

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 *Sketch of Bacon, Rosina, Siege of Gibraltar, Lord Mayors Day, &c.*

Price 6<sup>s</sup>.

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*The Poor Soldier;*  
*Table of the Songs &c.*

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# OVERTURE TO THE POOR SOLDIER

for the

HARPSICHORD or PIANO FORTE.

Pr: 1?

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

SHIELD.

Espress<sup>o</sup>

*ff*

Volti Subito

The first system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The music is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a common time signature.

The second system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo). The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with a dynamic marking of *ff*. Fingerings of '8' are indicated below the bass line. The music is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a common time signature.

The third system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with a dynamic marking of *p*. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with a dynamic marking of *p*. Fingerings of '8' are indicated below the bass line. The music is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a common time signature.

The fourth system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with a dynamic marking of *pp* (pianissimo) and the instruction "Espress?". The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with a dynamic marking of *pp*. Fingerings of '5' and '8' are indicated below the bass line. The music is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a common time signature.

The fifth system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with a dynamic marking of *ff*. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with a dynamic marking of *ff*. The music is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a common time signature.

Allegro

The musical score is arranged in six systems, each consisting of two staves. The first system includes a treble and bass staff with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The second system also has a piano (p) marking. The third system is labeled 'Flauto solo' and includes rests (hr) and a piano (p) marking. The fourth system features rests (hr) and a piano (p) marking. The fifth system includes rests (hr) and a piano (p) marking. The sixth system includes rests (hr) and a piano (p) marking. The score concludes with a fermata and a 'w' symbol.

Ada.<sup>o</sup> w

Volti Subito

4 Allegro

*f* *p*

*f*

Minore

*lr* *p* *sf*

Bassoon

Obde

*lr*

*lr*

Majore

ppp

*hr*

Oboes

*f*

*p*

Bassoons

*f*

*ff*

Horns

*p*

*hr*

*ff*

*p*

*ff*

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

SERENADE con Sordini.

DERMOT.

Affetuoso

Sleep on sleep on my Kath-lean dear may

*p*

peace possess thy breast

yet dost thou dream thy Der - mot'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

Dermot wakes to none but love and thee.

none but love and thee.

*mez. f*

1<sup>st</sup>

Sy.

2<sup>d</sup>

Sy.

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

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

2

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

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

*Allegretto*

KATHLEAN

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

fort of a man

*Sy.*

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

*Pizz:*

height so it's 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.

*Sy.*

Tho' gentle he be,  
 His man he should see,  
 Yet never be conquer'd by any but me  
 In a fong 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 then, I am free.



Sung by Mrs. Bannister.

Allegretto

NORAH

The

Sy. Small Flute *hr* Sy. Sy.

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

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

1<sup>st</sup>

2<sup>d</sup> sy

-gain shall return.

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

PATRICK.

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

fide Drum

debts with the roll of his drums.

2

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,  
 His King finds him quarters, and money, and clothes;  
 He laughs at all sorrow, 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 my friend so rare my

