

VI



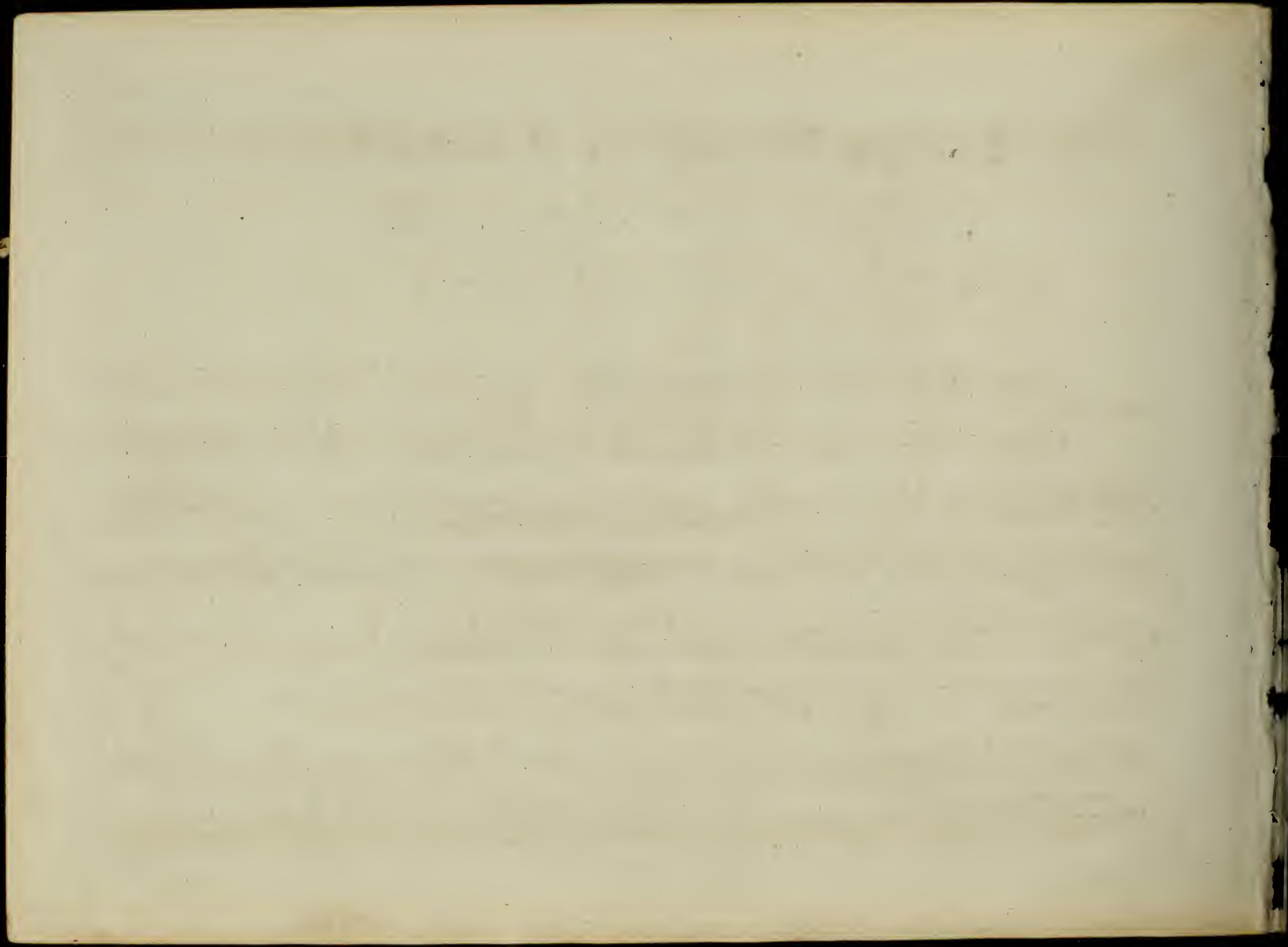
ROSINA,  
 (A. A.)  
 COMIC OPERA,  
 as PERFORMED at  
 — THE —  
 Theatre Royal, Covent Garden;  
 Composed and Selected  
 — BY —  
 WILLIAM SHIELD.

