

W. BOYCE

The Shepherds Lottery

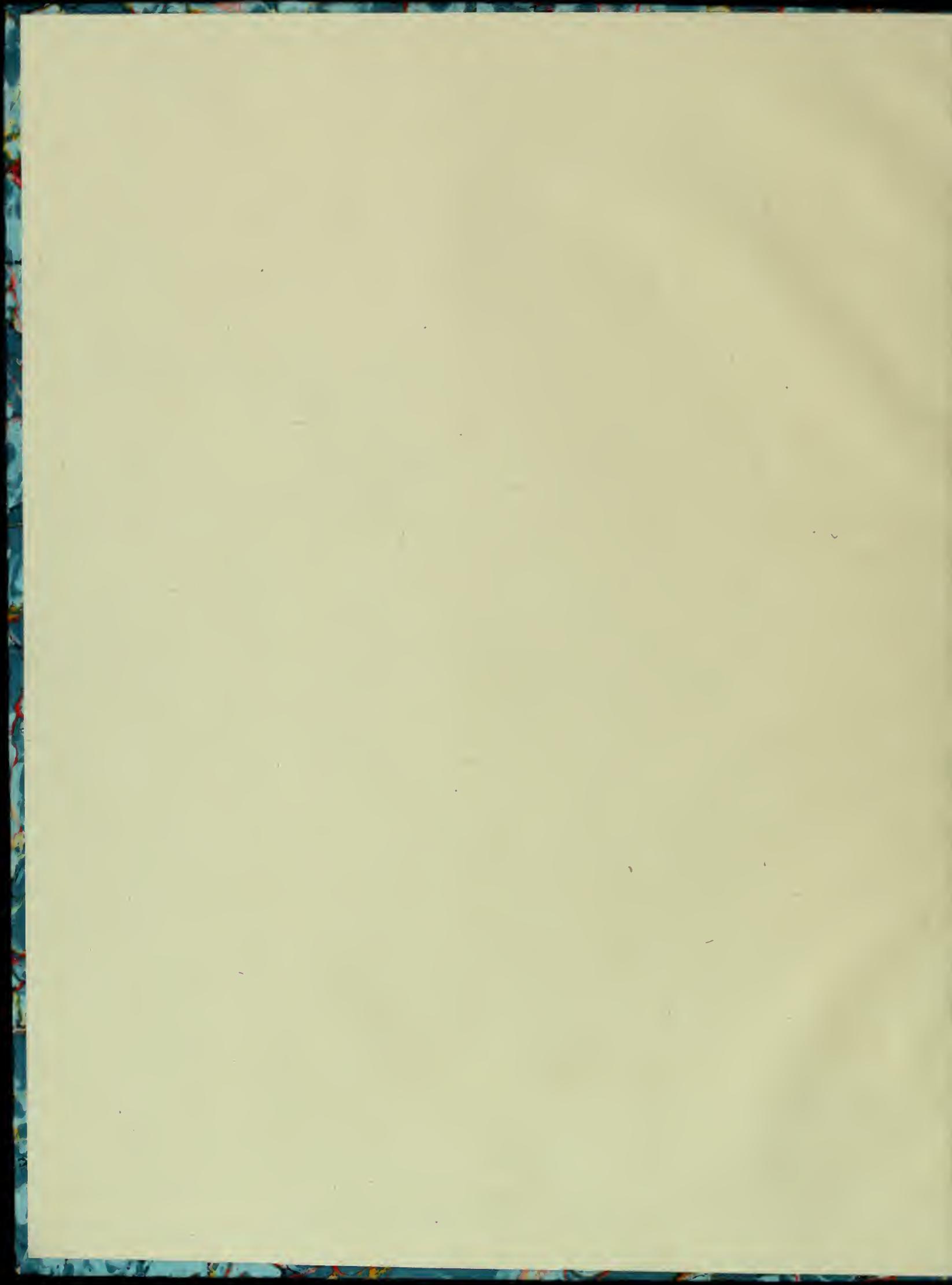
1751

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(dat. 1745)

BUC S. 130
(dat. 1751)



THE
SHEPHERDS LOTTERY.

A
MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

*As it is Perform'd at the Theatre-Royal
in Drury-Lane.*

Compos'd by
Dr. BOYCE.

London. Printed for I. Walsh in Catherine-street in the Strand.

Of whom may be had
Just Publish'd.

Handel's 160 Songs Selected from his Oratorios
for the Harpsicord and Voice, 2 Vols.
Arne's Songs, Sung at Vaux-Hall and Marybone,
call'd Vocal Melody, 3 Books.
Worgan's Songs, Sung at Vaux-Hall, call'd the
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GEORGE R.

