

*The*  
POOR SOLDIER,

A  
COMIC OPERA,

*as performed with Universal Applause.*

at the

(THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN;)

*Selected and Composed*

BY

WILLIAM SHIELD,

*Author of the Plitch of Bacon, Rosina, Siege of Gibraltar, Lord Mayors Day, &c &c.*

Price 6<sup>s</sup>.

LONDON: Printed by J. Bland, at his Music Warehouse, N<sup>o</sup>. 25. HOLBORN.

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# OVERTURE TO THE POOR SOLDIER

for the

HARPSICHORD or PIANO FORTE.

Pr: 1<sup>s</sup>

All<sup>o</sup>. con Spirito

SHIELD.

hr f ff 8 5 5

hr Efpref. p

ff 9 Volti Subito



Allegro

Handwritten musical score for a piece in 6/8 time, marked Allegro. The score consists of six systems of two staves each. The first system includes a treble and bass staff with various musical notations including triplets, slurs, and dynamic markings like 'p' and 'f'. The second system continues the piece with similar notation. The third system features a 'Flauto solo' section with a treble staff and a bass staff. The fourth system continues with complex rhythmic patterns and slurs. The fifth system shows a transition with a 'w' marking. The sixth system concludes with a 'w' marking and a 'Volti Subito' instruction.

Volti Subito

**Allegro**

*f* *p*

*f*

**Minore**

Baffoon *p* Oboe

*lr* *sf*

*lr* *lr*

*lr* *lr*



SERENADE con Sordini.

DERMOT.

Affetuoso

Sleep on sleep on my Kath-lean dear may

Sy.

peace possess thy breast yet dost thou dream thy Dermot's here de-priv'd of peace and rest

the birds sing sweet the morning breaks those joys are none are none to me tho' sleep is fled poor

1<sup>st</sup> Sy. 2<sup>d</sup> Sy. mez. f

Dermot wakes to none but love and thee. none but love and thee.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

DARBY.

Allegro

Dear Kathlean you no doubt find

sleep how ve-ry sweet 'tis dogs bark and cocks have crow'd out you ne-ver dream how late 'tis this

morning gay I post a-way to have with you a bit of play on two legs rid a-long to bid good

1<sup>st</sup> 2<sup>d</sup>

morrow to your night cap, night cap.

Laft night a little browfy,  
 With Whisky, Ale, and Cyder;  
 I ask'd young Betty Bloufy,  
 To let me fit beside her:

2'

Her anger rofe, and four as floes,  
 The little Gypfy cock'd her nofe;  
 Yet here I've rid, along to bid,  
 Good-morrow to your night cap.

Sung by M<sup>rs</sup> Martyr.

KATHLEAN

Allegretto

Since love is the plan I'll love if I can but first let me tell you what

fort of a man

in address how compleat and in dress spruce and neat but no matter his

height so its o-ver five feet in chat brisk and witty his eyes I'll think pretty if sparkling with pleasure when e-ver we

Bassoons

Pizz: tutti

meet if sparkling with pleasure when e-ver we meet in chat brisk and witty his eyes I'll think pretty if sparkling with

Col arco

pleasure when e-ver we meet.

Tho' gentle he be,  
 His man he should see,  
 Yet never be conquer'd by any but me,  
 In a song bear a bob,  
 In a glass a hob nob,  
 Yet drink of his reason, his noddle ne'er rob.  
 This is my fancy,  
 If such a man can see,  
 In his, if he's mine, until they lay me out.



## Sung by Mrs. Bannister.

NORAH

*Allegretto*

*p*

Sy. Small Flute *h* Sy. Sy.

meadows look chearful the Birds fweetly Sing fo gay-ly they carrol the praifes of spring

tho Na-ture re-joi-ces poor No-rah fhall mourn un-till her dear Pa-trick a-gain fhall return tho'

*1<sup>st</sup>*

*2<sup>d</sup>* Sy.

-gain fhall return.

Ye Lafses of Dublin, ah, hide your gay charms,  
 Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms,  
 Tho Sattins and ribbons and laces are fine  
 They hide not a Heart with fuch feeling as mine.

Sung by Mrs Kennedy.

PATRICK.

11

Allegro

How hap-py the Soldier who

lives on his pay and spends half a crown out of sixpence a day yet fears neither Justices warrants or bums but

pays all his debts with the roll of his drums with row de dow row de dow row de dow dow and he pays all his

Fife an octave higher

debts with the roll of his drums.

fide Drum

2

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,  
 His King finds him quarters, and money, and clothes;  
 He laughs at all forrow, whenever it comes,  
 And rattles away with the roll of his drums.  
 With a row de dow, &c:

3

The drum is his glory, his Joy, and delight,  
 It leads him to pleasure, as well as to fight;  
 No girl when she hears it, tho ever so glum,  
 But packs up her tatters and follows the drum.  
 With a row de dow, &c:

Sung by Mrs Kennedy.

PAT:

Moderato

The wealthy fool with gold in store will still desire to grow

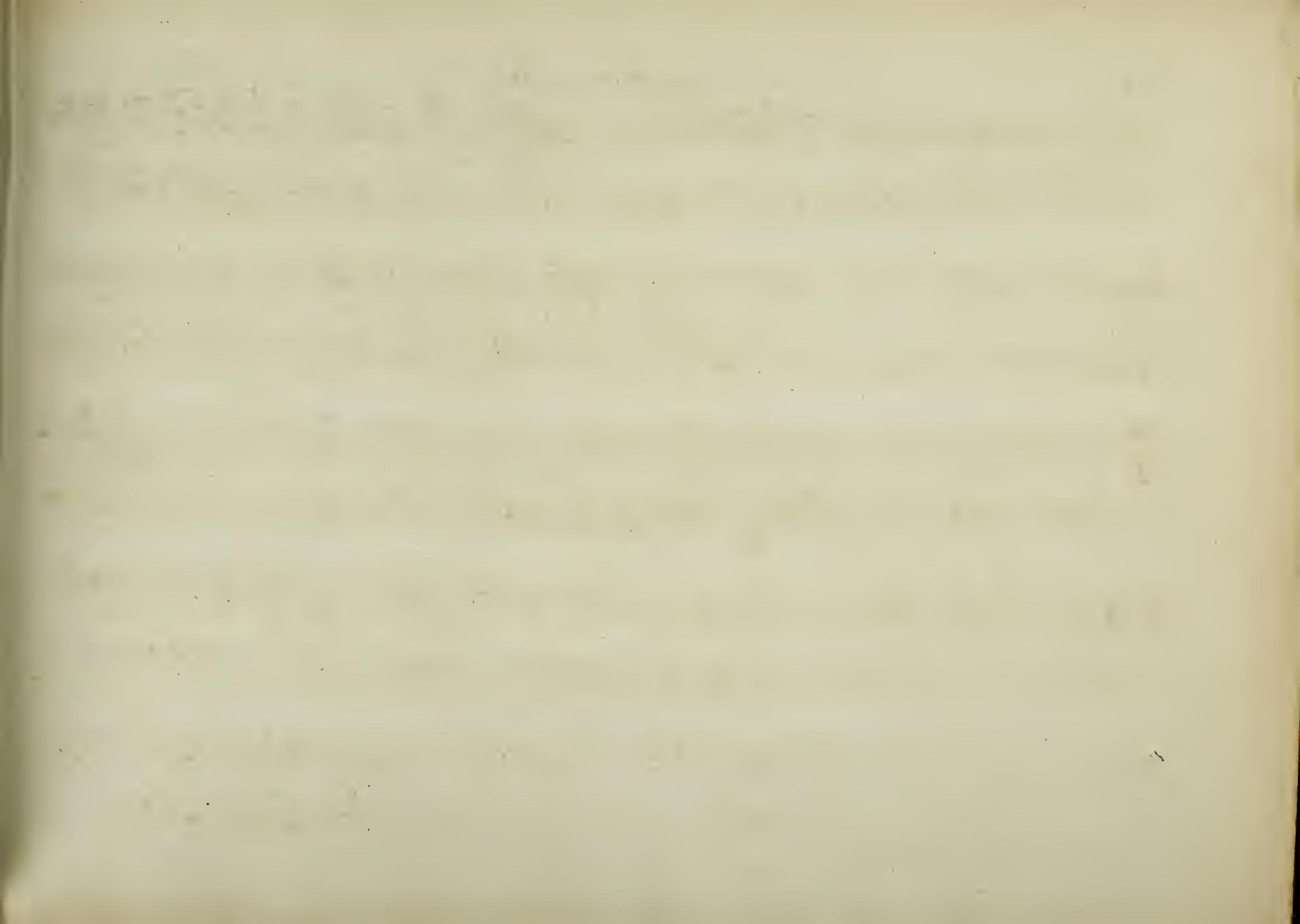
richer give me but these I ask no more my charming girl my friend and pitcher

