

THE  
C H A P L E T,

*A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,*

*As it is performed at the*

THEATRES ROYAL in DRURY LANE and COVENT GARDEN.

*Composed by*

*D.<sup>R</sup> B O Y C E,*

*For the*

VOICE, HARP SICHORD, AND VIOLIN.

---

L O N D O N:

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## OVERTURE.

ALL.<sup>o</sup>

tutti

(7)

Balloons Solo Tutti

This section features a complex rhythmic pattern in the right hand with many sixteenth notes and triplets. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment. Fingerings are indicated with numbers 1-5. The 'Tutti' section begins with a fermata on a whole note in the right hand.

Vivace Piano sempre

This section is marked 'Vivace Piano sempre' and consists of a continuous, flowing melodic line in the right hand with a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. The tempo and dynamics are constant throughout.

Tempo di Minuetto

The section begins with a 3/8 time signature. The right hand has a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a simple bass line. The tempo is 'Tempo di Minuetto'.

This part of the Minuetto section continues the rhythmic accompaniment in the right hand and the bass line in the left hand. It includes various fingerings and articulation marks.

This part of the Minuetto section concludes with a final cadence. The right hand has a more active melodic line, and the left hand provides harmonic support. The section ends with a double bar line.

This section continues with a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. It features various fingerings and articulation marks, ending with a final cadence.

Recit.  
M<sup>r</sup>. Beard  
M<sup>rs</sup>. Norris

LARGO

LAURA

Ungrateful Damon! is it come to this are these the happy scenes of promis'd Bliss? ne'er hope, vain Laura future Peace to prove; Con-

DAMON

tent ne'er harbours with neglected Love. Consider, Fair, the ever restless Pow'r, shifts with the Breeze, and changes with the Hour: above restraint he forms a fix'd abode.

DAMON

on his Silken Plumes flies forth the rambling God, M<sup>r</sup>. Beard

AIR

Allegro

S.

You say at your feet that I wept in des'pair, And vow'd that no Angel was e- ver so fair; How could you believe all the nonsense I spoke, What know we of

Angels? I meant it in joke, I meant it in joke, What know we of Angels? I meant it in joke.

S.

I next stand indicted for swearing to Love,  
And nothing but Death should my Passion remove;  
I've lik'd you a Twelve month a Calender year,  
And not yet contented—have conscience my dear.

Recit.  
M<sup>r</sup>. Beard

DAMON

To Day Dametas give a rural treat, and

I once more my chosen Friends must meet, Farwel sweet Damsel, and remember this, Dull rep-e-tition deadens all our Bliss.



AIR. M<sup>r</sup>. BEARD

PALAE MON

PASTORA

PALAE MON



AIR. MASTER

MATTOCKS

PALEMON. 9

Farewel, my Pastora, no

Allegro affai

longer your twin quite sick of his bondage can suffer his chain: Nay arm not your brow with such haughty disdain, My heart leaps with joy to be free once again. Sing

tol derol' derol derol de-rol derol derol Sing tol derol derol derol de-rol

I'll live like the birds, those sweet tenants of May,  
 Who always are sportful, who always are gay:  
 How sweetly their fonnets they carol all day!  
 Their love is but frolick, their courtship but play.  
 Sing tol derol,

If struck by a beauty they ne'er saw before,  
 In chirping soft notes they her pity implore,  
 She yields to intreaty, and when the fit's o'er  
 'Tis twenty to one that they never meet more.  
 Sing tol derol,

PASTORA.

RECIT.

Insulting boy! I'll tear him from my mind, ah would my fortune could a husband find: and just in time, young Damon comes this way, a handsome youth the

Largo P. 6

DAMON.

is, and rich they say. Vouchsafe, sweet maid, to hear a wretched swain, who lost in wonder, hugs the pleasing chain, for you

Largo P.

in sighs I had the rising Day, To you at eve I sing the lovesick lay; Then take my love, my homage as your due, The devil's in her if all this won't do.

afide

(7)

AIR, MR  
BEARD  
& MRS  
CLIVE

Allegro

DAMON.  
Beauteous maid, re - ward my passion, crown with hopes my fierce de - fire. Soon to yield is not the fashion,

PASTORA.

DAMON.  
Maids some courtship should require. Tedious courtship damps all pleasure, By this melting kifs I swear.

PASTORA.  
Kifs the  
Now you're rude be - yond all measure, Kifs a - gain, fir, if you dare.

DAMON.  
Where you bank the willows cover, We will thun the heat of day. You're in too much halle young lover, For the priestt must

PASTORA.