GEORGE the Second, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come Greeting: Whereas WILLIAM BOYCE, one of the Composers of Our Chapels Royal, hath humbly represented unto Us, that he hath with great Study, Labour and Expence, composed several Works, consisting of Vocal and Instrumental Musick, in order to be printed and published, and hath therefore humbly besought Us, to grant him Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole Printing and Publishing thereof, for the Term of Fourteen Years: We being willing to give all due Encouragement to Works of this Nature, are graciously pleased to condescend to his Request; and We do therefore by these Presents, so far as may be agreeable to the Statute in that Behalf made and provided, grant unto the said WILLIAM BOYCE, his Executors, Administrators and Assigns, Our Licence for the sole Printing and Publishing the said Works, for the Term of Fourteen Years, to be computed from the Date hereof; strictly forbidding all Our Subjects within Our Kingdoms and Dominions, to reprint or abridge the same, either in the like or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever; or to import, buy, vend, utter, or distribute any Copies thereof reprinted beyond the Seas, during the aforesaid Term of Fourteen Years, without the Consent or Approbation of the said WILLIAM BOYCE, his Heirs, Executors and Assigns, as they will answer the contrary at their Perils, whereof the Commissioners, and other Officers of Our Customs, the Master, Wardens, and Company of Stationers are to take Notice, that due Obedience may be rendered to Our Pleasure herein declared. Given at Our Court at St. James's the Tenth Day of April 1745. in the Eighteenth Year of Our Reign.

By His Majesty's Command
HOLLES NEWCASTLE.

Symphony

1

1st Hautb: 

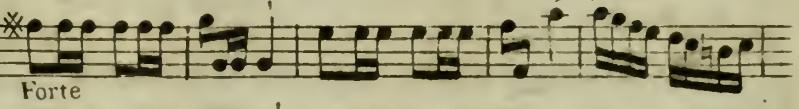
2^d Hautb: 