Price 8s.

London Printed for Will<sup>m</sup> Napier Music seller to their MAJESTIES, N<sup>o</sup> 174, Strand.

G. B. Cipriani inv.

F. Bartolozzi sculp.



# OVERTURE TO ROSINA

*Adapted as a Lesson for the*  
HARPICHOORD OF PIANO FORTE

Allegro *mf*

*tr*

*tr* Oboes *p*

First system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. The upper staff features a complex melodic line with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with a steady eighth-note bass line.

Second system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. The upper staff begins with a dynamic marking of *f* and includes a hairpin crescendo leading to a *mf* marking. The lower staff continues the accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. The upper staff has a dynamic marking of *f* and a hairpin decrescendo leading to a *p* marking. The lower staff continues the accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. The upper staff is labeled "Clarionets" and contains several dynamic markings including *hr* and *bo*. The lower staff is labeled "Horns" and contains dynamic markings including *hr* and *bo*.

Fifth system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. The upper staff contains dynamic markings including *hr* and *bo*. The lower staff continues the accompaniment.

Sixth system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. The upper staff is labeled "Violins" and contains dynamic markings including *hr* and *f*. The lower staff continues the accompaniment.

Bassoons

*p*

Adagio

Oboe Solo

sempre *Pia*

Flute

*p* *f* tutti

Flute

*hr* *hr* *Fin. II Flute* *p*

*f*

Flute

*hr. L. soon* *p*

*hr. ad libitum* *p*

*f*

all' Ottava - - - - -  
 flauti  
 Flute

Flute

Oboe  
 Allegro

Bassoons &c to imitate the bagpipe

Vio. 2<sup>do</sup>

**TRIO**

Moderato

Care thou Canker

Bassoon with the Voice

Rosina

f

When the rosy morn appear-ing Prints with gold the

Pizzicato

Small flute

verdant lawn, Bees on banks of thyme disport-ing Sip the sweets and hail the down.

Flauto 2<sup>do</sup>



Vio. 2<sup>do</sup> small flute

Phoebe

Warbling birds the day proclaiming, Carol sweet the lively strain, They forsake their

lea-fy dwelling, To secure the golden grain. See, content, the humble gleaner,

William

Ger. flute

William

Bassoon

Take the feathered ears that fall, Nature all her children viewing, Kindly bounteous cares for all.

Rosina

Phoebe

William

When the rosy morn appearing, Paints with gold the verdant lawn,

Bees, on banks of thyme dif-port-ing, Sip the sweets and hail the dawn, Warbling birds, the

Bees, on banks of thyme dif-port-ing, Sip the sweets and hail the dawn, Warbling birds, the

Bees, on banks of thyme dif-port-ing, Sip the sweets and hail the dawn, Warbling birds, the

day proclaim-ing, Ca-rol sweet the live-ly strain, They for-fake their lea-fy dwelling,

day proclaim-ing, Ca-rol sweet the live-ly strain, They for-fake their lea-fy dwelling,

day proclaim-ing, Ca-rol sweet the live-ly strain, They for-fake their lea-fy dwelling,

To se-cure the gol-den grain.

To se-cure the gol-den grain.

To se-cure the gol-den grain.

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

Shield

Phoebe

Allegretto

When

Flute

William at eve meets me down at the stile, How sweet is the Nightingale's fong! When William at eve meets me

Flute

down at the stile, How sweet is the Nightingale's fong; Of the day I forget all the la\_bor and toil, Whilst the

Ad libitum

Moon plays yon branches a\_mong, Whilst the Moon plays

Moon plays yon branches a\_mong.

By her beams without blushing I hear him complain,  
 And believe ev'ry word of his fong,  
 You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear swain;  
 Whilst the Moon plays yon branches among.

