

R O S I N A,

COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS,

BY

MRS. BROOKE,

THE MUSIC BY

S H I E L D,

THE

TEXT REVISED BY JOHN OXENFORD,

WITH

NEW SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS,

BY

J. L. H A T T O N.



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P R E F A C E.

MR. W. M. SHIELD, who composed the music to *Rosina*, was one of the most popular musicians of his time. He was born at Swalwell, in the county of Durham, where his father had gained some repute as a teacher of singing, but soon afterwards removed to North Shields. In his earliest youth he played the violin and the harpsichord, and before he was eight years old could sing at sight. In his ninth year he lost his father, who had been his instructor, and was apprenticed to a boat-builder by his mother, who had three other children. During his apprenticeship, which lasted six years, he still pursued his musical studies, and was instructed by Mr. Avison, who lived in the neighbourhood of North Shields. His talent soon attracted attention. He was invited to Scarborough by Mr. Cunningham, once celebrated as a pastoral poet, and here had ample opportunity to display his accomplishments. When the season at Scarborough had terminated he was engaged to lead the band of the theatre at Durham and at the concerts in Newcastle. He came to London, and having been recommended to M. Giardini, Leader of the Opera-house, obtained a situation in the orchestra. Here he found a zealous friend in M. Giardini's successor, M. Cramer, and he was also the Leader for one season, at what was then called, by way of distinction from the Opera-house, the "Little Haymarket." Here he was asked to compose the music for a comic opera, written by the Rev. Henry Bate, entitled the *Fitch of Bacon*. At first he refused as a compliment to Dr. Arnold, the regular composer of the theatre, but he could not resist the entreaties of the author, and the piece, brought out in 1778, was completely successful. His first dramatic attempt having thus proved fortunate, he was engaged as regular composer at Covent Garden, where soon a series of operas appeared to which his name is attached. Of all them, *Rosina* is now perhaps the best remembered. It was brought out on the 31st Dec. 1782, with the following cast:—

<i>Mr. Belville</i>	Mr. Charles Bannister.
<i>Capt. Belville</i>	Mr. Brett.
<i>William</i>	Mrs. Kennedy.
<i>Rosina</i>	Miss Harper.
<i>Dorcas</i>	Mrs. Pitt.
<i>Phæbe</i>	Mrs. Martyr.

Mr. Charles Bannister was a noted bass singer, with a remarkable falsetto, and father of Mr. John Bannister, the celebrated comedian. Another celebrity was Mrs. Martyr, who was particularly renowned for her suitability to male attire, and one almost wonders to find that William is not assigned to her rather than to

PREFACE.

Mrs. Kennedy. This part, originally played, as we have shown, by a lady, was at Drury Lane represented "for that night only" by Mrs. Jordan, on the occasion of her benefit in April, 1789.

We cannot fix the precise date of the following cast, but the performance to which it refers could not have taken place very long after the original production of the opera:—

<i>Mr. Belville</i>	Mr. Incedon
<i>Capt. Belville</i>	Mr. Bellamy.
<i>William</i>	Mr. Taylor.
<i>Rustic</i>	Mr. Treby.
<i>1st Irishman</i>	Mr. Mahon.
<i>2nd Irishman</i>	Mr. Egan.
<i>Rosina</i>	Miss Bolton.
<i>Dorcas</i>	Mrs. Emery.
<i>Phæbe</i>	Mrs. Liston.

With the name of Incedon, probably the most popular English singer who ever lived, most people must be of course familiar, and the two songs for which he was especially celebrated, *Old Towler* and *The Storm* are still famous. With the latter of these an anecdote is associated. In the summer of 1803 he had visited Dublin, and was wrecked on his return to England. Several of the passengers were lost, but he saved himself by clinging to the mast, with his wife lashed to him. In this perilous condition they both remained for several hours, but were, at length, rescued by some fishermen. Incedon, after he had left Covent Garden, where he had made his first appearance as "Alphonso" in the *Castle of Andalusia*, travelled with a musical entertainment called the *Wandering Melodist*, and on a subsequent visit to Dublin he advertised this entertainment with the additional item of *The Storm*. If we may trust tradition, Incedon owed his fame more to a magnificent voice than to artistical acquirements.

The following later casts of *Rosina* will, perhaps, be read with interest.

	Covent Garden, 1825.	Haymarket, 1825.
<i>Mr. Belville</i> Mr. Duruset.	Mr. Melrose.
<i>Capt. Belville</i> Mr. Pierman.	Mr. Huckel.
<i>William</i> Miss Hallande.	Mr. W. West.
<i>Rustic</i> Mr. Isaacs.	Mr. Ebsworth.
<i>1st Irishman</i> Mr. Connor.	Mr. Lee.
<i>2nd Irishman</i> Mr. Louis.	Mr. Tulip.
<i>Rosina</i> Miss M. Tree.	Miss George.
<i>Dorcas</i> Mrs. Pearce.	Mrs. Kendal.
<i>Phæbe</i> Miss Love.	Mrs. C. Jones.

Of all the vocalists who have represented *Rosina*, Miss M. Tree is the most celebrated.

Mrs. Francis Brooke, the authoress of the words of *Rosina*, was a lady of extremely good repute, not more remarkable, we learn, for her first-rate abilities

PREFACE.

and literary talents, than for the gentleness and suavity of her manners. Her connexions were ecclesiastical. She was the daughter of a clergyman named Moore, and her husband, the Rev. John Brooke, was rector of Colway in Northamptonshire, and chaplain to the garrison of Quebec. He died in January, 1789, and his wife died a few days afterwards at Sleaford, at the home of her son, who had preferment in that part of the country. Mrs. Brooke, besides *Rosina*, wrote two tragedies, now forgotten, and several novels, of which one entitled *Lady Julia Mandeville* is perhaps still remembered by old-fashioned readers.

The plot of *Rosina* is said to have been suggested by the episode of "Palemon and Lavinia," in Thomson's *Autumn*, which again is supposed to own its origin to the scriptural book of Ruth. A French opera in three acts, translated in 1770, with the title the *Reapers*, but never acted, seems, however, to have had something to do with it; though there is every reason to believe that the lively characters, William and Phœbe, are the invention of Mrs. Brooke.

The traditional costume of *Rosina* is as follows:

MR. BELVILLE.—Black coat, white waistcoat and trowsers.

CAPT. BELVILLE.—Blue coat, light waistcoat, breeches, top boots, spurs, &c.

WILLIAM.—Light drab or grey coat, light waistcoat and breeches, white stockings, and shoes.

RUSTIC.—Light blue countryman's coat, coloured waistcoat, breeches, blue stockings, shoes, and round hat.

1st & 2nd IRISHMEN.—Ragged red and brown waistcoats, with worsted sleeves, patched breeches, coloured worsted stockings, old shoes or slippers, haybands tied round the legs, little round hats with torn crowns. The entire dress indicating great poverty.

ROSINA.—Neat white dress, trimmed with white ribbon, small muslin apron, with pockets, also trimmed with ribbon, small white straw hat and ribbons, &c.

DORCAS.—Red stuff petticoat, chintz gown, open in front, coloured handkerchief, cap and ribbon, black bonnet, blue stockings, and crutch stick.

PHŒBE.—White dress, trimmed with green ribbon, little apron, with pockets, and straw hat.

THE following is the episode in James Thomson's *Autumn*, by which, it is said, the story of *Rosina* was suggested :

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth,
For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven,
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn,
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that sang them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning-rose.
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily or the mountain-snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flow'rs:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told
Of what her faithful fortune promis'd once
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her modest limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty she was beauty's self.
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods,
As in the hollow heart of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, free from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourish'd, blooming and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
By strong Necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was, the generous and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant Custom had not shackled Man,
But free to follow Nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment, love and chaste desire
Sprang in his bosom, to himself unknown,
For still the world prevail'd and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleamer in the field;
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd:
"What pity that so delicate a form,
By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
Recalls that patron of my happy life

From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
And once far-spreading family dissolved.
Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
Urg'd by remembrance sad and decent pride,
Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
His aged widow and her daughter live,
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
Romantic wish! Would this the daughter were!"