1st Violin 

2^d Violin 

Tenor Violin 

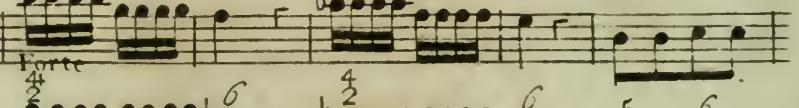
Bassoon 





Piano 



Piano 

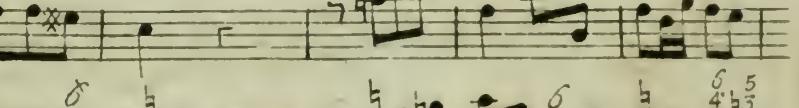
Piano 







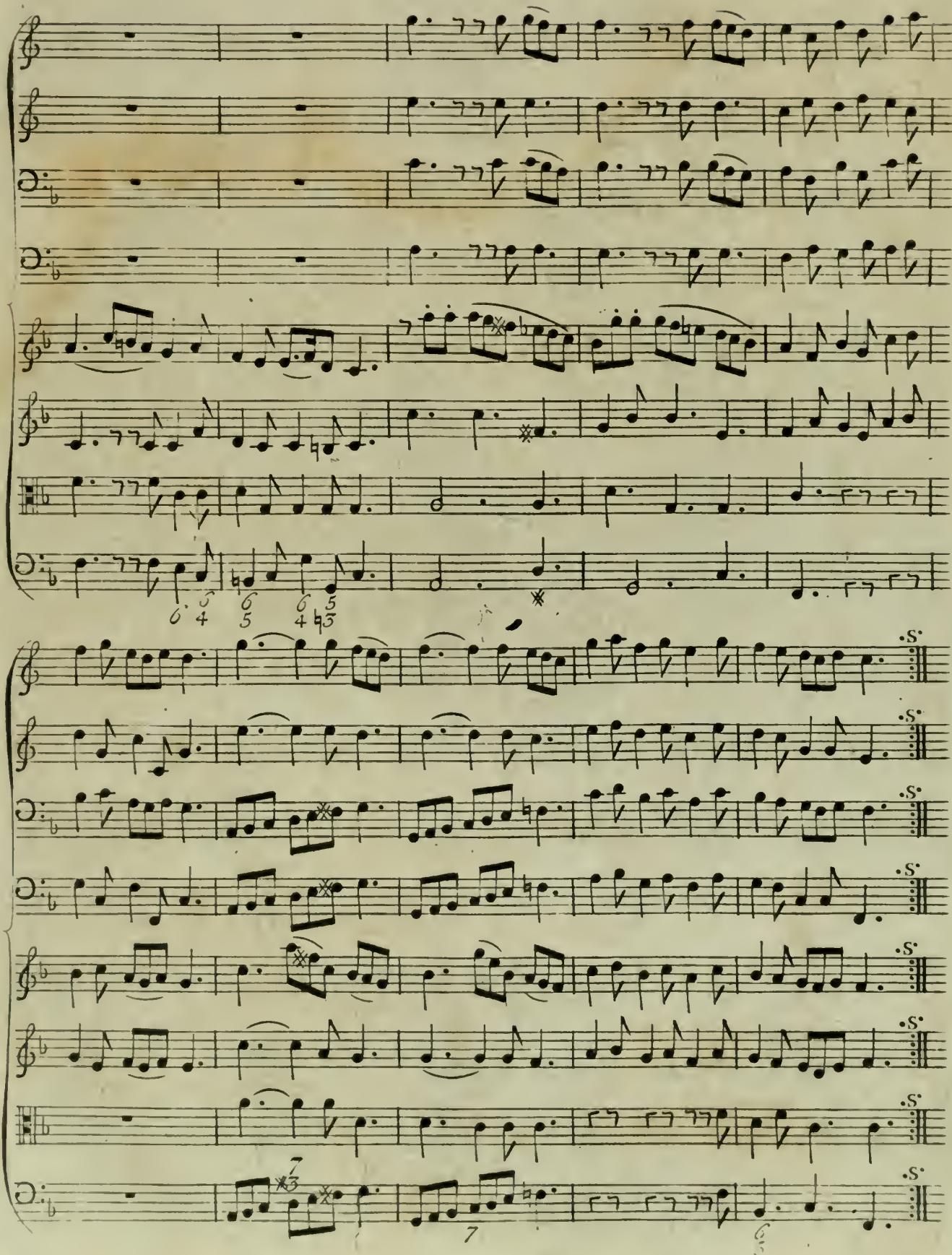






A handwritten musical score for orchestra, page 5. The score consists of ten staves of music. The first four staves feature woodwind parts (Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon) with sixteenth-note patterns. The fifth staff shows a bassoon part with eighth-note patterns. The sixth staff is for the Cello section, with the instruction "Soli" above it. The seventh staff continues the cello part. The eighth staff is for the Violoncello section, with the instruction "Violoncelli Tasto Solo". The ninth staff features a dynamic marking "Tutti". The tenth staff concludes the section. The bottom of the page contains two sets of numbers: "7 6 6 6 6 5" and "4 3" on the left, and "6 5" on the right, likely indicating tuning or key changes.

1



6

Gavot

1st Horn

2^d Horn

1st Hautboy
and Violin

2^d Hautboy
and Violin

Tenor Violin

Bassi

Allegro

Allegro

Allegro

Gavot 6 6 5 6 6 6 5

A handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of ten staves of music. The music is primarily in common time, with some measures in 6/8 indicated by a '6' above the staff. The key signature varies, with one staff starting in G major (no sharps or flats) and others in A major (one sharp). The score includes dynamic markings such as 'Piano' and 'Forte'. Measures 1-4 show a melodic line with eighth-note patterns. Measures 5-8 feature sixteenth-note patterns. Measures 9-10 conclude the section with a forte dynamic. The score concludes with a repeat sign and two endings. Ending 1 continues the melodic line, while Ending 2 provides a contrasting harmonic progression.

Vinie.

Andante

THYRSIS

Andante

Tasto Solo

Allegro

Pia-

Pia-

Pia-

Pia-

And my proud Oxen graze on ev'ry Hill; Yet my fond Heart is fill'd with deepest Cares.

for

for

For THYRSIS loves, and while he dotes, despairs.

Sung by Master Vernon

9.

Vivace

1st Violin

2^d Violin

Vivace

Tenor Viol:

THYRSIS

Vivace

Bassi

Piano

Piano

Piano

What Beauties does my

Hautb. Pia

Piano

Nymph disclose! Less fair the silver Lilly blows: Such blushes glow not on the Rose, As on the Cheeks of

10

Hautb.

PHILLIS. The other Day, upon the Green, I saw a Nymph of heav'nly Mien; I ran to greet the

CYPRIAN Queen, But found it was my PHILLIS. I ran to greet the CYPRIAN Queen, But found it was my

Forte

Forte

Forte

PHILLIS.

Forte

By mossy Grot with Ivy bound,
Where fragrant Woodhines curl around,
And Daisies dapple o'er the Ground,
I sit, and murmur PHILLIS;
And when the Lark with dewy Wings,
To hail the Morn exulting springs,
I rise, and tune the trembling Strings,
To praise my dearest PHILLIS.

When first I saw the lovely Maid,
I gaz'd, in-raptur'd and dismay'd;
My faltring Tongue was quite afraid
To tell my Pangs to PHILLIS.
Then CUPID aim'd his sharpest Dart;
At once I felt the pleating Smart,
That very Hour I lost my Heart;
And now it dwells with PHILLIS.

Daphne

What, still in tears, Cast ev'ry fear away, To morrow, PHILLIS, is the first of May; Then, as custom of the
place demands, Each Vent'ring Shepherd in due order stands, And from the Urn draws forth his future

Wife; PHILLIS no more shall lead a maiden life. Ah DAPHNE, DAPHNE! hence my sorrows
rise, THYRSIS is he whom I alone can prize; Should any other draw my hapless

name, My death shall witness how sincere my flame. Talk not so wild, what
e'er his face may be, Or this, or that, 'tis all alike to me; Or grant, one chiefly struck my

Ambitious Eye, Yet trust me, PHILLIS, I for none would die. Ah! where will gentle
Love a shelter find, If he forsake the breast of Woman-kind.

Song by Miss Norris.