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

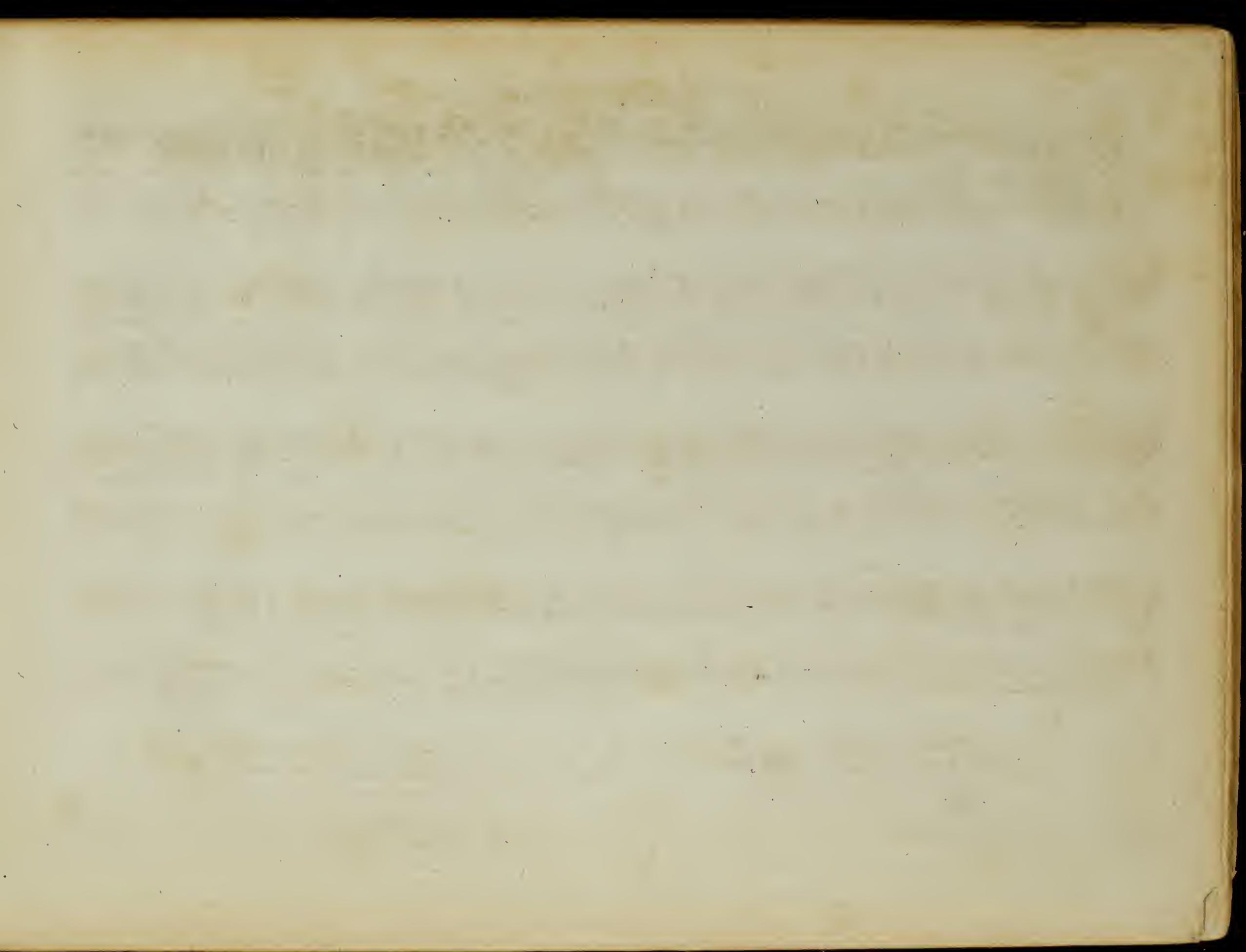
friend and pitcher.

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 Mrs Kennedy and Mrs 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 now throw it far a - way Sy.

How fine this morning *p*

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

falf-hood has chang'd the scene. *Sy.*  
falf-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 Darby get a way aukward clumsy and ill featur'd Dermot prattles pretty chat Darby gapes like a ny oven

Dermot's neat from shoe to hat Darby's but a dirty floven. Lout looby filly booby come no more to me a courting

Bassoons

was my dearest Dermot here all is love and gay sporting.

Sy.

Bassoons

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, silly booby, &c:

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

DARBY 17

Allegretto

sf

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

foon 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 cosy 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 sundays 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:

Bassoon

Larghetto

NORAH

Fare -

well ye groves and crys - tal fountains the gladfome 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 laft farewell.

Sy.

hr

Sung by Mr Bannister.

*Affetuoso* *Viola*

The spring with smiling face is seen to usher in the

Small Fl. *Clar.* *Small Fl.*

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

*Horns*

*h*

of the Grove then join in Harmony and Love the

*Sy*

songsters of the Grove then join in Harmony and Love

*Viola*

The Lark that soaring 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 marks it for his own.  
 For when the tuneful Bird is flown  
 He hastes, and marks 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 sweet flow - ers its

lads so well drest 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

*Baffoons*

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.

*Sy.*

*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 fuits on,  
 Lacc'd waiftcoat, 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. Wilfon.

FATHER LUKE.

Allegro

You know I'm your Priest and your

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

marry 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

Sy.

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 freepish your look  
 You out with your Ring and I pull out my Book  
 Sing &c

## 3

I Stand out the Place and I then read away  
 She blushes at love and she whispers obey  
 You take her dear hand to have 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 Brile  
 The Pipers before 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 your both left alone  
 'Tis then my good boy I believe your at home  
 And hey for a Christening at Nine Months to come  
 Sing Ballinamona Oro  
 A good merry Christening for me

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

DERMOT

Dear Sir this brown Jug that now foams w. 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 ex - cel 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 foaking 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 here's to my lovely sweet Kate of the vale.