When, strict inquiring from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak
The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
And though his nerves in shiv'ring transport ran?
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, unner'd and bold;
And, as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
Confused, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

"And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?
She, whom my costless gratitude has sought
So long in vain? Oh Heaven! The very same,
The soften'd image of my noble friend,
Alive his ev'ry look, his ev'ry feature
More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than spring!
Thou sole surviving blossom of the root
That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
In what sequester'd desert hast thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven?
Into such beauty spread and blown so fair,
Though poverty's cold wind and crushing train
Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
Oh, let me now, into a richer soil
Transport the sap! Where vernal suns and showers
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
And of my garden be the pride and joy!
Ill it befits thee, ah, it ill befits
Acasto's daughter, his, whose open stores,
Though vast, were little to his ample heart,
The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuse of these harvest-fields
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill applied to such a rugged task;
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine,
If to the envious blessing which thy house
Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
That dearest bliss, the pow'r of blessing thee!"
Here ceas'd the youth; yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd and scarce believing what she heard.
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening hours;
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A num'rous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

OVERTURE.

SHIELD.

Allegro.
p

PIANO.

dolce. *cresc.*

f

ten. *f*

dim. *p dolce.*

First system of a piano score. The right hand features a melodic line with slurs and a trill-like figure. The left hand has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present at the end of the system.

Second system of the piano score, continuing the melodic and accompanimental lines from the first system.

Third system of the piano score, showing further development of the melodic and accompanimental parts.

Fourth system of the piano score. The right hand has a more active melodic line. A dynamic marking of *cresc.* (crescendo) is placed above the right hand.

Fifth system of the piano score. The right hand includes a trill (*tr*) and a forte (*f*) dynamic marking is present in the left hand.

Sixth system of the piano score, concluding the piece with sustained chords in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand.

First system of a musical score. The right hand (treble clef) begins with a series of chords, then moves to a melodic line. The left hand (bass clef) plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *mf* and *p*.

Second system of the musical score. The right hand continues with chords and a melodic line. The left hand maintains the eighth-note accompaniment. The dynamic marking is *dolce.*

Third system of the musical score. The right hand features a melodic line with some rests. The left hand continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* and *p*.

Fourth system of the musical score. The right hand has a melodic line. The left hand continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.

Fifth system of the musical score. The right hand has a melodic line. The left hand continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. The dynamic marking is *dolce.*

Sixth system of the musical score. The right hand includes trills (*tr*) and a melodic line. The left hand continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. The dynamic marking is *dolce.*

tr.

tr.

cresc.

Maggiore.

tr.

mf

f

dim.

dolce.

p

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a complex melodic line with sixteenth-note runs and slurs. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the melodic and harmonic development. The treble staff features a prominent melodic line with slurs and accents. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation, including dynamic markings such as *cresc.* and *f*. The treble staff shows a melodic line with a trill (*tr*) and a forte (*f*) dynamic. The bass staff has a more active accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring *sf* (sforzando) dynamics. The treble staff has a melodic line with slurs and accents, while the bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment.

Fifth system of musical notation, with *sf* dynamics and accents. The treble staff features a melodic line with slurs and accents, and the bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment.

Sixth system of musical notation, including *sf* dynamics and a *Ped.* (pedal) marking. The treble staff has a melodic line with slurs and accents, and the bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*A Corn-field. A Cottage, R. S. E. A Dower, L. S. E. Corn strewn on the Stags. After the Trio, the sun is seen to rise. The door of the Cottage is open. DORCAS, seated on the bench, is spinning. ROSINA, PHOEBE, and WILLIAM come from the top of the Stage, and sing the following Trio.*

TRIO.

SHIELD.

PIANO. *p*

dolce. p *f*

ROSINA.

When the ro - sy morn ap - pear - ing, Paints with gold the ver - dant lawn;

p

Bees, on banks of thyme di - sport - ing, Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.

dolce.

tr tr tr

FIGURE.

War-bling birds, the day proclaim-ing, Sweet - ly sing their live - ly strain;

And for-sake their leaf - y dwell - ing, To se - cure the

gold - en grain.

WILLIAM.

See, con-tent, the hum - ble glean-er, Take the scat - ter'd

ears that fall! Na - ture, all her chil - dren view - ing, Kind - ly bou - teous,

When the ro - sy morn ap - pear - ing, Paints with gold the
 When the ro - sy morn ap - pear - ing, Paints with gold the
 cares for all. When the ro - sy morn ap - pear - ing, Paints with gold the

dim. *pp*

ver - dant lawn, Bees, on banks of thyme di - sport - ing, Sip the sweets and
 ver - dant lawn, Bees, on banks of thyme di - sport - ing, Sip the sweets and
 ver - dant lawn, Bees, on banks of thyme di - sport - ing, Sip the sweets and

hail the dawn. War - bling birds, the day pro - claim - ing, Sweet - ly sing their
 hail the dawn. War - bling birds, the day pro - claim - ing, Sweet - ly sing their
 hail the dawn. War - bling birds, the day pro - claim - ing, Sweet - ly sing their

tr *f* *tr* *f*

live - ly strain; They for - sake their leaf - y dwell - ing,

live - ly strain; They for - sake their leaf - y dwell - ing,

live - ly strain; They for - sake their leaf - y dwell - ing,

To se - cure the gold - en grain.

To se - cure the gold - en grain.

To se - cure the gold - en grain.

Ros.—See! my dear Dorcas, what we gleaned yesterday in Mr. Belville's field! (*Coming forward, and showing the corn at the door.*)

DOR.—Lord love thee! but take care of thyself: thou art but tender.

Ros.—Why do you sigh, Dorcas?

DOR.—(R.) I cannot bear it; it's nothing to Phœbe and me, but thou wast not born to labour. (*Rising, and pushing away the wheel.*)

Ros.—(L.) Why should I repine? Heaven, which deprived me of my parents and my fortune, left me health, content, and innocence. Nor is it certain that riches lead to happiness. Do you think the nightingale sings the sweeter for being in a gilded cage?

DOR.—Sweeter, I'll maintain it, than the poor little linnet that thou pick'st up half starved under the hedge yesterday, after its mother had been shot, and brought'st to life in thy bosom. Let me speak to his honour, he's main kind to the poor.

Ros.—Not for worlds, Dorcas, I want nothing; you have been a mother to me.

DOR.—Would I could! would I could! I ha' worked hard and arr'd money in my time; but now I am old and feeble, and push'd about by everybody. More's the pity, I say; it was not so in my young time; but the world grows wicked every day.

Ros.—Your age, my good Dorcas, requires rest! go into the cottage, whilst Phœbe and I join the gleaners, who are assembling from every part of the village.

DOR.—Many a time have I carried thy dear mother, an infant in these arms; little did I think a child of her's would live to share my poor pittance. But I wo'not grieve thee. (*DORCAS enters the Cottage, n. s. e., looking back affectionately at ROSINA.*)

Enter PHŒBE, L.

PHŒBE.—What makes you so melancholy, Rosina? Mayhap it's because you have not a sweetheart? But you are so proud, you won't let our young men come a-near you. You may live to repent being so scornful.

WHEN WILLIAM, AT EVE.

SONG.

SHIELD.

Allegretto. *tr*

PIANO. *f*

PHOEBE.

When

Wil - liam, at eve, meets me down by the stile, How sweet is the night - in - gale's

p

song! When Wil - liam, at eve, meets me down by the stile, How

sweet is the night - in - gale's song! Of the day, I for - get all the

ad lib.

la - bour and toil, Whilst the moon plays you branch - es a - mong,..... Whilst the

colla voce.

moon plays,..... Whilst the

pp

moon plays you branch - es a - mong,.....

p

By her beams, with-out blush-ing, I

p

hear him com-plain, And be - lieve ev' - ry word of his song, By her

beams, with-out blush-ing, I hear him com-plain, And be-lieve ev-ry word of his

song; You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear swain, Whilst the

moon plays yon branch-es a-mong,..... Whilst the moon plays,.....

colla voce. *pp*

..... Whilst the moon plays yon branches a-

- mong.....

f *mf* *f*

[During the last stanza, William appears L., and makes signs to Phoebe, who, when it is finished, steals softly to him, and they exeunt, L.]

