lydia will you plague me daily, why will you plague your guardian fo, why plague me daily.


Oh Miſs Bai - ly un - for - tunate miſs Bai - - ly
Andante
f
ad lib
tempo
Cõme I relent I might be wrong Ill ſit good nature is my vice.
un-fortunate miſs Baily
p
ad lib
ſhe caught the burden of the ſong by jingo in a trice by jingo in a trice.
Allegretto


Good humour now pre-vail-ing let all our forrows cease. A-
My lucky ſtar's pre-vail-ing my hopes how they in crease. Ive
Good humour now pre vail--ing let all our forrows cease. A---
Allegro
-dieu to ſpleen and railing our Quarrel ends in peace. Good
now no fear of failing the Priſ'ner I'll re--lease.
--dieu to ſpleen and railing the Quarrel ends in peace.
Humour now prevailing
let all our bickering cease
Good
My lucky ſtar's prevailing.
My hopes how they increase Ive
Good


Humour now pre--vailing let all our bickerings cease a--
now no fear of failing the prisher I'll re lease I've
Humour now pre--vailing let all our bickerings cease a--
--dieu to ſpleen and railing our quarrel ends in peace our
now no fear of failing the pris'ner I'll re-lease the
--dieu to ſpleen and railing our quarrel ends in peace our
quarrel ends our quarrel ends ends in peace our
pris'ner I'll re lease re lease I'll re lease the
quarrel ends our quarrel ends ends in peace our


quarrel ends our quarrel ends ends in peace
pris'ner I'll re lease re lease I'll re lease
quarrel ends our quarrel ends ends in peace
ad lib
tempo
ends in peace ends in peace.
I'll re - - - lease I'll re - - - lease.
ends in peac ends in peace.
ad lib
tempo

Cupid inflaming us
FINALE

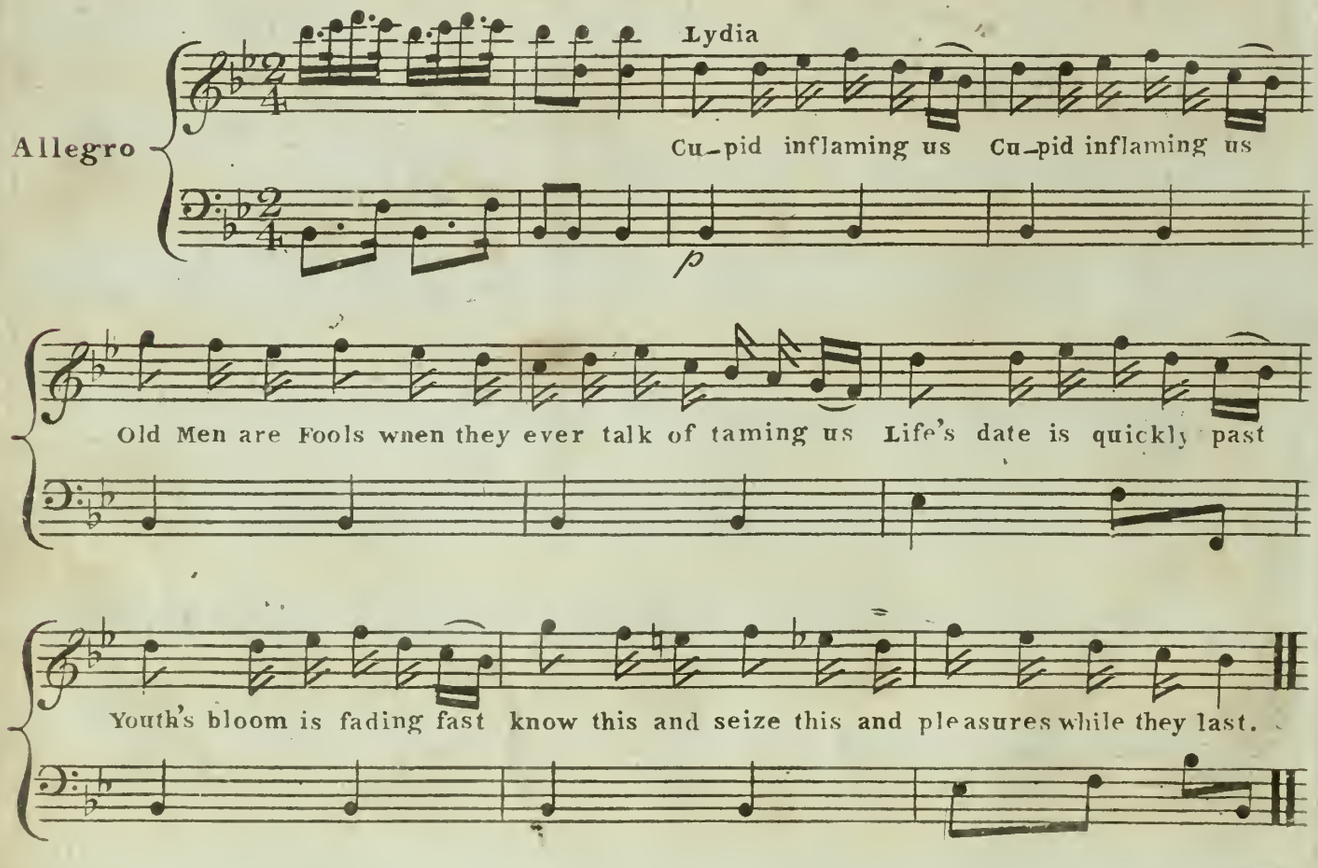
Sung by Mr. Elliston, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Denman, Mr. Grove, Mr. De Camp. and Mrs. Atkins in

