

Miss Graham  
Jun. Graham 1790

The  
POOR SOLDIER,

COMIC OPERA,

as performed with Universal Applause,

at the

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN;

Selected and Compos'd

BY

WILLIAM SHUTTLID,

Author of the Pitch of Bacon, Rosina, Siege of Gibraltar, Lord Mayor's Day &c. &c.

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# OVERTURE TO THE POOR SOLDIER.

1

for the

Pr: 1<sup>o</sup>

HARPSICHORD or PIANO FORTE.

SHIELD.

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

8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8

8 8 8

Espres<sup>o</sup>

8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8

*ff*

9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9

Volti Subito

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/4. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and contains a melodic line with some chromaticism. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, starting with a forte (*f*) dynamic and featuring a dense texture of sixteenth-note chords.

The second system continues the piece. The upper staff has a melodic line with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic. The lower staff features a complex rhythmic pattern of sixteenth-note chords, with fingerings 5, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 5, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8 indicated below the notes.

The third system shows a change in dynamics. The upper staff has a melodic line with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lower staff continues with sixteenth-note chords, with fingerings 8, 5, 8, 5, 5, 5, 8, 8, 5, 5, 8, 8, 8 indicated below the notes.

The fourth system is marked "Espress." (Espressivo) and "pp" (pianissimo). The upper staff features a melodic line with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic. The lower staff has a melodic line with a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic. Fingerings 5, 8, 5, 8, 5, 5, 5, 8, 8 are indicated below the notes.

The fifth system concludes the page. The upper staff has a melodic line with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic. The lower staff features a melodic line with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic. The system ends with a double bar line.



Allegro

*Flauto*

*p*

*f*

Flauto solo

*p* *hr*

*hr* *f*

*f* *p* *Adagio*

Volti Subito

1 Allegro

*f* *p*

*f*

Minore

Baffoon *p* *sf* Oboe

*lr*

*lr*

Majore

*pp1*

Oboes

*f* *p*

Bassoons

*f* *ff*

Horns

*p* *ff*

*p* *ff*

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

SERENADE con Sordini.

DERMOT.

Affettuoso

Sleep on sleep on my Kath-lean dear may

*p*

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

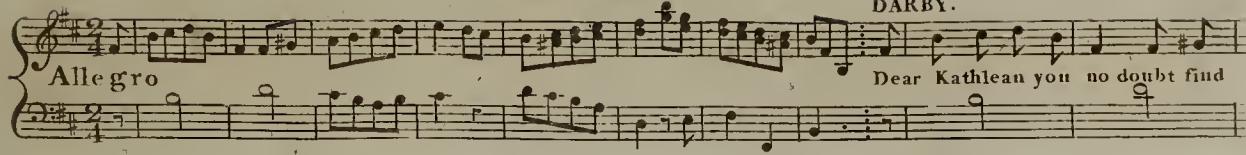
Dermot wakes to none but love and thee.

none but love and thee. *mez. f*

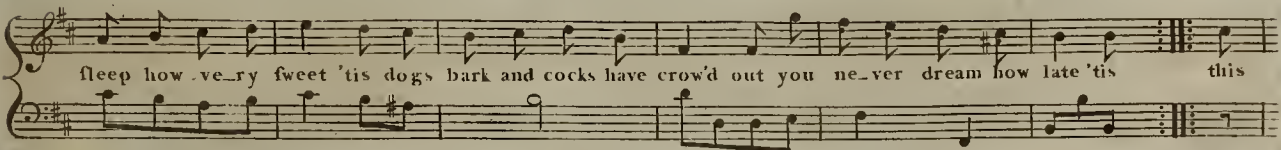


Sung by M<sup>r</sup>. Edwin.

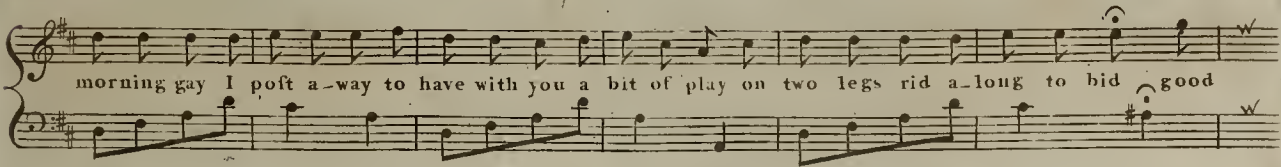
*Allegro* DARBY.  
Dear Kathleen you no doubt find



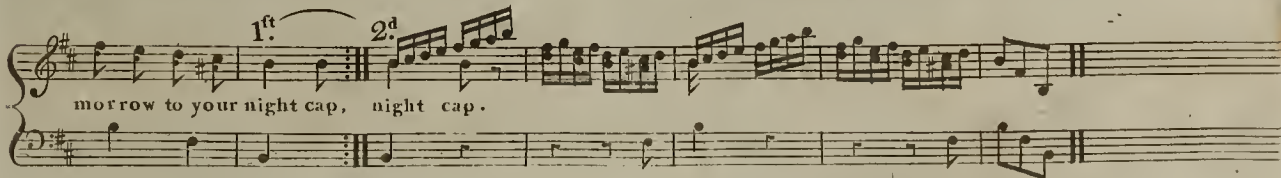
sleep how ve-ry sweet 'tis dogs bark and cocks have crow'd out you ne-ver dream how late 'tis this



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 flocs,  
The little Gypsy cock'd her nose;  
Yet here I've rid, along to bid,  
Good-morrow to your night cap.

