









DB

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.

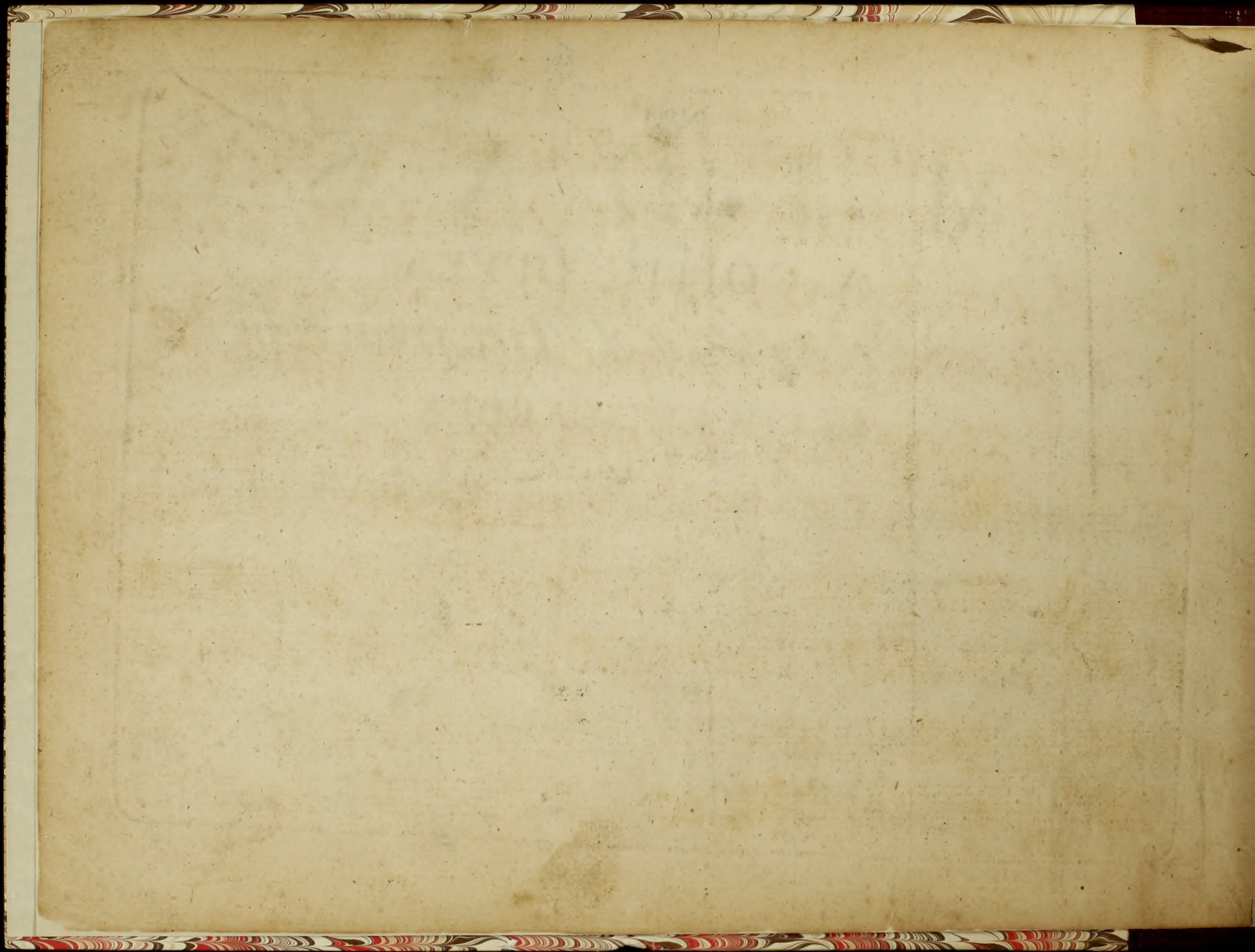
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Of whom may be had

Love in a Village, a Comic Opera
The Arcadian Songs by D^r Arne
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Devil to Pay
Beggars Opera for 2 Voices



Sung by Mrs Stevens

JUNO

Vivace

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 Mr Mattocks

Andante

6 6 5 3 9 8 6 7 5 7 4 3 6 5 3

APOLLO

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

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 5 4 3

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

6 6 6 5 6 6 5 4 3

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

6 6 5 6 6 6 6 4 6 7

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

(2) 6 4 6 7 4 2 6 6 6 6 6 5 6 6 6 7

Stagger to some punk. Sy

6 4 3 6 6 6 6 6 7 4 3

Sung by Mr. Neattocks

Presto Allegro

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

S. APOLLO

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.

S. 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 4 2 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

Let the sky go to wreck and miscarry
 Without my luminary,
 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 Mattocks

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 Hog.

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 worse ;
 Zooks, I can no longer suffer,
hunger thirst Hungry Guts and empty Purse.
 Farra diddle &c.

(4)

Pot
 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. Tòl di dol di dol

6 7
 4 3

Sy

6 5
 4 3

Sung by Miss Hallam

Sy
Larghetto

If the Swain we
figh for prels us, Oh how plea-sing '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*

Sung by Miss Miller

Sy
DAPHNE
Spitoto

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

6

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

Sung by Miss Poitier

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

who wou'd 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
 39
 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 I lath 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 cast 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 Hallam, Miss Miller, Miss Poitier, & M.^r Beard.

Sy
Allegro

N.Y.S.A.