DAMON.  
lead . the way. We can do without him hetter, None but fools would marry now, priests the freeborn mind would fetter, We will meet without a row,

PASTORA.  
Away, false man, no more your tale I'll hear The black attempt offends my rigid ear: the joy I taste shall be without a

RECIT:

afide DAMON.

crime, I'll ne'er be foold by man, a fecond time. If fo, farewel, I'll other regions try; My gen'rous mind dif-

-dains the flavish tye, Lovers, like warriors, oft repul-fes meet; Yet both undaunted their attacks repeat.

**AIR. M<sup>RS</sup> BEARD** DAMON

All<sup>o</sup> affai. From flow'r to flow'r his

**& M<sup>RS</sup> CLIVE.** Pia

joy to change, fits yonder wan-ton bee, From fair to fair thus will I range, And I'll be ever free. From fair to fair thus

will I range, And I'll be e-ver free. I'll be e-ver free.

**PASTORA.**  
 Von little birds attentive view,  
 That hop from tree to tree;  
 I'll copy them, I'll copy you,  
 For I'll be ever free.

DAMON.

While tempests shake the nodding grove, and plough the foaming sea, While hawks pursue the flying dove, so long will I be free, while

T. S.

hawks pursue the fly-ing dove, so long will I be free. so long will I be free.

(7)

**PASTORA.**  
 Till on the bush the lily grows,  
 Till flocks forsake the lea;  
 Till from the rock bursts forth the rose,  
 You'll find me blith and free.

DAMON  
 Then let's divide to east and west, since we shall ne'er a-gree; And try who keeps their promise best, and who's the longest free. Lets

PASTORA  
 Then let's, divide to east and west, since we shall ne'er a-gree; And try who keeps their promise best, and who's the longest free., Lets

Pia.

try who keeps their promise best, And who's the longest free. who's the longest free. End of Part I

try who keeps their promise best, And who's the longest free. who's the longest free.

AIR. MISS  
 Andante Vivace

NORRIS.  
 What medicine can soften the bosom's keen smart What lethe can

Laura

baniish the pain? What cure can benet with to soothethe fond heart That's broke broke by a faithless young swain!

In hopes to forget him how vainly tis  
 The sports of the wake and the  
 When Colin is dancing I lay with aigh,  
 'Twas here first my Damon was seen.

When to the pale moon the soft nightingales moan, In accents so piercing and clear; You sing not so sweetly, I cry with a groan, as when,

when my dear Damon was here.

A garland of willow my temples shall shade  
 And pluck it ye nymphs, from you grove  
 For there to her coil was poor Laurahetray!  
 And Damon, Damon pretended to love.

A charming confort, would have fill'd these arms, Had I but yielded to Pastora's charms, how blest'd would they have been my future life. Palamon's mistress turn'd to . . .

Wife; Yet inherit the wily nymph I'll pay, And all her schemes of vanity betray. Then hast to Laura, that much in urrl fair, And snatch her from the jaws of black de par

ATR. MRS CLIVE

In vain I try my

ev-ry art, Nor can I fix a single heart, Yet I'm not old or ugly; F. Yet I'm not old or ugly,

Let me consult my faithfull glass, A face much worse than this might pass, Me-thinks I look full smuggly.

Me-thinks I look full smuggly.

Yet blest'd with all these powerfull charms,  
The young Palamon fled these arms,  
That wild unthinking rover;  
Hope, filly maids, as soon to bind,  
The rolling stream, the flying wind  
As fix a rambling lover.

But hamper'd in the marriage noose,  
In vain they struggle to get loose,  
And make a mighty riot;  
Like madmen how they rave, and stare,  
A while they shake their chains and swear,  
And then lie down in quiet.

**DAMON**

Once more I come to hear what you decree, Yet ere you pass your sentence, list to me.

**AIR. M<sup>r</sup>. BEARD**

*Presto Allegro*

Declare, my pretty maib Must my fond suit miserrary? With you I'll toy, I'll kifs and play; But hang me if I marry, hang me if I marry, With you I'll toy, I'll

kifs and play, But hang me if I marry.

Then speak your mind at once,  
Nor let me longer tarry;  
With you I'll toy, I'll kifs and play,  
But hang me if I marry.

Tho' charms and wit assail,  
The stroke I well can parry;  
I love to kifs, and toy, and play,  
But do not choose to marry.

Young Molly of the dale,  
Makes a mere slave of Harry,  
Because when they had toy'd and kifs'd,  
The foolish swain woud marry.

These fix'd resolves, my dear,  
I to the grave will carry;  
With you I'll toy, I'll kifs and play,  
But hang me if I marry.