Sung by Mrs Martyr.

KATHLEEN

Allegretto

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

Sy.

fort of a man in address how compleat and in dress spruce and neat but no matter his

Pizz.

height fo 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

Sy.

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 then I am I, &c.

**Allegro** Oboes and Bassoons to imitate the Bagpipe

**KATH:** **DAR:** **KATH:** **DAR:**

Out of my sight or I'll box your ears I'll fit you soon for your jibes and jeers I'll cock my cap at a smart young man an -

**KATH:** **DAR:** **KATH:** **DAR:** **KATH:**

other I'll wed this night if I can in courtship funny once sweet as honey you drone no Kate in your humble bee go

**BOTH**

dance your dogs with your fiddle de dee for a sprightly Jigg is the tune for me go dance y dogs with your fiddle de dee for a

**Sy.**

Sprightly Jigg is the tune for me.

**Kath:** Like sweet milk turnd, now to me seems love,  
**Dar:** The fragrant rose does a nettle prove;  
**Kath:** Sour curds I taste, tho' sweet cream I chose,  
**Dar:** And, with a flower, I sting my nose.  
 . In courtship &c:

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

NORAH.

*Allegretto*

*p*

Sy. *Small Flute* *br* Sy. Sy.

mea - dows look cheer - full the Birds sweetly sing so gay - ly they carol the praises of Spring

tho' Na - ture re - joices poor No - rah shall mourn un - till her dear Pa - trick a -

*1<sup>st</sup>* gain shall re - turn *2<sup>d</sup>* tho' gain shall re - turn

2

Ye lasses of Dublin, ah, hide your gay charms,  
 Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms :  
 Tho' fattins 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

Fift<sup>h</sup> an octave higher

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

side Drum

Sy.

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 M<sup>rs</sup> 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.

*pp*

2

From morning fun 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:

5

'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 now throw it far a - way

Sy.

How fine this morning

*f* *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 falshood 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

fals-hood has chang'd the scene.

fals-hood has chang'd the scene.

ACT. 2<sup>d</sup>

## KATHLEAN.

Allegro

Dermot's welcome as the May chearful handsome and good natur'd

Bassoons & Horns

foolish Dar-by get a-way aukward 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

Bassoons

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:

Allegretto

*sf* *p*

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 cofey and warm;  
Oh! ey'ry thing's handsome about me,  
My cabin and fuug little farm.  
Sing ditherum, &c:

What'ho 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

Fare -

well ye groves and cry - 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 sin - cere well meet and share the part - ing tear and

tale a long and last farewell.

*Sy.* *hr*



Sung by W. Barnister

**Affettuoso**

Viola

Small Flute

Clari

Horns

Sy.

Horns

The lark that soaring cleaves the skies,  
 Low builds her humble nest;  
 The rambling boy that finds the prize,  
 Is sure supremely blest.  
 For when the tunefull bird is flown  
 He hastes, and marks it for his own  
 For when the tunefull bird is flown  
 He hastes and marks it for his own

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 dress'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 boast of 'tis No-rah dear 'No-rah the

*Bassoons*

theme of my Song dear Car-ton con-tain-ing what King-doms may boast 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 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

Confiance is mine but if you grow wicked 'tis not a good sign so 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.

*Sy.*

*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 Thumb 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 Bride  
 The Pipers before us 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

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

2<sup>d</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 excel and amongst Jolly

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

2 5

It chanced 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.

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

Piano introduction for the song 'Kathleen', featuring a treble and bass clef with a common time signature. The melody is lively and rhythmic.

KATHLEAN

Vocal line for Kathleen, starting with the lyrics: "You the point may car - ry if awhile you tar - - ry but for you I tell you true no you'll never".

Cho<sup>s</sup>

Chorus line for the song, starting with the lyrics: "mar - - ry you the point may car - ry if awhile you tar - - ry but for you I tell you true no".

Final vocal line for the song, starting with the lyrics: "you'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 vex  
If this his text  
Go fiddle all your noses.

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

Sung by Mr Edwin.

The musical score is written in 9/8 time and consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The tempo is marked 'Allegro'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score includes lyrics and musical markings such as 'DARBY', 'Sy.', and 'F.'. The lyrics are: 'Since Kathleen has prov'd for 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 tol de - - - I'll dress and I'll strut with an air tol de - - - the Barber shall wiggle my hair tol - - - F.' The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

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 sbits 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,  
 But 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 de





Allegro

FITZROY

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

for - tune kind how pleasing to me fo 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 commission, yet dearest life,  
 My charming wife,  
 When drum and fife  
 Shall heat 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,  
 Let's plead with a Duke,  
 When good Father Luke,  
 To my own little Dermot has Joid me.

Cho. This love, &c.  
 DAB. You impudent huffey (Dermot frowns)  
 a pretty cate,  
 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 Darhy 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 Darhy, &c.



DER. The devil a bit o'me cares a lean,  
 For neat and clean  
 We'll both be seen,  
 Myself and my lass,  
 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.

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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.

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

GENERAL CHORUS.

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 - lies of your Covent Gar - - - den

FINE.