Jt. Viol: Andante Pia- for. S.
 2d. Viol: Pia- for. S.
 Tenor Pia- for. S.
 PHILLIS Andante Oh.
 Bass. Pia. for. S.

let me, unreserv'd, declare the dictate of my Breast; My THYRSIS reigns unrivall'd there, an ever-welcome Guest. an ever-welcome Guest. No more our sprightly Nymphs I meet, but

When absent from my longing Sight,

He is my constant Theme;

His shadowy Form appears by night,

And shapes the morning Dream.

Ye spotless Virgins of the Plain,

Deem not my Words too free,

For ere my Passion you arraign,

You must have lov'd like me.

teaze them and vex them, I'll plague and perplex them: Since Men try all Arts our weak
 Sex to betray. I'll show them a Woman's as cunning as they.

Young DAMON ador'd me, and LYCON the vain,
 By turns I encourag'd each amorous Swain;
 They knelt and they trembled,
 I smil'd and dissembled.
 Since Men try all Arts our weak Sex to betray,
 I'll show them a Woman's as cunning as they.

Then hear me, ye Nymphs, and my Counsel believe.
 Resist all their Wiles, the Deceivers deceive:
 Their Canting and Whining,
 Their Sighing and Pining,
 Are all meant as Baits our weak Sex to betray;
 Then prove there are Women as cunning as they.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

A Common
4th. Flute.

Jst. Horn.

2d. Horn.

Jst. Viol.

2d. Viol.

Tenor.

COLIN.

Bass.

Solo Allegro Tutti

Solo Tutti

Solo Tutti

Tutti

Allegro

Tutti

Solo Tutti S.

Solo Tutti S.

Solo Tutti S.

Pia.

S.

Pia.

S.

The Drum is unbraced & the Trumpet no more shall

Pia.

543 6 7 5543

Solo
 for Pia.
 for Pia.
 for Pia.
 rouse the fierce Soldier, to fight; our Meads shall no longer be floated with Gore, nor Terror disturb calm
 for Pia.
 Solo Tutti
 Pia.
 Pia.
 Pia.
 Night. nor Terror disturb the calm Night. Once more o'er ^e Fields golden Harvests shall shine, the
 Pia. $\frac{5}{6}$ $\frac{6}{5}$ $\frac{5}{4}$ $\frac{5}{3}$ Pia. $\frac{7}{6}$ $\frac{6}{5}$

Olive her Flowrets increase, Again purple Clusters shall blush on the Vine; these, these are the Blessings of Peace.

for. for. for.

gain purple Clusters shall blush on the Vine; these, these are the Blessings of Peace.

The Shepherd securely now roams thro' the Glade,
Or merrily pipes in the Vale;
The Youth in soft Numbers attempts his coy Maid:
The Virgins dance blithe in the Dale.

The Flow'rs, with gay Colours, embroider the Ground.
Unpress'd by an Enemy's Feet;
The Bleatings of Sheep from the Hillocks resound.
And the Birds their trim Sonnets repeat.

Thyrsis

Thrice happy COLIN ! you the whole day long Teach ev'ry
 Hill To catch your Jocund Song, So, the blythe Throstle Carols thro' the
 grove, His breast unwounded by the Thorns of Love. True THYRSIS true, I ne'er could sigh and pine, And call a
 proud denying Fair di-vine: Each Nymph, I see, has got some charm to strike, And those who yield the soonest, best I

Vio. 1st Largo Pia.
 Vio. 2d Largo Pia.
 Tenor Vio. Fe. Pia.
 Voice like. As verdant Fields the blasted Heath surpafs, As genious Corn exceeds the meanner
 Bass Pia. Staccato Fe. Fe. Po.
 Po. Staccato Fe.
 Po. Staccato Fe.
 Po. Staccato Fe.
 Po. Staccato Fe.

graſs, As Palms are nobler than the Shrubs they shade, So PHILLIS triumphs o'er each other
 Staccato Fe.

Allegro Fe
 Allegro Fe
 Fe
 COLIN.
 Maid. I like young DORIS in her russet gown, Ripe as the Pear, and as the Berry Brown,
 Her ruddy cheeks the Cherry's hue dis-play,
 And warm, and buxom as a Sumner's day.
 for.
 for.
 for.
 Thyrfis. for.
 To morrow is the period of my Fate, My hopes, my fears do on to morrow wait, Then
 fortune gives me PHILLIS for a Wife, Or ends my ev'ry suff'ring with my Life.

COLIN

Ye. Lovers much profis. and yet I'm told Ye seldom long the same Opinion hold. You knew young STREPHON.

he who on the Ring — but hearken THYRSIS. I'll the Story sing

Sung by Mr. Beard

Violins Unison

Vivace

Tenor

Bass

S.

Pia.

2^o Time

for. for.

.S. COLIN Pia.

To dear AMA— RYLLIS, young STREPHON had long de— clar'd his fix'd Passion, and dy'd for in

Pia.

Song: He went one May-Morning to meet in the Grove, by her own dear Appointment, this

Goddess of Love; Meanwhile, in his Mind, all her Charmshere
 n o'er, and doated on
 each; can a Lover do more? do more? can a Lover do
 for. for. for. for.
 more? for. for. for. for.

