



M I D A S

A COMIC OPERA

As it is Perform'd at the THEATRE ROYAL
In COVENT-GARDEN.

For the Harpsicord, Voice, German Flute, Violin, or Guitar.

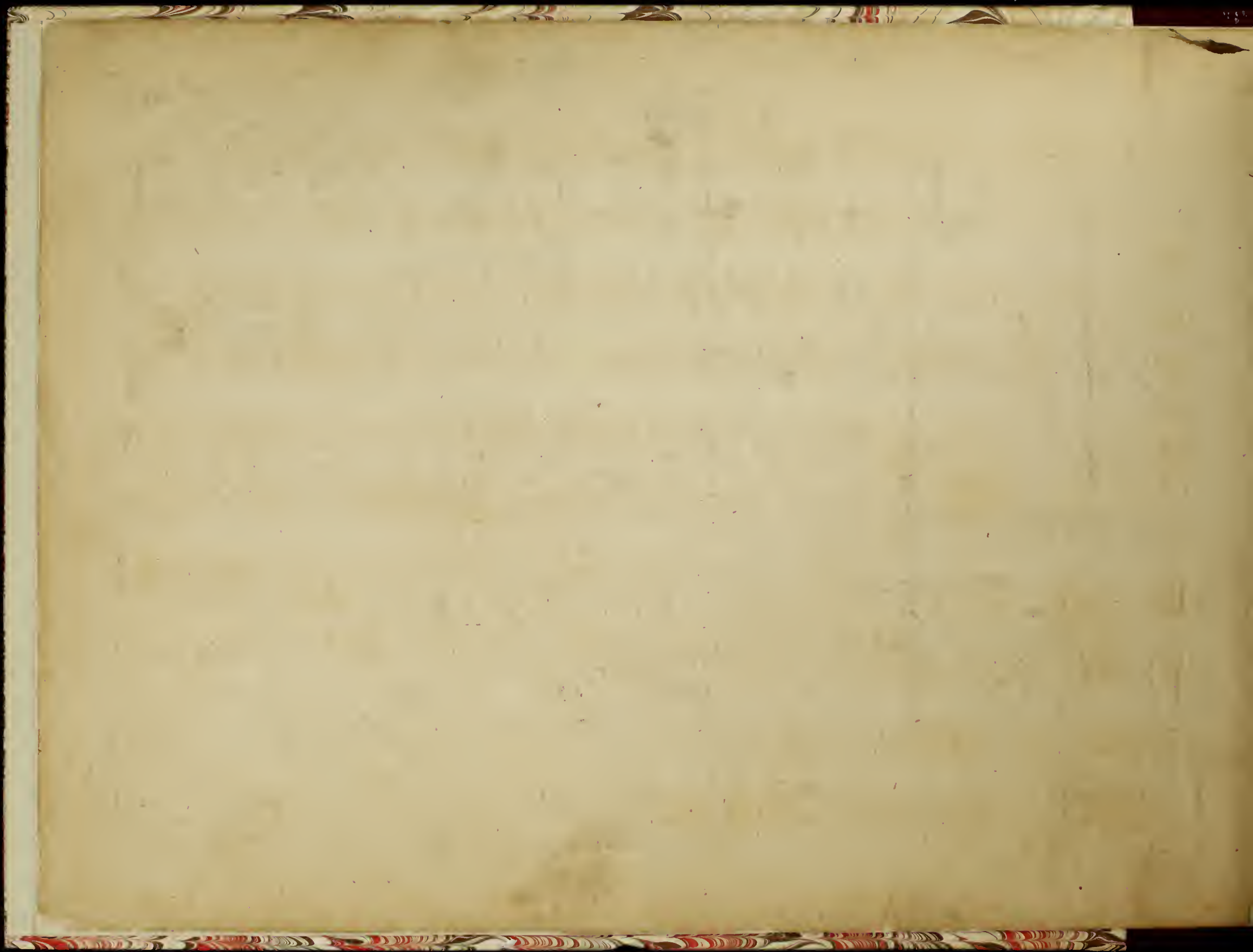
London. Printed for I. Wallis in Catharine Street in the Strand.

Of whom may be had

Love in a Village, a Comic Opera
The Arcadian Songs by D^r Arne
Thomas and Sally
The Spring & Fairies, 4 Books
D^r Arne's Cantatas & Songs, 14 Books
Judith, Paradise Lost, Rebecca.

Eliza, Alfred, Tempest.
Solomon, Chaplet, Shepherd's Lottery.
Enchanter by M^r Smith
Dragon of Wantley
Handel's Grand Songs, 2 Books
Purcell's 100 Catches in Score

Handel's Oratorio's Songs, 5 Volumes
Eighty Select Opera Songs
D^r Boyce's Songs & Cantatas, 6 Books
D^r Greenes Catches Songs & Cantatas
Devil to Pay
Beggars Opera for 2 Voices



Sung by M^{rs} Stevens

Vivace

JUNO

Think not lewd JOVE, thus to

wrong my chaste Love, for spite of your rake-helly godhead, by day and by night, JUNO will have her right, nor

be of dues nuptial de-frauded. sy I'll ferrit the haunts of your female gallants, in

vain you in darknes en-clofe them, your favourite jades, I will plunge to the shades, or in-to cows

metamor-phose them. sy

Sung by M^r Mattocks

Andante

APOLLO

Be by your friends advised, too harsh, too has-ty Dad, too harsh, too hasty Dad.

Maugre your bolts and wife head, the world will think you mad. maugre your bolts and wife head, the

world will think you mad. What worfe can Bacchus teach men, his

roaring Bucks when drunk, then break the lamps, beat watchmen, and stagger to some punk then break the lamps beat watchmen, and

Itagger to some punk. Sy

6 4 3 6 6 6 6 6 7 4 3

Sung by M^r Neattocks

Presto Allegro

6 5 6 7 6 6 6 5 3 6 6

S. ADELLO

With fun my disgrace I'll parry, while here on earth I tarry, with the nymphs in my way, I'll kifs and play, but hang me if I marry.

6 5 6 6 6 6 6 5

but hang me if I marry, with the nymphs in my way, I'll kifs and play, but hang me if I marry. Sy

6 6 6 6 6 6 6

Let the sky go to wreck and miscarry
 Without my luninary,
 Pol. here will stay
 To kifs and play,
 To toy, but never marry toy but never marry.
 Pol. here will stay &c. &c.

Sung by M.^r Beard & M.^r Matlocks

SILENO

Allegretto

Sy

Since you mean to hire for Service Sy Come with

me you Jolly Dog ; Sy You can help to bring home Harvest, You can help to bring home Harvest, tend the Sheep & feed the H. g.

Farra diddle dol, farra diddle dol, tol ti di tol di ti di tol dol dol. Sy

(2)

With three Crowns, your standing Wages,
You shall daintily be fed ;
Bacon, Beans, Salt beef, and Cabbage,
Butter, Milk, and Oaten Bread.
Farra diddle &c.

(3)

Come, strike hands, you'll Live in Clover,
When we get you once at home ;
And when daily labour's over ;
We'll all Dance to your strum strum.
Farra diddle &c.

POL.

Done, strike hands, I take your Offer,
Farther on I may fare worle ;
Zooks, I can no longer suffer,
Hunger thirst Hungry Guts and empty Purse.
Farra diddle &c.

(4)

Pol.
 I strike hands and take your offer, Sy farther on I may fare worfe; Sy
 SILENO
 Do strike hands 'tis kind I offer, farther seeking you'll fare worfe; Pity such a

6 6 5 8 6
 4 3 3

Zooks I can no longer suffer, Hungry Guts and empty Purse. Farra diddle dol
 Lad shou'd suffer, Pity such a Lad shou'd suffer, Hungry Guts and empty Purse. Tol di dol di dol

6 7
 4 3

Sy

6 5
 4 3

5 3
 4 3

Sung by Miss Hallam

Sy
Larghetto

If the Swan we
figh for pres us, Oh how plea-fing 'tis to please; If the fright we loath ad-dress us,
How delightful 'tis to teize; IF the fright we loath ad-dress us, how de-
light-ful 'tis to teize. *Sy*

Figured bass: 7 7 7 7 6 4/2 6 6 6 6 4 3

Figured bass: 6 4/2 6 6 6 5 6 5 4 5 3 6 6 5 3

Figured bass: 6 6 6 6 6 # 6 4 2/4 6

Figured bass: 6 5 3 1 2 6 5 3 6 5 3

Sung by Miss Miller

Sy
DAPHNE
Spiritolo

If I cannot plague the lubber, now I have him in my crib; If when he begins to

Figured bass: 6 5 6 6 5 3 6 5 3 6 5 3 6 6

blubber, I can't footh or laugh or fib, Doom'd for life I may be, to play with my Baby, and to wear a flabb'ring bib.

Sung by Miss Poitier

Puntato
MYSIS
Girls are known, to Mischief prone, if ever they be Idle:

who would rear, two Daughters fair, must hold a steady Bridle; For here they skip, and there they trip, and

this and that way fidle, for here they skip, and there they trip, and this and that way fidle.

Giddy Maids, poor filly Jades,
 All after Men are gadding;
 They flirt Pall mall, their train to swell,
 To Coxcomb, Coxcomb adding;
 To ev'ry fop, they're Cock a hoop,
 And fet their Mother's madding.
 To ev'ry fop &c.

38
 37
 31
 25

Sung by M.^r Mattocks

Sy
Allegretto

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

S.^o POL
Pray Goody please to moderate the rancour of your Tongue, Why flath those Sparks of fury from your Eyes? Remember when the

6 6 6 4 5 6

Judgment's weak the Prejudice is strong, A Stranger why will you despise?

6 6 4 5 6 6 6 6 6 7

Ply me, try me, prove e'er you deny me, if you calt me off, you blatt me never more to rise. Da Capo al Segno S.^o

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

Quartetto Sung by Miss Hattam, Miss Miller, Miss Poitier, & M.^r Beard.

Sy
Allegro

6 7 6 5 5 3 6 5 6 6 6

Mama how can you be so ill na - tur'd,

DAPHNE

to the gentle handsome Swain . Ah! Ah! to a Lad so limb'd fo featur'd, sure 'tis cruel to give Pain, sure 'tis cruel

Sy

to give Pain .

MYSIS

Girls for you my fears perplex me, I'm alarm'd on your account ;

SILENO

Wife in vain you teize and vex me , I will rule depend upon'r

NVSA

Ah! Ah! DAPHNE

Ma - ma how can you be so ill

Mama Ah! Ah! to a Lad so limb'd fo

natur'd , to the gentle handsome Swain , sure 'tis cruel to give Pain .

featur'd , sure 'tis cruel to give Pain , to the gentle handsome Swain .

MYSIS SILENO

GIRLS for you my fears perplex me, I'm alarm'd on your account. Wife in vain you teize and vex me, I will rule depend upon't.

8 7 6 5 8 6 8 4 7 6 5 8 6 6 4 6 6 6 6 5 6 6 6 5

NYSA DAPHNE

Mama. Ah! Ah! to a Lad so limb'd so featur'd sure tis cruel to give Pain, to the gentle handsome Swain.

Papa. Mama how can you be so ill natur'd to a gentle handsome Swain, sure tis cruel to give Pain.

MYSIS SILENO

Psha! psha! 'Tis my pleasure to Give Pain, to your odious fav'rite Swain.

Ah! Ah! Psha! psha! you must not be so ill natur'd he's a gentle handsome Swain, he's a gentle handsome Swain.

6 6 5 6 5 7 6 5 5 7 6 5

Sy

9 7 6 7 6 7

Sung by M.^r Fawcett

Amoroso

6 6 6 5 6 6 6 5 6 6 8 7 6 8 6 6 5 3

DAMETAS

Wretched he whose Pain or Pleasure, hangs on faithless Woman's mind, such a

6 5 3 6 6 6 7 4 2 6 6 6 5 3 6

Merchant state whose Treasure swims the Sport of Tide and Wind. Female likings

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

are un-stea-dy, as the veering wea-ther-cock. Miss for new ad-dres-ses

6 6 8 6 6 6 5 6 6 6 6

ready, shifts her Lover like her Smock.

7 5 3 6 6 6 6 5 3 5 8 6 7 5 6 6 6 5 3

Sung by M^r. Shuter

MIDAS

Allegretto

Shall a paulty Clown not fit to wipe my Shoes, dare my Amours to cros, Shall a

peasant Minx when Justice MIDAS woos, her Nose up at him tofs; No Ill Kidnap, then possefs her, I'll sell her Pol a

Slave, Get Mundungus in Exchange, So glut to the height of Pleasure my Love and my re-venge.

Sung by M^r. Dunstall

JUPITER

Vivace

JUPITER wenches and Drinks, he rules the roast in the sky, yet he's a Fool if he thinks,

that he's as happy as I. JUNO rates him and Grates him, and leads his Highness a weary Life, I have my Lafs & my Glafs and I troll a Batchelors merry Life;

Let him fluster, and bluster, yet cringe to his Haridans Furbello, to my fair Tulips, I glew lips, and clink the Cannikin here below. Da Capo

Sung by M^r Juncet
DAMPTAS

Sy Allegro All around the May-pole how they trot, hot, pot, and brown Ale have got: Sy

Routing shouting at you flouting, fleeing jeering and what not. All around the May-pole how they trot, hot, pot, and brown Ale have got: Sy

There is old SILENO frisks like a Mad, Lad glad, to see us so sad. Cap'ring vap'ring while Pol. scraping coaxes the Lasses as he did the Dad.

All around the May-pole how they trot, hot, pot, and brown Ale have got. Sy

Sung by M^r Dunstall

Allegro

Shall he run away with the Lasses, by his trills, and his

flurs and his Graces, from me who at Fairs and Horse-races have pip'd to the Laird of the Clan. A Fribble! if I can but catch

him, I'll pummel, I'll pinch and I'll scratch him, I warrant I'll teach him not match himself as a Musician with Pan.

Sung by Miss Pottier

Allegro

Sure I shall run with vexation distracted, to see my purposes thus counteracted, this way, or

that way, or which way soever, all things go contrary to my endeavor. Daughters projecting their ruin and shame.

Fathers neglecting care of their fame, nursing in bosom a treacherous viper, here's a fine Dance but tis he pays the Piper. ^{Sy}

Sung by Mr Denstall

^{Sy} **Alegro** ^{PAN} When at your foe, a mortal blow you aim your scheme, let him not know, to gain your end you must pre-

tend sincerely & dearly to be his friend, till he cease of your Love to be doubtfull. ^{Sy} Your Game to play, the Sailors say, look

one, but now another way, the Dean to fish up Lawnleeves & be Bishop, says no to the Mitre that wou'd fill his wish up, and puffey can counterfeit sleeping, when

moufey steals tip-a-toe creeping, then winking & blinking, she catches, dispatches & swallows him up at a mouthfull. ^{Sy}

Sung by Miss Hallam

Andante

Sy

Nylfa

To Blast a rivals happiness we ev'ry Art, ev'ry Art employ, and

scarcely can our own success, convey, convey a purer Joy,

A kind of Victory we feel, if

she, if she no triumph gain, deny'd a real bliss we steal, we steal false pleasure from her pain, A kind of Victory we feel if she, if she no triumph gain, de =

ny'd a real bliss we steal, we steal false pleasure from her pain.

Sung by Miss Miller

All^o ma non troppo

Daphne

He's as tight a Lad to see to, as e'er step'd in

(16)

leather shoe, and what's better He'll Love me too, and to him I'll prove true blue, Tho' my sister cast an

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

Eye, I defy what she can do, he can look'd the little doxy, In the Girl he means to woo, he's as tight a Lad to see to, as e'er step'd in leather shoe with better

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

he'll love me too, & to him I'll prove true blue. Hither I stole out to meet him, he'll no doubt my

6 5 6 6 4 3 8 6 5 6 6 7 4 3

steps pursue, If the Youth prove true, I'll fit him, If he's false I'll fit him too, If he's false I'll fit him too, He's as tight a Lad to see to, as e'er

6 3 #3 #3 6 #3 5 #3 6 #3 6 6 5

step'd in leather shoe, and what's better he'll love me too, and to him I'll prove true blue.

6 6 4 3 6 6 6 5 6 4 3 (17)

Sung by M^r Mattocks

Sy
Affettuoso
 Pol.
 Lovely

Nymph allwage my anguish, at your feet a tender swain, prays you will not let him languish, one kind look woud ease his pain,

one kind look woud ease his pain, Did you know the Lad that courts you,

Sy he not long needs sue in vain, *Sy* Prince of Song

of Dance of Sports, you scarce will meet his like again. *Sy*

Sung by Miss Miller

Daphne

Sy

Allegro

If you can Capor as well as you Mo- du- late, with the Ad- di- tion of

that pretty face, Pan who was held by our Shephords a God of late, will be kick'd out and you fit in his place,

His beard so frowly his goitaces so Awkward are and his Bagpipe has so drowfy a drone,

that (If they find you as I did no backwarder,) you may count on all the Girls as your own. Sy

Sung by Miss Miller & Miss Hallam

Duetto
All^o Spiritoso

Daphne
 My Mi...ni.kin Mifs do you fancy that Pol, can ever be caught by an
Nyfa
 Infant's Dol, And can you Mifs Maypole suppose he will fall, in love with the Gi.antefs of Guildhall,
Sy
 Co.lol.fus it self, You'll lye till you're mus.ty upon the shelf.
Daph:
 Pigmy Elf, You'll lye till you're mus.ty upon the shelf.

D^{no} # 5 2 # 5
 You stump o'th' gutter you hop o'my thumb,
 A Husband for you must from Lilliput come,
N^a) You stalking steeple you gawky stag,
 Your Husband must come from Brobdignag.
D^{no} Sour Grapes,
N^a Lead Apes,
 Both) I'll humble your Vanity Mistrefs Trapes.

D^{no} 5
 Mifs your Assurance,
N^a) And Mifs your high Airs,
D^{no}) Is past all indurance,
N^a) Are at their last Pray'rs.
D^{no}) No more of those freedoms Mifs Nyfa I beg,
N^a) Mifs Daphne's conceit must be lower'd a Peg,
D^{no}) Poor spite.
N^a) Pride hurt.

3 *D^{no}*) Liver white.
N^a) Rare sport.
D^{no}) Do shew your teeth spite fire do but you cant bite,
N^a) This haughtiness soon will be laid in the Dirt,
 Poor spite. &c.
 Pride hurt. &c.

Sung by Miss Hallam

S. *N.Y.S.A.*
tr.
 In these greasy Old Tatters his Charms brighter shine; then his Guittar he
 clatters with Tinkling divine. But my Siffer Ah! he kifs'd her and me he pais'd by, I'm jealous of the Fellows bad Taste and blind Eye; But my Siffer, Ah! he kifs'd her,
 and me he pais'd by, I'm jealous of the Fellows bad taste and blind Eye: I'm jealous of the Fellows bad taste and blind Eye.

Sung by M^r. Shuter

S. *M.D.K.*
Sy
 Vivace O what pleasures will abound, when my Wife is laid in Ground.
 Let Earth cover her, we'll Dance over her, when my Wife is laid in Ground.

(2)
 Oh, how happy should I be,
 Would little N.Y.S.A pig with me;
 How I'd mumble her, touze and tumble her,
 Would little N.Y.S.A pig with me.

Sung by Miss Hallam

Allegro

Sy

Fe

S N.Y.S.A.

Near will I be left in the lurch, *Sy* Cease your bribes and wheedling; 'Till I'm made a Wife in the

Church, *Sy* I'll keep Man from meddling, from meddling; *Sy*

I'll keep Man from meddling. *Sy* What are Riches, and soft speeches? Baits and fetches, to bewitch us,

Baits and fetches, to bewitch us: *Sy* When you've won us, *Sy* and undone us, *Sy*

(22)

Cloy'd you shun us, frowning on us, ^{Sy} for our heedless piddling, ^{Sy} for our heedless, heedless piddling, ^{tr} Ne'er will I be left in the

Church, ^{Sy} Cease your bribes and wheedling, 'Till I'm made a Wife in the Church, I'll keep Man from meddling, from med

dling, 'Till I'm made a Wife in the Church, I'll keep Man from

meddling, ^{Sy} I'll keep Man from meddling. ^{Sy}

Can your Palace, Plate, or Coach
 Can your Diamonds glitt'ring,
 Bridle the Tongue of foul reproach?
 Gibbers will be titt'ring.
 Then poor stumbler, How't must humble her,
 If a fumbler, she lets mumble her,
 When in her hearing, Whisp'ring, sneering,
 Chattering, bustling, busting, tearing

Sung by M.^r Shuter

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The lyrics are written below the staff. The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a bass line. The lyrics are:

Sy MIDAS
 When
 into your Henyard the treacherous Reynard, steals slyly your Poultry to ravage, to ravage, With Gun you attack him, with
 Beagles you track him, all's fair to destroy the fell Savage, fell Savage; So Poi. who comes
 picking up my tender Chicken, no means do I scruple to Banish, to Banish, With pow'r I'll o'erbear him, with
 fraud I'll ensnare him, by hook or by Crook he shall Vanish, shall Vanish.

Sung by M^{rs} Mattocks

Allegro

Pol

When fairies dance round on the grass, And revel to Nights awful noon, Each Elf with his tight little

Lats, Trips to the pale light of the Moon: It's chance that the grey dawn of day, Peep in on their frolicks too

soon, In fright they all scuttle a-way, And follow the glimpse of the Moon, In Fright they all scuttle a-way, And

follow the glimpse of the Moon.

Sung by M^r. Shuter

S^o MIDAS
 Sy If in the Courts your suit depend, or a cause you'd fain do hurt in, be sure you make the Judge your friend by a

fee behind the Curtain, then decree goes plump against your foes, tho' before it seem'd uncertain. Sy

Sung by M^r. Dunstall

S^o PAN
 Sy As soon as her doating piece fairly is sped, do you make your path and a stout one, for now she has

got a fyreheart in her head, she'll never be easy without one. Sy Rever'd by the Shepherds, carets'd by y^e Nymphs, no dread or remorse shall come

over us, at fessions in spite of the law and its' jimps, we'll kick the whole country before us. Sy

Sung by Miss Poitier, M^r. Shuter, & M^r. Dunstall.

Sy
Master Pol and his toll de roll loll, I'll buffet away from our
plain fir, And I'll assist your worship's fist with all my might and main fir. And I'll have a thump, tho' he is so plump, and
makes such a woundy racket. I'll bluff, I'll rough. I'll huff, I'll cuff, And I warrant we pepper his jackett, we'll
bluff, we'll rough, we'll huff, we'll cuff, and I warrant we pepper his jackett.

MID. For all his cheats
And wenching feats,
He shall rue on his knees 'em,
Or skip by goles
As high as Paul's,
Like ugly witch on becom,
Arraign'd he shall be
Of treason to me.

PAN. And I with my davy will back it,
I'll swear,
MID. I'll snare,
MYS. I'll tear,
CHO. O rare!
And I'll warrant we pepper his jackett,
CHO. I'll swear, I'll snare, &c.

Sung by M^r. Beard & M^r. Farwell.

Allegro

SILENO

If a rival thy character draw, in perfection hell

DAM:

find out a flaw, with black he will paint, make a devil of a faint, and change to an Owl a Maccaw. Causa father pre-

tend to be wife, who his friends good advice will des-pise, who when danger is nigh, throws his spectacles by, and

SILENO

DAM:

blinks thro' a green girls eyes. You're an impudent pimp and a grub. You are fool'd by a beg-garly scub, your

SILENO

betters to inub, who will lend me a club this info-lent puppy to drub.

DAM:
 You're cajol'd by a beggarly scrub, whom the prince of impos-ter's I dub, your bald pate you'll rub, when you

SILENO
 You're an impudent pimp and a grub, who will rot in a pow-dering tub, a guinea for a club, this

Fingerings: 8 7 6 5 7 9 8 6 / 6 5 4 3

find that your cub is debauch'd by a whip'd tylla - - bub, your bald pate you'll rub, when you find that your' cub is debauch'd by a

muckworm to drub, rub off firrah, rub firrah, rub, a guinea for a club, this muckworm to drub, rub off, firrah

Fingerings: 7 6 5 / 4 3

whip'd tylla - bub.

rub, firrah rub.

Fingerings: 6 5 / 6 5 / 4 3

Sung by Miss Poitier, Miss Hallam, Miss Miller, M.^r Beard, & M.^r Sawcett

6 5 7 6 6 5 6 6 5 6 7 6 7

Daphne
 Mother, sure you never, wou'd endeavour, to disever, from my favour, so sweet a Swain, none so clever e'er trod the Plain.

Nyfa
 Father, hopes you gave her, don't deceive her, can you leave her, sunk for ever, in pining Care, haste and save her, from black despair.

Nyfa
 Hearts alarming, Wrath disarming with his soft lay, He's so charming ah, let him stay.

Daph:
 Think of his Modest grace, his Voice Shape and Face, Bottom's warming, He's so charming ah, let him stay, He's so charming ah, let him stay.

6 5 7 6 5 4 3

Myfis Sileno Myfis Sileno Myfis

Sy Sluts are you lost to shame, Wife, Wife be more Tame, This is Madnes, Sober Sadnes, I with

Sileno Damætas Sy Must PAN resign to this for his employment, must I to him yield of

Myfis Dam: Sileno

DAPH the enjoyment? Ne'er while a Tongue I brandish, for outlandish, DAPH shall blandish, Will you reject my Income, Herds, and Clink 'um, Rot and sink 'em,

Myfis Dam: And POL must fly, you lie, you lie you lie, you lie you lie. Sy

MIDAS must Judge, Sileno you lie you lie you lie, you lie you lie.

Zounds! POL shan't budge, you lie you lie, you lie you lie.

The musical score is written on a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. It features several systems of music, each with a vocal line and a figured bass line. The lyrics are interspersed between the musical phrases. The figured bass notation consists of numbers 1-7 placed below the bass line notes, indicating the fingerings for the left hand. The page is numbered 59 in the top right corner.

Nyfa Daph: Nyfa

PAN'S drone is fit for wild Rocks and bleak Mountains; POI'S Lyre suits best our cool Groves and clear Fountains; POI is young and

Daph: Sileno Nyfa Daph: Sileno Daph: Nyfa

merry, Light and Airy, as a Fairy, PAN is Old and muftry, stiff and fuffy, four and crusty, Can you banish POI, no no

Nyfa Daph: Nyfa

let PAN fall, Ay let him go, Ay let him go. PAN'S drone is

Daph: Sileno Myfis

Ay let him go, Ay let him go, Ay let him go. Mutt PAN te -

Daph: Daph:

fit for wild Rocks and bleak Mountains. POI'S Lyre suits best our cool Groves and clear Fountains.

figu to this fop his Em - ployment. Mutt I to POI yield of DAPH the en - - joy - ment.

Nyfa
 PAN is old & musty, stiff and fusty, sour and crusty, never think 'om,
 Daph:
 POL is young & merry, light and airy, as a fairy, Can you banish
 Myfis
 Ne'er while a Tongue I brandish, for outlandish DAPH shall blandish, Herd & clink 'um, MIDAS is
 Dam:
 Will you reject my Income, Rot & sink 'em,

6 5 6 5 4 3 2 6 5 6 4 3 2 6 6

no no no no, Ay let him go, Ay let him go, yes he shall go, yes he must go.
 POL, pray let PAN fall, Ay let him go, Ay let him go.
 Judge. Myfis poor PAN poor I, poor PAN poor I.
 And POL must fly. Sileno: you lie you lie you lie you lie, you lie you lie you lie you lie.
 Zounds! POL shan't budge, Blood PAN shall go, go spit fire go.

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

Sung by M^r Shuter

S. Midas
 What the Devils here to do, ye Loggerheads & Gipseys, Sirrah you, & Hufsey you, & each one of you tipsey is, but I'll as sure pull

Chorus
 down your Pride as a Gun or as I'm Justice MIDAS; O Tremendous Justice MIDAS, who shall oppese wife justice MIDAS. *S.*

I'm given to understand that you're all in a pother here,
 Disputing whether Pan, or Pol, shall play to you another Year,
 Dare you think your clumsy lungs so proper to decide as,
 The delicate Ears of Justice MIDAS.

Cho. O Tremendous &c.

Sung by M^r Shuter

Sy Pompofo *Sy* Midas Now In seated,

I'll be treated, like the Sophi on his Throne. *Sy* In my Presence,

Soundrel Peafants, shall not call their Souls their own.

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

My be - heft is, he who best is, Shall be fix'd Mu - si - cian

5 6 4 6 7 5 3 8 3 7 5 8 6 6 6 6

Chief : Ne'er the lofer, shall shew his Nose here, but be tran -

3 5 6 6 6 5 3 6 7 6 7

- sported like a Thief.

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

Chorus
O Tremendous Justice MIDAS, who shall op - pose wife Justice MIDAS

5 3 5 3 5 3 6 4 5 3

See Chapple 677

Tune Berry Down
Lodging for megle
Sauterion

Sung by M^r Dunstall

A Pox of your pother about this or that, your shrieking or squeaking a

Sharp or a Flat, I'm Sharp by my bumpers, you're Flat Master Pol, so here goes a set to at Toll de roll loll de roll toll de roll de roll. toll de roll

loll de roll toll de roll loll de roll toll de roll loll.

(2)
When Beauty her pack of poor Lovers would hamper,
And after Miss Will o'the Whisp the fools Scamper;
Ding dong, in Sing Song they the Lady extol,
Pray what's all this fufs for but Toll de roll &c.

(3)
Mankind are a Medley - a chance Medley race,
All start in full Cry to give dame Fortune Chace;
There's Catch as Catch can, hit or Miss luck is all,
And luck's the best Tune of Life's Toll loll de roll &c.

(4)
I've done please your Worship 'tis rather too long,
I only meant Life is but an Old Song;
The Worlds but a Tragedy Comedy, droll,
Where all Act the Scene of Toll loll de roll &c.

Sung by M^r Mattocks

Ah happy hours how fleeting how fleetin g, ye

Danc'd on down a - way, ye Danc'd on down a - way, When my soft vows re - peating, at DAPHNE'S feet I lay;

When my soft vows re - peating, at DAPHNE'S feet I lay.

(2)
 But from her Charms when funder'd,
 As MIDAS frowns preface,
 Each hour will seem an hundred,
 Each Day appear an Age.

Chorus

See Triumphant sits the Bard, Crown'd with Bays his due re - ward, Exil'd POL shall wan - der far,

Ex - - ild twang his faint Guittar . While with Echoing shouts of Praise , We the Bagpipes glo - - ry raise ,

While with Echoing shouts of praise, we the Bagpipes glo - - ry raise .

Sung by Miss Hallam, Miss Miller, Miss Pointier, M^r. Beard, M^r. Mallocks, & M^r. Jauicell.

Sy

Pol

Dunce, I did but sham, for Apollo I am God of Music & King of Parnas, thy scurvy decree for Pan against me I reward with the Ears of an Afs, an Afs, I re-

Sy

Chorus My fis Dam: Midas

ward with the Ears of an Afs. De- tected baulkd & snall, on our marrow bones we fall, be Merciful, be Pitiful, forgive us mighty Sol.

Adagio

Cho: Apollo

Alas, Alas. Thou a Billingsgate Queen, thou a Pander obscene, with strumpets & Baliffs shall clafs, Thou driven from Man, shalt wander with Pan, he a

Sy

Daph: *Nyfa Sil:*

stinking old Goat, you an Afs, an Afs, he a stinking old Goat you an Afs. Now my Heart's curd of folly, be Jolly, the

39)

6-

Daph: Nyfa Cho:

Oracles word for Millions shoud' pass, Myfis well parted, And the pimp Carred, Squire Midas converted into an As, O the dull As.

Apollo

Be thou Squire - his Estate, to you I translate, to you his strong Chests wicked Maf, Live happy while I, recall'd to the Sky, make all the Gods

Cho:

laugh at Mida a a a s, make all the Gods laugh at Midas, laugh at Midas . To the

Nyfa

bright God of Day, let us Sing, Dance, & Play, clap hands ev'ry Lad with his Lafs. Now Criticks lie snug not a his groan or shrug remember the fate of Midas, Mi -

Cho:

das, remember the fate of Midas . Now Criticks lie snug, not a his groan or shrug, remember the fate of Midas, Midas, remember the fate of Midas .