*Sung by Misses Harper*

Paxton

bb  
bb  
bb

Plaintive

The morn returns in sad-dress, But not to sad Ro -

Flute

- si - na rest. The blushing morn a wakes the strain A wakes the tune full choir. The blushing morn a wakes the strain A

sfor. sfor.

sfor. sfor.

wakes the tune full choir, But sad Ro-fi-na ne'er a gain shall strike the ex-ul-ting Lyre.

sfor. sfor.

NB. The above Air may be sung as a Glee for 3 Voices

*Vivace* See, ye Swains, yon streaks of

2<sup>d</sup> time as Chorus  
red, call you from your slothfull bed; late you till'd the fruitfull Soil; See, where Harvest crowns your toil! As we

reap the golden Corn, laughing Plenty fills her Horn; what would gilded Pomp a-vail should the Peasant's la-bor

fail? ripen'd fields your cares re-pay; Sons of labor haste a-way. bending see the wa-ving Grain crown the

**Chorus**  
Year, and cheer the Swain. Ripen'd fields your cares re-pay; Sons of labor haste a-way. bending see the waving

Grain crown the Year and cheer the Swain.

Moderato

Belville

Her Mouth, which a smile, de-void of all guile, half

o-pens to view, is the bud of the Rose, is the bud of the Rose, in the morning that blows, im-pearl'd with the dew; im-

Clarinet

viola

pearl'd with the dew; the bud of the Rose, im-pearl'd with the dew:

fine

More fragrant her breath than the flow'r-scented Heath, than the flow'r-scented Heath at the dawning of day, the

Hawthorn in bloom, the Lil-ly's perfume, the Lil-ly's perfume, or the

Clarinet

Bassoon

tutti

blossoms of May

Clarinet

Horn

ad lib

Her al Segno

Shooting Song

Sung by Mr. Brett

Shield 15

Viol: 2<sup>o</sup>

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

Horns

tutti

*f*

Clar<sup>s</sup> & Horns

Cap<sup>l</sup> Belvill

By

down to the downs we re--pair, with bosoms right jocund and gay, with bosoms right jocund and gay,

and gain more than Pheasant and Hare, gain health by the sports of the Day, and

Volti Subito

Clar: Horn

gain more than Pleasant and Hare and gain more than Pleasant and Hare gain health

health by the sports of the Day gain health gain health by the sports of the Day

*f* Violin

Mark! Mark! to the right hand pre-

- - pare See DI-A--NA she points see they rise see they floa - - -



on the bo - som of Air See they float

*p*

on the bosom of Air. Fire a - way! Fire a -

*f*

way! whilst loud Echo replies Fire a - way! Hark! the Vol - ley re -

*f*

ounds to the Skies whilst E - cho in Thun - der re -

*f*

Volti Subito

plies  
 Whilft Echo,  
 In Thunder,  
 Tutti.  
 Horn  
 Clar:  
 Drum

Clar:  
 In Thun  
 der

In Thun - der re - - plies and re -

- - founds to the skies Fire a way! Fire a way! Fire a way!

Dialogue Sung by M<sup>rs</sup> Kennedy and M<sup>rs</sup> Martyr

William

Shield

Allegretto

I've kifs'd and I've prattled to fifty fair maids, And

chang'd em as often, d'ye see!

I've kifs'd and I've prattled to fifty fair maids. And chang'd em as often d'ye see. But of

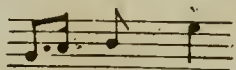
all the fair maidens that dance on the green, the maid of the mill for me.

the maid of the mill the maid of the mill the

maid of the mill for me.

Phœbe

2



Twice (There fifty young men have told me fine tales,  
And called me the fairest she;

Twice (But of all the gay wrestlers that sport on the green,  
Young Harrys the Lad for me.

William

3

Her Eyes are as black as the flow in the Hedge,

Twice Her face like the blossoms in May,

Her teeth are as white as the new shorn flock.

Her breath like the new made Hay.

4

He's tall and he's strait as the poplar tree.

His cheeks are as fresh as a rose;

Twice He looks like a squire of high degree

When drest in his Sunday cloaths.

Affettuoso

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with quarter notes.