LOVE LAUGHS at LOCK SMITHS

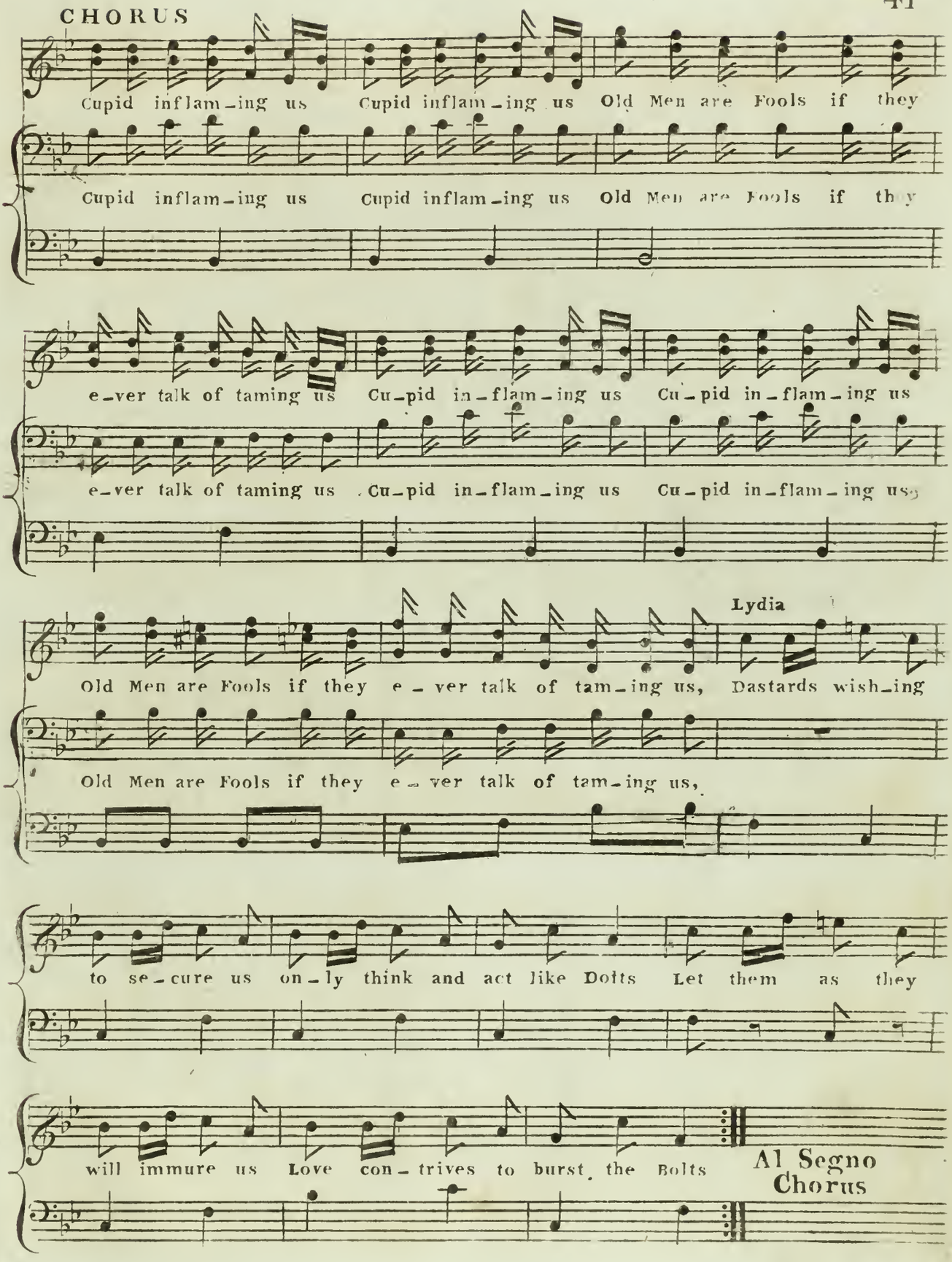
Composed by M. Kelly.