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

6 7 6 5 5 3 6 6 6 6

DAPHNE

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

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

Sy to give Pain. **MYSIS** Girls for you my fears perplex me, I'm alarm'd on your account ;

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

SILENO Wife in vain you teize and vex me , I will ruite depend upon't **NVSA** Ah! Ah! **DAPHNE** Ma - ma how can you be so ill

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

natur'd , to the gentle handsome Swain , fure 'tis cruel to give Pain . **Sy** featur'd , fure 'tis cruel to give Pain , to the gentle handsome Swain .

6 5 5 5 7 6 5 6 7 5

MYSIS

SILENCE

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

NYSA

Mama.

DAPHNE

Ah! Ah! to a Lad so limbd 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

Ptha! ptha!

SILENCE

'Tis my pleasure to give Pain, to your odious fav'rite Swain.

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

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

Sy

4 7 6 7 5 7

Sung by M^r. Shuter

MIDAS

Allegretto

Shall a poultry Clown not fit to wipe my Shoes, dare my Amours to cross, Shall a

peasant Minx when Justice MIDAS woos, her Nose up at him tofs; No Ill Kidnap, then possess her, I'll sell her Pot 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. It no rates him and Grates him, and leads his Highness a weary Life, I have my Lafs & my Glas 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
DAMETAS

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 SIENO frisks like a Mad, Lad glad, to see us so sad. Cap'ring vap'ring while Pot. 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

PAN
S
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 Poirier

Allegro

MYSIS
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 flame.

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

Sung by Mr Dunstall

Alegro 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. Your Game to play, the Sailors say, look

one, but now another way, the Dean to fish up Lawnleaves & 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.

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

Hawk's Eye, I defy what she can do, he cer look'd the little doxy, I'm 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

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

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 too, as e'er

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

Sung by M^r Matthecks

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,

he not long needs sue in vain, Prince of Song

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

(19)

Sung by Miss Miller

Daphne

Sy

Allegro

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

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

His beard so frowly his goitases so Awkward are and his Bagpipe has so drowly 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. lof. fus it self, You'll lye till you're muf. ty upon the shelf.
 Daph:
 Pigmy Elf, You'll lye till you're muf. ty upon the shelf.

D^{no}) 2
 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})
 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.
In these greasy Old Tatters his Charms brighter shine; then his Guittar he
clatters with Tinkling divine. But my Sifter Ah! he kifs'd her and me he pafs'd by, I'm jealous of the Fellows bad Taste and blind Eye; But my Sifter, Ah! he kifs'd her,
and me he pafs'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

Sy
S. MIND
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

Near will I be left in the lurch, Cease your bribes and wheedling; 'Till I'm made a Wife in the Church, I'll keep Man from meddling, from meddling; I'll keep Man from meddling. What are Riches, and soft speeches? Baits and fetches, to bewitch us, Baits and fetches, to bewitch us: When you've won us, and undone us,

(22)

Sung by M^{rs} Mattocks

Allegro

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

Pol

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

5 6 6 7 7 4 2

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

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

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

5 7 6 6 6 6 7 7 6

follow the glimpse of the Moon

6 5 6 4 5 7 3 6 6 6 3

Sung by Mr. Shuter

Sy ^{S. MIDAS}
 If in the Courts your suit depend, or a case 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 Mr. Dunstall

Sy ^{S. PAN}
 As soon as her doating piece fairly is tied, do you make your pull and affront one, for now she has

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

over us, at teltions in spite of the law and its' imp's, we'll kick the whole country before

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

S. MIDAS
 Master Pol and his toll de roll loll, I'll buffet away from our
PAN plain fir, And I'll affist your worship's fist with all my might and main fir. *MYSIS* And I'll have a thump, tho' he is so plump, and
MIDAS *PAN* makes such a woundy racket. *MYSIS* I'll bluff, I'll rough. *MIDAS* I'll huff, I'll cuff, *Chorus* 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 befom,
 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,
ORN. O rare!
 And I'll warrant we pepper his jackett,
CHO. I'll swear I'll snare, &c.

DAM:
 You're cajol'd by a beggarly serub, 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

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

7 6 5
 4 3

whip'd tylla - bub.

rub, firrah rub.

6 5 6
 5 4 3

Sung by Miss Poitier, Miss Hallam, Miss Miller, M^{rs} Beard, & M^{rs} Jewell

Daphne

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

Nysa

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.

Nysa

Daph: Hearts alarming, Wrath disarming with his soft Lay, He's so charming ah, let him stay.

Think of his Modest Grace, his Voice Shape and Face, Bosom'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 Madneſs, Sober Sadneſs, I with

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

Myfis Dam: Sileno

DARH the enjoyment? Ne'er while a Tongue I brandiſh, for outlandiſh, DARH 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 includes vocal lines for Myfis, Sileno, Damætas, and Dam: (the Queen). The lyrics are interspersed with the musical notation. Figured bass notation is present in the bass line of each system, consisting of numbers 1-7 and flats. The page number 59 is 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 cruffy, 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 Nyfa

Ay let him go, Ay let him go, Ay let him go. Myfis

Daph:

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

Must 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, fop 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
 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 3 6 5 6 3 6 3

Scoundrel Peafants, shall not call their Souls their own.

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

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

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

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

5 5 6 6 6 5 6 7 6 7

- sported like a Thief.

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

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

5 5 5 6 5

See Chappell 677

Tune Merry Down
to dying for me
and me

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 Poi, 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 .

(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 .

(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 .

(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 fleeti 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 sunder'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 - il'd twang his faint Guttar. While with Echoing shouts of Praise, We the Bagpipes glo - ry raise,

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

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 as, 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 .