girl so fair with such what mortal can be richer give me but these a fig for care with my sweet girl my

friend and pitcher.

2  
 From morning sun I'd never grieve,  
 To toil a hedger or a ditcher;  
 If that, when I come home at eve,  
 I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.  
 My friend so rare, &c:

3  
 'Tho' fortune ever shuts my door,  
 I know not what can bewitch her;  
 With all my heart, can I be poor,  
 With my sweet girl my friend and pitcher.  
 My friend so rare, &c:



Sung by M<sup>rs</sup> Kennedy and M<sup>rs</sup> Bannister.

*Affettuoso con Sordini* Oboe and Bassoons **A**

rose tree full in bear - ing had sweet flow - ers fair to see one rose be - yond com -

- pa - ring for beau - ty at - - tracted me 'tho eager once to win it lovely blooming

fresh and gay I find a can - ker in it and how throw it far a - way **Sy.**

*f* How fine this morning

ear-ly all sun-shi-ny clear and bright so late I lov'd you dear-ly tho' lost now each fond delight The Clouds seem big<sup>th</sup>

showers Sunny beams no more are seen fare-well ye hap-py hours your falsehood has chang'd the scene

The Clouds seem big with showers Sun-ny beams no more are seen farewell ye hap-py hours your  
The Clouds seem big with showers Sun-ny beams no more are seen farewell ye hap-py hours your

Sy.  
fals-hood has chang'd the scene.  
fals-hood has chang'd the scene.

ACT. 2<sup>d</sup>

KATHLEAN.

Allegro

Oboe

Bassoons & Horns

Dermot's welcome as the May chearful handsome and good natur'd  
foolish Dar-by get a-way awkward clumsy and ill featur'd Dermot prattles pret-ty chat Darby gapes like a - ny o - ven  
Dermot's neat from shoe to hat Darby's but a dir-ty floven. lout looby fil-ly booby come no more to me a courting  
was my dearest Dermot here all is love and gay sporting.

Sy.

Dermot's teeth are white as egg,  
Lip as sweet as sugar candy;  
Then he's such a handsome leg,  
Darby's knocked kneed and bandy:  
Dermot walks a comely pace,  
Darby like an ass goes stumping;  
Dermot dances with such grace,  
Darby's dance is only jumping.  
Lout looby, filly booby, &c:

Sung by M<sup>r</sup>. Edwin.

Allegretto

Tho

late I was plump round & Jol - ly I now am as thin as a rod Oh! love is the cause of my fol - ly and

fool I lie un - der a fod fing di - the - rum doodle na - ge - ty na - ge - ty trage - dy rum and

goofetherum foodle fidge - ty fidge - ty ni - ge - ty rum. Sy.

2

3

4

Dear Kathleen then why did you flout me,  
A lad that's so cofey and warm;  
Oh! ev'ry thing's handsome about me,  
My cabin and snug little farm.  
Sing ditherum, &c:

What tho I have scrap'd up no money,  
No duns at my chamber attend;  
On fundays I ride on my poney,  
And still have a bit for a friend.  
Sing ditherum, &c:

The cock courts his hens all around me,  
The sparrow the pigeon and dove;  
Oh! how all this courting confounds me,  
When I look and I think 'of my love.  
Sing ditherum, &c:

Sung by Mrs Bannister.

NORAH

Bassoon

Larghetto

Fare -

- - - well ye groves and crys - tal fountains the glad some plains and fi - lent dell ye humble vales and

lof - ty mountains and wel - come now a lonely cell and ah! farewell fond youth most

dear thy ten - der plaint the vow fin - cere well meet and share the part - ing tear and

take a long and last farewell.

Sy.

hr

f

Affetuoso Viola

The spring with smiling face is seen to usher in the

Small Fl. Clar. Small Fl. Horns

may and Natures clad in mantle green all sprig'd with Flowrets gay The feather'd songsters

of the Grove then join in Harmony and Love the

songsters of the Grove then join in Harmony and Love

The Lark that foaring cleaves the Skies,  
 Low builds her humble Nest;  
 The rambling Boy that find the Prize,  
 Is sure supremely blest.  
 For when the tuneful Bird is flown  
 He hastes, and markes it for his own.  
 For when the tuneful Bird is flown  
 He hastes, and markes it for his own.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy

PAT:

Moderato

Tho'

Piz:

Leixlip is proud of its clofe sha - dy bow - ers its clear fall - ing wa - ters its

murmring cas - cades its groves of fine myr - tle its beds of fweet flow - ers its

lads so well dres'd and its neat pret - ty maids as each his own vil - lage will

still make the most of in praise of dear Car - ton I hope Im not wrong dear

Car-ton contain-ing what King-doms may boaft of 'tis No-rah dear No-rah the

Bassoons

theme of my Song dear Car-ton con-tain-ing what King-doms may boaft of 'tis

No-rah dear No-rah the theme of my Song.

*f*

2

Be gentlemen fine, with their spurs and nice boots on,  
 Their Horses to start on the Curragh of Kildare;  
 Or dance at a Ball, with their Sunday new suits on,  
 Lac'd waistcoat, white gloves, and their nice powder'd hair:  
 Poor Pat, while so blest in his mean, humble station,  
 For gold, or for acres he never shall long;  
 One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a Nation,  
 From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my Song.

Sung by Mr. Wilson.

FATHER LUKE.

Allegro

You know I'm your Priest and your

*p*

Conscience is mine but if you grow wicked 'tis not a good sign to leave off your raking and.

mar-ry a wife and then my dear Dar-by you're settled for Life Sing a Bal-ly-na-mo-na

O-ro Bal-li-na-mo-na O-ro Bal-li-na-mo-na O-ro a good mer-ry

wedding for me.

*f*

## 2

The bans being Publish'd to Chapel we go  
 The Bride and the Bridegroom in coats white as snow  
 So modest her air and so sheepish your look  
 You out with your Ring and I pull out my Book  
 Sing &c

## 3

I Turn'd out the Place and I then read away  
 She blushes at love and she whispers obey  
 You take her dear hand to kiss and to hold  
 I shut up my Book and I Pocket your Gold  
 Sing Ballinamona Oro  
 That snug little Guinea for me

## 4

The Neighbours with Joy to the Bridegroom and Bride  
 The Pipers before in you march side by side  
 A Plentiful Dinner gives mirth to each face  
 The Piper Plays up myself I say grace  
 Sing &c  
 A good wedding dinner for me

## 5

The Joke now goes round and the Stocking is thrown  
 The Curtains are drawn and you're both left alone  
 'Tis then my good boy I believe you're at home  
 And hey for a Christening at Nine Months to come  
 Sing Ballinamona Oro  
 A good merry Christening for me

2<sup>d</sup> Vio:  
Affettuoso

DERMOT

Dear Sir this brown Jug that now foams w.<sup>th</sup> mild ale out of which I now drink to sweet Kate of the vale was once Toby Fillpot a

thirty old soul as e'er crack'd a bottle or fathom'd a bowl in boozing a-bout 'twas his praise to excel and amongst Jolly

topers he bore off the bell - - - he bore off the bell.

2

It chanc'd as in dog days he fat at his ease,  
In his flow'r woven arbour, as gay as you please;  
With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,  
And with honest old Stingo was soaking his clay,  
His breath doors of life, on a sudden were shut,  
And he died full as big as a Dorchester Butt.

3

His body when long in the ground it had lain,  
And time into clay, had resolv'd it again;  
A potter found out in its covert so snug,  
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown Jug,  
Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale,  
So heres to my lovely sweet Kate of the vale.

Presto

KATHLEAN

You the point may car - ry if awhile you tar - - ry but for you I tell you true no you I'll never

Cho<sup>s</sup>

mar - - ry you the point may car - ry if awhile you tar - - ry but for you I tell you true no

you I'll never mar - ry.

Care our souls disowning,  
 Punch our sorrows drowning,  
 Laugh and love  
 And ever prove  
 Joys our wishes crowning.

ho<sup>s</sup>: Care our &c:

To the Church I'll hand her,  
 Then thro' the world I'll wander,  
 I'll sob and sigh  
 Until I die

A poor forsaken gander.

Cho<sup>s</sup>: To the Church &c:

Each pious priest since Moses,  
 One mighty truth discloses,  
 You're never vexed  
 If this his text

Go fuddle all your noses.

Cho<sup>s</sup>: Each pious &c:

Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Edwin.

DARBY

Allegro

Since Kathleen has prov'd so un - true

ri tol - - - poor Darby ah what can you do tol - - - no longer I'll stay here a Clown tol - - - but

fell off and Gallop to town fol de - - - I'll dress and I'll strut with an air

tol de - - - the Barber shall wiggle my hair tol - - - F.

2

In town I shall cut a great dash;  
 But how for to compass the cash.  
 At gaming, perhaps I may win,  
 With cards I can take the flats in,  
 Or trundle false dice and they're nick'd;  
 If found out, I shall only be kick'd.

5

But first for to get a great name,  
 A duel establish my fame;  
 To my man then a challenge I'll write,  
 Put first I'll be sure he won't fight.  
 We'll swear not to part 'till we fall,  
 Then shoot with out powder, and the devil a ball.



## FINALE

Allegro

FITZROY

What true fe - li - ci - ty I shall find, when those are join'd, by

for - tune kind, how pleasing to me, so hap - py to see, such me - rit and vir - tue re - ward - ed,

NORAH

No fu - ture sorrows can grieve us, if you will please to for - give us, to

each kind friend, thus we low - ly bend, your par - don that gain'd we're de - light - - ed

CHORUS

No fu - ture sorrows can grieve us if yet will please to for - give us to  
 each kind Friend thus we low - - ly bend, your pardon that gaid we're de - light - ed.

PAT. With my commission, yet dearest life,  
 My charming wife,  
 When drum and fife  
 Shall beat up to arms,  
 The plunder your charms,  
 In love your poor Soldier you'll find me.

KATH. This love, my wishes has granted,  
 I got the dear lad that I wanted,  
 Lefs pleas'd with a Duke,  
 When good Father Luke,  
 To my own little Dermot has Join'd me.

CHO. This love, &c.

DAR. You impudent huffey (Dermot frowns)  
 a pretty rate,  
 Of love you prate:  
 But hark ye Kate,  
 Your little dear Lad,  
 Will find that his pad  
 Has got a nice — kick in her gallop.

F. LUKE. Now Darby upon my Salvation,  
 You merit excommunication.  
 In love but agree,  
 And shortly you'll see

In marriage I'll soon tie you all up.

CHO. Now Darby, &c.

DER. The devila bit o'me cares a bean,  
 For neat and clean  
 We'll both be seen,  
 Myself and my lass,  
 Next Sunday at mafs;  
 And there we'll be coupled for ever.

PAT. The laurel I've won in the field, Sir,  
 Yet now in a garden I yield, Sir,  
 Nor think it a shame,  
 Your mercy to claim,  
 Your mercy's my sword and my shield, Sir.

CHORUS of MEN.

The laurel and bays,  
 Revive by your praise,  
 Our Poet solicits your pardon.

CHORUS of WOMEN.

Then be not severe,  
 With smiles you can cheer,  
 The posies of your Covent Garden.  
 GENERAL CHORUS.

The laurel and bays,  
 Revive by your Praise,  
 Our Poet solicits your pardon.  
 Then be not severe,  
 With smiles you can cheer,  
 The posies of your Covent Garden.

FINE.

The Music on

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CHORUS of MEN.

CHORUS of WOMEN.

The Lau-rel and Bayes revive by your praise our Po-et So-li-cits your par - - - don then

M.F.

GENERAL CHORUS.

be not fe - vere with smiles you can cheer the po - fies of your Covent Gar - - - den , The

Laurel and Bayes re - vive by your praise our Po - et So - li - cits your par - - - don then

be not fe - vere with smiles you can cheer the po - fies of your Covent Gar - - - den

FINE.