Entd. at Stats. Hall. Price 1s/6

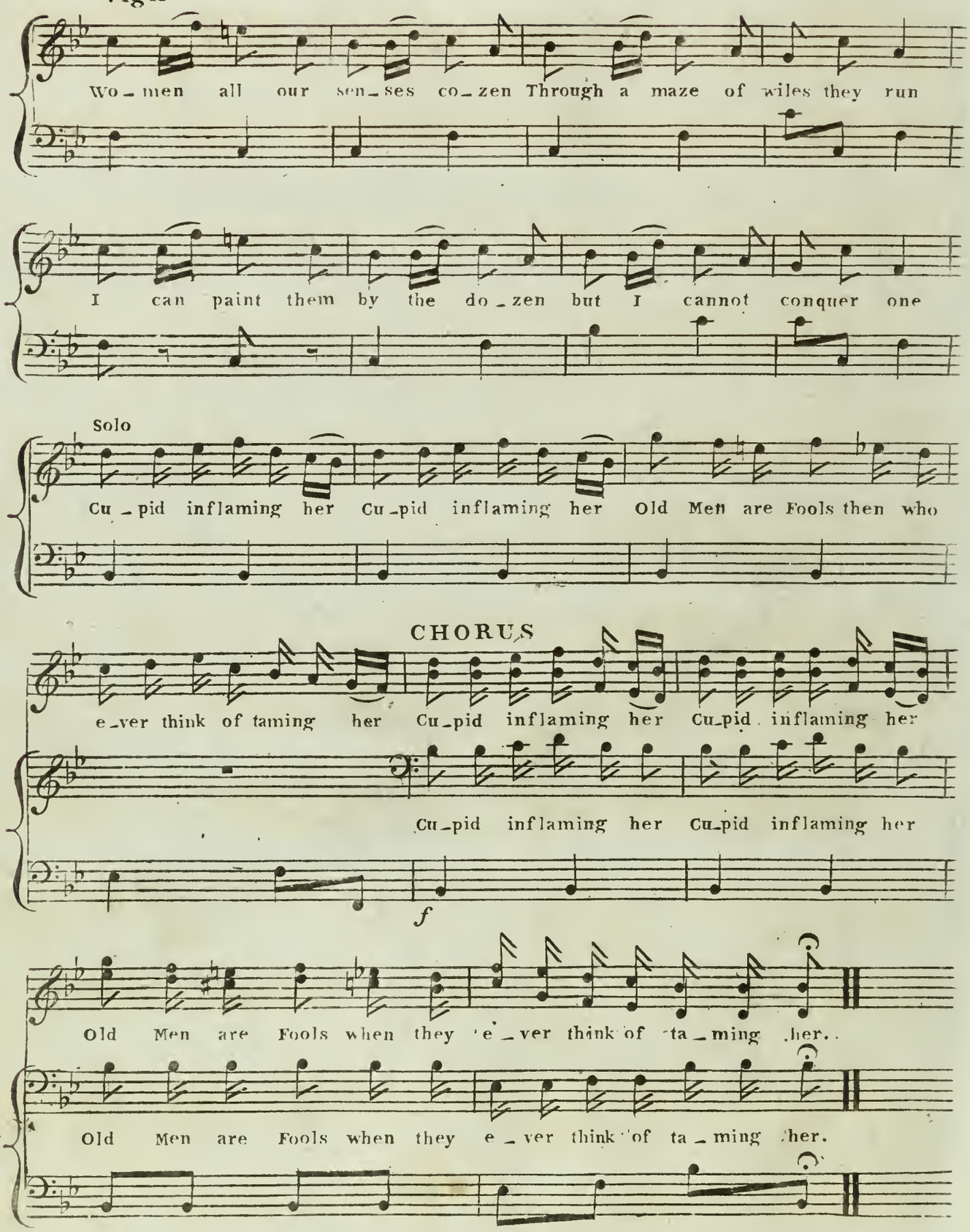
Publish'd by M Kelly at his Musical Saloon No. 9 Pall Mall.



CHORUS


Cupid inflam-ing us Cupid inflam-ing us Old Men are Fools if they
Cupid inflam-ing us Cupid inflam-ing us Old Men are Fools if they
e-ver talk of taming us Cu-pid in-flam-ing us Cu-pid in-flam-ing us
e-ver talk of taming us Cu-pid in-flam-ing us Cu-pid in-flam-ing us
Lydia
Old Men are Fools if they e-ver talk of tam-ing us, Dastards wish-ing
Old Men are Fools if they e-ver talk of tam-ing us,
to se-cure us on-ly think and act like Dotts Let them as they
will immure us Love con-trives to burst the Bolts
Al Segno
Chorus

Vigil


Wo_men all our sen_ses co_zen Through a maze of wiles they run
I can paint them by the do_zen but I cannot conquer one
Solo
Cu_pid inflaming her Cu_pid inflaming her Old Men are Fools then who
CHORUS
e_ver think of taming her Cu_pid inflaming her Cu_pid inflaming her
Cu_pid inflaming her Cu_pid inflaming her
f
Old Men are Fools when they e_ver think of ta_ming her.
Old Men are Fools when they e_ver think of ta_ming her.

Risk

When you paint the pret-ty Crea-tures al-ways place a Cap-tain near no-thing

p

heigh-tens more their Fea-tures than a hand-some Gre-na-dier

CHORUS

Cu-pid inflaming them Cu-pid inflaming them Old Men are Fools then who

Cu-pid inflaming them Cu-pid inflaming them Old Men are Fools then who

e-ver talk of taming them Old Men are Fools then who ever talk of taming them who

e-ver talk of taming them Old Men are Fools then who ever talk of taming them who

e-ver talk of ta-ming them who e-ver talk of tam-ing them.

e-ver talk of ta-ming them who e-ver talk of tam-ing them.