2

He waited, and waited, then changing his Strain,
 'Twas Fury, and Rage, and Despair, and Disdain;
 The Sun was commanded to hide his dull Light,
 And the whole course of Nature was alter'd downright.
 'Twas his hapless Fortune to die and adore,
 But never to change; can a Lover do more?

3

CLEORA, it hap'd, was by Accident there,
 No Rose-bud so tempting, no Lilly so fair;
 He press'd her white Hand, next her Lips he essay'd,
 Nor would she deny him, so civil the Maid!
 Her kindly Compliance his Peace did restore;
 And dear AMARYLLIS was thought of no more.

Thyrsis.

Unhap-py State of these offend-ing plains, For guilt long since, The punishment re-

Pia.

- mains, Not free to choose, Our *youngst Vir - - gins

Stand the sport of Chance, for such is Pan's com

Largo Pia. Recit

Violin^{1st}

Violin^{2nd}

Tenor

Voice

Bass

Largo Pia

Largo Pia

Largo Pia

Largo Pia

Largo Pia

b5

Pia

Pia

Pia

Fcr.

Fcr.

Fcr.

Fcr.

Fcr.

prove, And Crown with due suc - cess my constant Love.

Pia.

Pia

Pia

For

Sung by Miss Norris

German Flute

Andante assai

Violins unis.

PHILLIS

Andante assai

Ye Nymphs of the

Tasto Solo

Pia

Plain who once saw me so gay. You ask why in Sorrow I spend the whole Day: 'Tis Love, cruel Love, that my

Peace did betray: Then crown your poor PHILLIS with Willow. The Bloom which once grac'd, has de-

Solo

serted this Cheek; My eyes no more sparkle, my Tongue can scarce speak; My Heart too so
 6 6 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 * 6 6 2
 flutters I fear it will break: Then crown your poor PHILLIS with Willow.
 6 5 *3 6 5 6 7 * 6 6 Tasto Solo 6
 * 6 6 6 6 6 6 6
 * 6 6 6 6 6 6 6
 * 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

Ye Lovers so true, that attend on my Bier,
 And think that my Fortune has prov'd too severe;
 Ah! curb not the Sigh, nor refuse the kind Tear;
 Then strew all the Place round with Willow.
 Erect me a Tomb, and engrave on its Side,
 "Here lies a poor Maiden, whose Love was deny'd;
 "She strove to endure it, but could not, and dy'd:
 Then shade it with Cypress and Willow.

THYRSIS

O lovely Maiden, dearer to my Sight Than the gay Fires that gild the gloom of
Night; Here at your Feet let me transported own, How much I PHILLIS love, and her alone.

Sung by Master Vernon & Miss Norris

1st Violin Allegro

2^d Violin

Tenor Violin

Bass Allegro

Piano

Piano

Piano

THYRSIS

When Fairies dance round on the Grafts, And revel to Night's awful

PHILLIS

Noon; O say, will you meet me, sweet Lass, All by the clear Light of the Moon? My

2 6 6 5 6 4 *3 5

Passion I seek not to screen; Then can I refuse you your Boon? I'll meet you at Twelve on the

2 6 6 5 6 4 *3 5

Green, All by the clear Light of the Moon. I'll meet you at Twelve on the

6 5 6 6 7

A handwritten musical score for four voices. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal parts are labeled THYRSIS, PHILLIS, and two other voices whose names are not clearly legible. The lyrics are as follows:

Green, All by the clear Light of the Moon.

The Nightingale perch'd on a Thorn,
Then charms all the Plains with her Tune;
And glad of the Absence of Morn,
Salutes the pale Light of the Moon.

Forte 7 6 6 6 5 Forte 7 6 6 6 5

The Nightingale perch'd on a Thorn,
Then charms all the Plains with her Tune;
And glad of the Absence of Morn,
Salutes the pale Light of the Moon.

THYRSIS
How sweet is the Jessamin Grove!
And sweet are the Roses of June;
But sweeter's the Language of Love,
Breath'd forth by the Light of the Moon.

Too slow rolls the Chariot of Day,
Unwilling to grant me my Boon:
Away, envious Sun-shine, away,
Give place to the Light of the Moon.

PHILLIS
But say, will you never deceive
The Lads whom you conquer'd too soon?
And leave a lost Maiden to grieve
Alone, by the Light of the Moon.

THYRSIS
The Planets shall start from their Spheres,
Ere I prove so fickle a Loon;
Believe me, I'll banish thy Fears,
Dear Maid, by the Light of the Moon.

A handwritten musical score for four voices. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal parts are labeled THYRSIS, PHILLIS, and two other voices whose names are not clearly legible. The lyrics are as follows:

Our Loves when the Shepherds shall view, To us they their Pipes shall at-

Our Loves when the Shepherds shall view, To us they their Pipes shall at-

5

tune; While we our soft Pleasures renew, Each Night by the Light of the
 tune; While we our soft Pleasures renew, Each Night by the Light of the

 Moon. While we our soft Pleasures renew, Each Night by the Light of the
 Moon. While we our soft Pleasures renew, Each Night by the Light of the

Forte
unis.
Forte
Forte
 Moon.
 Moon.
Forte

End of the First Part.