Quartetto

Katlean, Dermot, Fa<sup>r</sup> Luke, and Darby.

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.

Cho<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

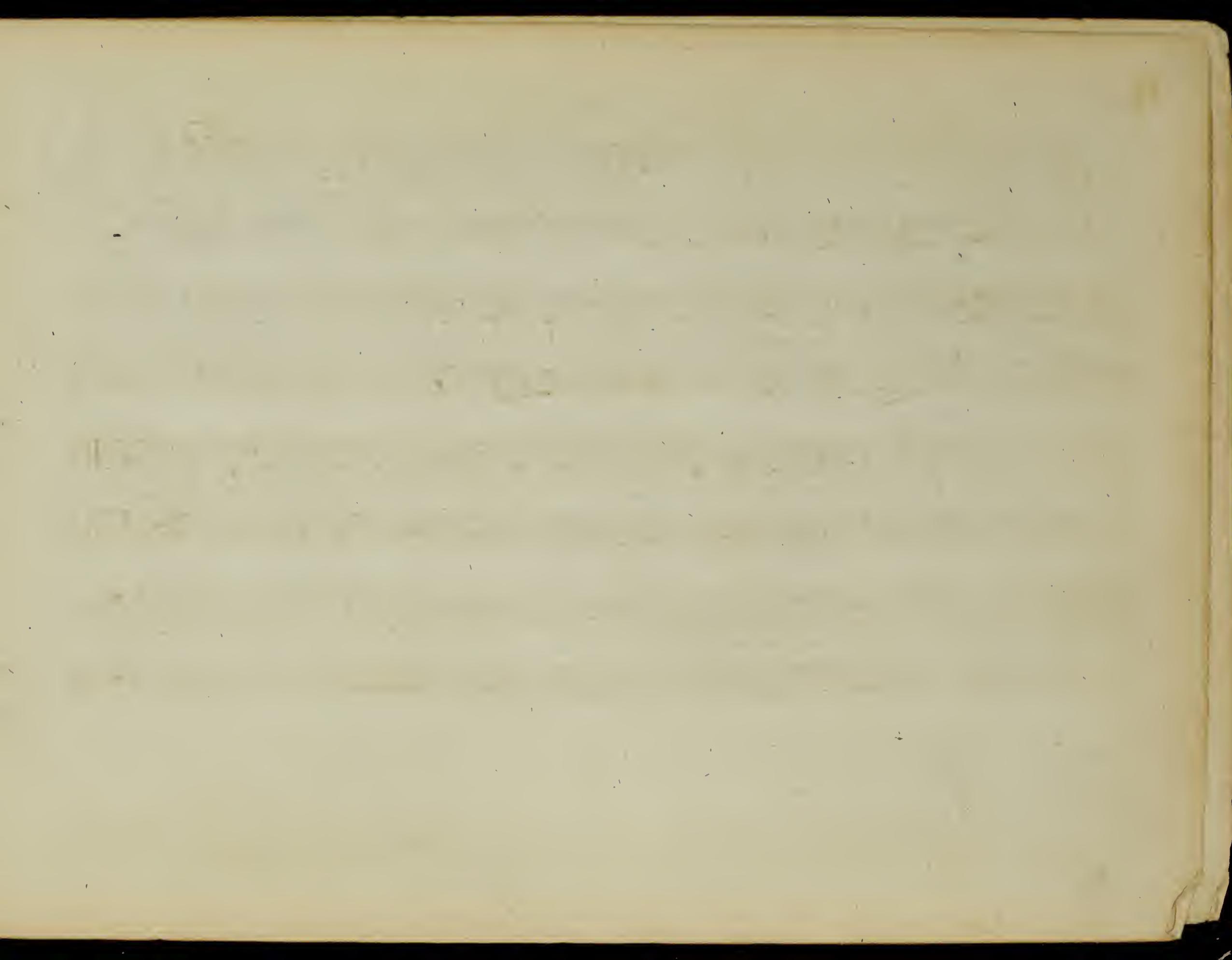
tol de - - - the Barber shall wiggle my hair tol - - - F.

2

In town I shall cut a great dash;  
 But how far 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.

3

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.



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

CHO<sup>S</sup>

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 gaind we're de - light - ed.

PAT. With my commision, 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,  
 Less 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 devil a bit o' me cares a bean,  
 For neat and clean  
 We'll both be seen,  
 Myself and my las,  
 Next Sunday at mass;  
 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 se - 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 se - vere with smiles you can cheer the po - fies of your Covent Gar - - - den

FINE.