Rosina

Whilst with vil - lage Maids I stray, Sweetly wears the joy - ous day,

The first system of the vocal line is written on a single staff. It begins with a fermata over the first note. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

Whilst with vil - lage Maids I stray, Sweet - ly wears the joyous day, Cheerful glows my art - less breast,

The second system of the vocal line continues the melody. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

Mild con - tent the con - stant Guest: Cheerful glows my art - less breast, Mild con - - tent the

The third system of the vocal line continues the melody. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

con - stant Guest - - - - - the constant Guest. Ad libitum

The fourth system of the vocal line concludes the piece. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The word "Ad libitum" is written above the final notes.

Whilst with vil-lage Maids I stray, sweetly wears the joy-ous day, Chearful glows my art-less breast,

Mild con-tent the constant guest ----- (Col' expreffione) sweetly sweetly

wears the joyous day, whilst with vil-lage maids I stray, sweetly sweetly wears the joyous day ----- the

joyous day, the joy-ous day the joy-ous day, sweetly sweetly wears the joyous day ----- the

joy-ous day.

# FINALE

Sung by M<sup>r</sup>. Banister. M<sup>r</sup>. Brou. M<sup>r</sup>. Davies.  
M<sup>rs</sup>. Kennedy. M<sup>rs</sup>. Martyr and Miss Harper.

Moderato

Belville

By this fountain's flow'ry side, drest in Na - ture's blooming

Pride; where the Poplar trembles high, and the Bees in' clusters fly; whilst the Herdsman on the Hill, listens

to the falling Rill; Pride and cru - el Scorn a - way, let us share the festive day. Pride and cru - el Scorn away, let us

share the festive day.

Rosina

Allegro

Taste our Pleasures ye who may, this is Nature's Ho-liday; simple Nature, ye who prize, Life's fantastic forms despise.

Chorus

1<sup>st</sup> Treble

Taste our Pleasures ye who may, this is Na-ture's Ho-liday: Taste our Pleasures ye who may,

2<sup>d</sup> Treble

Taste our Pleasures ye who may, this is Na-ture's Ho-liday: Taste our Pleasures ye who may,

Bass

Taste our Pleasures ye who may, this is Na-ture's Ho-liday: Taste our Pleasures ye who may,

Basso

Taste our Pleasures ye who may, this is Na-ture's Ho-liday: Taste our Pleasures ye who may,

this is Nature's Ho-li-day.

this is Nature's Ho-li-day.

this is Nature's Ho-li-day.

Volti Subito

Cap<sup>t</sup> Belville

Moderato

Blushing Bell, with downe ft Eyes, sighs, and knows not why she sighs; Tom is by her, we shall know; how he

William

eyes her! is't not so? He is fond, and she is shy; He would kifs her — fie! on, fie! mind thy Sickle, let her be, by and

by she'll follow thee. mind thy Sickle, let her be, by and by she'll follow thee. *f*

Chorus

Bu- fy Cenfors hence away, this is Na- ture's Ho- li- day. Bu- fy Cenfors hence a- - way,  
 Bu- fy Cenfors hence away, this is Na- ture's Ho- li- day. Bu- fy Cenfors hence a- - way  
 Bu- fy Cenfors hence away, this is Na- tur's Ho- li- day. Bu- fy Cenfors hence away



this is Nature's Ho-li-day.  
 this is Nature's Ho-li-day.  
 this is Nature's Ho-li-day.  
 this is Nature's Ho-li-day.

Horns

Rustic

Now we'll quaff the nut-brown Ale, then we'll tell the sportive Tale; all is Jest and all is Glee, all is

Phœbe

youthfull Jolli-ty. Lads and Lasses all advance, Carol blithe, and join the Dance, Trip it lightly while you may, this is

Nature's Holiday. Trip it lightly while you may, this is Nature's Holiday. *f*

Volti Subito

Phœbe

**Allegro**

Lads and Lasses all advance, Carol blithe, and join the Dance; Trip it lightly while you may, this is Nature's Holiday.

