

The
CHAPLET.

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

*As it is Perform'd at the Theatre-Royal
in Drury-Lane.*

Compos'd by

DR. BOYCE.

London. Printed for I. Walsh, in Catharine Street, in the Strand.

OF whom may be had, Just Publish'd.

Händel's Eighty Songs Selected from his Oratorios,
for the Harpsicord or Voice.
Vocal-Melody. A Collection of Songs, by Mr. Arne.
Dr. Greene's Songs, Cantatas, and Catches.
Mr. Boyce's Songs, and Cantatas.

One Hundred French Songs, in One Vol.
Halle's Venetian Ballads, 3 Books.
Burgin's Songs and Cantatas.
Lampe's Songs and Cantata.
Howard's Songs and Cantata.

GEORGE R.

GEORGE the Second, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting: Whereas *William Boyce*, one of the Composers of Our Chapels Royal, hath humbly represented unto Us, that he hath with great Study, Labour and Expence, compos'd several Works, consisting of Vocal and Instrumental Musick, in order to be printed and published, and hath therefore humbly besought Us, to grant him Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole Printing and Publishing thereof, for the Term of Fourteen Years; We being willing to give all due Encouragement to Works of this Nature, are graciously pleas'd to condescend to his Request; and We do therefore by these Presents, so far as may be agreeable to the Statute in that Behalf made and provided, grant unto the said *William Boyce*, his Executors, Administrators and Assigns, Our Licence for the sole Printing and Publishing the said Works, for the Term of Fourteen Years, to be computed from the Date hereof; strictly forbidding all Our Subjects, within Our Kingdoms and Dominions, to reprint or abridge the same, either in the like or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever; or to import, buy, vend, utter or distribute any Copies thereof reprinted beyond the Seas, during the aforesaid Term of Fourteen Years, without the Consent or Approbation of the said *William Boyce*, his Heirs, Executors and Assigns, as they will answer the contrary at their Perils, whereof the Commissioners and other Officers of Our Customs, the Master, Wardens, and Company of Stationers, are to take Notice, that due Obedience may be rendered to Our Pleasure herein declared. Given at Our Court at St. James's the Tenth Day of April 1745. in the Eighteenth Year of Our Reign.

By His Majesty's Command
HOLLES NEWCASTLE.

Handwritten musical score on page 4, featuring multiple staves with complex rhythmic patterns and clefs. The notation includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings. The score is organized into systems, with some measures containing performance instructions like 'x5' and 'x3'. The bottom of the page features a large, dense block of notation, possibly a figured bass or a specific instrumental part.

Handwritten musical score on page 5, continuing the piece from page 4. It features multiple staves with complex rhythmic patterns and clefs. The notation includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings. The score is organized into systems, with some measures containing performance instructions like 'x5' and 'x3'. The bottom of the page features a large, dense block of notation, possibly a figured bass or a specific instrumental part.

5

Bassoons Solo
Tutti

Vivace *Piano sempre*

Violins and
Tenor
Union

Bassoons

Violoncelland
Double Basses

Senza Organo

Piano sempre

7

Tempo di Minuetto

1st Hautboy
and Violin

2^d Hautboy
and Violin

Basses and
Tenor

Allegro Handb. ecc.

Largo

LAURA

DAMON

Largo Ungrateful **DAMON**: is it come to this, are these the happy scenes of promise!

Dolce

Piano *Forte*

LAURA

DAMON

ne'er hope vain **LAURA** future Peace to prove; Content ne'er harbours with neglected Love.

Piano *Forte*

DAMON

Confide; Fair, the ever-reflex Pow'r, shifts with the Breeze, and changes with the Hours: above us -

phant he forms a fixed abode, and on his Silken Plumes flies forth the rambling God -

Sung by W. Beard

Allegro

Unio

Damon

Viol. 1.

Viol. 2.

Tenor Viol.

Piano *S.*

Viol. 1.

Viol. 2.

Tenor Viol.

S. Piano *Piano*

Viol. 1.

Viol. 2.

Tenor Viol.

you! sit at your feet that I wept in des-pair, And

vow'd that no An-gel was e-ver so fair; How could you be-lieve all the

Unison

Nonfero I Spoke! What know we of Angels? — I meant it in joke, I

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

Forte

Forte

joke. **Forte**

(2)

I next stand indicted for swearing to Love,
 And nothing but Death should my Passion remove;
 I've lik'd you's Twice as much as I can bear,
 And not yet contented — have confest, my dear.

DAMON

To Dye DAMETAS gave rural trust, and I once more my chaste Friends must meet. Farewell sweet

Damisi, and remember this, Dull repetition coarsens all our Bliss.

Largo

Staccato

LAURA

Largo

Whose balefull Cypris forms a gloomy shade, and yelling

Staccato

Dolcissimo

Spectres haunt the dreary Shade; Unknown to all, my longsome steps I'll bend; There

weep my suff'ings, and my Fate attend.

Piano

Song by Miss Norris

Vivace

Viol. 1^o

Viol. 2^o

Tenor Viol.

Laura

Vivace

Piano

Piano

Piano

Vain is ev'ry fond en-deavour To re-fill the ten-der Dart! For ex-am-ple

move us never, We must feel to know the Smart. When the Shepherd

Piano

swears he's dying, And our beauties sets to view? Va-ni-ty her aid Sup-plying, bids us think 'tis

Forte

Forte

Forte

Forte

all our due. bids us think 'tis all our due. Forte

(2)

Softer than the vernal Breezes,
Is the mild, Deceitful Strain;
Frowning truth our Sex Displeas'd,
Flattery never sees in Vain;
Soon, too soon, the happy Lover,
Does our treacherous hopes Deceiv'd,
Man was thought to be a rover,
Foolish Women to believe.

DAMON and Several Shepherds Drinking.

Damon

In mirth and Pastime ev'ry hour employ, Left is the Day that is not Spent in joy

Here drew your roses, Here your Chaplets bring, And listen neighbours, to the truths I sing.

Sung by M^r Beard

Spirituoso
Unison
Damon

Puff a bout the brisk bowl twill in Jives the heart while they we sit round on the

Piano
Piano
Damon
Piano

Push a bout the brisk bowl twill in Jives the heart while they we sit round on the

Grafts, The Lover who talks of his Suffrings and smart, Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass, an Ass, De-

Forte
Uniso
Forte
Forte
Forte

serves to be reckon'd an Ass.

2
The Wretch who sits watching his ill gotten Pelf,
And wishes to add to the Mass;
What e'er the Curmudgeon may think of him self
Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass.

3
The Beau who so smart with his well Powder'd Hair,
An Angel beholds in his Clasp,
And thinks with Grimace to Subdue all the Fair,
May justly be reckon'd an Ass.

4
The Merchant from Climate to Climate will roam,
Of Crasus the Wealth to Surpass;
And off while he's wandring my Lady at home,
Claps the horns of an Ox on an Ass.

5
The Lawyer who sits grave when he puts in his Plea,
With Rerched well cover'd with braids,
Tho he talk to no purpose he pockets your Pies,
There, you, my good friend are the Ass.

6
The formal Physician who knows ev'ry ill,
Shall last be produc'd in this Clasp,
The sick man a while may confide in his skill,
But Death proves the Doctor an Ass.

7
Then let us Companions be Jovial and gay,
By turns take the Bottle and Life,
For he who his Pleasures puts off for a Day,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass.

PALEMON.

Indeed, **PASTORA**, spite of all you say, I mud this very Instant hie to a .wy;

You think my Flame's extinguish'd quite, I know: And other Objects strike me

PASTORA.

my be fo. Per-fidious Boy! I know 'Tis **SYLVA'S** Charms that tear **PA. LEMON**

from thine circling Arms: But soon perhaps some other wiser Youth May

PALEMON.

learn to set due Value, on my Truth: Who'er the Youth may be who chims my Part, He

has my full Content with all my Heart.

Violins & Cello

Allegro affai

PALEMON:

Allegro affai

Piano

...well, my **PASTORA**, no longer your Swain, Quite sick of his Bondage, can suffer his Chains: Nay arm not your

Piano

...now with such haughty Disdain, My Heart leap with Joy to be free once again. Sing tol derol derol derol de-

rol derol derol Sing tol derol derol derol derol.

I'll live like the Birds, those sweet Tenants of May,
Who always are sportful, who always are Gay!
How sweetly their Sonnets they carol all Day;
Their Love is but Frolick, their Courtship but Play.
Sing tol derol.

If struck by a Beauty they ne'er saw before,
In chirping soft Notes they her Pity implore;
She yields to Intreaty; and when the Fic's o'er,
'Tis Twenty to One that they never meet more.
Sing tol derol.

PASTORA

Infulting Boy: I'll bar him from my Mind; ah, would my Fortune could'st Husband find:

and just in time, young Damon comes this Way, a handsome Youth he is, and rich they fly.

Largo Piano

DAMON, R. cit;
Vouchsafe, sweet Maid, to hear a wretched Swain, who's life in Wonder, begs th' Pleasing Char-

Largo Piano

For you in Sighs I had the rifting Day; To you at Eve I sing the Lovesick Lay: Thus take my

Al. fide
Love, my Homage at your dote, The Devil's in her if all this woe do.

Sung by M^r. Beard & M^{rs}. Olive

All. gr.
1st Violin

2^d Violin
Tenor Violin

All. gr.
Piano

DAMON
Beauteous Maid, re-ward my Passion;

Piano

PASTORA
Crown with Hopes my fierce de- - fire. Soon to yield is not the

Piano

Fashion, Maids lone Courtship should require. Tediouſ Courtſhip damps all Pleaſure,

DANCER

PASTORA

By this melting Kiſs I ſwear. Now you're rude be yond all

Solo **Tutti**

Kiſſe her **PASTORA**

Forte **Forte**

Measure; Kiſſe a gain, Sir, if you dare.

Piano **Piano** **Piano**

DANCER **PASTORA**

Where you Bank the Willows cover, We will thin the Heat of Day: You're in too much haſty ſwing

Piano **Piano**

DANCER **PASTORA**

Lover, For the Preſent muſt lead the way. We can do without him better, None but Fools would marry

Forte **Forte** **Forte**

now; Priſts the free-born Mind would ſeek, We will meet without a Vow.

PASTORA

Away, false Man, no more your Tale I'll hear; The black attempt offends my rigid

Ear: The Joys I taste shall be without a Crime; I'll ne'er be fool'd by Man

DAMON

a second Time. If so, farewell, I'll other Regions try; My generous Mind disdain the slavish Tyr:

Lovers, like Warriors, oft Repulses meet; Yet both undaunted their Attacks repeat.

Sung by Mr. Beard & M^{rs}. Clive.

Allegro affai

1st Violin

2^d Violin

Tenor Violin

Allegro affai

Piano

DAMON

From Flow'r to Flow'r, his Joy to change, Plits yonder wanton Nee; From

Piano

Fair to Fair thus will I range, And I'll be ever free. From Fair to Fair thus will I

Piano

Forte

Forte

Forte

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

Forte

PASTORA. You little birds attentive view,
That hop from Tree to Tree;
I'll copy them, I'll copy you,
For I'll be eger free.

Piano
Unison
Damon
While Tempests Duke the nodding Grove, and Plough the foaming Sea; While Hawks pursue the
Piano
Tasto Solo
Flying Dove, so long will I be Free, while Hawks pursue the fly-ing Dove, so long will
Forte
Forte
Forte
Free. so long will I be Free. Forte

PASTORS, Till on the Bush the Lily grows,
Till Flocks forsake the Lea;
Till from the Rock bursts forth the Rose,
You'll find me blith and free.

Piano
Damon
Then let's divide to East and West, since we shall ne'er a - gree; And try who keeps their
PASTORS
Then let's divide to East and West, since we shall ne'er a - gree; And try who keeps their
Piano
Promise best, And who's the longest Free. Let's try who keeps their Promise best, And who's the longest.
Promise best, And who's the longest Free. Let's try who keeps their Promise best, And who's the longest.
Forte
Forte
Forte
Forte
Free. who's the longest Free.
Free. who's the longest Free.
The end of the first Part.

Sung by Miss Norris

Andante Vivace

Dulce *Piano* *Piano*

Laura

Andante Vivace

What Medicine can
soften the Bosom's keen Smart, What Lethen can banish the Pain! What Cure can be
met with to sooth the fond hearts That broke broke by a Faithless young Swain!

Forte *Piano* *Forte* *Piano* *Forte* *Piano* *Forte* *Piano* *Forte* *Piano* *Forte* *Piano*

In hopes to forget him how vainly I try,
The Sports of the Wake and the Green,
When Colin is Dancing, I try with a Sigh,
T'was here first my Damon was ston-

Piano *Forte* *Piano* *Forte* *Piano* *Forte* *Piano* *Forte* *Piano* *Forte* *Piano* *Forte* *Piano* *Forte* *Piano* *Forte*

When to the pale Moon the Soft Nightingales moan, In Accents so piercing and clear;
You sing not so Sweetly, I cry with a Groan, as when, when my dear Damon was
here. here.

A Garland of Willow my Temples shall Shade,
And pluck it, ye Nymphs from your Groves;
For there to her Coit was poor Laura betray'd,
And Damon, Damon pretended to Love.

Damon

A charming Confort, would have fill'd these Arms, Had I but yielded to Pastora's Charms, How blest I would then have been my future Life, Pastora's Mistress turn'd to Damon's Wife;

Yet in her Coin the wily Nymph I'll pay, And all her Schemes of Van-ity betray.

Then haste to Laura, that much injur'd Fair, And snatch her from the Jaws of black Def-pair.

Sung by Mrs Clive

Allegro
Pastora

Allegro

In vain I try my ev'ry Art, Nor can I fix a single Heart, Yet

For *Piano* *For*

I'm not old or ug-ly; Yet I'm not old or ug-ly,

Piano

Let me consult my faithfull Glass, A Face much worse than

For *Piano*

this might pass, Me-thinks I look full smug-gly.

For *Piano*

- thinks I look full smug-gly.

Yet blest with all these pow'full Charms,
The young Pastora fled these Arms,
That wild unthinking Rover!
Hope, silly Maids, as soon to bind,
The Rolling Steam, the flying Wind,
As fix a rambling Lover.

But hamper'd in the Marriage Noose,
In vain they Struggle to get loose,
And make a mighty Riot;
Like Madmen how they rave, and Stare,
A while they thakt their Chains and Snares,
And then lie down in quiet.

Damon

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

Sung by Mr. Beard

Viol. 1st *Presto Allegro*

Viol. 2^d *Presto Allegro*

Four Viol. *Presto Allegro*

Piano

Unison

— clare, my pretty Maids, Must my fond Suit mis-carry! With you I'll tye, I'll

Piano

kiss and play. But hang me if I marry. hang me if I marry. With you I'll tye, I'll

Piano

Forte

Forte

Forte

kiss and play, But hang me if I marry. *Forte*

2
Then speak your mind at once,
Nor let me longer tarry;
With you I'll tye, I'll kiss and play,
But hang me if I marry.

3
Tho' Charms and Wit assail,
The Stroke I well can parry;
I love to kiss, and tye, and play, &
But do not choose to marry.

4
Young Molly of the Dale,
Makes a mere Slave of Harry;
Because when they had tye'd and kiss'd,
The foolish Swain would marry.

5
Tho' six'd Resolves, my Dear,
I to the Grave will carry;
With you I'll tye, I'll kiss and play,
But hang me if I marry.

PASTORS
 Dare you s. vow, false Youth, your lawless Name! Think not to tempt me to a Bed of Shame.

DAMON
 Say how you still your never-conquer'd Heart, How many Years it may resist the Dow! For long Attacks the

PASTORA
 Strong! A Fortrel's wife, and Ten's stood in Years Siege, but fall at last. Vainly you hope my virtuous Heart to

DAMON
 move; I know your vile Intent, and torn your Love, Turn, turn your Eyes to yonder conscious Shade;

There a young Shepherd met a haughty Maid; the Pines that hang o'er yonder dusky Dell, the babbling Pines a

Tale of Scandal tell; and tattling Willows to the Plains proclaim. **Pa. LAMON** was the happy Lovers Name.

Hi! do you start. — **PASTORA** fain'd for Truth and rigid Virtue, clas'd a blooming Youth; and laying ev'ry

PASTORA aside
 sterner Thought aside, Indulg'd her Pleasure, and forgot her Pride. Disastrous Fate, how

to him

could he hear the Tale? you've lost all Hopes, and now begin to rail.

Sung by Miss Norris 35

German Flute
 Moderato
 Dulce
 Piano Solo

Viol. 1? **Piano Solo**

Viol. 2? **Piano Solo**

Tenor Viol. **Piano**

Laura
 Moderato
How on happy's the Nymph, Who

Forse

Forse tutti

Forse

How on
 weeps to the Wind, And dotes with Despair On a Swain that's un-kind.

Tutti For. **R.Soli**

Tutti For. **R.Soli**

For. **Fia.**

Un-
 happy's the Nymph, who weeps to the Wind, And dotes with Despair On a Swain that's un-kind.

For. **Fia.**

happy: Un-happy: Un-happy's the Nymph Who dotes with De-spair on a Swain that's un-kind. How un-happy's the Nymph, Who weeps to the Wind - And

Forse
Forse tutti
Forse tutti

dotes with De-spair on a Swain that's un-kind.

DANON
I for the Fates determine I shall wed; Two Nymphs are ready to par-take my bed; Which shall I choose? *PASTORA's* wend'rous fair, And *LAURA* sparkles like the Morning-Star. Come, there are Hopes, now, *VENUS*, lend each Grace. And with bewitching Beauties arm my face.

PASTORA's slide

Sung by M^r Beard, M^{rs} Chew, & Miss Norris.

Allegro ma non Troppo
Violins Unison
Viola Solo
Cello Solo

Piano
DANON
Three Goddesses standing to-ge-ther, Thus

puzzled young PARIS one day. Can I judge the Value of ei... ther. Can
I judge the Value of either Where both bear fo equal a Sway? Where
both bear fo equal a Sway?

PASTORA.
Consider my Wit and Condition.
Consider my Person likewise.
I never was us'd to petition.
But prythee make use of your Eyes, prythee make use Me!

LAURA.
No Merit I plead but my Passion.
'Twere needless to mention your Vow;
Reflect with a little Compassion.
On what this poor Bofom feels now. On what this he!

DAMON.
Some Genius direct me, or Demon,
(Or else I may chance to choofe wrong—
You're Part of the Goods of **PALEMON**.
I leave you to whom you belong. I leave you he!

PASTORA, aside.
Misjudging Wretch, with Rage my Bofom glows; Can he prefer a Nettle to a Rose?

sung by M. Clive.
I know that my Person is charming, Beyond what a
Clown can discover: That Doudy your Sanfes alserming, Proves what a blind Thing is a
Lover. Proves what a blind Thing is a Lover.

quit the dull Plains for the City. Where Beauty is followed by Merit. Your Taste, single

Damon, I pity. Your Wit, who would wish to in-herit? to in-herit, Your Wit who would

wish to in-herit? Perhaps you may think you perplex me And,

that I my Anger would smother; The Love of a Lover can't vex me. My Charms will procure me ag-

Forte *Piano* *Unica* *Forte* *Piano*

side to him

sure you? How Odious they look I can't bear them: I wish you much joy of your Fu-ure.

My Rage into pieces could tear them, could tear them. My Rage into pieces could

tear them.

Forte *Piano* *Unica* *Forte* *Piano* *Alte* *Forte* *Forte* *Forte*

To thee, kind Nymph, as to offended Heaven, I own my Faults and sue to be forgiven.
 Then, gentle LAURA, clear my past Offence, Repentance is ally'd to Innocence. Think not
 a rigid Judge your Faults arraigns, My tender Bosom feels for all your Pains; In those sad

Hours, when to the secret Grove, I told my Pangs of insuspicious Love, My only Pray'r was
 once again to see The lovely Author of my Misery! Again to clasp him to my besting Breast, the
 Gods have heard my Vows. The Gods have heard my Vows, and LAURA'S Bless'd.

Sung by M. Beard & Miss Horn

W. & G. German Flute

Alliegro Moderato

Viol. 2^a

Tenor Viol.

Alliegro Moderato

Contented all

Piano

Day, I will Sit at your Side, Where Poplars for stretching o'er - arch the cool Tide; And

while the clear River runs purling a - - long, The Thrush and the Linnet con - tend in their

Forte *Forte*

Song. The Thrush and the Linnet contend in their Song. *Forte* *Forte*

Laura (2)

(4) Laura

While you are but by me no Danger I fear,
Ye Lambs rest in Safety, my Damon is near;
Bound on ye blith Kids, now your Gambols may please,
For my Shepherd is kind, and my Heart is at Ease.
For my *ſ*c.

Ye Youths, who fear nought but the Frowns of *ſ* Fair,
'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their Care;
Then Scorn to their Ruin Assistance to lend,
Nor betray the Sweet Creatures you've born to defend.

Damon (3)

Nor betray *ſ*c.
Ye Virgins of Britain, bright Rivals of Day,
The With of each Heart, and the Theme of each Lay;
Ne'er yield to the Swain, till he make you a Wife,
For he who loves truly, will take you for Life.
For he *ſ*c.

Normal Bass

Piano

10. Violin

Piano

Laura

For their Honour and Faith be our Virgins renown'd; Nor false to his Vows on young

Damon

For their Honour and Faith be our Virgins renown'd; Nor false to his Vows on young

Violin unit

Piano

Shepherd be found; Be their Moments all guided by Virtue and Truth, to preserve in their Age what they

Shepherd be found; Be their Moments all guided by Virtue and Truth, to preserve in their Age what they

gaid in their Youth to preserve in their Age what they gaid in their Youth.

gaid in their Youth to preserve in their Age what they gaid in their Youth.

German Flute.

Alt. Haut.

2te Haut.

Alt. Viol.

2te Viol.

Tenor

Chorus

For their Honour and Faith be our Virgins re-novvd; Nor fall to his Vows on young Shepherd be

For their Honour and Faith be our Virgins re-novvd; Nor fall to his Vows on young Shepherd be

For their Honour and Faith be our Virgins re-novvd; Nor fall to his Vows on young Shepherd be

For their Honour and Faith be our Virgins re-novvd; Nor fall to his Vows on young Shepherd be

found; Be their Moments all guided by Virtue and Truth, To preserve in their Age what they gain'd in their

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found; Be their Moments all guided by Virtue and Truth, To preserve in their Age what they gain'd in their

found; Be their Moments all guided by Virtue and Truth, To preserve in their Age what they gain'd in their

Youth-To preserve in their Age what they gain'd in their Youth.

Youth-To preserve in their Age what they gain'd in their Youth.

Youth-To preserve in their Age what they gain'd in their Youth.

Youth-To preserve in their Age what they gain'd in their Youth.

Youth-To preserve in their Age what they gain'd in their Youth.

Tunis.