SYMPHONY

1st Violin &
Ger: Flutes
Allegro Assai

2d Violin

Tenor
Allegro Assai

Bass

DORYLAS.
Sweet Nymph, this token of my Love receive, tho' mean'st the Present that a Swain can give;

Pi.

DAPHNE.
Yet should a Smile the trifling Gift re-pay, my Heart will dance with Pleasure all the Day. I take the.

Crook in earnest of your Love; At Eight precisely, in the Chestnut Grove; To FAUNUS Spring good.

Aside
DORYLAS, repair, 'Tis very likely — my warm Blushes spare, 'tis very likely — I shall not be there.

DORYLAS.
Thrice happy DORYLAS! kind Maid, adieu; At Eight precisely, I'll my Suit re-new.

Sung by Mr. Wilder.

DORYLAS

Violins Unison Allegro.

Bass

fortissimo

S. Vio: unis: Pia.

How happy's the Lover, whose Cares are no more; who bids an Adieu to all

S. Pia.

Sorrow! Sy. My Griefs are all hush'd, my Torments are o'er, For I shall be happy to -

morrow. I, I shall be happy to-morrow. for.

Sy. for.

2
Each flow'ret of SPRING, that enamels the Ground.
From you ev'ry Charm seems to borrow;
Then who will so blest, or so happy be found.
As I, with my DAPHNE to-morrow.

3
I never am happy, but when in your Sight;
Your Smiles are the Cure of all Sorrow;
Remember, dear DAPHNE, your Promise to-night;
And I shall be happy to-morrow.

DAPHNE.

Farewell, deluded Swain, if Smiles can gain such pretty Presents, Ill ne'er frown again.

Sung by M^r. Clive.

Allegro ma non troppo

DAPHNE.

Allegro ma non troppo

Pia.

Pia.

Pia.

As soon hope for Peace twixt the Hawk and the Dove, as to find it with Woman and Man; or
Violoncello.

Pia.

for. Pia.

for. Pia.

Promised by Hate, or incited by Love, they both will deceive when they can. the Shepherd, forgetfull of .

for.

Pia.
for. Pia.

Oaths and of Vows, will run to a Face that's more new; and often the Women, or Maiden or Spouse, the

5 4

for. Pia.

for.

for.

very same method pursue—the very same method pursue. The

43

Pia.

Pia.

Youth to obtain the dear Nymph he admires, by Falshood expresses his flame: to gain the lord Boy who her.

65 43

for Pia.
 for Pia.
 Pia
 Bosom inspires does not Cloe exactly the same? How just's the division? Man's born to persuade, We listen and.
 for Pia.
 for Pia.
 Pia
 think him sincere: But then has not Nature been kind to the Maid? she gave her the Smile and the Tear — she.
 for Pia. 65 4
 for Pia.
 for Pia.
 for Pia.
 gave her the Smile and the Tear. 6 9 5 6 5 4 3 for 5 6 5 4 3 Pia. Intrepid as Heros, Men snatch at their Joy, and
 6 5 6 5 3 for 4 3 Pia. 7 6 6 5 4 3

Pianiss^o for₃
 Pianiss^o for
 Pianiss^o
 force us by Storm to comply: We, helpless poor Creatures, by Fashion made coy, Consent when we feebly deny. Like
 Violin
 Pianiss^o for₃
 Pia. for₃ Pia.
 Pia. for. Pia.
 for. Pia.
 Armies drawn out into martial Array, the Sexes call forth all their Pow'r's; and if for the Men goes the Battle to-
 for. Pia. * Pia. 65
 for.
 for.
 for.
 -day, to-morrow the Triumph is ours — to-morrow the triumph is ours.
 4 6 6 6 5 5 3 for. 5 6 5 4 3

Daphne

But see, young COLIN casts this way a Look, Perhaps he means to bring a nother Crook.
pia.

Fain would I force him to receive my Yoke, And own that CUPID'S Laws are more than

COLIN
Joke. Sweet Lady, tell me: did you see this way Two milk-white Lambs with

Daphne
rosy Collars stray? No gentle Youth; But pr'ythee tell me, why You greet a Village

COLIN.
Maid in Terms so high? I am no Lady, courteous Swain, nor I. Since you my lov'd Com-

-panions have not seen, Perhaps they've wander'd to yon distant Green: I'll see—
going

Daphne, to him. Aside
Stay, Shepherd stay—Was ever such a stupid Swain! He seems to eye me with a cold Dis-

to him
Colin
dain. Some time, methinks with COLIN I could waste Dispatch then quickly; I'm in truth, in haste.

Duett. Sung by M^r. Beard & M^r. Clive. 57

Jst Vio: 2d Vio:

Vivace 2d Vio: .S. Tenor Pia.

Tenor

Vivace Has the Arrow of.

Bass .S. Pia

CUPID neer lodg'd in your Breast have you wept for whole months, nor been able to rest, 'till the fair one took Pity, and

for. Pia.