**Chorus**

Trip it lightly while you may, this is Nature's Ho-li-day. Trip it lightly while you may,

Trip it lightly while you may, this is Nature's Ho-li-day. Trip it lightly while you may,

Trip it lightly while you may, this is Nature's Ho-li-day. Trip it lightly while you may,

this is Nature's Ho-li-day.

this is Nature's Ho-li-day.

oboes

this is Nature's Ho-li-day.

End of the first Act.

ACT II

Sung by Miss Harper

*Andorly* Rosina

Sweet Transports, gentle With - es go. In

vain his Charms have gain'd my heart; Since For - tune, still to Love a Foe, and cru - el Du - - - ty

bid us part. ah! why does Du - ty chain the mind, and part those Souls which Love has join'd! Sweet Transports gentle

With - es go! in vain his Charms have gain'd my Heart; ah! why does Du - ty chain the mind, and

part thof Souls which Love has join'd.

Sacchini

Vio. 2<sup>o</sup>

Andantino

*p*

Phœbe

Hen-ry will the flow-ers bloom, .. Marian lov'd the

soft per-fume, Marian lov'd the soft per-fume, Had play-ful kist but

pru-dence near whif-per'd time-ly in her ear, sim-ple Marian

ah! be ware Touch them not for love-- is there: touch them not for love-- is

f p f p f p f p

there touch-- them not touch the n not-- for love-- is there.

Sung by Mrs Kennedy

Scots Tune

Moderato

Bassoon

William

When bid-den to the

wake or fair, the Joy of each free heart-ed swain, 'till Phoe-be promis'd to be there I loi-ter'd last of

Bassoon

all the train. if chance some fair-ing caught her eye, the rib-bon gay or fil-ken glove! with ea-ger haste I

ran to buy, for what is gold com-pair'd to love.

2

My posy on her bosom plac'd,  
 Could Harry's sweeter scents exhale!  
 Her auburn locks my ribbon grac'd,  
 And flutter'd in the wanton gale.  
 With scorn she hears me now complain,  
 Nor can my rustic presents move:  
 Her heart prefers a richer swain,  
 And gold, alas! has banished love.

DUET

Sung by M<sup>rs</sup> Kennedy and M<sup>rs</sup> Martyr

Shield

Allegro non molto

In

gaudy courts, with aching hearts, the great at fortune rail, the hills may higher honours claim, But peace is in the

vale. In gaudy courts, with aching hearts, the great at fortune rail, the hills may higher honours claim, But .

peace is in the vale .

twice ( See high born dames, in rooms of state,  
 With midnight revels pale.  
 No youth admires their fading charms,  
 For beauty's in the vale .

Phoebe

A. -mid the shades the Virgins fighs Add fragrance to the gale: So they that will may take the hill. Since.

William

A. -mid the shades the Virgins fighs Add fragrance to the gale: Since

love is in the vale. A. . . mid the shades the Virgin fighs Add fragrance to the gale: So.

love is in the vale. A. . . mid the shades the Virgin fighs Add fragrance to the gale: So

*Slow* *Finis Terza*

they that will may take the hill, Since Love is in the vale . . .

they that will may take the hill, Since Love is in the vale . . .



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

Ballad

Shield

Tenderly

Oboe

Bassoon

tutti

Belville

Ere bright Ro - fi - na met my eyes, how peaceful past the joyous day! In rural

sports I gain'd the prize, each Virgin listend to my lay: But now no more I touch the

lyre, No more the rustic sport can please, I live the slave of fond de - sire, lost to my -

with exprefion

Sy

self, to mirth and ease.

The tree, which in a happier hour,  
 Its boughs extended o'er the plain,  
 When blasted by the lightning's pow'r,  
 Nor charms the Eye, nor shades the swain.  
 The tree, which in &c.

The Accompaniment is for a Forte-Piano, Harp, or Harpsichord.

Sung by Miss Harper

Shield

Oboe *h*

**Allegro**

Bassoon | Horn *h*

Rosina

Light as thistle down moving which floats on the air, Sweet gra-ti-tudes debt to this

Cot-tage I bear: Of Autumn's rich store I bring home my part, The

weight on my head but gay joy in my heart Light as

1st Horn *h*

2nd Horn

thistle down moving which floats on the air, Sweet gra-ti-tudes debt to this

Cot-tage I bear, Of Autumn's rich store I bring home my part The

Horns Oboes

weight on my head but gay joy in my heart the weight on my head but gay

Violins Bassoons tutti

joy in my heart, the weight on my head but gay joy in my heart, gay

joy in my heart gay joy in my heart.

DUETT

Sung by Mr Bannister and Miss Harper

Shield

Seciliano col' Expresione

Flut<sup>s</sup> Belville

For you my sweet Maid, nay be not afraid, I

Rosina

feel an af..fec..tion which yet wants a name when first - but in vain - I seek to ex..plain, what heart but must love you? I

Flutes Belville

blush fear and shame why thus ti..mid, Ro..fi..na? Still safe by my side, let

Rosina

me be your guardian Protec..tor and guide, my ti..mid heart pants still safe by your side, be you my protec..tor, my guardian my guide.

Rosina Belville

my ti..mid heart pants still safe by your side be you my pro..tec..tor my guardian my guide.

1<sup>st</sup> Flute 2<sup>d</sup> Flute

why thus ti..mid Ro..fi..na still safe by your side let me be your Guardian pro..tec..tor and guide.

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

Scots Tune.

Bassoon

Belville

Affettuoso

How blest my fair, who

on thy face unchecked by fear may fondly gaze; who when he breathes the

tender sigh, beholds no anger in thine eye! Ah! then, what joys a

wait the swain who ardent pleads, nor pleads in vain; whose voice with rapture

all divine, secure may say with heart is mine!

# Finale

French Tune

Sung by M<sup>r</sup>. Banister, M<sup>r</sup>. Prett, M<sup>r</sup>. Davies,  
M<sup>rs</sup>. Kennedy, M<sup>rs</sup>. Pitt, M<sup>rs</sup>. Martyr and Miss Harper.

*Allegro*

Belville  
To blefs to blefs and be

Capt: Belville  
bleft be ours, what-e'er our rank, what-e'er her pow'rs, On some her gifts kind Fortune show'rs who reap like us in this glad scene: Yet

Choru  
those who taste her bounty less, the sigh ma-le-vo-lent repress, and loud the feeling bosom blefs, which something leaves for want to glean, yet

those who taste her bounty less, the sigh m-le-vo-lent repress, and loud the feeling bosom blefs, which something leaves for

Want to glean.

Rosina

How blest am I! fu-pre-mely blest since Belville all his Soul ex-press, and fondly clasp'd me to his breast; I

now may reap, how chang'd the Scene! but ne'er can I for-get the day, when all to want and woe a prey, soft

Pity taught his Soul to say "Un-feeling Rus-tic let her glean." But ne'er can I for-get the day, when

Chorus

all to want and woe a prey, soft Pity taught his Soul to say "Un-feeling Rus-tic let her glean."

Rustic Dorcas

The Hearts you glad, your own display, the heav'n's such good-ness

William Phoebe

must repay, and blest thro' many a summer's day, full Crops you'll reap in this rich scene.

without Accompaniments

Rosina &  
Phoebe

And O! when Summer's joys are o'er, and Au-tumn yields its Fruits no more, new

Captain &  
William

And O! when Summer's joys are o'er, and Au-tumn yields its Fruits no more, new

Belville &  
Rustic

And O! when Summer's joys are o'er, and Au-tumn yields its Fruits no more, new

General Chorus

blesings be there yet in store for Winter's fo-ber hours to glean. And

blesings be there yet in store for Winter's fo-ber hours to glean.

blesings be there yet in store for Winter's fo-ber hours to glean.

O! when Summer's joys are o'er, and Autumn yields its Fruits no more, new blesings be there yet in store for

blesings be there yet in store for

Winter's fo-ber hours to glean.

Winter's fo-ber hours to glean.

Finis