**PASTORA.**

**DAMON**

**RECIT:** Dare you a-vow, false youth, your lawless flame. Think not to tempt me to a deed of shame, say, have you ask'd your never conquer'd heart, how many years it

**PASTORA.**

may resist the dart? For long attacks the strongest fortrefs, wall'd & Troy stood ten years siege, but fell at last. Vainly you hope my virtuous heart to move; I know your vile intent, and scorn your

love, turn your eyes to yonder conscious shade, There a young shepherd met a haughty maid; the pines that hang o'er yonder dusky dell, the babbling pines a tale of scandal

tell; and tattling willows to the plains proclaim! Palemon was the happy lover's name. Ha! do you start? Pastora, fam'd for truth and rigid virtue, clasp'd a blooming

youth, and laying ev'ry sterner thought aside, Indulgd her pleasure, and forgot her pride. Disfavour'd fate, how could he bear the tale? you've lost all hopes, and now begin to rail.

PASTORA (sings) to him.

AIR. MISS NORRIS

Dolce  
Mod-rato

LAURA

How unhappy's the nymph, who weeps to the wind, And dotes with despair On a

swain that's unkind

How un-happ-y's the nymph, who weeps to the wind, And dotes with despair On a swain that's unkind.

.Unhappy! Unhappy! Un-happ-y's the nymph - - - Who dotes with de-spair on a swain that's unkind. How un-happ-y's the nymph who

weeps to the wind, - - - And dotes with despair on a swain that's un-kind.

## DAMON.

RECIT

I see the fates determine I shall wed; Two nymphs are ready to partake my bed; Which shall I choose? Pas -

## Pastora aside

Pastora's wondrous fair, And Laura sparkles like the morning star. Come, there are hopes, now, Venus, lend each grace, And with bewitching beauties arm my face.

AIR. M<sup>r</sup> BEARDM<sup>r</sup>s CLIVE and  
MISS NORRIS.

Allo ma non troppo

T.S.

DAMON

Three

goddesses standing to - ge - - ther, Thus puzzled young Paris one day: Can I judge the value of ei - ther, Can I judge the value of either, Where

both bear fo equal a sway? Where both bear fo equal a sway?

Pastora

Laura

Damon

Consider my wit and condition,

Consider my person likewise;

I never was us'd to petition,

But prythee make use of your eyes, prythee &amp;c.

No merit I plead but my passion,

'Twere needless to mention your vow;

Reflect with a little compassion,

On what this poor bosom feels now. On what this &amp;c.

Some genius direct me, or Demon,

Or else I may chance to choose wrong

You're part of the goods of Palemon

I leave you to whom you belong, I leave you &amp;c.

## PASTORA aside.

RECIT

Misjudging wretch, with rage my bosom glows; Can he prefer a nettle to a rose?



AIRM'S CLIVE

Presto All<sup>o</sup>

I know that my

person is charming, Beyond what a clown can dis - cover, That dowdy your senses alarming, Proves what a blind thing is a Lover. Proves

what a blind thing is a Lover. I'll quit the dull plains for the city, where beauty is follow'd by merit, Your

taste simple Damsen, I pity; Your wit, who would wish to in - herit, to - in - herit? Your wit, who would wish to in - herit? F

Perhaps you may think you perplex me And that I my anger woud smother; The loss of a lover can't vex me, My charms will procure me another. My

charm will procure me another. I ne'er was more pleas'd I assure you; How odious they look I can't bear them; I with you much

joy of your fury, My rage into pieces could tear them, could tear them. My rage into pieces could tear them.

## DAMON

RECIT

To thee, kind nymph, as to offended heav'n I own my faults and sue to be forgiv'n. Then gentle Laura, clear my past offence Repentance is ally'd to Innocence

## LAURA

Think not a rigid judge your faults arraigns, My tender Bosom feels for all your pains, In those sad hours when to the secret grove, I told my pangs of inauspicious love,

My only pray'r was once again to see the lovely author of my misery, Again to clasp him to my beating breast the gods have heard my vows, the gods have heard my vow and Laura's blest.

DIALOGUE MR  
BEARD and  
MISS NORRIS.

All? Mod? Contented all day I will sit at your side, Where poplars far

stretching o'er-arch the cool tide, And while the clear river runs purling a-long the thrush and the linnet con-tend in their song. The

thrush and the linnet contend in their song

Laura

Damon

Laura

While you are hut by me no danger I fear,  
Ye lambs rest in safety, my Damon is near:  
Bound on ye blith kids now your gambols may please,  
For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is at ease.  
For iv, &c.

Ye virgins of Britain, bright rivals of day,  
The wish of each heart, and the theme of each lay,  
Ne'er yield to the swain till he make you a wife,  
For he who loves truly will take you for life  
For he, &c.

Ye youths who fear nought hurt the frowns of the fair  
'Tis yours to relieve not to add to their care,  
Then scorn to their ruin assistance to lend,  
Nor betray the sweet creatures you're born to defend  
Nor betray, &c.