COLIN

bid you be bles'd, speak boldly the truth, my good Shepherd. No, that I can't brag of, but all the day long some

Mistres or other has place in my Song. My Passion's not lasting, but 'tis very strong, I speak the plain truth, my good

Jst Vio:
for.
2d Vio:
for.
for.
Lady.
for.

DAPHNE.

I doubt you're a Rover; if so, a young Maid.
May fear to be with you, within this thick Shade;
COLIN.

Such Beauties as yours need be never afraid;
I speak the plain Truth, my good Lady.

DAPHNE.

Suppose a young Shepherdess, just of my Size,
An Air too like mine, and a pair of such Eyes,
Should like you, say, would you your Conquest despise,
Speak boldly the Truth, my good Shepherd.

COLIN.

Plain-Dealing's a Jewel, you very well know;
And therefore permit me to own ere I go,
Such a Mistress as you, is at best, but so so,
I speak the plain Truth, my good Lady.

Pia.
Pia.
Pia.

DAPHNE.

COLIN. Farewell, thou dull Swain: go seek thy Companions that brouze on the Plain. And I
Farewell, gentle Maiden.

And I

4
2

care not if e'er I behold thee again. I speak the plain Truth thou dull Shepherd. I care not if e'er I be-
care not if e'er I behold thee again. I speak the plain Truth my good Lady. I care not if e'er I be-
hold thee again. I speak the plain Truth thou dull Shepherd.
hold thee again. I speak the plain Truth my good Lady.

SCENE IV. Discovers a Statue of PAN, near which is placed an Urn. Many Shepherds are discovered who have drawn standing with the Women who have fallen to their Lot.

Allegro ma non troppo
Pia.

THYRSIS
 ARCADIAN PAV! whose happy Influence yields Health to our Flocks, and Plenty to our Fields;

 If e'er the Thoughts of SYRINX warm'd your Soul. Or when to kinder DRYOPSE you stole. Suspend your

 Allegro for. Larghetto Pia. for.
 Allegro for. Larghetto Pia. for.
 Allegro for. Larghetto Pia. for.
 Rage. assist my am'rous Pray'r. and to her THYRSIS give the matchless Fair.
 Allegro for. Larghetto Pia. for.

Sung by Miss Norris

41

Moderato

Hautboy Soli

Piano

1st Violin

Piano

2^d Violin

Moderato

Piano

Tenor Violin

Piano

PHILLIS

Piano

Bassi

Moderato

Piano

Piano

Piano

Piano

Piano

Piano

God... dess, God... dess of the dimpling Smile, Quit, ah! quit thy fav'rite

4 3 6 7 6 6 6 5 6 7 6 7 6 7

Forte

Forte

Piano

Forte

Piano

Forte

Piano

Isle;

Crown'd with Myrtle Wreath, advance; From the Hand of giddy Chance Snatch the

Piano

6 7 6 6

Forte

A handwritten musical score for piano and voice. The score consists of ten staves. The top staff is for the piano, indicated by a treble clef and a bass clef, with the instruction "Soli Piano". The subsequent nine staves are for the voice, each starting with a soprano clef. The music is in common time, with various key signatures including B-flat major, A major, and G major. The vocal parts feature melodic lines with lyrics such as "Pow'r to make me bleſſ'd - - - -", "Be it thine - - to eafe my Breast.", and "Be it thine - - - -". The piano part includes dynamic markings like "Forte" and "Piano". Measure numbers are present at the beginning of several staves. The score ends with the lyrics "to eafe my Breast.".

Piano Soli

Piano Soli

Forte Piano

Forte Piano

Forte Piano

Purple and Gold; Displaying their Pinions I see the young Loves, All brighter than

Forte Piano $\frac{6}{5}$

Forte Piano Soli

Forte Piano

Forte Piano

Sun-shine, all soft as her Doves. All brighter than Sun-shine, all

$\frac{6}{4} \frac{5}{3}$ Forte $* \frac{4}{2}$ $\frac{6}{8}$ * $\frac{2}{6} \frac{8}{6}$ * $\frac{9}{7} \frac{8}{6} \frac{6}{5} \frac{6}{3}$

Forte Piano

Forte Piano

Forte Piano

Forte Piano

soft as her Doves. With Raptures, O VENUS, I bow at thy Shrine:-

$\frac{7}{4} \frac{6}{5} \frac{5}{4}$ Forte $\frac{6}{5} \frac{8}{5} *$ Piano $\frac{15}{6}$ Piano $\frac{4}{6}$

Presto

1st Violin

2d Violin

Presto

Tenor Viol:

THYRSIS

Bass

Presto

O happy THYRSIS!