Ros.—How small a part of my evils is poverty! And how little does Phoebe know the heart she thinks

insensible! the heart which nourishes a hopeless passion. I blest, like others, Belville's gentle virtues, and knew not that 'twas love. Unhappy, lost Rosina!

THE MORN RETURNS, IN SAFFRON DREST.

SONG.

PAXTON.
ROSINA.

Andante.

PIANO.

The

morn re - turns, in saf - fron drest, But not to sad Ro - si - na rest. The

p *molto legato.*

blush - ing morn a - wakes the strain, A - wakes the tune - ful choir; The

p *pp* *mf*

blush - ing morn a - wakes the strain, A - wakes the tune - ful choir; But sad Ro - si - na

dim. *pp*

ad lib.

ne'er a - gain Shall strike the spright - ly lyre.

colla voce. *sf* *dim.* *pp*

Rus.—(Between the scenes, L. U. E.) To work, my hearts of oak, to work; here the sun is half an

hour high, and not a stroke is struck. (Enters singing, followed by male and female reapers, L. U. E.)

SEE, YE SWAINS.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Vivace. *French tune.*

PIANO. *mf* *f sf*

Rustic.

See, ye swains, yon streaks of

sf sf sf p

red Call you from your sloth-ful bed: Late you till'd the fruit-ful soil; See, where

har-vest crowns your toil! As we reap the gold-en corn, Laugh-ing Plen-ty fills her

sf sf sf

horn: What would gild-ed pomp a - vail,.... Should the pea-sant's la - bour

fail? Ri - pen'd fields your cares re - pay; Sons of la - bour, haste a -

- way; Bend - ing, see the way - ing grain Crown the year, and cheer the

CHORUS.
SOPRANO.

swain. Ri - pen'd fields our cares re - pay; Sons of la - bour, haste a -

2ND SOPRANO.

Ri - pen'd fields our cares re - pay; Sons of la - bour, haste a -

TENOR. (See lower.)

Ri - pen'd fields our cares re - pay; Sons of la - bour, haste a -

BASS.

Ri - pen'd fields our cares re - pay; Sons of la - bour, haste a -

ff

way; Bend - ing, see the way - ing grain Crown the year, and cheer the

- way; Bend - ing, see the way - ing grain Crown the year, and cheer the

- way; Bend - ing, see the way - ing grain Crown the year, and cheer the

- way; Bend - ing, see the way - ing grain Crown the year, and cheer the

swain.

swain.

swain.

swain.

RUS.—Hist! there's his honour. Where are all the lazy Irishmen I hired yesterday at market?

Enter TWO IRISHMEN, L.

1st IRISH.—Is it us he's talking of, Paddy? Then the devil may thank him for his good commendations.

Enter BELVILLE, L.

BEL.—You are too severe, Rustic, the poor fellows came three miles this morning; therefore I made them stop at the manor-house to take a little refreshment.

1st IRISH.—God love your sweet face, my jewel, and all those that take your part. Bad luck to myself, if I would not, with all the veins of my heart, split the dew before your feet in a morning. (*To Belville.*)

RUS.—If I do speak a little cross, it's for your honour's good. (*The Reapers cut the corn, and make it into sheaves. Rosina follows, and gleams.*)

RUS.—(*Seeing Rosina.*) What a dickens does this girl

do here! Keep back; wait till the reapers are off the field; do like the other gleaners.

Ros.—(*Timidly.*) If I have done wrong, sir, I will put what I have gleaned down again. (*She lets fall the ears she has gleaned.*)

BEL.—How can you be so unfeeling, Rustic? She is lovely, virtuous, and in want. Let fall some ears, that she may glean the more.

RUS.—Your honour is too good by half.

BEL.—No more; gather up the corn she has let fall. Do as I command you.

RUS.—There, take the whole field, since his honour chuses it. (*Putting the corn into her apron. Rosina retires gleaming.*)

1st IRISH.—Upon my soul, now, his honour's no churl of the wheat, whate'er he may be of the barley.

BEL.—(*Looking after Rosina.*) What bewitching softness! There is a blushing, bashful gentleness, an almost infantine innocence in that lovely countenance, which it is impossible to behold without emotion! She turns this way. What bloom on that cheek! 'Tis the blushing down of the peach.

HER MOUTH, WHICH A SMILE.

SONG.

SHIELD.

*Moderate time.
Con espressione.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and arpeggiated figures in a B-flat major key signature, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Moderate time' and the expression is 'Con espressione'.

MR. BELVILLE.

The first system shows the vocal melody for Mr. Belville. The lyrics are: "Her mouth, which a smile, De-void of all guile, Half". The piano accompaniment includes a trill (tr) in the right hand and a piano (p) dynamic marking.

The second system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics: "o-pens to view, Is the bud of the rose, Is the bud of the rose, In the". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment.

The third system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics: "morn-ing that blows, Im-pearl'd with the dew, Im-pearl'd with the dew; The". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment.

The fourth system concludes the vocal melody with the lyrics: "bud of the rose, Im-pearl'd with the dew." The piano accompaniment ends with a crescendo (cresc.) marking.

More

fra - grant her breath Than the flow'r-scent-ed heath, Than the flow'r-scent-ed heath At the

mf

dawn - ing of day: The haw - thorn in bloom, The

p *dolce.*

li - ly's per - fume, The li - ly's per - fume, Or the

mf

blos - soms of May..... Her mouth, which a smile, De -

dolce. *cresc.*

- void of all guile, Half o - pens to view, Is the bud of the rose, Is the

bud of the rose, In the morn - ing that blows, Im - pearl'd with the dew, Im -

- pearl'd with the dew; The bud of the rose, Im - pearl'd with the dew.

ad lib.

colla voce.

cresc.

p

Enter CAPTAIN BELVILLE in a Riding-dress, L.

CAPT. BEL.—Good morrow, brother! You are early abroad.

BEL.—(R.) My dear Charles, I am happy to see you. True, I find, to the first of September.

CAPT. BEL.—(L.) I meant to have been here last night, but one of my wheels broke, and I was obliged to sleep at a village six miles distant, where I left my chaise, and took a boat down the river at day-break. But your corn is not off the ground.

BEL.—You know our harvest is late in the north, but you will find all the lands cleared on the other side of the mountain.

CAPT. BEL.—And pray, brother, how are the partridges this season?

BEL.—There are twenty coveys within sight of my house, and the dogs are in fine order.

CAPT. BEL.—The gamekeeper is this moment leading them round. I am fired at the sight.

BY DAWN TO THE DOWNS WE REPAIR.

SONG.

SHIELD.

Allegro con spirito.

PIANO.

f *p* *f*

p *f*

CAPT. BELVILLE.

By dawn to the downs we re - pair, With

mf

bo-soms right jo-cund and gay, With bo-soms right jo-cund and gay, And

f

gain more than phea-sant or hare, Gain health by the sports of the

p *cresc.*

day, And gain more than phea-sant or hare,..... And

gain more than phea-sant or hare,..... Gain health, health by the

8ves. (ad lib.).....

sports of the day, Gain health, gain health by the sports of the day.

8ves.....

Mark!

mark! to the right hand pre - pare, See Di - a - na! she

points! see, they rise— See, they float,.....

..... they float..... on the bo - som of air!

See, they float, they float..... on the

bo - som of air!

Fire a - way! Fire a - way! Whist loud

E - cho re - plies Fire a - way! Hark! the vol - ley re -

Ped. ** sempre. ff*

- sounds to the skies! Whilst E - cho in thun - der re -

- plies! Whilst E - cho in

Clar. Horn. Drum.

thun - der, in thun -

ff *p*

der, in

thun - der—

In thun - der re - plies! And re - sounds to the

skies, Fire a - way! fire a - way! fire a - way!

CAPT. BEL.—Pray, brother, is not that yonder the little girl whose dawning beauty we admired so much last year?

BEL.—It is, and more lovely than ever. I shall dine in the field with my reapers to-day, brother: will you share in our rural repast, or have a dinner prepared at the manor-house?

CAPT. BEL.—By no means: pray let me be of your party: your plan is an admirable one, especially if your girls are handsome. I'll walk round the field, and meet you at dinner-time.

BEL.—Come this way, Rustic: I have some orders to give you. *[Exit Belville and Rustic, r.]*

(CAPTAIN BELVILLE goes up to ROSINA, gleams a few ears, and presents them to her; she refuses them; she runs out, he follows her, L. U. E.)

Enter WILLIAM (Speaking at the side Scene) L. S. E.

WILL.—Lead the dogs back, James, the Captain won't shoot to-day. (Seeing RUSTIC and PHOEBE behind.) Indeed! so close! I don't half like it.

Enter RUSTIC and PHOEBE, R. U. E.

RUS.—That's a good girl! Do as I bid you, and you shan't want encouragement. *(He goes up to the reapers, and WILLIAM comes forward.)*

WILL.—O, no; I dare say she won't. So, Mrs. Phœbe! PHOEBE.—And so, Mr. William, if you go to that!

WILL.—A new sweetheart, I'll be sworn; and a pretty comely lad he is: but he's rich, and that's enough to win a woman.

PHOEBE.—I don't deserve this of you, William: but I'm rightly served, for being such an easy fool. You think, mayhap, I'm at my last prayers; but you may find yourself mistaken.

WILL.—You do right to cry out first; you think, belike, that I did not see you take that posy from Harry.

PHOEBE.—And you, belike, that I did not catch you tying up one of cornflowers and wild roses for the miller's maid. But I'll be fool'd no longer; I have done with you, Mr. William.

WILL.—I shan't break my heart. Mrs. Phœbe. The miller's maid loves the ground I walk on.

DIALOGUE.

PHCEBE AND WILLIAM

SHIELD.
WILLIAM.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

f

I've

kiss'd and I've prat-tled with fif - ty fair maids, And chang'd'em as oft - ten, d'ye

p

see! I've kiss'd and I've prat-tled with fif - ty fair maids, And

mf *p*

chang'd'em as oft - ten, d'ye see! But of all the fair maid - ens that

mf *p*

cresc.

dance on the green, The maid of the mill for me,.... The maid of the mill, the

p

PHOEBE.

There's

maid of the mill, The maid of the mill for me!.....

cresc. *p*

fif - ty young men have told me fine tales, And call'd me the come-li - est

legato.

she! There's fif - ty young men have told me fine tales, And call'd me the comeli - est

pp

she! But of all the gay wrestlers that sport on the green, Young Har-ry's the lad for

cresc. *sf ten.*

me,.... Young Har-ry's the lad, young Har-ry's the lad, Young Har-ry's the lad for

cresc. *p* *cresc.* *p*

me!.....

WILLIAM, Her

f

eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge, Her face like the blos-soms in

p

May; Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge, Her

face like the blossoms in May; Her teeth are as white as the

newly-shorn flock, Her breath like the newly-made hay, . . . Her teeth are as white as the

cresc.

PHOEBE.

He's

new-ly-shorn flock, Her breath like the new-ly-made hay

cresc. *p*

tall and he's straight as the pop-lar tree, His cheeks are as fresh as the

legato.

rose; He's tall and he's straight as the pop-lar tree, His cheeks are as fresh as the

pp

rose;..... He looks like a squire of high de-gree, When drest in his Sun-day

cresc. *sf ten.*

clothes, He looks like a squire of high de-gree, When drest in his Sun-day

cresc. *p* *p* *cresc.* *p*

clothes....

piu presto. *f*

(PHOEBE runs off R., WILLIAM runs off L.)

Enter ROSINA hastily, CAPTAIN BELVILLE following her, L. U. E.

CAPT. BEL.—Stay, and hear me, Rosina. Why will you fatigue yourself thus? Only homely girls are born to work. Your obstinacy is vain; you shall hear me.

ROS.—Why do you stop me, sir? My time is precious. When the gleaning season is over, will you make up my loss?

CAPT. BEL.—Yes.

ROS.—Will it be any advantage to you, to make me lose my day's work?

CAPT. BEL.—Yes.

ROS.—We differ greatly then, sir. I only wish for so much leisure as makes me return to my work with fresh spirit. We labour all the week, 'tis true; but then how sweet is our rest on Sunday!

WHILST WITH VILLAGE MAIDS I STRAY.

SONG.

SHIELD.

Andante.

PIANO.

p con espressione.

ROSINA.

Whilst with vil - lage maids I stray, Sweet - ly wears the

pp

joy - ous day; Whilst with vil - lage maids I stray, Sweet - ly wears the

dim. pp

joy - ous day; Cheer - ful glows my art - less breast, Mild Con - tent the

mf

con - stant guest, Cheer - ful... glows my art - less... breast,

cresc. *mf*

Mild..... Con - tent the con - stant guest.....

pp

..... the con - stant guest..... Whilst with vil - lago

cresc. *colla voce.* *pp*

ad lib.

maids I stray, Sweet - ly wears the joy - ous day; Cheer - ful glows my

mf *pp*

art - less breast, Mild Con - tent the con - stant guest,.....

pp e stacc.

..... Sweet - ly, sweet - ly

con espress.

wears the joy - ous day. Whilst with vil - lage maids I stray, Sweet - ly, sweet - ly

p

wears the joy - ous day,..... the joy - ous day, the

tr

3

creac.

p

joy - ous day, the joy - ous day, Sweet - ly, sweet - ly wears the joy - ous day,.....

..... the joy - ous day.....

CAPT. BEL.—Mere prejudice, child; you will know better. I pity you, and will make your fortune.

ROS.—Let me call my mother, sir; I am young, and can support myself by my labour; but she is old and helpless, and your charity will be well bestowed. Please to transfer to her the bounty you intended for me.

CAPT. BEL.—Why—as to that—

ROS.—I understand you, sir; your compassion does not extend to old women.

CAPT. BEL.—Really—I believe not.

[Retires up the Stage.]

Enter DORCAS, from the Cottage.

ROS.—You are just come in time, mother. I have met with a generous gentleman, whose charity inclines him to succour you.

DOR.—'Tis very kind—And old age—

ROS.—He'll tell you that himself—

[ROSINA goes into the Cottage, n. s. e.]

DOR.—I thought so. Sure, sure, 'tis no sin to be old!

CAPT. BEL.—(Comes down, n.) You must not judge of me by others, honest Dorcas. I am sorry for your misfortunes, and wish to serve you.

DOR.—(L.) And to what, your honour, may I owe this kindness?

CAPT. BEL.—(R.) You have a charming daughter—

DOR.—(Aside.) I thought as much. A vile wicked man!

CAPT. BEL.—Beauty like hers might find a thousand resources in London; at the moment she appears there, she will turn every head.

DOR.—And is your honour sure her own won't turn at the same time?

CAPT. BEL.—She shall live in affluence, and take care of you too, Dorcas.

DOR.—I guess your honour's meaning; but you are mistaken, sir. If I must be a trouble to the dear child, I had rather owe my bread to her labour than her shame. (Goes into the Cottage, and shuts the door.)

CAPT. BEL.—These women astonish me; but I won't give it up so.

Enter RUSTIC, L. He crosses behind to R.

CAPT. BEL.—A word with you, Rustic.

ROS.—I'm in a great hurry, your honour; I am going to hasten dinner.

CAPT. BEL.—(L.) I shan't keep you a minute. Take these five guineas.

ROS.—(R.) For whom, sir?

CAPT. BEL.—For yourself. And this purse.

RUS.—For whom, sir?

CAPT. BEL.—For Rosina; they say she is in distress, and wants assistance.

RUS.—What pleasure it gives me to see you so charitable. But why give me money, sir?

CAPT. BEL.—Only to—Tell Rosina there is a person who is very much interested in her happiness.

RUS.—How much you will please his honour by this. He takes mightily to Rosina, and prefers her to all the young women in the parish.

CAPT. BEL.—Prefers her! Ah! you sly rogue! (Laying his hand on RUSTIC'S shoulder.)

RUS.—Your honour's a wag; but I'm sure I meant no harm.

CAPT. BEL.—Give her the money, and tell her she shall never want a friend; but not a word to my brother.

RUS.—All's safe, your honour. (Exit CAPTAIN BELVILLE, L. U. E.) I don't vastly like this business. At the Captain's age this violent charity is a little dubious. I am his honour's servant, and it's my duty to hide nothing from him. I'll go seek his honour. Oh, here he comes.

Enter BELVILLE, L.

BEL.—Well, Rustic, have you any intelligence to communicate?

RUS.—A vast deal, sir. Your brother begins to make good use of his money; he has given me these five guineas for myself, and this purse for Rosina.

BEL.—For Rosina! (Aside, R.) This plain he loves her! Obey him exactly; but as distress renders the mind haughty, and Rosina's situation requires the utmost delicacy, contrive to execute your commission in such a manner that she may not even suspect from whence the money comes.

RUS.—I understand your honour.

BEL.—Have you gained any intelligence in respect to Rosina?

RUS.—I endeavoured to get what I could from the old woman's grand-daughter; but all she knew was, that she was no kin to Dorcas, and that she had had a good bringing up; but here are the labourers. (Cottage door opens, and DORCAS is seen at it. ROSINA also directly afterwards.)

BEL.—But I don't see Rosina. Dorcas, you must come too, and Phoebe.

DOR.—We can't deny your honour. } Spoken at door of
ROS.—I am sham'd; but you com- } Cottage.

Enter the Reapers, R. and L. U. E'S, CAPT. BELVILLE, U.

FINALE TO FIRST ACT.

SHIELD.

MR. BELVILLE.

Moderato.

PIANO.

By the

mf *p*

fountain's flow-ry side, Drest in na-ture's blooming pride; Where the pop-lar trem-bles high, And the

trees in clus-ters fly; Whilst the herdsman on the hill, Lis-tens to the fall-ing rill, Pride and

cru-el scorn a-way, Let us share the fes-tive day, Pride and cru-el scorn a-way, Let us

mf

share the fes - tive dav.

ROSINA.

Allegro.

Taste our plea-sures, ye who may, . . . This is Na-ture's ho - li - day; Sim-ple na-ture

CHORUS.

TREBLE.

ye who prize, Life's fan-tas - tic forms de-spise. Taste our plea-sures, ye who may,

2ND TREBLE.

Taste our plea-sures, ye who may,

BASS.

Taste our plea-sures, ye who may,

This is Na-ture's ho - li - day; Taste our plea-sures, ye who may, This is Na-ture's

This is Na-ture's ho - li - day; Taste our plea-sures, ye who may, This is Na-ture's

This is Na-ture's ho - li - day, Taste our pleasures, ye who may, This is Na-ture's

ho - li - day.

ho - li - day.

ho - li - day.

f

Detailed description: This block contains a musical score for the hymn 'ho - li - day.' It consists of three vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal parts are simple, with the lyrics 'ho - li - day.' written below each staff. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and a more active treble line with chords and eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is placed above the piano part.

CAPT. BELVILLE.
Moderato.

Blush - ing Bell, with down-cast eyes, Sighs, and knows not why she sighs; Tom is

p

Detailed description: This block contains a musical score for the song 'Blush - ing Bell, with down-cast eyes, Sighs, and knows not why she sighs; Tom is'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked *Moderato*. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment has a steady bass line and a treble line with chords and eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed above the piano part.

WILLIAM.

by her—we shall know, How he eyes her—Is't not so? He is fond, and she is shy, He would

Detailed description: This block contains a musical score for the song 'by her—we shall know, How he eyes her—Is't not so? He is fond, and she is shy, He would'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment has a steady bass line and a treble line with chords and eighth notes.

kiss her! fie! oh, fie! Mind thy sic-kle, let her be, By-and - by she'll fol-low thee, Mind thy

mf

Detailed description: This block contains a musical score for the song 'kiss her! fie! oh, fie! Mind thy sic-kle, let her be, By-and - by she'll fol-low thee, Mind thy'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment has a steady bass line and a treble line with chords and eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is placed above the piano part.

sic-kle let her be, By-and- bye she'll fol-low thee.

CHORUS.
Allegro.

Bu - sy cen - sors, hence, a - way, This is Na - ture's ho - li - day,
Bu - sy cen - sors, hence, a - way, This is Na - ture's ho - li - day,
Bu - sy cen - sors, hence, a - way, This is Na - ture's ho - li - day,

Bu - sy cen - sors, haste, a - way, This is Na - ture's ho - li - day.
Bu - sy cen - sors, haste, a - way, This is Na - ture's ho - li - day.
Bu - sy cen - sors, haste, a - way, This is Na - ture's ho - li - day.

(During this symphony—all form in order for the dance.)

Segue Dance.

DANCE.

Allegro molto. (Key of D with the greater third.)

PIANO.

p *p*

cresc. *f* *p*

f

dim. *p*

p *cresc.* *f* *p*

First system of a piano score. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *f* and *p*.

Second system of a piano score. The right hand continues the melodic line. The left hand has a more active accompaniment. Dynamics include *f*, *p*, and *cresc.*

Third system of a piano score. The right hand has a more complex melodic line with some chromaticism. The left hand accompaniment is also more intricate. Dynamics include *p*.

Fourth system of a piano score. The right hand has a melodic line with some grace notes. The left hand accompaniment is simpler, consisting of chords. Dynamics include *p*.

Fifth system of a piano score. The right hand has a melodic line with some grace notes. The left hand accompaniment is simpler, consisting of chords. Dynamics include *cresc.*, *f*, *p*, and *f*. The system ends with a vocal cue: *Sua.....*

Sixth system of a piano score. The right hand has a melodic line with some grace notes. The left hand accompaniment is simpler, consisting of chords. Dynamics include *p* and *ff*.

ACT II.

SCENE continues.

Enter RUSTIC, R. U. E.

RUS.—This purse is the plague of my life; I hate money when it is not my own. I'll e'en put in the five guineas he gave me for myself: I don't want it, and they do. 'Tis a good action, and will bring its own reward. They certainly must find it there; (*Pointing to the seat before the door.*) I shall be glad to get rid of it, I'm sure. But I hear the cottage door open. (*Rustic retires a little. Dorcas and Rosina come out of the cottage; Dorcas with a great basket on her arm filled with skeins of thread.*)

DOR.—(L.) I am just going, Rosina, to carry this thread to the weaver's.

ROS.—(R.) This basket is too heavy for you; pray let me carry it. (*Takes a basket from Dorcas, and sets it down on the bench.*)

DOR.—(*Peevishly.*) No, no.
ROS.—If you love me, only take half; this evening, or to-morrow morning, I will carry the rest. (*She takes part of the skeins out of the basket and lays them on the bench, looking affectionately on Dorcas.*) There, be angry with me if you please.

DOR.—No, my sweet lamb, I am not angry; but, beware of men.

ROS.—Have you any doubt of my conduct. Dorcas?
DOR.—Indeed I have not, love; and yet I am uneasy.

Enter CAPTAIN BELVILLE, R. and listens.

RUS.—(*Goes to the cottage.*) Now; whilst they turn their heads. (*He lays the purse on the bench unperceived, and says to CAPT. BELVILLE, whom he meets going off.*) I have disposed of your money, sir.

CAPT. BEL.—Come this way. (*He takes RUSTIC aside.*)
DOR.—Go back to the reapers, whilst I carry this thread.

ROS.—I'll go this moment.

DOR.—But as I walk but slow, and 'tis a good way, you may chance be at home before me, so take the key.

ROS.—I will. (*Whilst Dorcas feels in her pockets for the key.*)

CAPT. BEL.—(*Aside.*) Rosina to be at home before Dorcas! How lucky! I'll slip into the house, and wait her coming, if 'tis till midnight. (*He goes unperceived by them into the cottage.*)

DOR.—Let nobody go into the house.

ROS.—I'll take care, Dorcas; but first I'll double-lock the door. (*DORCAS crosses R. to lock the door, and sees the purse.*)

DOR.—Good lack! What is here! A purse, as I live!

ROS.—How?

DOR.—Come and see; 'tis a purse, indeed.

ROS.—Heavens! 'tis full of gold.

DOR.—We must put up a bill at the church gate, and restore it to the owner. The best way is to carry the money to his honour, and get him to keep it till the owner is found. You shall go with it, love.

ROS.—Pray excuse me; I dare not speak to him: I always blush so—

DOR.—'Tis nothing but childishness: here take the key. But his honour will like your bashfulness better than too much courage. Carry it, my love.

ROS.—I cannot support his presence—my embarrassment—a confusion—a stronger sensation than that of gratitude agitates my heart. Yet hope, in my situation, were madness.

Enter WILLIAM, L.

ROS.—(R.) Pray, William, do you know of any body that has lost a purse?

WILL.—(L.) I knows nothing about it.

ROS.—Dorcas, however, has found one.

WILL.—So much the better for she.

ROS.—You will oblige me very much if you will carry it to Mr. Belville; and beg him to keep it till the owner is found.

WILL.—Since you desire it, I'll go; it shan't be the lighter for my carrying.

ROS.—That I am sure of, William.

[Crosses, L. Exit ROSINA, L.

Enter PHÆBE, R.

PHÆBE.—There's William; but I'll pretend not to see him. (*She sings.*)

HENRY CULL'D THE FLOW'RET'S BLOOM.

SONG.

Andantino.

PIANO. *p* *cresc* *mf*

PHÆBE.

Hen - ry cull'd the

dim. *pp*

flow'r - et's bloom, Ma - rian lov'd the soft per -

- fume, Ma - rian lov'd the soft.... per - fume; Had

dim.

fond - ly kiss'd, but pru - dence near, Whis-per'd

pp

tim - ly in..... her ear: Sim - ple Ma - rian,

ah!..... be - ware, Touch them not, for love..... is

sf p *p*

(Crosses, L. Throws away her nosegay. Whilst she is singing, WILLIAM turns, looks at her, whistles, and plays with his stick.)

WILL.—(R.) That's Harry's posy; the slut likes me still.

PHOEBE.—(L.) (Aside.) That's a copy of his countenance, I'm certain; he can no more help following me than he can be hanged.

[WILLIAM crosses again and again, singing.

"Of all the fair maidens that dance on the green. The maid of the mill for me."

PHOEBE.—I am ready to choke with madness; but I'll not speak first, an I die for't.

[WILLIAM sings, throwing up his stick and catching it.

"Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge. Her face like the blossoms in May."

PHOEBE.—I can't bear it no longer—you vile, ungrateful, perfidious—But it's no matter—I can't think what I could see in you. Harry loves me, and is a thousand times more handsomer. (Sings, sobbing at every word.

"Of all the gay wrestlers that sport on the green, Young Harry's the lad for me."

WILL.—He's yonder a-reaping: shall I call him?
[Offers to go.

PHOEBE.—My grandmother leads me the life of a dog! and it's all along of you.

WILL.—Well, then, she'll be better-tempered now.

PHOEBE.—I did not value her scolding a brass farthing, when I thought as how you were true to me.

WILL.—Wasn't I true to you? Look in my face and say that. (Coming back.) Let's part friendly, howsoever. Bye, Phoebe! I shall always wish you well.

PHOEBE.—Bye, William! (Cries, wiping her eyes with her apron.)

WILL.—(Aside.) My heart begins to melt a little. (Aloud.) I loved you very well once, Phoebe; but you are grown so cross, and have such vagaries—

PHOEBE.—I'm sure I never had no vagaries with you. William. But go, mayhap Kate may be angry.

WILL.—And who cares for she? I never minded her anger, nor her coaxing neither, till you were cross to me.

PHOEBE.—(Holding up her hands.) O the father! I cross to you, William?

WILL.—Did not you tell me this very morning as how you had done wi' me?

PHOEBE.—One word's as good as a thousand. Do you love me, William?

WILL.—Do I love thee? Do I love dancing on the green better than thrashing in the barn? Do I love a wake? a harvest home?

PHOEBE.—Then I'll never speak to Harry again the longest day I have to live.

WILL.—I'll turn my back o' the miller's maid the first time I meet her.

PHOEBE.—Will you indeed, and indeed?

WILL.—Marry will I; and, more than that, I'll go speak to the parson this moment. (Crosses, L., then turns and kisses her.) I'm happier—zooks, I'm happier than a lord or a squire of five hundred a year.

DUET.

Allegro moderato.

SHIRLD.

PIANO.

First system of piano accompaniment. Treble clef starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5. Bass clef has a whole rest followed by a half note G3, then quarter notes A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F4, G4. Dynamics include *p*.

PHOEBE.

Second system. Vocal line (Phoebe) has a whole rest. Piano accompaniment starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5. Bass clef has a half note G3, then quarter notes A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F4, G4. Dynamics include *mf* and *dim.*

Third system. Vocal line: gau - dy courts, with ach - ing hearts, The great at for - tune rail;..... The. Piano accompaniment continues with similar notation. Dynamics include *p*.

Fourth system. Vocal line: hills may high - er hon - our's claim, But peace is in the vale. In. Piano accompaniment continues. Dynamics include *cresc.* and *dim.*

Fifth system. Vocal line: gau - dy courts, with ach - ing hearts, The great at for - tune rail; The. Piano accompaniment continues. Dynamics include *tr.....*

hills may high - er hon - ours claim, But peace is in the vale.....

ad lib. *tr*

cresc. *f* *p* *colla voce.*

WILLIAM.

See,

mf *ten.* *p*

high - born dames, in rooms of state, With mid - night rev - els pale;..... No

youth ad - mires their fad - ing charms, For beau - ty's in the vale. See,

cresc.

high - born dames, in rooms of state, With mid - night rev - els pale; No

cresc.

youth ad-mires their fa - ding charms, For beau - ty's in the vale.....

PHOEBE.
A - mid the shades the lov - ers sigh Adds

WILLIAM.
A - mid the shades the lov - ers sigh Adds

fra - grance to the gale;.. So they that will, may

fra - grance to the gale;...

take the hill, Since love is in the vale. A - mid the shades the
 Since love is in the vale. A - mid the shades the

lov - er's sigh Adds fra-grance to the gale; So they that will, may
 lov - er's sigh Adds fra-grance to the gale; So they that will, may

ad lib.
 take the hill, Since love is in the vale..... (Exeunt—Arm-in-arm.)
ad lib.
 take the hill, Since love is in the vale.....
colla parte. *ten.* *p*

Enter BELVILLE, L. U. E.

BEL.—I tremble at the impression this lovely girl has made on my heart. My cheerfulness has left me,

and I am grown insensible even to the delicious pleasure of making those happy who depend on my protection.

ERE BRIGHT ROSINA MET MY EYES.

BALLAD.

Andante con espressione

SHIELD.

PIANO.

First system of piano introduction. The right hand has a treble clef and a whole rest. The left hand has a bass clef and plays a melody starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The music is in common time (C).

Second system of piano introduction. The right hand has a treble clef and a whole rest. The left hand continues the melody, reaching a forte (*f*) dynamic. The music is in common time (C).

MR. BELVILLE.

First system of vocal introduction. The right hand has a treble clef and a whole rest. The left hand has a bass clef and plays a melody starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The music is in common time (C).

Ere bright Ro - si - na met my eyes, How peaceful pass'd the joy - ous

Second system of vocal introduction. The right hand has a treble clef and a whole rest. The left hand continues the melody. The music is in common time (C).

day l. In ru - ral sports I gain'd the prize,..... Each maid - en

lis - ten'd to my lay: But now no more I touch the lyre, No more, the

rus - tic sport can please; I live the slave of fond de - sire,.. Lost to my -

ad lib.

- self, to mirth and ease.....

colla voce. pp *f* *tr*

The tree, which in a hap - pier hour,..... It's boughs ex - tend - ed o'er the

p

plain; When blast-ed by the light'-ning's pow'r, Nor charms the eye, nor shades the

swain. Ah! now, no more I touch the lyre, No more, the rus-tic sport can

please, I live the slave of fond de-sire, Lost to my-self, to mirth and

ense.....

BEL.—Since the sun rose, I have been in continual exercise, and will try to rest for a quarter of an hour on this bank. (*Lies down on a bank under Bower, L. S. E. Four female Gleaners pass the stage,*

from L. V. E., and exeunt, R., with sheaves of Corn on their heads; last Rosina, who comes forward C. singing.)

LIGHT AS THISTLE-DOWN MOVING.

SONG.

SHIELD.

Allegro moderato. *tr*

PIANO. *p leggiero.*



mf *p*



ROSINA.

Light as

cresc. *f* *>* *sf* *sf* *sf*



this-tle-down mov-ing, which floats on the air, Sweet gra-ti-tude's debt, to this

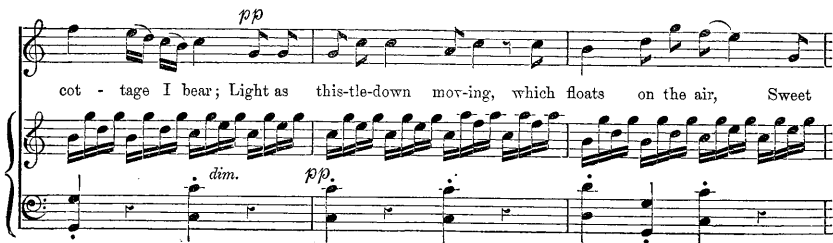
pp e leggiero.



pp

cot - tage I bear; Light as this-tle-down mov-ing, which floats on the air, Sweet

dim. *pp*



gra-ti-tude's debt, to this cot-tage I bear; Of au-tumn's rich store, I

f

mf

bring home my part, The weight on my head, but great joy in my heart.....

cresc.

f

..... Light as this-tle-down mov-ing, which

tr ad lib.

pp

floats on the air, Sweet gra-ti-tude's debt, to this cot-tage I bear, Of

au-tumn's rich store,..... I bring home my part;..... The

f

p

weight on my head..... but great joy in my heart.....

f *mf*

..... The weight on my head, but great joy in my heart, The

cres. *f*

weight on my head, but great joy in my heart, But joy in my heart, but

cres. molto. *ff*

ad lib.
joy in my heart.....

sf colla voce *sf* *sf* *sf* *ten.*

ROS.—What do I see? Mr. Belville asleep? I'll steal softly—at this moment I may gaze on him without blushing. (*Lays down the corn, and walks softly up to him.*) The sun points full on this spot; let me fasten these branches together with this ribbon, and shade him from its beams—yes—that will do. But if he should wake—(*Takes the ribbon from her bosom, and ties the branches together.*) How my heart beats! One look more—Ah! I have waked him—(*She flies, and endeavours to hide herself against the door of the Cottage, turning her head every instant.*)

BEL.—What noise was that? (*Half raising himself.*) This ribbon I have seen before, and on the lovely Rosina's bosom—(*He rises and goes towards the Cottage.*)

ROS.—I will hide myself in the house. (*ROSINA opens the door, sees CAPTAIN BELVILLE, and starts back.*) Heavens! a man in the house!

CAPT. BEL.—Now, love assist me! (*Comes out, and seizes ROSINA; she breaks from him, and runs af-*

frighted across the stage to L. BELVILLE follows. CAPTAIN BELVILLE, who comes out to pursue her, sees his brother, and steals off, R.)

BEL.—Why do you fly thus, Rosina?

ROS.—O, sir!—my strength fails. (*Leans on BELVILLE, who supports her in his arms.*) Where is he? A gentleman pursued me— (*Looking round.*)

BEL.—Don't be alarm'd, 'twas my brother—he could not mean to offend you.

ROS.—Your brother! Why then does he not imitate your virtues? Why was he here?

BEL.—Forget this: you are safe. But tell me, Rosina, for the question to me is of importance; have I not seen you wear this ribbon?

ROS.—Forgive me, sir; I did not mean to disturb you. I only meant to shade you from the too great heat of the sun.

BEL.—To what motive do I owe this tender attention.

ROS.—Ah, sir! do not the whole village love you?

BEL.—You tremble; why are you alarm'd?

DUET.

SHIELD.

Andantino.

PIANO.

p *sistitimo.* *p*

MR. BELVILLE.

For you, my sweet maid, may be not a - fraid, I feel an af - fec - tion which

dim. *p*

ROSINA.

When first— but in vain— I seek to ex - plain, What
 yet wants a name.

heart but must love you? I blush, fear, and shame.

MR. BELVILLE.

Why thus tim - id, Ro - si - na? Still safe by my side, Let

ROSINA.

My tim - id heart pants— still
 me be your guar-dian, pro - tec - tor and guide;

safe by your side, Be you my pro-tect-or, my guar-dian, my guide. My

Why thus

tim-id heart pants— still safe by your side, Be you my pro-TECT-or, my

tim-id, Ro-si-na? still safe by my side, Let me be your guar-dian, pro-

ad lib.

guar-dian, my guide.

ad lib.

- tect-or, and guide.

colla voce. *cresc.* *mf* *dim.* *tr*

BEL.—Unveil your mind to me, Rosina. The graces of your form, the native dignity of your mind, a thousand circumstances, concur to convince me you were not born a villager.

ROS.—To you, sir, I can have no reserve. A pride, I hope an honest one, made me wish to sigh in secret over my misfortunes.

BEL.—*(Eagerly.)* They are at an end.

ROS.—Dorcas approaches, sir: she can better relate my melancholy story.

Enter DORCAS, L.

DOR.—His honour here? Good luck! How sorry I am I happened to be from home. Troth, I'm sadly tired.

ROS.—Why would you insist on going? Indeed, sir, she will kill herself.

BEL.—Will you let me speak with you a moment alone, Dorcas?

DOR.—Sure will I, your honour: Rosina, take this basket. *(Rosina takes the basket, crosses, and exits, R.)* Will your honour please to walk into our homely cottage?

BEL.—I thank you, Dorcas, but 'tis pleasanter here. Rosina has referred me to you, Dorcas, for an account of her birth, which I have long suspected to be above her present situation.

DOR.—To be sure, your honour, since the dear child gives me leave to speak, she's of as good a family as any in England. Her mother, sweet lady, was my bountiful old master's daughter, Squire Welford, of Lincolnshire.

BEL.—And her father?

DOR.—Was a brave gentleman, too; a colonel. A charming couple they were, and loved one another so, it would have done your heart good to see them. His honour went to the Eastern Indies, to better his fortune; and madam would go with him. The ship was lost, and they, with all the little means they had, went to the bottom. Young Madam Rosina was their only child; they left her at school; but when this sad news came, the mistress did not care for keeping her, so the dear child has shared my poor morsel.

BEL.—'Tis enough, Dorcas; you shall not repent your kindness to her. But her father's name?

DOR.—Colonel Melville.

BEL.—Melville! I am too happy: he was the friend of my father's heart: a thousand times have I heard him lament his fate. Rosina's virtues shall not go unrewarded.

DOR.—Yes, I know'd it wou'd be so. Heaven never forsakes the good man's children.

Enter RUSTIC hastily, R.

RUS.—Oh, sir! Rosina! Rosina is carried away—

DOR. AND BEL.—Rosina!

ROS.—I heard her cries, and ran to the place; but she was gone.

Enter the first and second IRISHMEN, with large club sticks, R. U. E. RUSTIC gets round to L.

1st IRISH.—*(To Dorcas.)* Dry your tears, my jewel; we have done for them.

DOR.—Have you sav'd her? I owe you more than life.

1st IRISH.—Faith, good woman, you owe me nothing at all. I'll tell your honour how it was. My comrades and I were crossing the meadow going home, when we saw them first; and hearing a woman cry, I looked up, and saw them putting her into a skiff against her will. Says I, "Paddy, is not that the clever little *cratur* that was *glaning* in the field with us this morning?" "Tis so, sure enough," says he. "By St. Patrick," says I, "there's enough of us to *rescuet* her." With that we ran for the bare life, waded up to the knees, laid about us bravely with our shillaleys, knock'd

them out of the skiff, and brought her back safe: and here she comes, my jewel.

(ROSINA, R. U. E., is led forward by the reapers, and throws herself into DORCAS'S arms. CAPTAIN follows on, and gets down, L. WILLIAM and PHŒBE enter, L.)

DOR.—I cannot speak—Art thou safe.

BEL.—I dread to find the criminal.

RUS.—Your honour need not go far a-field, I believe; it must have been some friend of the Captain's, for his French valet commanded the party.

CAPT. BEL.—I confess my crime; my passion for Rosina hurried me out of myself.

BEL.—You have dishonoured me, dishonoured the glorious profession you have embraced. But begone, I renounce you as my brother, and resume my ill placed friendship.

CAPT. BEL.—Your indignation is just; I have offended almost past forgiveness. Will the offer of my hand repair the injury?

BEL.—If Rosina accepts it, I am satisfied.

ROS.—*(To Belville.)* Will you, sir, suffer? This offer is a second insult. Whoever offends the object of his love is unworthy of obtaining her.

BEL.—This noble refusal paints your character. I know another, Rosina, who loves you with as strong though purer ardour: but if allowed to hope—

ROS.—Do not, sir, envy me the calm delight of passing my independent days with Dorcas, in whom I have found a mother's tenderness.

DOR.—Bless thee, my child! thy kindness melts my heart.

BEL.—Do you refuse me too, then, Rosina?

(ROSINA raises her eyes tenderly on BELVILLE, lowers them again, and leans on DORCAS.)

DOR.—You, sir? You:—

CAPT. BEL.—What do I hear?

(WILLIAM and PHŒBE, who have got round to R., urge each other to speak.)

PHŒBE.—*(R.)* Do you speak to his honour, William?

WILL.—*(R.)* No; do you speak, Phœbe.

PHŒBE.—I am ashamed. William and I, your honour—William prayed me to let him keep me company—so he gained my good-will to have him, if so be my grandmother consents. *(Curtsying, and playing with her apron.)*

WILL.—If your honour would be so good to speak to Dorcas.

BEL.—Dorcas, you must not refuse me anything to-day. I'll give William a farm.

DOR.—Your honour is too kind:—take her, William, and make her a good husband.

WILL.—That I will, Dame.

WILL. } *(To Belville.)* Thank your honour.

PHŒBE. } *[BELVILLE joins their hands, they bow and curtsy.]*

WILL.—What must I do with the purse, your honour? Dorcas would not take it.

BEL.—I believe my brother has the best right.

CAPT. BEL.—'Tis yours, William; dispose of it as you please.

WILL.—Then I'll give it to our honest Irishmen, who fought so bravely for our Rosina. *(Throws it to 1st Irishmen.)*

1st IRISH.—*(Bowing.)* Och, bless his honour's goodness! Now, Paddy, we'll go halve this same—myself'll keep the money, and you shall have all the purse to yourself. Come along. *[Exeunt, R.]*

BEL.—You have made good use of it, William; nor shall my gratitude stop here.

CAPT. BEL.—Allow me to retire, brother. When I am worthy of your esteem, I will return, and demand my rights in your affection.

BEL.—You must not leave us, brother. Resume the race of honour; be indeed a soldier, and be more than my brother—be my friend.

FINALE.

SHIELD.

MR. BELVILLE.

Allegro.

To

PIANO. *f*

bless, and to be blest, be ours, What - e'er our rank, what - e'er our pow'rs; On

p

CAPT. BEL.

some, her gifts kind for - tueshow'rs, Who reap, like us, in this glad scene. Yet

p

those who taste her boun - ty less, Their jea - lous feel - ings soon re - press, And

loud the kind - ly bo - som bless, Which some - thing leaves for Want to glean.

CHORUS.

TREBLE. *f* Yet those who taste her boun - ty less, Their jea - lous feel - ings

2ND. TREBLE. *f* Yet those who taste her boun - ty less, Their jea - lous feel - ings

TENOR. (See lower.) *f* Yet those who taste her boun - ty less, Their jea - lous feel - ings

BASS. *f* Yet those who taste her boun - ty less, Their jea - lous feel - ings

ACCOMP. *f*

soon re - press, And loud the kind - ly bo - som bless, Which some - thing leaves for

soon re - press, And loud the kind - ly bo - som bless, Which some - thing leaves for

soon re - press, And loud the kind - ly bo - som bless, Which some - thing leaves for

soon re - press, And loud the kind - ly bo - som bless, Which some - thing leaves for

Want to glean.

Want to glean.

Want to glean.

Want to glean.

brillante. ff

dim.

ROSINA.

How blest am I! su-preme-ly blest! Since Bel-ville all his soul express'd, And

p

ad lib.

fond-ly clasp'd me to his breast; I now may reap—how chang'd the scene! But

colla voce.

ne'er can I for - get the day, When, all to want and woe a prey, Soft

pi - ty taught his soul to say, "Un - feel - ing Rus - tic, let her glean.

Segue Chorus.

f CHORUS.

But ne'er can we for - get the day, When all to want and woe a prey, Soft

f But ne'er can we for - get the day, When all to want and woe a prey, Soft

f But ne'er can we for - get the day, When all to want and woe a prey, Soft

f But ne'er can we for - get the day, When all to want and woe a prey, Soft

pi - ty taught his soul to say, "Un - feel - ing Rus - tic, let her glean."

pi - ty taught his soul to say, "Un - feel - ing Rus - tic, let her glean."

pi - ty taught his soul to say, "Un - feel - ing Rus - tic, let her glean."

pi - ty taught his soul to say, "Un - feel - ing Rus - tic, let her glean."

RUSTIC.

The

f

DORCAS. WILLIAM.

hearts you glad, your own dis - play, The heav'n's such good - ness must re - pay; And

p

PHOEBE.

blest thro' ma - ny a sum - mer's day, Full crops you'll reap in this rich scene.

Segue Trio, Rosina, Phoebe and Mr. Belville.

poco più lento.
ROSINA.

And O! when sum - mer's joys are o'er, And au-tumnyields its fruit no more, New
PHOEBE.

And O! when sum - mer's joys are o'er, And au-tumnyields its fruit no more, New
MR. BELVILLE.

And O! when sum - mer's joys are o'er, And au-tumnyields its fruit no more, New

bless - ings be there yet in store, For win - ter's so - ber hours to glean.

bless - ings be there yet in store, For win - ter's so - ber hours to glean.

bless - ings be there yet in store, For win - ter's so - ber hours to glean.

tempo lmo.

ff CHORUS.

And O! when sum-mer's joys are o'er, And au-tumn yields its fruit no more, New

And O! when sum-mer's joys are o'er, And au-tumn yields its fruit no more, New

And O! when sum-mer's joys are o'er, And au-tumn yields its fruit no more, New

And O! when sum-mer's joys are o'er, And au-tumn yields its fruit no more, New

bless-ings be there yet in store, For win-ter's so-ber hours to glean.

bless-ings be there yet in store, For win-ter's so-ber hours to glean.

bless-ings be there yet in store, For win-ter's so-ber hours to glean.

bless-ings be there yet in store, For win-ter's so-ber hours to glean.

risoluto ed un poco più presto.

ff *p* **ff sf** **sf**