Recit:

Presto

let the Hills around, And ev'ry Valley, catch the pleasing Sound:

Recit:

Presto

Wast it, ye Breezes, to the CYPRIAN Shore; THYRSIS is blest,

2 Recit:

Presto

Recit: Forte
Forte
Forte Embraces Phillis PHILLIS
and asks of Fate no more. Larghetta. You come, my DAPHNE, in an happy Hour;
Recit: Forte Tasto Solo Piano
DAPHNE
Each Cloud's dispell'd, and Tempests cease to lour. Joy to my dear, but unexperienc'd
COLIN.
Friend! Who thinks that Love and Raptures know no end. Joy to my THYRSIS! and to thee, my
Fair! The Yoke is lasting that you're doom'd to wear. May LOVE and HYMEN never be at
odds! For both are young, and wond'rous testy Gods. Halte to the Urn, there, there your Fortune
try. I humbly thank you, but indeed not I; This kind of Lott'ry does not hit my
Talte; A wife is no such mighty Prize, at laft.

Sung by Mr. Beard

47

Violins Unison.

Allegro.

COLIN

Allegro

Bass.

How giddy is

S. Pia.

Youth! yet above all Advice: You counsel, and counsel in vain: I've try'd what is Wedlock, and like it so
well that I'll never be marry'd again. I'll never be marry'd again.

The Spouse that I pitch'd on was comely and young,
And sweet as the Flow'r's of the Plain:
She was wise, as they tell me; perhaps it might be;
But I'll never be marry'd again.

I saw the poor Creature laid deep in the Grave;
My Tears they came pouring like Rain:
But as Sun-shine, you know, will foul Weather succeed.
I quickly recover'd again.

Like the Castles of Fairies, it seems to the Sight;
And Fancy indulges the Rein:
But alas! when you try it, 'tis all a mere Cheat,
And the same dull Tale over again..

DAPHNE.

Once more well met, polite engaging Swain: What Maid but must Adore thy soothing Strain!

b_5

Duet, Sung by M^r. Beard & M^{rs}. Clive.

Holins
Violon
Vivace Assai
Bass.

S. DAPHNE

O say! must I sigh and
pine, my Love? O say, must I sigh, and pine? You're cruel, I swear, As a Tyger, or Bear, If you don't to my Wish in-
cline, my Love; If you don't to my Wish in - cline.

S. COLIN

So much I delight in thee, my Dear;
So much I delight in thee;
Thou mayst sigh, pine, and moan,
Or mayst let it alone;
'Tis all the same to me, my Dear;
'Tis all the same to me.

S. DAPHNE

But say, should I break my Heart, my Love?
But say, should I break my Heart?
Would you not be dismay'd
To have murder'd a Maid
With CUPID's keenest Dart, my Love?
With CUPID's keenest Dart.

COLIN

I should not be much dismay'd, my Dear;
I should not be much dismay'd:
If you think that I lie,
You had better go try,
I am not much afraid, my Dear;
I am not much afraid.

DAPHNE

Since nothing I find, will do, my Love; Since nothing I find will do; My Heart I'll break—No, I'll live for your sake and all
live to laugh at you, my Love; I'll live to laugh at you.

THYRSIS

Cease all your Jars, while we, my gentle Maid, Pursue true Pleasure in the rosy Shade: But hasten,
Swains, your annual Homage pay, And hail with Jolly Sounds the youthfull MAY.

Sung by M^r. Beard, Miss Norris, M^r. Clive, & Master Vernon.

1st N. 2nd

Horns

Viol. 1st Pia. Allegro Flutes Trav: tutti

Viol. 2nd

Viola Pia

Bass. Allegro 6 7 7th 6 5 Violonc. 6 6 5

Col. 2^d. Viol. Pia. Parte

Viola Pia THYRSIS Now the Snow drop lifts her head

tutti 6 7 5 6 6 4 3 Pia 6 7 7th

Fe 2^d Viol. Pia

1st Viol. Fe Col Pte 2^d Viol. Fe Viola Pia

Cowslips rise from golden bed; Viola Ft Silver Lillies paint the Grove;

6 6 5 Violon. 6 6 5 Tutti pia 6

50

Fe Fe 1st Viol. Col pte

Fr Chorus 2d Viol.

Welcome May, and welcome Love. Welcome May, and welcome Love. Viola

PHILLIS for. 6 6 6 6 6 4 5 3 6 6

Hark! the merry, Finches Sing,
Heralds of the blooming Spring;
And the Artless Turtle Dove,
Coos at once, to May and Love.
Chœœs &c;

PHILLIS.

While adown the Slopy Hill,
Tinkles soft the gushing Rill.

Balmy Scents perfume the Grove,

May Unbends the Soul to Love, .

Cho: May &c.

2d Viol: Pia

For

Jst Viol: For

Viola Pia

DAPHNE

Now the Bee, on Silv'ry wings, Flow'ry Spoils un-weary'd brings; Viola For.

Pia

Violonc For

776

6 4 3

2d Viol: Pia

Col Parte

Viola Pia

Spoils that Nymphs and Swains Aprove, Soft as May, and Sweet as Love.

Pia

43

6 6 6 6 6 6

F^e

Jst Viol:

F^e Cho:

2d Viol:

Soft as May, and Sweet as Love. Viola

F^e 6

6 6 6 6

And the Swallow's Chirping Brood,
Skim Around the Chrystral flood;
Then in wanton Circlets rove,
Playfull as the God oF Love.
Playfull &c:



